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GOING FOR THE GOLDEN GOAL.

Incidents in the Voyage of the Pioneer Ship *Tarolinta*—1849.

BY DR. J. C. TUCKER.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

The Hotel Farne, facing the quay landing at Rio Janeiro, an excellent restaurant kept by a Frenchman, was continually crowded and never closed its doors. It was said there were 3,000 Yankee Doodles in the city. It was there that the new-comers usually experienced the consternation regarding the amount of their bills in Brazilian currency, so amusingly described by Mark Twain.

A portion of our cargo out; fresh water taken in; our deck-load somewhat reduced by discharge and better stowage, with loads of fruit, wine, preserves, etc., coming over the side, purchases of passengers—the order was at last given: "Heave away on your anchor."

Once more the old familiar chorus of our sable crew rang out: "Storm along, stormy!" Then came the mate's response, "Anchor weighed, sir!" and amid pealing cheers from the remaining vessels, heartily acknowledged by ours in echo, with flags dipping and canvas filling, we slowly glided out of the lovely harbor of Rio Janeiro. The prow of the good ship turned southward on a direct course for Cape Horn. Off the Rio de la Plata, S. A., March 15, we were bowling along twelve knots an hour, and going too fast to speak a homeward bound Boston brig that passed, or even learn her name. It was the first one on the horizon stretch we had met since leaving New York. She, too, was flying on the other tack, so we could only signal her, and exhibit the large canvas sign with our name and destination painted on it, the same used on the vessel in New York before sailing. The sea was running very high, but with glasses they must have easily made it out. Those wonderful native boats—catamarans—were, nevertheless, outrunning us in this sea, and out of sight of shore. Our run down the remainder of the South American coast was rapid and without any startling incident. The usual shoal of dolphins leaped and plunged beneath our bows, and many were harpooned. We eagerly looked for the poetically beautiful "changing hues of the dying dolphin," but while we certainly found enough to sustain the sentimental hypothesis, we generally conceded it to be a sentimental fiction. Sunfish, porpoises, shark we caught, cooked, and ate of them all. Whales without number were around us. The sea was luminous at night with phosphorescent anemones, while the sun reflected back a thousand different tints from the fleets of nautilus through which we sailed. The Southern Cross grew brighter as we neared it, and finally the "Magellan clouds," that mysterious constellated trinity of clouds that regularly rise and set south of the straits of that name, guided us as did the pillar of fire the good prophet Moses. The days grew shorter, the nights seemed interminable. It was growing colder, too, and upon the grateful aroma of hot whiskeys could now be detected in the cabin atmosphere. Let me copy a few lines from an old letter, descriptive of this portion of the trip:

"The day was beautifully clear on which we saw in the distance off our starboard bow, the barren and inhospitable shores of Staten Land. Under a favorable breeze we rapidly neared them, and by five p. m. were directly off the bluffs of Cape St. John. Suddenly one of those fierce storms of wind and rain peculiar to the cape, in less time than I have occupied in writing this, overcast the before clear sky, and under close-reefed sails, the *Tarolinta* was scudding before it to the southeast. It had been the captain's intention to run through the Straits of Magellan, between the main land and Terra del Fuego. As it was, the sudden change of wind drove us into currents and latitudes that nearly ended there our voyage." We were driven as far south as 60 deg., much farther south, indeed, than I care to again go. To be sure the icebergs were grandly magnificent—when not so dangerously near; but I have never wished to see ice since outside of a pitcher. With our decks and rigging crystallized with ice, growing thicker each day, with hatches battened down, as the vessel pit-ping bows under into the high seas and counter currents that knocked the headway out of her, we spoke the brig *Atilla* bound for California likewise. As severe as was the cold to us Norsemen, it benumbed and nearly rendered powerless our negro crew—nearly all from the South. At last the order was given to "Keep her away," and, her prow turned northward, a cheer of gratitude and relief arose from the forlorn and frozen crew and passengers.

Many amusing incidents and practical jokes naturally occurred among one hundred and twenty-five young men, confined aboard ship so long off the Cape, where we buffeted head winds, chop seas, and tides; for nearly two weeks we had but six hours of daylight. There was no fire in the cabins, and no room for exercise below.

The chances of washing or slipping overboard on deck were as excellent for landsmen as were those of frosted hands, feet, or nose. Those who imagined their supply of "grog" would last to Valparaiso, suddenly found frequent hot drinks had made low-tide in the demijohn. Liquor of any kind sold at mining prices—\$5 a bottle. Even that price advanced as the stock grew less.

A speculative passenger had bought a barrel of gin at Rio, and bottled it aboard, to retail in the mines. He reluctantly parted with a few well-watered bottles at "\$5@38, buyer 5," when a conspiracy inveigled him upon deck, while his stateroom was burglarized, and the most of the bottles emptied and refilled with water. After that he was surprised at nobody's wanting any more gin at any price, until he sampled it himself one day, and discovered the raid made on him.

In ours—the largest stateroom—called the Star Chamber, a great chest of Dr. Phinney's, yeelp "the ark and covenant," was secured to the floor, in the center of the room, with cleats around the upper edges to keep things on. This was our table. Fastened upon it burned almost continually the spirit lamp, heating water for "hot stuff," coffee, or tea.

During the dark and tedious hours, there were gathered there some of the choicest of the good fellows—George Vail, and Pearson, of Troy, N. Y., Judge Munson (afterward on the bench at Sacramento City), William C. Hoff, Bob Sterling, Dan. Norcross, William S. O'Brien, Nicholas DePeyster, Coddington, Captain Langdon, and many others. The last stateroom forward, the Star Chamber, was next the ship's pantry. Only a thin partition separated the apartments. For our mess of nine, bribery for a long time obtained from the pantryman extra luxuries for our private suppers. But there came a time when sardines and pies were as scarce as liquors.

One night the foraging committee reported the discovery of a ten-gallon keg of something, located in the pantry against the stateroom partition. A diamond drill in the shape of a gimlet was at once run, closely followed by a tube, and the result to the ingenious "nine" was a stream of very choice brandy! Judge Munson manufactured an excellent article of arrack from alcohol (intended for medicinal purposes) and burned sugar (caramel). As the steaming arrack-punch or simmering port wine went round, wit, sentiment, and folly found vent. The following words, set to the tune of "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," were written and sung then with a roaring chorus:

Here's a health, my boys, to our island home
Far o'er the foaming brine,
And a toast to the better days to come,
And the jolly club of nine.

We'll drink to the lovely girls so trim,
And the blissful hours spent,
And pledge our glasses to the brim
O'er our "Ark and Covenant."

CHORUS—Here's a health, etc.

We'll meet, my boys, in future days
As miners rough and free,
And think how hard it was to raise
A glass of grog at sea.
We'll drink to old King Alcohol,
Sardines, and ship pantry,
And fill our glasses to the Club
With smoking "porteree."

Great was the wonderment of the destitute at the never-failing and varied supply of the Star Chamber. The neatly fitting section of a partition board was removed, and the pantry quietly relieved of a surplus of sardines, smoked beef, hams, tongues, etc. Before the astonished steward could locate his loss, the keg was drawn off, and at a time when the pantry door was open, adroitly turned around. The gimlet hole was previously plugged up in the partition, and no traces of the "diamond drill on the lower level" left to betray our move.

The *Devil's Frying Pan*, a manuscript paper, edited and read by Mr. Lawrence once a week, was the medium of many good and many bad things. The contributions were generally anonymous, and dropped through a hole in the editor's stateroom door. The weaknesses and follies of all were ventilated oftener with more malice than mercy.

As the days grew longer, and the warm, sunny atmosphere of the South Pacific thawed us out, the old deck-yarns were renewed. Then the Hon. Caleb Lyons of Lyonsdale came up from below, with a Turkish rug of divers colors upon his arm and a Turkish smoking-cap upon his flaring locks. As he sat cross-legged upon his mat and smoked his pipe, he modestly told us how he was appointed by the United States Government Minister Plenipotentiary and (very) Extraordinary to Constantinople. The recital of his interview with the Pashas, the customs of the country, etc., were very entertaining, for the Hon. Caleb was a man of much erudition and an acknowledged elocutionist and poet.

On the 24th of April, in latitude 50 deg. 9 min., longitude 40 deg. 10 min., off the southern coast of Chile, I attained my majority. On that day, there was nearly a mutiny on board the ship, because of the scanty food served. The *Frying Pan* contained many bitter things against the captain and the owners. A doggerel in the paper put our wants into song with a chorus—quoting the captain's invariable reply on the question of short grub—

"It's down in the hold,
But we'll get it out to-morrow."

An indignation meeting of sufferers who had "gone short" on raisins in their plum duff, pea soup, lobscouse, and other toothsome marine viands, appointed a committee of three of the leanest men to remonstrate again, and finally, with the captain. That worthy *matelot* was—as frequently—taking his afternoon siesta in his stateroom. To several respectful taps upon the door of that sacred temple there came no response. A more energetic rap from the thinnest committee man elicited an inquiry, "Who's there?" Then came an explanation through the door, abruptly closed by a deep bass abjuration from the commander, consigning the lean committee man to the lowest level.

Then the committee returned to the meeting, begged leave to report, and asked to be discharged from further consideration of the subject-matter! The same was then considered in committee of the whole passengers, with the following result. But first let me go back and describe the *personnel* of our worthy commander. In appearance, he was a powerful man, fully six feet four inches in height. A long, tangled yellow beard and moustache, with wild unkempt hair, and eyes of the same gamboge hue; he usually wore an old coat—faded to a harmonizing color. In stormy weather, the same blending of tints was preserved by a huge oilskin coat and "sou'ester."

Now, at Rio several goats were taken aboard as "fresh meat," and served up as early spring lamb. The veteran of the herd—an old ram—caught and broke a leg in an endeavor to jump out of the pen. It was set, the goat meanwhile enjoying the freedom of the decks and becoming a pet with all hands.

On this occasion the veteran was caught, his goatie yellowed by ochre paint, and with the captain's trumpet swung around his neck, the old sou'ester over the goat's horns, and the long-tailed oilskin coat bound around his body, he was quietly coaxed near the captain's stateroom door. There, when he had been irritated into a bucking humor, and was poised to pitch into his tormentor, who stood against the door, the knob was turned, it gave way, and the goat, in full paraphernalia, pitched headlong into the stateroom, and into the low berth opposite, where the commander lay. When the door again opened, and that unfortunate goat came hurriedly out on his ear, there was not a passenger within twenty feet of it. The commander did not reappear for twelve hours after. The breeze changed to fair, but the ship slid along under scant sail only, for the skipper still slept, and he alone could reef or carry. Nothing was gained by that charge.

With the majority of the passengers pea soup was a favorite article of our prescribed diet. Some of them had unlimited capacity for the article, and as it was whispered that the stock of dried peas was nearly exhausted, these soup sharps determined to make a corner in it by strategy. The "Doctor" (chief cook at sea) was not a particularly handsome or cleanly personage. He lived under a dirty old skull cap, the original color of which, indistinguishable with layers of grease, dirt, and smoke, had softened to a hue becoming his Ethiopian complexion.

As the soup was served, several of the sharps sat back and declined it. This elicited remarks of surprise from others.

"Why, how is it you fellows don't eat soup to-day?"

"Never mind," was the reply; "you can eat our share. No more pea soup for us!"

Urged to explain, the chief sharp spoke as follows:

"You know the old skull cap the 'Doctor' wears? Well, to-day, while he was stirring up the pea soup, it dropped from his woolly head into the soup-kettle. He fished it with a fork, and wrung it out into the kettle."

This recital was given loudly and listened to attentively. A general pushing back of plates followed, with "a marked decline in and little subsequent demand for" pea-soup.

I extract from an old letter as follows:

"VALPARAISO, CHILE, May 13, 1849.—Madam Aubrey's Hotel, Calle de Flores. Here, in this vale of Paradise, I sit down to address you again. After a long and tedious doubling of the Cape, we arrived here yesterday at 3 p. m. For the last eight days we had been within one hundred miles of the port, bucking head winds and tides; and we reached it just in time, too, for the heavy 'norther' that sprung up last night would drive before it any vessel outside.

"It would do your eyes good to see the great bars of solid gold that are constantly—and apparently carelessly—carried through this city on the shoulders of porters. One bar (much larger than that of soap) is a full load for one man. They are from California; and you can imagine how we long to reach there, feeling that our very stop here is debarring our participation. The United States sloop-of-war *Dale* arrived here the day before us from Sao Francisco. She brings gold, and most cheering intelligence of increased quantities found. I have conversed with many of the officers, and gleaned from them much valuable information re-

specting the mines. They all had leave of absence, and one young "middy," sixteen years old, is said to have dug \$50,000 in two weeks. Everybody that can, has left, or is preparing to leave this place for California. The *Sutton*, *Laura Virginia*, *Croton*, and *Mary Stuart* have arrived here."

Valparaiso was literally alive with Yankees en route for California when we landed. From Midshipman's Row to El Mandrel they swarmed, indulging in every conceivable eccentricity, prodigality, and prank. As they were generally good-natured, and spending money freely, their humors were indulged by the inhabitants. It was the last port before entering San Francisco, where, Whittingtonlike, the gold could be picked up in the streets. What was the use of packing money there? Why not get rid of the loose coin here, and start fresh with gold dust—the California circulating medium? I was dining with some friends in a private room at a restaurant. A knock was heard on the door, which opened wide enough to admit an unquestionably Anglo-Saxon head, uttering the one query, "Yankee Doodle?" We responded: "Yes; come in." In walked a gentleman, who, in an indescribably funny way, introduced himself as Dr. Johnston, a passenger on one of the American ships in port, and "flat broke." He said he had been obliged to die out, at national expense, for the last three days. Of course, we invited him to join us, and a more witty, entertaining fellow I never met. He said he was by profession a Bohemian, but a fellow passenger dying on his ship, he had bought his effects—a homeopathic book and case of medicines—and proposed to practice medicine in California. Hence his title. His medicines were harmless, and he had engaged Nature to make the cures.

Dr. Johnston was afterward quite a politician in this city, and many of my readers may remember how near he came to hanging on the occasion of making a speech to a crowd—chiefly of Irish Democrats—on Portsmouth Plaza, in '51. "Who was the grandfather of Andrew Jackson, but an Irishman?" [Hooray! hooray!] Who was it that built the great cities and churches in the East—but the Irishmen? [Hooray! hooray!] Who is it that builds your great public buildings, your almshouses, your State prisons—but the Irishmen? [Hooray!] And who is it that fills them—but the Irish. [Hooray!]" Just there, as Johnston slipped off the stand, it dawned upon the crowd that Johnston was selling them. With a shout they rushed after him down Clay Street and into a saloon, that extended through the block to Merchant Street. Johnston had preceded the crowd sufficiently, however, to order the bar-keeper to set out his glasses, as "the whole Hibernian Club were going to drink!" He then dodged through into Merchant Street and escaped.

A party of half a dozen men from our vessel—including the Hon. Caleb!—landed, decorated with blue ribbons round their hats and in their button-holes. They registered at the hotel as "The Hon. Caleb Lyons and his suite," and inflated immensely. Our fellow-passenger, George Vail, heretofore spoken of as a man of big intellect and body—a gentleman in education and manners at all times—proposed to burlesque this aristocratic party. He hired an open barouche drawn by four gray mules, decorated with blue ribbons; and as many of our ducky sailors as could sit on the front seat, and hang behind, similarly ribboned. Likewise, bedecked with blue streamers, Vail sat upon the back seat, and was driven around to all of the hotels, registering as "The Hon. Geo. Vail and suite." At all times inclined to be waggyish, Vail was particularly so after a few drinks. Together we attended mass at the Grand Cathedral. A remarkably tall, handsome man, Vail had, a few days before we entered Valparaiso, to save his hair, shaved a small spot on the crown of his head. It happened to be similar to the custom of the Catholic priests. Out of respect for the religion, we both knelt, uncovered, among the devotees—principally women. To our mutual surprise, when the services ended, several women came forward and knelt before Vail, asking, in Spanish, for a blessing. They believed him a foreign priest—and he took the cue, immediately. To my horror, a very few moments saw him surrounded by a circle of pretty kneeling señoritas, upon whose heads he placed his hands most reverently, as he repeated something, in Latin, from—Æsop's fables. Directly, two priests walked down the aisle and saluted him as a brother—in Spanish, theeo in the language Vail responded in—French. They finally invited him into the sacristy, back of the altar, where I left him. The priests live well in Spanish America, and treated Vail like a lord!

We saw but little of him afterward, until on the morning we sailed. There was a "Procession of the Host" on that day, in which the priests walk two by two, carrying the insignia of the Church, or lighted candles. It was rich and interesting in the extreme to us, who had never before witnessed such a religious pageantry; but, as we knelt with the natives, while the procession passed, imagine our consternation and horror as we saw George Vail's towering but wavering form beside that of a fat little priest, equally unsteady, bringing up the rear of the line! They were both thoroughly besmeared with dropping wax from the lighted candles carried wabbly in their hands! You may rest assured we at once ran Vail into a small boat, and got him on board the ship. The city would have been a very dangerous place for him had his imposture been found out. My room-mate, P—, and myself were the last two on board. He had requested me, on the night before, to call at his quarters for him in the morning.

The ship was to sail at eight. The gun fired, and the welcome "anchor chorus" of our hearty crew rang out again. The last ship's boat, loading with the loitering passengers, reported that P— was not yet on board. Jumping into a carriage I started furiously for his late quarters, but happily met him—part of a curious party—on his way down to the *embarcadero*. Sandwiched between Bacchus and Venus (a demijohn on one arm and a pretty señorita on the other), a porter following behind loaded with a multiplicity of things, they were leisurely sauntering along to the quay, while the *Tarolinta*, under steerage-way, was slowly getting up sail! Despite their remonstrances, P—, after many tender embraces, pathetic tears and poetic apostrophes, was tumbled, with his goods and gods (save the fair señorita), into a fast four-oared boat and, by a scratch, we reached the ship. La Señorita *hermosa* had, in an affecting little Spanish effusion, presented P— with the mirror in which she dressed her hair, "where her face would ever appear to him," the *rebozo*, so gracefully thrown about her head, which would ever exhale for him the perfume of her raven tresses he had so adored; and lastly, her poodle-dog—the poetical associations connected with which, owing to deficient Spanish, I failed to catch.

When the little group of waving handkerchiefs on the quay had grown dim, we were alongside the moving ship. A rope was thrown to us, and a rope-ladder lowered over the side. Tying the *rebozo* around him, and slinging the mirror over his back, the gallant P—, bidding me bring along the poodle, dashed up the swinging ladder, amid the cheers of the amused passengers, with whom he was a great favorite. Ever courteous and gentlemanly, P— could not fail to recognize the compliment, and, forgetting the mirror, let go one hand to swing his hat, and the glass, with its sweet photographs, sank to the mermaids of the sea! For a while P— was utterly inconsolable, but finally concentrated his affection upon the poodle. The animal was twenty times a day carefully wrapped up in the *rebozo*, and placed in his berth, only to be as often found, under unfavorable surroundings, in somebody else's bed! As to the fragrant associations between P— and the dark-eyed señorita's tresses, they were quickly dispelled, supplanted by a doggerel, as my friend, DePeyster, wittily

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE DYSPEPTIC CLUB.

Interlocutors.—URUS, BOTTOM, AGRICOLA, GORGEOUS, POLLIWIG, ACETES.

URUS.—I was consulted during the week by a mother whose son—an industrious, bright, and good boy, nineteen years of age—has fallen into a puppy love with a country girl of the same age. The mother is much distressed, and I informed her I would lay the matter before the club. She thanked me, and begged that it should be a matter of discussion before dinner. She paid us the compliment of saying she thought the opinions of a set of old fogies given upon an empty stomach concerning the marriage of young people would be not otherwise than discouraging to any love proposition.

AGRICOLA.—The subject of marriage is one of the greatest importance, not only to the parties concerned, but to society at large. In order to consider it properly, we must have all the conditions of the parties set forth.

BOTTOM.—For heaven's sake, Agricola, be careful. You will let Polliwig and Gorgeous loose upon us with a deluge of statistics from Malthus, Sidney Smith, and Stuart Mill.

ACETES.—As for me, my mind is made up. I agree with Ouida, that "a young man married is a man that's married."

AGRICOLA.—Before Acetes gets started let us have the facts. The young man is nineteen?

URUS.—Just past nineteen.

AGRICOLA.—And the young woman?

URUS.—The same age within a few months. He is poor, and has no trade nor business. She is the only child of a well-to-do farmer, educated at a public school.

BOTTOM.—I say, let them marry. He can work on the farm; she can tend dairy, raise pigs, chickens, and children. The old folks will give way in time, and the young people will find themselves well to do farmers, going to church of a Sunday after fat farm horses, believing in God, paying their taxes—he a country magistrate, and she an honest woman.

ACETES.—Splendid prospect that. I am thinking of the boy. He is a boy. He thinks he is in love. He is a fool. All boys are fools. I always want to kick young fellows from eighteen to twenty-five. It is the asinine age—vain, foolish, piggy, obstinate, they know more than their fathers. They think they know it all. They rush blindly into matrimony, and the result is either dissipation, crime, and worthlessness, a disappointed, soured old age, or a conventional relation between the parties that carries no sentiment beyond the honeymoon, and no real love or affection into the later years of married life.

BOTTOM.—Acetes has been abroad, and he would have our young people marry as they do in France—marriages of convenience and not of love, marriages made by parents and not by the parties, marriages resulting not from love but from business considerations.

ACETES.—I would have young people enter into the most important relation of life with some sense. After consideration, I would have them take the advice of parents upon this as upon all questions touching their future welfare. The boy seeks a profession or a trade by the advice of parents. He marries from the impulse of passion. He would not purchase a horse till he had consulted a jockey; he would marry a wife from fancy. She would consult her mother in buying a dress, take her advice in selecting a bonnet, but follow her own hot impulse in taking a husband.

URUS.—There is a great deal to be said in favor of the marriage of convenience—where the financial questions are to be considered, where the social standing of the parties is regarded, where the age, the pursuit, the habits of the parties are weighed.

BOTTOM.—When a girl is placed in a convent school, never sees a man except through bars, unless he is a father or brother, is kept locked and guarded as a prisoner from contact with the other sex, and when she finally takes a husband, accepts him as an escape from virtuous restraints. Compare French marriage and the domestic life of the Latin race with that of the English, German, and American, and you have the answer in the result.

GORGEOUS.—Bottom has the idea of all untraveled Americans regarding European, and especially regarding French, domestic life. I need not say untraveled, for the colony of Americans who centre around Charley Le Gay, at numero 2, Rue Scribe, that live at the Grand Hotel, and loaf along the Boulevards, and spend their days in looking at the shop windows in the Rue de la Paix, and their nights at Gardens Chantant and the Mabilles, have no more idea of the family life of respectable Parisians than they have of the man in the moon. They never get an insight, they never cross the threshold, of the French home. I speak from negative proofs and from presumptions arising from admitted facts; but I declare it to be my opinion that there is no nation in the world where the wife and daughter and sister are treated with greater love, affection, and chivalrous consideration than in France. I believe that the French peasant is the type of a poor man's happy home. I believe that industry, thrift, frugality, and temperance distinguish this class beyond all others. I believe that the "good," the "better" society of France is the best in the world. There is a vein of brutality and indifference in England and Germany, in the lower and middle classes, that is not observable in France, Italy, or Spain.

ACETES.—Well, I am glad to know that there is some heart, some decency, and some politeness in France, for I am frank to confess that I have seen but little of it. It is my observation that a Frenchman has no home. He has apartments where he eats and sleeps. His home is at the *café*. A Frenchman has no politeness; he has deportment; he will bow, and *pardonnez*, and *parlez-vous*, but he has no respect for women. I have traveled in many countries, but America is the only one where there is a true chivalry for the sex. Here woman is accorded the privilege in all relations. A woman may travel unattended from New York to San Francisco and never receive an improper word or look, unless she invites it. No woman of fair face can cross a boulevard in Paris without insult. Every smile is a leer; every bow is an insult; every look a look of lust.

URUS.—We wander.

POLLIWIG.—This boy is too young to marry; there is not sufficient disparity of years. Ten years is the minimum of difference that ought to be recognized. The husband should be at least ten years older than the wife. Better fifteen than five;

better twenty than none. At fifty years of age this man will be in the prime of his life; at fifty, with care of chickens, pigs, and children, she will be a broken-down old woman. At the time her teeth are decayed, her hair thin at the part, her form misshapen by child-birth, her complexion faded, her step weak and weary, he will be in the strength of a vigorous manhood. Look out for domestic broils about this time.

BOTTOM.—The old man and woman in the country want a stout son-in-law to work the farm; the girl wants a husband; the country wants children; the love of children will fill the mother's heart; the love of fat oxen and fast horses will supply the place of sentiment in that of the comfortable farmer. He will be a country magistrate, go to the Legislature, die a Christian. I vote to let them marry.

AGRICOLA.—And this is just the kind of family upon which rests the permanence of our government. An honest man who tills his own acres; an honest woman who fills conscientiously and honorably the place of wife and mother; children educated at the country school-house to honor their parents, brought up in innocence to honest toil; a family where labor is respected, where religion is not scoffed and sneered at, where fashions and fashion's follies are unknown, where books, and magazines, and respectable journals are read.

ACETES.—I do not at all undervalue the qualities you describe. I do not underrate the desirableness of a community like that, aggregated by intelligent, honest, industrious farmers. My views of the marriage relation I take from the observation of city life. I see the ruin and misery resulting from hasty, ill-formed marriages in our cities, in the poor and in the fashionable classes. If this young man who, I take it, is a gentleman, city born and city bred, desires to become a married farm laborer, and yokes himself to a country girl for the corn-beef and cabbage of domestic life, for babies, fat oxen, and brood mares, I accept his martyrdom and mistake as things out of which good may come. But in this city, around us, and in our every day intercourse, I observe foolish and improvident marriages out of which nothing but misery and disappointment can come. A poor young man, a day laborer, an Irish, or German, or Scandinavian workman, marries; the result is, more mouths than bread. Our town is filled with mendicants for labor, and the plea is an irresistible one—"family without food," "children without food," "I am willing to work, but no work to do."

AGRICOLA.—Is not marriage the natural relation? What would you do with the poor? Deny to them the privilege of marriage? How would you populate the country?

BOTTOM.—Let them marry, of course. God feeds the ravens. Only it is infernally provoking to an old bachelor like me to be told that I must aid to support the brats of every bull-necked foreigner who is taught by his religion to marry and get babies for somebody else to support; that I must be taxed to educate such children, especially to educate them to accomplishments that forever unfit them for the toil and labor for which they were born.

POLLIWIG.—Then how would you populate the country?

BOTTOM.—I would not populate it. I would prevent immigration both from China and Europe. We have too many foreigners. The Chinese are the least objectionable, but I would prevent immigration by law from all countries.

URUS.—You are crazy, Bottom, from your prejudice to foreigners. It leads you into all kinds of inconsistencies. You forget we are all the descendants of foreigners; and when you say the Chinese are the best of immigrants you insult your own race.

BOTTOM.—I forget nothing. Because I am the descendant of an early German immigrant shall I let all Germany over run the country? I am selfish. I admit and justify it. I have made some money. Shall I divide it with the next German immigrant that escapes the sausage, sourkrout, and conscription of his native land? I am a pioneer and carved out a farm from the wilderness by hard labor. Shall I divide it with the tramp? We have a broad and fruitful country; we desire it for our descendants. Shall we haste to overrun it with men from abroad?

URUS.—And how about the Chinese? You say they are the least objectionable of immigrants.

BOTTOM.—Yes. First, because they do not bring their wives and multiply. The evil of their immigration is only the evil of one generation after we prevent their coming. They cannot become citizens, thank God, and they do not become rioters or politicians.

POLLIWIG.—I am opposed to the Chinese immigration because they come in conflict with white labor, but our country is the land of the free and the asylum of the oppressed of other lands.

BOTTOM.—You are opposed to the Chinese because they cannot vote, and you favor foreign immigrants because they can, and yet you know, and I know, and everybody else knows, who has the intelligence to observe and the courage to admit the fact, that the average Chinaman is the superior to the average European immigrant in intelligence, industry, cleanliness, and good manners. That they have less criminals among them, as indicated by our prisons; less paupers, as illustrated by the statistics of our hospitals and poor-houses.

ACETES.—I was interrupted by the introduction of this Chinese topic. I was speaking of the improvidence of the poor in forming the marriage relation. Among our better class there is a tendency to make love marriages, the consequences of which are even more distressing and pitiable than those of the working-classes. Our school and social system throws the sexes together, acquaintance are formed almost without restraint. The young fools fall in love, or think they do. clandestine marriages are made. Engagements are made that parents indulge for fear of worse consequences. It is deemed dishonorable if an engagement is made that considers the financial condition of the parties. The result is hasty and improvident marriages, followed by poverty, disappointment, humiliation, crime, divorce, unhappiness, and shame.

GORGEOUS.—It is true that our divorce record discloses a most unfortunate condition of things, and I am not prepared to say that the Catholic church does not take the correct position when it declares the marriage relation to be a sacrament, only to be disturbed by divorce *a vinculo*, and never to be followed by a second marriage. Catholics—I mean, of course, those who observe the teachings of their religion—and Jews seldom if ever are divorced; but I know of no remedy for this condition of things.

ACETES.—Well, I do know of a remedy that, if a law pro-

viding it were strictly enforced, would prevent half the marriages that are now so improvidently entered into.

URUS.—Then let us all give attention. Acetes has solved the most vexed of all the problems of society.

ACETES.—Like all great reforms it is simple. I would educate the sexes in separate schools. I would never allow boys and girls to meet each other in their puppyhood except in the presence of their parents. I would never allow them to court by moonlight, nor to enjoy each other's society alone in the parlor. I would make a law against round dances. All letters should be subjected to parental review. No courting should be allowed except after a declaration of intention served upon the parents or guardians. All courting should be done in the presence of the family, the young fellow and the girl sitting with their feet in a tub of ice water. No man should marry till he was thirty years of age; no woman till she was twenty-four. No marriages should be allowed, nor engagements be authorized, till the parties had made a trip to Santa Cruz in one of Goodall, Perkins & Co.'s steamers when the sea was rough. The young man should be compelled to live with his mother-in-law one year before marriage. The young lady should live that year with his family. During this year the engaged parties should have free intercourse with other young people, but not with each other. During the year the young lady should depend upon her prospective father-in-law for pin money, and the young gentleman should have no night-key to his mother-in-law's house—each being left at liberty to terminate the engagement at any time when the conditions were found to be irksome.

GORGEOUS.—Oh, bosh! Let us get back to sensible talk. It is undoubtedly true that marriage engagements are inconsiderately entered into. It is certainly true that the contract is too easily set aside by our courts. The relation will be rashly entered upon when it is known how easily the contract may be annulled. To the vicious and criminal it is the indulgence of passion; to the young and thoughtless it is an experiment.

URUS.—Our young women are too apt to think there is something of shame attaching to the unmarried condition; that to become an old maid is to be avoided—better marry carelessly than not to marry at all. This is all wrong and the unmarried condition is not so regarded in other countries. Marriage is the natural relation for women, but it is a thousand times more desirable to remain unmarried than to marry unwisely. It is a thousand times better to be an independent, happy maiden lady than to be a dependent, unloved, unhonored, unhappy wife. A happy marriage is delightful. There is no middle ground. Matrimony is either heaven or hell; there is no half-way house at Fiddler's Green where the conventionalities of life impose the observance of social amenities; and I would rather be Bottom and a bachelor than a husband in such a position.

BOTTOM.—I beg of you all to waste no sympathy on me. If I am miserable I have the privilege to go down or hang myself. I shall get no Caudle lecture when I go home to-night; I shall find no night-cap sitting up in disconsolate grief at the brutality of my absence or at the disgusting character of my breath. I am denied the sweet consolation of toiling to save money for spendthrift sons, or to purchase false ringlets and ten-button gloves for fashionable daughters. I am not disconsolate over the idea of not being snubbed by sons-in-law. I can travel where I please; I can stay out as late as I please; I can spit upon my hired carpet; I can smoke among my hired curtains; I can put my boots upon my hired mantelpiece. I can rail at women, laugh at marriage, and when I get old my money will purchase for me the most devoted attentions, and those who expect to be remembered in my will will overwhelm me with the tenderest love.

AGRICOLA.—Bachelors never live to old age, and if they do theirs is a sour, dyspeptic, bitter, unloved, selfish existence. They are surrounded by mercenary relatives anxious for them to die. An old, old bachelor is a miserable being. Try it again, Bottom; there are other sweet apple trees in the orchard of life; there are good fishes yet uncaught; there are prizes yet to be drawn in the lottery of matrimony.

Taking a Bath in Paris.

A correspondent writes: "I wished to take a bath. Found a bath-house afloat on the Seine. All the big bath-houses here are afloat. Warm bath, ten cents. Pay as you go in. Was asked by attendant if I wished a "*bain simple*" (pronounced *bang simple*). Told him I'd take a "*bank simple*." Waiter let on water and left. No soap, no towels. Door locked outside with a string. This was too simple. Found that ten cents included nothing but water. Could wash with water, of course, couldn't wipe with it. Rang the bell. Waiter came. Ordered soap and towels. Waiter grinned and left. Came back, grinned, and brought me two programmes, one of soap and the other of towels. Four kinds of soap and five kinds of towels. Thus—*peignoir, serre-tête, drap, fond du bain, oreiller*. Studied catalogue, and finally ordered the first on the list—the *peignoir*. Waiter brought *peignoir*. Turned out to be no towel at all, but a hot night-gown open in front. Felt as if just from the oven. Extra charge for *peignoir*, six cents. Laid by *peignoir*, and concluded to try again. Rang for another towel. Chose this time a *fond du bain*. Waiter rushed in with a sheet and doused it in the bottom of the bath-tub, rushed out, shut the door and locked me in again. Found myself no better off than before. Couldn't wipe myself dry with a wet sheet. Rang again. Waiter as before. Ordered another towel. This time an *oreiller*. Waiter rushed out and rushed in with a piece of linen about large enough for a pen-wiper. Did not, however, souse it in bath-tub. It was like a towel in miniature. Thought I must be approaching the end. Patience and perseverance would bring a towel at last. Rang again. Ordered this time from programme a *drap*. *Drap* turned out to be a towel. Why not call it a towel? Charge, extra two cents. For *serre-tête*, two cents. For *fond du bain*, six cents. Concluded now to bathe. Hauled the *fond du bain* out from the bottom of the bath-tub and chucked it on the floor. Washed, got out, and concluded to get my six cents worth out of the *peignoir*. Did so. Put it on and sat in it. Very comfortable. All hot-baked night-gowns open in front are, after bathing. French *bang* a complicated affair.

Every dove has a cote, and every dog pants. A horse, unlike a man, is always prepared to meet an oat.

PICTURES.



She stood beside me, where the vines
Shaded a face most wondrous fair;
A glancing sunbeam left a ray
Of glory on her golden hair:

Her sweet brown eyes looked up to mine
With all a child's simplicity,
Yet in their depths I fain had read
More than a passing thought of me.

The tiny hands and soft white arms
Closely about my own entwined;
The rosy lips held richer feast
Than amber clusters from the vine.

I stooped, and whispered soft and low,
So sacred seemed the words to me,
"Kiss me." I shook with sudden fear,
And then I waited, trustfully.

Quick, like the glow of early morn,
The blushes spread o'er cheek and brow;
She bends that fair and graceful form,
Those brownest eyes are dewy now.

And then she raised to mine the lips
That should be mine forevermore,
And all the earth and air and sky
Were glorious as ne'er before.

Through all my life, in good or ill,
Till hushed in silence of the grave,
My lips with glad delight will feel
That first warm kiss my darling gave.

BESSIE.

Casse.

Alas! how easily things go wrong.
A sigh too much or a kiss too long—
There follows a mist, a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right.
'Tis sad to watch on a summer night;
For the sigh will come and the kiss will stay,
And the summer night is a winter's day.

MORA.

I Love Thee.

I love thee for the soul that shines
Within thine eyes soft beaming,
From out whose depths the prisoned fires
Of intellect are gleaming.

I love thee for the mind that soars
Beyond earth's narrow keeping,
That measures suns, and stars, and worlds,
Through boundless limits sweeping.

I love thee for the voice, whose power
Can in my heart awaken
To passioned life each slumbering chord
That ruder tones have shaken.

Thou ne'er, perchance, mayst feel the chain
With which this love has bound thee,
Nor dream thee of the hand that flung
Its glittering links around thee.

And vainly mayst thou deem the task
Thy captive bonds to sever—
Who madly dares to love thee now
Will love thee on forever. MADGE MORRIS.

The Poet.

The poet, weary of his task one night,
Tore up what he had writ and cast aside
His pen. Then bending in despair he cried:
"My hope of fame is past—no more I write."
When in a vision came unto his sight
The jasper gate, and it was open wide;
And lo! he heard the angel choir inside,
And spoke to him a spirit fair and bright:
"Oh, treasure in your heart of hearts the strain,
And when the time is ripe sing it again
Unto the listening world, and you thereby
Will win the poet's meed—a laurel crown,
A people's love, and very great renown,
And, when you die, a deathless memory."

RICHARD E. WHITE.

LITERARY AMOURS.

Research into the most elevated provinces of literature, inspection of the lives and doings of the most gifted of *litterateurs*, reveal phases of life and love that would at least show that literary genius is almost omnipotent in conquering all obstacles to its enjoyment. Men whose mental forces have enabled them to become eminent before the world, whose knowledge of language and human nature has enabled them to employ the former for the subjugation of the latter; men whose subtle understandings of love and its requisites have enabled them to love and be loved with unreserved passion; men of the greatest talent, the most graceful conception in the field of letters, have been notably "immoral." But few exceptions can be made to the general rule. During the early Grecian epoch this was almost entirely so. The poetry of passion ruled dominant, chastity became a rarity rather than otherwise, and undoubtedly the greatest days of ancient Greece were an age of unrestricted revelry, "wine, women, and song." The same epoch, morally, has been continually reproduced even to our own era. During the reigns of Pope Leo X. and of Clement VII., his successor, in the sixteenth century, there became celebrated as a writer, in Italy, the home of ancient Latins and their bands of gifted authors, Pietro Aretino. Himself the offspring of unhallowed passion, his habits were outrageously reckless. Indiscreet, extravagant, he flagrantly violated all the moral laws of his countrymen. Popular indignation was excited against him, he was forced into temporary exile, he was disgraced. Yet his genius was such that his clever writings, his witty sallies, his inimitable satirical talent, forced admiration from men and noblemen, and gained the easily conquered sympathies of their wives. Princes came to his aid, princesses sought his embrace. Ultimately he attached himself to the family of Giovanni de Medici, and accompanied the master to battle where de Medici was killed. He then removed to Venice, wrote continually and with splendid success, grew rich, made love to princesses and to servant-girls, sought the hospitalities of palaces and kitchens in turn, and finally sought and gained favor with Pope Clement VII., and received promise of the Pope's sister as a wife. With all his coarse nature his talents paved his way to ease, and fortune, and fame. Even Charles V. did him, or rather his talents, homage, and he lived in high glee. But his life ended abruptly. He so appreciated the comical side of his ill-doing that, upon being told of some of his mischief-making, he cast himself into chair that he might laugh the more heartily, losing his balance he capsize and fell upon his neck, breaking it. A fitting end for the life he had led. His is only one example of many similar ones of his time. Voltaire, too, possessed an abundant share of amorous inclinations. His life appears as of a continual commingling of wit and women—superior literary talent, and unsurpassable aptitude for forming notable and scandalous amours. His wit enabling him to form these attachments, they in turn afforded him extensive fields for observation and outlets for expression. Ill-favored though he was, his great genius ever made him sought for. His disposition displayed itself early in his life. While yet a boy he was always to be found in the society of the fairer sex, as much to their satisfaction as to his own. At twenty he became page to the Marquis de Châteaufort while in Holland. Then he encountered one Olympe Dunsy, who afterward wedded a German Baron, and a mutual sighing ensued. That she was pretty was sufficient to attract his attention. That his attention should be offered was sufficient to conquer the heart of Mademoiselle Dunsy. Her mother interfered, however, and with little ado their clandestine love-making received a severe check. But she was eager, and he was persistent, and the Marquis interfered and consigned the youthful Lothario to solitary confinement. His Dulcinea attempted to visit him in male attire, but was detected, and sent by her mother to Amsterdam. Mesdames de Rupelonde du Chatelet, Adrienne Lecouvreur, the actress, and many of the Parisian beauties, succumbed to his pleadings. The first he treated very shabbily, being more pleased to see her evidences of devotion than to accept freely of them; the second he adhered to notoriously; the actress was "diamond cut diamond" with him. He loved many women; she favored many men. But he was generous in his exactions from her, and seldom took exception to her amours. He created famous characters, and she personated them. He lavished attentions upon her, and she reciprocated. She died in his arms, expressing her admiration for Marshal de Saxe. What a queer sensation the words must have proven for Voltaire! She was denied consecration from the church. He became violently incensed in consequence, and immediately wrote a venomous, satirical denunciation of the church and churchmen, succeeding in provoking such public indignation that safety compelled him to seek retirement from the city. One woman, however, refused to submit to his caresses. She was the wife of Marshal de Villars—beautiful, fascinating. But Voltaire, with all his influences, could not conquer her. She was a thorough coquette, and fully understood and appreciated the value of being sought for without succumbing. If modern women could be made to understand this, many of them would be much more valued—and valuable. She alone appears to have withstood the attractions of the great, the gifted, the sensually passionate Voltaire. In England, too, during the reign of Elizabeth, genius and amativeness, even unto profligacy, were consorts. George Peele, Robert Greene, Marlowe, Essex, Shakespeare, all the great intellects of the day, were submerged beneath social sensations, improprieties, scandals. Peele, Greene, and Marlowe had natural genius as distinctly great as that of Shakespeare. Yet their erotic excesses, their willful waste of their powers, prevented them from rising to lasting fame. Much of Shakespeare's greatest work was built upon the foundations furnished by them. Their gracefulness was lost sight of beneath their wild dissipations. They died comparatively young—Marlowe low in the thirties, having been stabbed during one of his many quarrels. Sir Walter Raleigh's ruin was due in a great measure to his rivalry with Essex for the love of Elizabeth—a love scare worth seeking, as his mournful end attested. Even Shakespeare, who loved to discourse of the beauties of virtue and the virtuous, who denounced corruption and corruptors with all his great mind and understanding of what was right and wrong, he, too, was woefully lax in matters of the heart. He knew his power, and exerted it

freely, even if not for good. True, he married a farmer's daughter, because he loved her. He instilled into her the necessity of being true to him, and straightway went and sinned himself. He disregarded his marital obligations, and poorly exemplified the value of what he would teach. But rivaling in point of popularity even Shakespeare was Sir Philip Sidney. So great a favorite was he, that when he died, in 1587, at the age of thirty-one, "it was accounted a sin for any gentleman of quality, for many months after, to appear at court or city in any light or gaudy apparel." ("Life and Death of Sir Philip Sidney, 1650.") Popular and loved by all, because of his cultivated talents, his generosity, his noble station, and noble characteristics; all these things greatly aided his conquests of feminine hearts, and at the same time his good traits of character kept him in comparatively respectable restraint—that is, so far as concerned fleshly follies. His amours were numerous, notable, yet withal free from severe reproach. His genius made him admired; it made him enjoy admiration. Elizabeth doted on him, called him "My Philip," granted him many favors, and sought his pleasure. For this she receives the imputation that it was more desire to spite the bearish husband of her sister Mary, than because of any great recognition of his good qualities. Certainly it was not because of any symmetry of features belonging to him, because he was extremely plain; ugly in fact, were not his manners so chivalrous, his powers of pleasing so many and so great. His greatest disappointment in love was his bereavement of Lady Rich. They were betrothed, but disagreements arose between them; they separated, and she married another. Afterward he grew more careless, sought female society, was cordially received, even invited; made love freely, gained fame, and died young. He was not impeccable, but was as near to being so as were most of his illustrious predecessors or contemporaries—and if the truth were known, probably as much so as his modern successors. Arrogant, savage in his insolence, a disgrace to the world, and to literature in particular, was Dean Swift. As literary works, his writings would in this decade be deemed unfit for publication. They have their piquant expressions, they employ novel methods of capturing interest, but as literary productions they are coarse, sensual, disgusting. American opinion would crush such a man into oblivion nowadays. With all the liberality of modern American ideas of propriety, with all the loose morals of this fast age, our weakness of flesh, likewise of mind, Mr. Jonathan Swift would meet with a warm, a fiery reception if he were to now attempt to display his vulgarity, either in letters or by wild profligacy. How he could have met with such widespread success in feminine conquest surpasses imagination. His proposals to Jane Waring, whom he asked to wed him, but by whom he was at first refused, afterward accepted, caused her to scorn him the second time. His brutal treatment of both Esther Johnson and Miss Van Homrigh, for whom every spark of pity is aroused when their wrongs are recited, would indicate the man unworthy of being acknowledged as human. Yet he pursued his reckless course of sensuality; dictated alike to women of high and low degree, and finally died as he deserved—insane. His insolence to the Duchess of Shrewsbury is an example of his every day doings. She took him to task for neglecting to dine with her. Witness the assurance of his reply: "It was too much for her to expect of him under the circumstances; she must make more advances; he looked for advances from ladies, especially duchesses." A titled "lady" might tolerate him; a woman never would. Crazed with egotism, he wrote to the Duchess of Queensbury: "I am glad you know your duty; it has been an established and known rule for more than twenty years in England, that the first advances have been continually made me by all ladies who aspire to my acquaintance. And the greater their quality, the greater their advances." And this from such a man as he was! In the foregoing has been presented a few varied instances of the attractions, the power of literary genius above all the dictates of reason and right, and even common decency. And it shows, too, the temptations with which all great men, literary or otherwise, are sure to be beset. Some men and women are so unscrupulous they sin from wantonness; some are so lacking in moral force of character they yield to temptation, sin and pray almost in the same breath, and find complete justification because the temptation was so great; others yield reluctantly virtue after virtue in the vain hope of acquiring a treasure, and, finding their visions dispelled, their gem another's dross, their idols valueless, themselves burdened with the debt of sin, pine away in misery. It is not to be supposed, however, that literary ardor will be checked, nor woman's love for genius be dispelled, because of these things. Men will continue to do as Byron did when he married Miss Millbank to get money with which to pay his debts; Miss Millbanks will be found who will willingly sacrifice themselves on the shrine of genius; and they will find, as these two worthies did, that they have made a mutual mistake. Great men may marry a farm-girl as did Burns, the daughter of a country squire as did Milton, a widow with two children as did Washington, or a "grass-widow" as did Andrew Jackson; they may wed their nurses as did John Howard the philanthropist, or they may emulate the example of Peter the Great, of Russia, and take to wife a peasant girl; they may marry their cousins, aunts, sisters-in-law, as many men do nowadays—they may do one or all of these things if they will and can, and they may be happy if they know how to be; but if they take good advice they will let matrimony alone. WHISTLECRAFT.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1878.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, July 14, 1878.

Consomme a la Bonne Femme.
Cantaloup.
Fried Mountain Trout.
Pigeon Pie.
Spinach. Egg Plant.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce, Potatoes baked with Lamb.
Okra Salad, French Dressing.
Apricot Tarts.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Peaches, Figs, Cherries, Apricots, Pears, Grapes, and Plums.

TO MAKE CONSOMME A LA BONNE FEMME.—Prepare one quart of consomme, keep boiling on the back of the range; cut some small slices of brown bread (French brown bread) longer than wide, without removing the crust; arrange seven or eight in the form of a crown in each soup plate. Butter lightly the plates in the centre of each crown, break a fresh-laid egg in the hollow, add, season with salt and pepper, wet the bottom of the plates with a little oil, put them in a moderate oven to lightly poach the eggs; in ten minutes, wet the slices of bread with the consomme, and serve. Garnish the consomme with finely shredded vegetables. We received from a French paper.

VAGRANT VERSES.

I.—Nocturne.

A single golden star
When the silence of night is deep;
A single light in the window
When the house is quiet with sleep.

And a shadow behind the light,
And a heaven beyond the blue,
And once in a while in one's life
A thought of a kiss from you!

II.—In the House of Rimmon.

The Syrian came to the Prophet
And said: "When I bow the knee
Before the altar of Rimmon
Impute it not unto me.
Because the King leans on me
The weight of his royalty."

Love—lost love, the style of the world is
Whenever I bend the knee
(The monarch, Chance, leaning on me).
Impute it not unto me;
Though I bow in an alien temple
My heart is ever with thee.

III.—Triomphe.

No power can unspeak uttered words, or call
Kisses once kissed to a repentant mouth;
And I rejoice in knowing this, for all
Winter of parting, anger's summer drouth
Can not take back that spirit of the South—
The passion and fragrance of your kiss to me:
The fire-light wavering in its dreams uncouth,
You sitting with your head against my knee;
The pale snow driving 'gainst the wintry pane,
Your lips that kissed, and clung, and kissed again,
Immortal kisses, blent of fire and dew;
And you said thoughtful: "In the night and rain,
Whereto I bend my wings, so kind and true
And faithful friend I shall not find as you."

IV.—In the Parlor.

Between the dusk and the daylight,
When the shadows longest grow,
There comes a silence on all things—
'Tis the hour when one speaks low,

We sit in the parlor together,
And heavily on the air
Floats the faint, familiar fragrance
Of the heliotrope in your hair.

And in the kindly twilight
I see your dark eyes shine;
I feel the touch of your garments,
Of your soft white hand in mine.

And one might see in the parlor,
When the day is almost done,
On the wall, two tremulous shadows
Of faces melt into one.

The School-Girl.

Come, tired eyes! upturn your tender light,
And let us read in depths of changing blue,
The winged thoughts that waft through and through.
Those mystic mirrors, if I read aright,
Reflect no lessons such as books recite,
But catch the subtler secrets that imbue
Thy woman's heart—making both false and true
In one deft-woven tapestry unite.
In what old picture wouldst thou fittest stand?
Haply as sweet Virginia—when through ways
Of crowd and jostle oft I see thee come—
Virginia, with her tablets in her hand,
Ere Apollus blights her with his ruffian gaze,
Tripping across the forum of Old Rome.

A Japanese Venus.

As we were about to leave, a lady of elegant attire and attended by a female servant bearing her toilet apparatus, and another with other luxuries of the bath, entered. We thought the license of a stranger in foreign parts would warrant us in loitering a trifle in order to gratify a little curiosity. Our new arrival, after giving some directions, with the assistance of her maid, began to arrange herself for the bath. There are many points of radical difference between the human genders—psychologically, mentally, morally, and physically, and all in favor of the gentle sex. And so in their general habits. A masculine disrobing for the bath flings his clothes in all directions and bounces into the water with an impetuousness and violence anything but graceful. Our Lady Godiva, for such we will call her for short, with the help of her maid neatly folded and laid away on a cloth in a clean place each article of apparel as it was removed. First the silken robe, then the flowing gown-like robe of purple, then the nether garments of white, until we reached nature's own. It is said that astronomers frequently level their telescopes at one star in order to see another; we leveled our sight apparently at a pretty little creature in the bath, but by an obliquity of vision took in the other scene unobserved. As gently as a zephyr playing upon the foliage of the trees she stepped along toward the water. Her beautifully rounded form and poetry of motion would have been worthy of the sculptor's chisel. A beautifully rounded ankle and a pretty foot vaguely visible beneath the laminated folds of a dozen skirts would set a whole community agog at home, whilst a whole form nude as nature and more beautiful than an angel would not so much as attract a passing glance in Japan.

George T. Bromley writes us a postal card from Santa Barbara and asks us "If we have ever been there?" and says he will not dilate upon its many attractions if we ever have. We have been there, and so Mr. Bromley need not dilate. He also informs us that he has just succeeded to the management of the "Arlington Hotel," that it is a "splendid" hotel—"perfect," "delightful," and asks us to come and "bask in the sunshine," "bathe on the beach," and "revel" in the luxuries of a tropical home. Now if Bromley can arrange a "pass" for us on the steamer we will proceed immediately to Santa Barbara, and at once enter upon our duties of basking, bathing, and reveling, and if the "Arlington" is so good as to stand it as long as we can then the "Arlington" is on a sound financial basis, and Bromley will evidence the fact that he knows how to keep it.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Trout Fishing on the Cloud River.

IN CAMP ON CLOUD RIVER, July 4, 1878.

Grand primal forests! Giant pines! Mount Shasta, 14,441 feet in height, snow-clad and gorgeous in his monarch robes of forest trees, with crown of glorious sunlight and storm-clouds! From his base and from out the secret caverns in his rock-ribbed volcanic sides there bursts an hundred streams, which, gathering together, form the Sacramento. The Pitt is a magnificent stream, and the Cloud is a river of picturesque beauty. It runs through a great cañon of wooded sides, grand old trees, rapid like a mountain torrent, as broad as Montgomery Street, its waters pure and cold as melting snow, softened here and there with a glimpse of sunlight as it goes dancing along over its rocky bed, forming here and there occasional side eddies, deep pools in which the salmon and the speckled beauties hide and sport themselves. We are having a glorious time. One week in camp at the Cloud is worth a whole cycle in a French *café*. We envy no one of our wealthy loungers on the Boulevard Poissonier, as they listlessly wander, in kid gloves and tight boots, looking through passages and down crowded streets, listening to the roar of the busy thoroughfare. We view the cloud-clad majesty of Shasta, catch sight of the leaping waters as they reflect through dim aisles of pine the sunlight on their foaming wave-tops. We listen to the melody of the winds playing through the trees, each leafy limb a harp-string tuned by the Master's hand. We sleep beneath the stars. It is the dreamless sleep of honest toil. We dine and drink, revel in the rude cooking of the camp, the staple of which is venison, trout, and appetite; we drink the pure cold waters of the stream, and the only water I ever tasted which one drinks for the love of the water. One sips it as he would a cordial, tastes it as he would sample a rare wine, drinks it by the goblet, as he would champagne, to allay his thirst, gulps it down as the farm laborer would in the blazing harvest field, souses himself in it head and ears, as does the horse sweating and panting from a hot and dusty drive. Talking of waters, why could not some of these upper streams of the Sacramento be taken out, and by ditch and redwood flume be carried down to the valleys and utilized for city and farm consumption? A ditch demands only labor; lumber is plentiful. Any man of sense can engineer water down hill. The moment a municipal government like San Francisco begins to discuss a water problem, everybody in its counsel loses his head, talks as familiarly of millions as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs, a commission to examine, engineers of national reputation to be employed, great reservoirs of solid masonry to be planned, iron pipes to be contracted for, everything upon a scale of extravagance, and everybody in it to steal a fortune. A ditch and wooden flume, substantially built, would carry the waters of the Sierra to San Francisco with little repairs for a hundred years. Our party is a merry one. Originally thirteen, we styled ourselves "The Apostles"—B. B. Redding the master. An accession of one or two additional persons has relieved us from the apprehension of the ill-luck that attends the number that feasted at the last supper of the betrayed Essenian. Our party is highly respectable—not a member of Congress nor politician in the crowd. Only one lawyer, one preacher, and, thank God, only one editor of a daily newspaper; all the rest are above suspicion. Hence, we confer upon the party the immortality of print by giving the names as follows: B. B. Redding, Fish Commissioner of California; James McClatchy, of the Sacramento *Bea*; James Carolan, Albert Gallatin, D. W. Earl; Sisson, of the firm of Sisson & Wallace; E. M. Arthur, W. W. Crane, Prof. Wilkinson, Rev. F. D. Shearer, F. Dewing, Jos. D. Redding, Frank Carolan, and O. S. McClatchy. We left San Francisco Saturday morning. Ferry, steamer, and steam-car *via* Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, and Redding; fare \$13. From Redding to Sisson's, in Shasta County, by the Oregon stage line, the distance is seventy-two miles—fare, \$11.50—a fine mountain drive through groves of pine and oak; over hills and valleys, across beautiful rivers (the Pitt half a dozen times); by bridge and ferry across the Sacramento; over rivulets and nameless streams; across Salt, Dog, Shovel, Shotgun, Musquito, Bowlder, Flume, Slate, Blue Rock, and Castle creeks, each a beautiful, dashing river on its impulsive, heedless, reckless way down to the muddy Sacramento, through to the tule marshes, through the shallow bays to the infinite depths of the ocean. There is a simile here. I leave it for the reader, old and careworn, grizzled with age and care, immersed in business, and pursuing the phantoms of wealth and ambition, to remember his youth and draw the moral before he plunges into the ocean of eternity. The moral, as I draw it, is to go fishing. Go out amid God's primal forests, breathe his pure, pine-strained mountain air, catch his fish, roam over the hills for his antlered herds, live on plain food, take exercise, leave care, and forget business; leave politics, and money, and newspapers, and churches, and operas, and stocks, and sweat all the hypocrisy, formality, cant, and sham piety out of you; for it is an Arab proverb, that the days spent in fishing and in the chase are not recorded in the angel's book where he marks the passing three score and ten, beyond which all are treading on uncertain margins. Our camp is twenty-two miles from Sisson's, in a charming bend of the river, on a peninsula, covered with great spruce and pine forests, the trees fringing the stream; one of the few places where close embracing mountains give way, and form an amphitheatre, leaving a level piece of land formed by Nature for a camping spot—a gilt-edged invitation in God's own autograph to all intelligent denizens of the murky, pent-up town to come out from among their wine-laden side-boards, their mahogany dining tables, their hair mattresses, and Axminster carpets, to drink water, live on game, sleep on pine boughs, and promenade in a flannel shirt under the shadow of over-arching pines and beside the murmuring waters of one of his most beautiful rivers. But we came to fish and not to moralize. Arrived in camp at 2 o'clock on Monday; spent an hour in untangling, assorting, and arranging the useless lines, hooks, flies, bobs, sinkers, leaders, reels, baskets, landing-nets, etc., that the commercial enthusiasm of our San Francisco sporting merchants impose upon the greenhorn who for the first time goes fishing to new streams and hunting grounds. The first grand conception of the Cloud

fisherman is to take a salmon on the hook. Of course he fishes for brook trout, but he has the lurking ambition that he will land a salmon. He charts out in his own mind, as he sits upon the bank with the toes of his French hunting shoes dipping in the stream, how adroitly he will manage him, how deftly he will give him line, how patiently he will play him—when, whiz goes the reel, up flies the rod, the line goes burning through his fingers; the sensation through line and rod and backbone goes down to the toe-tips of his French hunting shoes, and Mr. Salmon, with a flap and a dash in the water, shows his brown back, surges away with hook, leader, line, and sinker, and the greenhorn of a city fisherman from San Francisco sits dangling his French shoes in the water of the stream, and moralizes how unsatisfactory is all book learning of line and rod as compared with the experience that teaches how easy a thing it is to land a salmon. We live and learn, and on Monday evening we strut proudly to camp with a twelve-pounder in our net. The next day we take in five—a back load. The next day we tramp five miles down the stream and "dam" the infernal greedy salmon. We can't keep them off the line. We are tired of salmon; they are tedious to get to shore, they break lines, they are too heavy to carry to camp, they are useless, and we are fishing for brook trout and Dolly Vardens. As a sample of the splendid fishing of this splendid stream, I was yesterday one of three to bring in ninety-five finny beauties, averaging a pound in weight. My share was twenty-one, Mr. B. B. Redding double-distanced me by catching forty-two, and the guide, Mr. Fay, made up the balance—though spending a large part of his time in placing us at favorite pools, and in helping get our useless salmon on the bank. The salmon are not useless, as we use the females' roe for bait; but it seems almost wicked to cut open the salmon, take her golden spoil, and fling her lifeless into the stream as food for other fishes; but it is the rule of the stock exchange; they do it on California Street. Business is business; fishing is fishing. The game fish, and the rarest one to catch, is the Dolly Varden. Mr. E. M. Arthur was the first, and Mr. W. W. Crane the second, in this line of distinction. They are larger, more gamey, have salmon-colored spots, but are by no means so handsome or such good eating as the brook trout, with his gleaming spots and iridescent lines. Messrs. Sisson and Gallatin are the Nimrods of our party. Some three miles from camp is a deer-lick, where these gentlemen camped a night in ambush for the early deer. Their labors were rewarded with two splendid bucks. I wish I could convey to the readers of the ARGONAUT the graceful motions of these antlered dandies of the forest; how gracefully they poise the uplifted leg, as they come down the mountain; how like a lady in the stately minuet they put it down; how grandly they fling back their antlers and snuff the air for lurking dangers, and all the while their bright eyes are keenly searching for the bidden foe. So elegant, so graceful, and so proud; so innocent, so beautiful, and so timid, and yonder, just across the stream, lurking in ambush, with implements of death upon which human ingenuity has exhausted itself to kill each other, a Winchester and a Henry send forth their deadly shot, Gallatin plows his death volley through the larger buck, and Sisson sends his shot crashing through the brain of the other. It seems cruel, but we have them for breakfast, and they all do it in California Street; it is the mercy of the stock exchange. We have our sensations, too, as well as you of the turbulent town. Mr. and Mrs. Finn and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Williams drove into camp, with servant, two horses, and covered vehicle—ladies in appropriate camping costume. Mr. A. P. Williams was the initial candidate for the convention upon the Non-partisan ticket, and beaten by the French hair-frizzer, whom the enthusiasm of the German and Irish mob has delegated to form the organic law for our State. Tuesday night a genial rain. Yesterday a thunder storm. To-day an unexpected keg of lager from Yreka. The elder McClatchy falls into the stream. We celebrate the nation's birthday by nailing the banner of the stars to the top of a lofty pine; we salute with a volley the rising sun. Young McClatchy and Redding have their cornets and play the national anthems, sending the swelling notes of our patriotic airs echoing through the hills and the cloistered river aisles. Thursday evening, our party returning are heard shouting and hooting over the hills just as the sun is declining. Boys let loose from school are not more hilarious than these staid men of business turned loose among the hills. Mr. Carolan is the hero of the biggest bag—twenty-five splendid fish, with three Dolly Vardens. Mr. Earl carried off the second honors. Professor Wilkinson brought in two Dolly Vardens and a nice bag of brook trout. One of the sports is to bet on time in catching salmon. Messrs. Sisson and Earl gambled to-day for coin that Earl could not land a salmon in thirty minutes. Money up. In two minutes a ten-pounder was hooked, in two minutes more he was off with the book in his gills. In ten minutes more another was hooked and lost. The game becomes exciting. Only eight minutes left. Another bite, and a twelve-pounder took the bait. All the party had gathered around the pool watching the contest. It was a pretty fight. The monster was brought to bank two minutes short of time, and Mr. Earl was the happy winner. Talk of our excitement in the gold room and stock exchange. They all do it. Messrs. Arthur and Shearer came in later with seventy-eight trout—the best bag of the campaign—the preacher carrying off the honors with a catch of forty trout, so far the best luck of the season. To-morrow we move camp to Castle Lake, thirty-two miles away, for fly fishing.

"David Bush, plumber and sanitary engineer." We have kept house for twenty years, and never fully understood the meaning of the word "sanitary," as connected with the management of drains and sewers, till we had our work done by David Bush. Our drains have smelled bad, our closets have leaked, our sewers have fouled, our stationary wash-stands have emitted malarious vapors; we have sworn at our bills, been worried by our wife, been swindled by patent traps, and quarreled over plumbing bills, till house-keeping became a vexation. David Bush, sanitary plumber, came and saw, and conquered. He put in air-pipes, he gave ventilation, he fixed traps on a common-sense principle, and the result is a sweet-smelling house, and we are restored to our wonted amiability of temper, and hope to escape typhoid fever for a long time to come. Moral—Better spend ten dollars for the advice of an intelligent plumber than a hundred for doctors and medicine.

LES FEMMES A L'EXPOSITION.—PAR MARS, FROM THE "JOURNAL AMUSANT."



CARTE D'EXPOSANTE
estampillée
section des lézards et des arts plastiques.



— Je t'assure qu'il a très-bonne mine : il habite la Californie.
— Une mine d'or, alors ?

Feuilleton.

Young lady, in a railway car, excitedly : "Conductor, this young man you put in this seat with me has insulted me!" Conductor, grandly : "Scoundrel ; what has he done, miss?" Young lady, indignantly : "He went to sleep." Howls of derision and wrath from the passengers. The scoundrel is put off.

A young lady of the age of seven, who is deservedly a pet of her household, but is a little exacting, and given to be-mean herself as being rather neglected and "sat upon" in her family circle than otherwise, said the other day : "No-body has ever cared for me, for even when I was born my mother and all my sisters were away at the seaside."

Model bill presented to an American visitor to the Expo-sition :

	Francs.		Francs.
Table No.	9	A.	4
Soup.	5	Bot.	6
Fish.	25	Tie.	8
Roast Beef.	75	Of.	10
Vegetables.	14	Clar.	12
Ch.	2	El.	14
Ees.	4	Service.	2
E.	6		
Total.			196

A practical joker, a prudent man withal, has gone to a café and ordered a three-masted schooner of beer, when a friend appears at the door and beckons to him to go out for a minute. The intending drinker is afraid that in his absence some one may get away with the liquid, when a happy thought strikes him, and he wraps around the handle of the mug a scrap of paper inscribed :

"I have spit in this !"
With a light heart he hastens to the door, communicates with his friend and returns to find written in another hand beneath his warning :
"So have I !"

MacMahon has not the reputation of being a brilliant speaker, neither is he considered to possess the happy knack of saying the right thing at the right time. He went the other day to the military college of St. Cyr, where they hap-pen to have a student of unmistakable colored blood. Being requested by the kind-hearted governor of the establishment to say something reassuring to the poor lad, the chief man in the French Republic beckoned to the dark-complexioned boy to come forward, when the following conversation took place :

"Ahem ! you are a negro, are you not?"
"Yes, Mr. President, I am."
"Ah, well, I—aw—congratulate you. Continue as you are. Ahem, good-bye !"

Purchaser (looking over a collection of hats and bonnets with great deliberation and indecision)—"You see, I hardly know what to select. I don't want a hat for myself ; I want it for a woman with a beard."

"A woman with a beard !" echoed the stylish saleswoman in surprise. Then, after a moment's reflection, she put the usual query : "Is she married?"

"Yes, indeed," said the purchaser.

"Well ! well !" said the astonished saleswoman ; "this is an incomprehensible world. A woman with a beard is mar-ried, and I (casting an admiring look on her figure reflected in the glass) am left here to sell hats."

Mrs. Langtrety, the reigning London beauty, did a spirited thing the other day. In the midst of an admiring circle she asked her husband to introduce to her a certain well-known gentleman. He did. The gentleman, flattered, smiled and bowed. "I want you," said the beauty, giving him her handkerchief ; "I want you to wipe off the paint from my face, as I hear you say at the clubs that I am painted."

A poet sings : "I at the banquet of the gods have sate, * * * Their nectar quaffed, and their ambrosia ate, and felt the Olympian ichor in my veins." "Olympian ichor" is very good. It is poetic license for lager-beer ; and ambrosia is ditto for Limburger cheese and mustard on a cracker.

One evening the Rev. Dr. —, took tea with us. Out of politeness, I asked him to give thanks, forgetting for the moment the presence of my granddaughter and the fact that the doctor was long-winded. The child startled us all, right in the middle of the grace, by exclaiming in a loud voice, "Oh, amen ! Hand me the biscuit."

"Mais, monsieur le presidong," said General Grant, "you will be toujours le marechal de France, while I am jamais le general, but a plain citizen." "But ze fame of your grand battalles will make you always live in ze hearts of ze peuple as ze marshal d'Amerique," replied MacMahon. "Ah, qu'est ce que c'est your doneezing us ; taffy ?" inquired Grant.

One of the Persian poets describes Paradise as an uncom-monly fine section of bluegrass country filled with perennial lilies and roses, and surrounded by a picket fence composed exclusively of pretty girls, who never grow old, and with in-numerable other attractions not less unique and rare. This we regard as one of the most seductive systems of theology that man has yet devised.

The most romantic incident connected with the Voltaire celebration was the formal opening of the windows of the room in which Voltaire died. The house, which forms the corner of the Quai Voltaire and the Rue de Beaune, belong-ed to the Marquisa at the time of Voltaire's death ; and, in memory of the great philosopher, she caused the windows to be closed immediately he expired, and a special clause in her will ordered that they should not be opened until a hundred years had elapsed from that date.

There are more well-dressed ladies to be seen on the streets of Vienna than in any other city in Europe. In Paris, respectable ladies nearly always appear on the streets in plain black dresses, as if striving to avoid notice or at-tention. Vienna is the very reverse in this case, and they generally display great neatness and good taste in their out-fits. They are lively and vivacious, as much so as the French, and remarkable for fine forms and graceful move-ment. In fact, there is seldom seen a man or woman on the streets of Vienna who possesses any of the character-istics of form or feature that would indicate they are Ger-mans, unless it be among the lower and working classes.

Hard by the market of the Temple, in Paris, there is a re-tired little *café*, in a recess, with its curtains always closely drawn. You would fancy that it was unoccupied, but turn the door-knob and go in. Around two marble tables, stand-ing or seated, crowd about fifty men, some very elaborately dressed, others plain as pipestems. These people drink coffee and absinthe, but that is not what they come here for by a long shot. They are second-hand dealers in precious wares, and they meet here to trade. Each, on his arrival, deposits on the table a jewelry box, divided into compart-ments, such as dealers in gold ware, filled with gold and silver watches, chains, rings, brilliants, etc. There is one who carries in his hand a black leather valise, from which he draws out, as from a conjuror's bag, the treasures of every age—jewels, enamels, medals, cups, porcelain, etc. As soon as the goods are displayed on the table the sale begins, but in almost whispers. No shouts, no discussions, little bar-gaining. In order to be sure of what they buy, these dealers are always provided with a goldsmith's balance of extreme delicacy and infinitesimal weights. They give all the credit asked for, their transactions all being in honor.

Victor Hugo and the Bishop of Orleans.

Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, has hurled forth an imposing fulmination against Victor Hugo, for his eulogy on the arch-heretic, Voltaire, at the recent anniver-sary in Paris. Victor Hugo returns a broadside in this style:

"Monsieur—You are guilty of an imprudence. You re-mind those who might have forgotten it that I was brought up by a churchman, and that if my life began in prejudice and error, it was a priest's fault, not mine. That sort of ed-ucation is so fatal that at nearly forty years of age, as you point out, I was still under its influence. All that has been said before. I don't dwell on it. I have a certain contempt for mere futilities. You insult Voltaire and you do me the honor to revile me. That is your affair. You and I are two men, better or worse; the future will decide between us. You say I am old, and you pretend to be young; which I believe. The moral sense is so imperfectly developed in you that you reproach me with the very act which does me honor. You undertake to read me a lesson. By what right? Who are you? Let us come to the point. Let us see what sort of a thing your conscience is, and what mine is. A single comparison will suffice. France has lately passed through an ordeal. France was free. One night a man treacher-ously seized her, overthrew her, and gagged her. If a nation could be murdered, that man would have murdered France. He brought her near enough to death to reign over her. He began his reign—since reign it was—by perjury, ambush, and massacre. He prolonged it by oppression, by tyranny, by despotism, by an indescribable parody on religion and justice. He was at once a monster and a pigmy. For him were sung the *Te Deum*, the *Magnificat*, the *Salvum fac, Gloria tibi*, and the rest. Who sang them? Ask yourself. The law abandoned the people to him, the church surren-dered to him the Almighty. Justice, honor, country gave way before the man. He trampled under foot his oath, equity, good faith, the glory of that flag, the dignity of man, the liberty of the citizen ; the man's prosperity perplexed the conscience of mankind. This lasted nineteen years. Dur-ing that time you were in a palace; I was in exile. Sir, I pity you.

VICTOR HUGO."

Fans are the cheapest luxury of the day. The Chinese have given us an article, well made of bamboo and em-bellished paper, that may be had for two nickels. When the cost of importation is considered, the pay of labor in China is apparent. Fans are said to have originated in China 3,000 years ago. At a feast of lanterns the lovely Kansai found the heat so oppressive that, contrary to all etiquette, she took off her mask. Partly to hide her blushes, and partly to cool her heated face, she agitated the mask before her nose. The thing became epidemic. Ten thousand hands at once held ten thousand masks, and fanning became a fact. The fan was used as a standard in war, and in peace the fan assisted the priests in the temple, both to raise a cooling breeze and to guard the sacred offerings from the contamination of nox-ious insects. In Egypt, the fan of the priest of Isis was made of feathers of different length, spread out in the form of a semicircle, but pointed at the top. It was waved by a female slave. Among the Romans, slaves cooled the room and kept away flies during meal time with fans. In the days of Louis XIV. and XV. fans glistened with gilding and gems, and were ornamented by Boucher and Watteau. These works of art were often sold at as high a figure as \$75. The Chinese and the French are the great rivals in fan making. To such a degree of excellence has it arrived in France that a fan selling for one cent goes through twenty different op-erations, performed by as many pairs of hands.

A Chicago man has invented a kind of ink specially suit-able for lovers. It remains bright for five days after use, and then fades out, leaving the paper entirely blank. Thus the most gushing of correspondence would be so secret an ex-posure.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.



Your last letter, my dear, indicates dyspepsia. Is it true then, as I hear whispered, that the Springs are dull this year and you are wishing yourself home again? Let me recommend you the latest and most approved-by-fashion remedy for your peculiar difficulty. It is *Koumiss*, or, if you like it better, milk champagne. It is warranted to put flesh on the thinnest, rouse the spirits of the dullest, and restore health to the most forlorn. I know whereof I speak. Drop a postal to Mr. Myers, 825 Capp Street, for a dozen bottles, try it faithfully, and send me a bulletin of your health in six weeks from date. Had you been here yesterday, you might have seen your friend tucked away in her own special little corner at Bancroft's, having one of those "good times" that are so rare in her nowadays busy life. I mean to share my store of good things with you before long, but not to-day. I must ask you, though, if you have seen Longfellow's latest volume of poems? Was ever art more sweetly sung than in *Keramos*, wherein the potter turns his busy wheel and sings of life and of his work? Poor Palissy! his was indeed "the divine insanity of noble minds," and his whole life the chronicle of a long martyrdom. If we could only know the inner histories of the masters of any art, however humble, how much more would we prize the art itself. Is it not so? I think our silver poet grows stronger in these later poems than in his earlier ones. "Purity" is the word that best describes him. His heart and mind are as clear as crystal. Apropos of ceramics—and just think how long in our blind ignorance we have persisted in calling them "searamics"—did you know that the cutting of figures and landscapes on the Doulton pottery is done by one artist only, and that one a woman. Her name is Helen Barlow, and she is called the Rosa Bonheur of Lambeth. Her animal subjects are all taken from live studies at the Zoological Gardens, and her work commands the highest prices paid except for that of one other, George Tinworth, whose specialty is the small terra cotta reliefs illustrative of Bible subjects, and so precious is it that it rarely gets as far from home as this, unless it may be in private collections. I have had what you call one of my "Stanley fits" on for the past few days, and so have been exploring, my special errand being to hunt up something in the way of picture-frames. Of course, when I got to Sanborn & Vail's—you remember, the corner of Market and Fifth—I spent another good hour looking over a portfolio of those lovely photogravures up-stairs. A portfolio, did I say? Well, yes, but a great improvement on the ordinary pasteboard concern that lets everything slip out on the floor just at the wrong minute, or nips them fast so there is no getting out the particular one you want without a struggle. This one of polished wood, in several compartments, lets down a broad leaf that has a leg to stand-on, and permits your sitting before it as comfortably as before a table. Admirers of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures will find some excellent reproductions among them, but the cutest thing out that is entirely new is a picture entitled, "Moving Day," and its companion, "Family Cares." You must surely see them. I like engravings so much better than colored pictures; don't you? You will want to hear of my selections. I found that the dark frames, principally ebony, are the most popular just now. So, for my engravings, these were my choice. Those of medium width, with a design quite simple, and mostly consisting of corner bunches, is engraved in white; the inner border is of pale gray enameling, similarly ornamented, but in white instead of black, and a fine band of gilding relieves all suspicion of too much sombreness. Imitations of various woods are much used also. The old style gilt frame is still used for heavy, dark portraits, and large mirrors to some extent, but "combination" seems to be the rule here as in everything else, and the handsomest are of that kind. The black line engraving on a flat surface makes a very effective style. I shall have my favorite De Haas in one before you see it again. To illustrate the fluctuations of trade, Mr. Sanborn told me that of late, instead of importing the pretty violet frames and small easel stands, they are exporting them quite largely. I was reminded, by seeing a variety of brackets and carved woodwork, of your pretty fancy of having some made of California woods to send to Eastern friends. You can have them done here, either in designs of your own or those made on purpose for you, for all this work is done under Mr. S.'s personal supervision. Isn't it abominable the way American artists are being treated at the Paris Exposition? Not one admitted. Even Bierstadt, Huntington, and Hill shut out, though there is a rumor, I hear, that one of the latter's may be accepted. Never mind, the very next time we have a "show" we'll give the place of honor to France, and so "heap coals of fire on their heads," and, Tom irreverently suggests, "burn their brains out!" Something new and pretty in hair is the comb and feather, which are neither comb nor

feather properly, but ingenious imitations made of hair, the first being made of one's own, the second of strings of delicate frizzes, which are looped from the crown of the head, and fall in a graceful, featherlike droop nearly to the shoulder. The comb is an open, basket-work braid like those you see in German peasant pictures, three or four strands in width, and rises from among the puffs that finish the extreme top of the head exactly like a comb that is stuck in sideways. I have a horror usually of those barber-heads with their inane faces, but the one on which I saw this style—and which, by the way, I nearly forgot to tell you, is at Shephard's, on Stockton Street, near Market—looked so like you, *ma chère*, that it caught my eye; hence this transcription for your benefit. Furthermore, I was seduced into a shampoo by their especial method, and I can't tell you how much I enjoyed it. The way your head is cuddled up in the towel and petted and patted, as if it were a spoiled child, is worth the price of the operation. Miss Shephard took the prize at the last Mechanics' Fair for her particular line of work—the bronze medal, I think it was—and would have had one expressly for shampooing probably, if the committee had submitted its several heads to her personal manipulations. How can one write of heads without coming back at once to the delightful subject of bonnets, of which I am sure you are always glad to hear. Madame Oulif, Dupont and O'Farrell Streets, has a number of beauties on hand. I dropped in this morning under the impression that it must be an "opening day," there was so great a display of natty hats and evening bonnets visible from the door, but it was slack time, madame said, and very little that was new yet, except the "Opera," and the "Princess," two immensely popular hats, each with a turned-up brim, the former being bent in three large waves along the edge, the latter plain and filled in with flowers. Fruit is becoming more and more fashionable, either twined in with flowers or alone, cherries at present, being in season, are prime favorites. The "Balsamo" is just the thing for country wear. It is of course white or brown straw, tied down with a brown veil, which is held on one side by bunches of flowers or fruit. It must be worn far back on the head. Here is somewhat for you to do to pass the time. Make yourself a monogram fan, that's the latest. It must be some plain color, black, white or gray, in order to match any costume, and on it you paste the monograms of your gentleman friends, which you cut from letter paper, etc. The grouping is according to your own fertile fancy. I tried two or three pretty things at Sherman & Hyde's yesterday, among them those two songs from the burlesque of *Evangeline*, "Where art Thou now, my Beloved?" and "The Song of Birds." The first is especially pretty, not difficult nor requiring great range of voice, an advantage for ordinary singers that is peculiar to opera bouffe music. Millard's last "Alas!" is rather effective and exceedingly Millard-ish; not as good as his "Waiting," and some others. Stuckenholtz has reduced Drasdil's great success, "I cannot Sing the Old Songs," to a schottische. I make the announcement with sincere sorrow. It seems like desecration to me who do so detest that particular phase of the mild lunacy we call dancing; but then Stuckenholtz does everything so well that I suppose this must be forgiven him. When you summer runaways come back to town you will find a pleasant innovation at the California; that is, the establishment of a "Vienna Confectionery" inside the building, and the adoption of the pleasant European fashion of having ices, and they do say something stronger, if you want it, handed round during the *entr'acte*. Martial, formerly in Thurlow Block, has gone over to Market Street—752—with his glove store. His specialty is Jouvins', though for a moderate priced glove, and one which gives general satisfaction, the Nilsson is well recommended, and, I am told, is selling five and six dozen pairs a day at his new place. The business here is a branch of the Paris house. I want to correct a slight mistake I made last week in placing Tucker's trunk store on Pine instead of Bush, near Kearny. I wish you had been here to go with me when I had my last photos taken at Houseworth's. They are just perfect, cabinet size, and only eight instead of ten dollars a dozen, since the late reduction in the prices there. The life-size crayon picture of Rose Wood as "Zoe" in the *Octoroon*, that stands in the vestibule at Baldwin's this week, was taken by Mr. Hamilton, Houseworth's own artist, and done in an incredibly short space of time—the order being given on Friday, and the picture delivered on Monday. I missed the last Bench show, but it was almost as good seeing the portraits of all the competing canines, done by the instantaneous process that is used for taking babies, race-horses and other active animals. The world is going so fast nowadays that I should not be surprised to know that Edison or some other inventive genius had invented a process for taking the typical "flash of greased lightning," without scorching the paper. Houseworth is making animal pictures a specialty, and has a room for the express accommodation of this special class of sitters (I hope the types won't make that settlers). He has some fine photos of Governor Stanford's and Mrs. Mark Hopkins' houses, taken lately. That reminds me, I heard the other day that Senator Sharon's house is about to be overhauled, preparatory to its being sold—the probability being that it will be bought for a club, but whether for one now in existence, or one about to be formed, is more than your faithful gossip can say. There is a fascinating picture just now on exhibition at Locan's. It is "Brunhilde, Queen of Normandy, condemned to death for inciting civil war." The author is Otto Schrader, and he has done a fine piece of work in this, his latest.

Yours, as always,

LILIAS DUBOIS.

The following letter was recently written by a boy in Augusta, seven years of age, to his uncle in Savannah:

"dear uncle george please get me a newfoundland dog. I want a puppy. I hope you are well like i am. i go to school now and have recess. i am bad off for the dog. send him as soon as you can. i send my love to you for christ sake amen.
send a boy dog.

ROBERT S. H."

Chicago females visit condemned murderers in prison and actually kiss them. This is taking a very unfair advantage of a man. He has no escape, and is therefore compelled to submit. We now understand why those two men who were hanged in Chicago, a few days ago, expressed a desire a month previously to have the execution take place "as soon as possible."

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XXXI.—POPPIES.

O ladies, softly fair,
Who curl and comb your hair,
And deck your dainty bodies, eve and morn,
With pearls and flowery spray,
And knots of ribbons gay,
As if ye were for idleness only born,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But flaunting poppies in among the corn!

Whose lives but part repeat;
Whose little dancing feet
Swim lightly as the silvery mists of morn;
Whose pretty palms unclosed
Like some fresh dewy rose,
For dainty dalliance, not for distaffs, born;
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But flaunting poppies in among the corn!

O women, sad of face,
Whose crowns of girlish grace
Sin has plucked off and left ye all forlorn,
Whose pleasures do not please,
Whose hearts have no heart's-ease,
Whose seeming honor is of honor shorn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, one and all,
But painted poppies in among the corn!

Women, to name whose name
All good men blush for shame,
And bad men even, with the speech of scorn;
Who have nor sacred sight
For Vesta's lamps so white,
Nor hearing for old Triton's wreathed horn,
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, one and all,
But poison poppies in among the corn!

Women who will not cease
From toil, nor be at peace
Either at purple eve or yellowing morn,
But drive with pitiless hand
Your plowshares through the land
Quick with the lives of daisies yet unborn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But troublous poppies in among the corn!

Blighting with fretful looks
The tender-tasseled stocks—
Sweeping your wide floored barns, with sighs forlorn
About the unfilled grains
And starving hunger-pains
That on the morrow, haply, shall be borne—
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But forward poppies in among the corn!

O virgins, whose pure eyes
Hold commerce with the skies—
Whose lives lament that ever ye were born,
The cross whose joy to wear
Never the rose but only just the thorn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
Better than poppies in among the corn!

What better? Who abuse
The gifts wise women use,
With locks sheared off and bosoms scourged and torn,
Lapping your veils so white
Betwixt ye and the light,
Composed in heaven's sweet cisterns morn by morn.
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
Better than poppies in among the corn!

O women, rare and fine,
Whose mouths are red with wine
Of kisses of your children, night and morn,
Whose ways are virtue's ways,
Whose good works are your praise,
Whose hearts hold nothing God has made in scorn—
Thou Fame may never call
Your names, ye are, for all,
The Ruths that stand breast-high amid the corn!

Your steadfast love and sure
Makes all beside it poor;
Your cares like royal ornaments are worn;
Wise women! What so sweet,
So queenly, so complete
To name ye by, since ever one was born?
Since she, whom poets call
The sweetest of you all,
First gleamed with Boaz in among the corn?

XXXII.—THE BRIDAL HOUR.

The moon's gray tent is up; another hour,
And yet another one will bring the time
To which, through many cares and checks, so slowly,
The golden day did climb.

Take all the books away, and let no oisies
Be in the house while softly I undress
My soul from broideries of disguise, and wait for
My own true love's caress.

The sweetest sound will tire to-night; the dew-drops
Setting the green ears in the corn and wheat,
Would make a discord in the heart attuned to
The bridegroom's coming feet.

Love! blessed love! if we could hang our walls with
The splendors of a thousand rosy Mays,
Surely they would not shine so well as thou dost,
Lighting our dusty days.

Without thee, what a dim and woeful story
Our years would be, O excellence sublime!
Slip of the life eternal, brightly growing
In the low soil of time!

ALICE CARY.

Self-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself—the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired. One of Pythagoras' wisest maxims, in his Golden Verses, is that in which he enjoins the pupil to "reverence himself."

The question, "What's in a name?" may find an answer by putting it at the bottom of a promissory note.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON KEARNY.

Sootymugs.—The True Inwardness of Politics Illustrated by a Story of a Horse and a Gun.—The Fable of the Pollywog and the Pollywog's Tail.—The Author's Sister's Young Man's Brilliant Essay at Genealogy on the Down-Grade Ancestral Line.—Irrelevant but Natural Transition from Kearnyism to Hanging.



Uncle Ned he said: "Johnny, do you know what these Karmy fellers is a goin to do with this Guvment when they have got it?" and I spoke up, quick as you ever see a boy in school, and said: "Run it for to soot thei'selfs."

Then Uncle Ned he said: "Johnny, if you cude jest see the faces of their deligths wich they have lected you wudent think there was any need for em to soot thei'selfs, cos they have ol ready ben sooted by the hand of a artist."

Then, wen I ast Uncle Ned wot was politticks all about, he tole me a little story.

Once there was a nigger wockin a long a rode, and he was over- and carryin a gun. Then the wite man he said: "Im in big luck for to find you; you jest keep up with me to open and shet the gates, or Ile shoot you."

But bime by the wite man he got tired carryin the gun, and he said a other time: "You aint got a nuff to do for to keep you out of michif. You got to carry my gun, too."

After a wile the nigger he said: "You got a horse and I got a gun; now for a division of propty."

So the nigger he pinte the gun at the wite man and made him git off his horse back, and the nigger he got on, and the wite man he had to wock, and open and shet the gates, and lug the gun, and have the sore feet his ownself. But bime by the wite man he thot a wile and then he said: "Mewtation is the great law of Nature, this is a world of change. I think it is a bout time for a other division of propty. You jest git off that horse back and take this gun."

And so it went on all the time, and they never got to where they was goin, cos it took em all their time to git on and off; for the feller wich had the horse was always too lazy for to tote the gun, and the feller wich was made to tote the gun always got the horse.

Uncle Ned he says the Karmy fellers is the nigger, and we is the wite man, wich has jest handed him the guo. But my father he says wen it comes to callin them sand lot fellers niggers he wude like to kno wot kind of quodderpeds is to take the name of Micks.

My father he says that feller Karmy has got to come to greef sooner-or later, but Uncle Ned he says he gesses the greef wil be ourn, and Karmy wil jest come to look on and see how it is a workin. One mornin father he was readin the hed lines of the *Alty* out loud, and thay said: "Thiefs Fall Out. A Split in the Shirkinmen's Ranx. The Insen-jury's Torch Tore by Discention. Karmy and Knight Lock Horns. A Horse Divided Against Himself Cant Stand Up."

Wen he got that far, Uncle Ned he spoke up and he said: "Once there was a tad-pole, wich some fokes calls a molly wog, and it was mostly all head, with jest a little bit of tail. Bime by some legs grode out, and it left the water and lived on the bank of the pond, and begun to jump, sted of swimmin, and didnt have no use for a tail, wich dride up and wasent nice to look at. So the tail it got mad, and said, the tail did: 'I ben a faiful follerer, but if you are a goin to stay out here on dry land, were we cant git any thing for to fil our belly with, Ile thro you hier than a kite; yes, in deed, Ile shake you, and you mus git yure meals best way you can.' So the follerer it fel away, and the tad-pole, wich was now a fine bul-frog, it turnd a round and et it every little tiny bit up."

But whats all this got to do with Mister Karmy and Mister Knight is wot flores me!

Them fellers tocks a good deel a bout the dignity of laber, but I notice no boddly likes for to dignify more than jest a little wile at once; even wen the mometer is at ninety in the shade. If the laberers is the only tru nobility I think most of the chappies wich voted the workn man's ticket is commoners. And now Ile tel you a little story wich my sister's yung man tole me to:

In the year 1889 the workn men had got all the offices, and Mister Karmy was a grate polly titon. He had got rich and had a big house on Nob Hil, and had lots of cumpy, but not any body wich had ever worked in all their lifes, or wasent rich, too. At first he bragd how he was a poor feller once his own self, but bime bi he didnt say any more a bout that. And at first he had his coat of arms painted all over every thing wich he owned, and the coat of arms was a man drivin a dray; but evry time it was painted new the dray got more and more like a chariot, and the man kep a groin into a Apollo, wich after a wile he said he was desended from throo a long line of Italian kings. One time this grate polly titon fel a sleep and had a dream wich he thot was shure anuf. He dreamed, Mister Karmy the polly titon did, that a little black feller wich had horns like a cow's horns and a tail to match, only no tossel on it, more like a fish hook, come to him and said: "You are as proud as a turkey cox; I mus take you down a peg; yes, indeed, Ile make you humble as a little spring lam. You come a long with me and Ile show you yure ansisters, cos them pourtraits on yure walls was took bad, no likeniss."

Then Mister Karmy found hissef in a grave yard, and the little black feller moved a stone and led him down some stairs into a other world, like on the bottom crust of pie, only not so sticky. Bime bi thay come to a little hut made of terf, and looked in the window, and there in the dark thay seen a dirty ole Irish man a sleepin off his wisky on a heap of straw, long side a pig. Then the little black feller twinkled his tail like a labm, and said: "There's one ansister," and Mister Karmy he blusht jest like Billy, thats my brother, wen my mother asks wot's become of that stroberry jam, and said, Mister Karmy did: "Wich is the ansister?"

Then thay went on, and prety sune thay found a ugly chap in striped close, like a wops, only not any sting, jest his hair

and ears crompt, and a big watch chain onto his feets. Wen the little black feller pinte him out, and smiled like a cole skuttle, the grate pollytiton put his hands up before his eyes, so, and groned like he had et all his cake and Billy's up too.

Then the little black feller he said: "I aint got ony one more for to sho you, cos you havent had but three ansisters wich was distingisht, and this is the first of the lot, but pon my honner as a workn man my own self, Imc all most a shame for to be so dam hard on you as to sho you thins. I wish you was wel out of this, poor feller, but here goes. Be-hole the lustrious founder of yure family!"

And wen the grate pollytiton pulled his eyes out of his hands for to look, there stude the lustrious founder. It was a other pollytiton.

Billy he says wy dont Govner Irwin hang Mister Karmy, but Mister Pichel, thats the preacher, he says wot good wude that do, cos he woud enlist the plitikle simpatize of the hull country by sayin on the scaffle that it was for murder.

One time a feller was led out for to be hung for killin a nigger, and he tole the crowd that he dide at peace with the hul world, and his ony regret was that that snifle nigger wasent spared to be present and see how a Christen coud die.

A other time, wile the rope was bein put on a other feller's neck, he turned to the sherif, wich had jest got shook by a yung lady wich he wanted for to marry, and he said, the feller did: "I see a lot of chaps about this ere gallus wich has got sinched hy yung womens; may be if youd put my chance up to oction you wud get enough money for to bild a new jail."

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Le mariage est une loterie où les hommes jouent leur liberté et les femmes leur bonheur.

L'amour ne meurt jamais de besoin mais souvent d'indigestion.—*Ninon de Lenclos.*

De tous les corps graves de la nature, le plus pesant est celui de la femme qu'on a cessé d'aimer.—*Lemontey.*

Quand il est nu, l'amour est plus armé.—*Florus.*

L'amour est un oiseau qui chante au cœur des femmes.—*A. Karr.*

Les plaisirs de la pensée sont des remèdes contre les blessures du cœur.—*Mme. de Staël.*

Le plus grand de tous les plaisirs est d'en donner à ce qu'on aime.—*Boufflers.*

Dieu n'a créé les femmes que pour apprivoiser les hommes.—*Voltaire.*

De tout ce que nous possédons les femmes sont seules qui prennent plaisir d'être possédées.—*Malherbe.*

Tout mariage sans amour est une prostitution.

BAISER.

Baiser! gage de l'espérance,
Tendre messenger du désir,
Tu survis à la jouissance,
Et tu précèdes le plaisir.
Donné, reçu dans le mystère,
Vers le bonheur tu nous conduis,
Et semblable aux clefs de St. Pierre,
Tu nous ouvres le paradis.

Une charmante jeune dame demandait un jour à M. de Boufflers de lui définir l'amour. —Madame, répondit-il, demandez plutôt qu'on vous le prouve.

Celui qui inventa le premier vêtement a peut-être inventé l'amour.

Pour une femme, les romans qu'elle fait sont plus amusants que ceux qu'elle lit.—*T. Gautier.*

En amour, quand deux yeux se rencontrent ils se tutoient.—*A. Karr.*

Si l'homme savait bien ce que c'est que la vie il ne la donnerait pas si facilement.—*Mme. Roland.*

La bouche d'une femme est faite pour trois choses: pour sourire, pour embrasser, et pour dire: Je t'aime.

To Whom It May Concern.

There's a land that is fairer than this; a land of immeasurable beauties and inexpressible pleasures. There the clear heaven overspreads its fathomless and unflecked vastitudes of blue above a laughing earth. Through forests of tropical luxuriance wander grassy paths, here bathed in golden sunlight, there checkered with the shade of overarching boughs. No harsh sound breaks the almost sacred silence. The tender trill of the birds' song blends softly with the low murmurs of the heaven-kissing tops of immortal elms. Through the far sunlit vistas flit fairy forms of sylph-like loveliness. The spell of eternal spring hangs over all things. No drift of snow, no rime of bitter frost ever chills the fresh emerald of the grass; only the white apple blossoms sink from the embraces of the wanton west wind to the bosom of earth. Here and there clear fountains gush forth musically murmuring, and through their crystal current the eye catches the gleam of diamond pebbles and Pactolian sands. Far in the vernal depths of this land stands a palace of lordly magnificence that no words may paint. Pillars of chalcedony and jasper support a roof of beaten silver; over floors of polished agate the wanderer passes through passages that burn with precious stones set in panels of gold. In an inner court, where curtains of costly stuffs temper the glare of day, a throne awaits him; a silken cushioned structure of jade and amethyst. He nods his head; at the signal, the air is filled with a strange, delicious music, and a hundred odalisques, more than mortal in their exquisitely sensuous grace, surround him; lithe Almahs turn and twine in their weird delicious dance, and loosen the fluctuant transparent robes from their dusky quivering limbs. All around him, as the shades of night fall, glows a subdued light from lamps wherein priceless oils exhale fragrance. Aromatic odors steal over his senses; a spell of languorous delight takes possession of his whole being; existence seems transfigured, and life a dream, a vision of glorious, ineffable joy. That is where the office-boy goes when you send him round the corner to get milk for the cat, and he comes back one hour and three-quarters afterward and says the apothecary doesn't keep it.

THE DEATH OF POE'S SWEETHEART.

[Announcement is made of the death of Sarah Helen Whitman, at Providence, of heart disease. To this lady Poe was for some time engaged in marriage, but the lady wisely made the engagement conditional, and the weakened, dissolute poet was unable to observe the conditions, and they parted. In his lecture on poetry he awarded to her a "pre-eminence in refinement of art, enthusiasm, imagination, and genius," an estimate which the cultured lady scarcely justified. It was in September, 1848, that they became acquainted, and he thereafter often visited her in Providence. His published letters to his fiancée show much delicacy, and a refined moral sense, and are among the most creditable of all his writings. But some of them betray, in the language of Sarah Whitman, "the agony of the conflict in which he was foredoomed to defeat, with a power which no added word could heighten." The romantic circumstances attending his first meeting with this lady have been beautifully narrated by himself in his poem "To Helen," as follows:—]

To Helen.

I saw thee once—once only—years ago;
I must not say how many—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitate pathway up through Heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude and subtierness and slumber,
Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturn'd—alas, in sorrow!

Was it not fate that on this July midnight—
Was it not fate (whose name is also sorrow)—
That bade me pause before that garden gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footsteps stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. (O Heaven! O God!
How my heart beats in coupling those two words!)
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out;
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees
Were seen no more; the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring air.
All—all expired save thee—save less than thou;
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me,
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a wo! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained.
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me—they lead me through the years.
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty is to be saved by their bright light
And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope)
And are far up in Heaven—the stars I kneel to
In the sad silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

The Wanderer's Shell.

One, lost and hopeless, found a shell
Far from its mother sea;
Its loneliness was as a spell,
That brought to him the olden swell
Of sweet waves tenderly.

Close by, the dusky mountain chains
Were crowned with misty pines;
It was the land where silence reigns.
And the lost man, with bitter pains,
Dreamed of old fields and vines.

A peaceful cloud went slowly by,
As a fair, floating sail;
He heard again the sea-bird's cry,
Again the dear wave's low reply—
His face grew set and pale.

A thought broke all his moods to smiles;
He leaned with childish grace,
And took the shell; through lone defiles
The wind, with all its happy wiles,
Blew gently on his face.

At last, above a friendly tide,
He took it from his breast,
And looked on ocean, blue and wide;
Then with slow fingers let it glide
To its remembered rest.

NILES, July 3, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

The Origin of the Rose.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BUCKERT.]

A lambkin in the pasture nibbled rose-bush twig
From pure caprice and joy, nor meant to harm the sprig.

For that the rose's thorn caught from the lambkin there
One little fleck of wool that did not leave it bare.

The thorn's sharp fingers yet the bit of fleece possess,
When came the nightingale, alert to make her nest.

She said, "Oh, open thy hand, and give that tuft to me,
And when my nest is done I will sing thanks to thee."

It gave, she took, and built, and as her trilling flows,
The thorn enraptured hears, and bursts into the rose.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2, 1878.

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

The severest punishment of any injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no one but the guilty knows the withering pains of repentance.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, {
FRED. M. SOMERS, { Editors.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878.

It is understood that the Democratic programme, arranged at Sacramento during the last session of the Legislature, provides that Governor Irwin shall renominate for Governor, and Hon. Frank McCoppin for Lieutenant-Governor. This lets out the chivalry, and accounts for the attitude of that wing of the party and the *Examiner* in relation to the Constitutional Convention. It is a coalition between the Northern Democracy and the Irish. The labor movement is a demoralizing one, and creates confusion in the councils of the Democracy. A movement was put on foot by the Republicans at Sacramento, last winter, to nominate George Evans, of San Joaquin, as the Republican candidate for Governor. We have heard no one named for Lieutenant-Governor, and do not believe the Evans movement has gained any great momentum. It is said that the corporations favor the nomination of Senator Evans by the Republicans, and that they do not disfavor the nomination of Irwin and McCoppin by the Democracy. A movement is quietly on foot—non-partisan in its character—to nominate John F. Swift for Governor, with Waters, of San Bernardino, for Lieutenant-Governor. Swift is a Republican, and has won an anti-monopolist reputation by his persistent opposition in the courts and Legislature to the Spring Valley Water Company, while Waters was pronounced in his hostility to every measure favoring corporations during the session of the last Legislature. Senator Booth returns from Washington next week. If he determines to do so, he can mark out the policy and control the nominations of the Republican party, or he can reorganize a formidable Independent party.

We remember, many years ago, remarking to George Pen Johnston, that when the war was ended, slavery abolished, and the negro question eliminated from our national politics, that there would grow up at the North and South a great national party, not unlike that of the original Whig party—one that would embrace the intelligence, wealth, and conservatism of the nation. The war ended, and there came into our national politics an element that we did not calculate upon. The negro was not only made a free man, but he was made an elector. It was right to give him his liberty, because personal freedom is a natural right. It was a mistake to allow negroes to vote. The elective franchise is not a natural right; it is a political concession that ought to be given or withheld from considerations of policy. Nearly all of our entanglements and local troubles, all the vexed questions of reconstruction, the frauds in Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, the necessity of an electoral commission, the danger that menaced the country at Hayes' inauguration, the Potter investigation, and all the thousand and one disgraceful incidents that have occurred since the war ended, are attributable or traceable to the fact that the negro can vote. This has postponed the time we prophesied; but it will come, and we think we can now see the first signs of the coming dawn of a better political condition. That it is necessary that intelligence and property should combine for protection to society is manifest now to all. The incursion of foreigners for the last thirty years has produced alarming results. The growth of the country and its increase of population has been abnormal. Without here discussing the question of foreign immigration, we may observe that it would have been better if our laws had been more stringent, and that this tide of aliens had not been permitted to sweep over our continent. As the result of this immigration, we have now in our midst a large, vicious, and dangerous element, a riotous, disorderly, and criminal mob of people, who by reason of defective reasoning faculties, idle habits, and vicious propensities, allow adventurers and political demagogues to convince them that their interests lie in the direction of revolt against authority. Our unwise generosity arms this turbulent mass with weapons for our political hurt.

It has become apparent that when this riotous element shall have crystallized into a political party, and shall have drawn to it all the elements of native-born wickedness and foreign ignorance, it will become formidable to republican institutions. It is apparent that in the future it will have to be suppressed by force. To do this, the organization of a political party composed of the order-loving will become necessary. An "order-loving party" will necessarily embrace those of the poorer classes who have intelligence enough to know that their interest lies with order and good government. It will embrace the industrious who look hopefully forward to bettering their condition and the condition of their children. It will embrace all who have property to guard, and all who have rights to protect. It will necessarily embrace the intelligent, because they are intelligent. It will embrace all the honest and patriotic men of the nation, because they are honest and patriotic. This will be an American party—a "national American party." It will be as broad as the bounds of our government, taking in the North, and South, and West. It will invite to coöperate with it all foreign men of intelligence and property who love social order. It will take the gentlemen of the nation, the wealthy, the well-bred, the virtuous, the decent, and the responsible. It will be the party of "aristocracy," the aristocracy of respectability, the aristocracy of the law, the aristocracy of intelligence, the aristocracy of labor. It will be denounced by all the demagogues and adventurers, and loud-mouthed, blatant Democrats, and all the vile, pandering, office-seeking Republicans—that is, it will be so denounced until it becomes the dominant party of the nation. It is to such a party that the writer of this article desires to belong. It is only to such a party as this that republican government can be safely intrusted. A party thus composed is the only one that can keep down agrarianism and communism, and it is the only party that can successfully resist the aggressions of wealth, the greed of corporations, and the tyranny of political power. It is our idea to marshal the great middle class of society into an effective organization for the preservation of its rights, as against the insolence of wealth on the one side, and the insolence of the mob upon the other: a conservative, middle-ground party that shall embrace the landed estates of the country, the farmers that own the land they till, the commercial men of the nation, the manufacturer and artisans of the republic, the professional men and scholars, the gentlemen and thinkers, the quiet, contented, working classes—those who own their own homes, and have families and children. Against such a party as this the wildest storms of fanaticism would rage in vain. Around such an organization the disorderly might riot, the vicious might prowl, the idle might bum and beg. Such a party would give us intelligence in administration; would give us economy and integrity in office. That this class is now divided into parties—Democratic and Republican—is a shameful fact; it is a disgrace; it impeaches our intelligence and challenges our integrity. There is no reason why Mr. Pen Johnston, of the *Examiner*, should not indorse every line of this article. He is Southern-born, but the war is ended, and slavery is abolished. There is no reason why Mr. Coffee should not indorse this article. He is Irish-born and Catholic, but he is an honest man, and an intelligent one, and he has taken an oath of allegiance to the Republic. Both these gentlemen have (must have) an ingrained contempt for the Democratic party—Johnston must despise the foreign element that forms so large a majority, and Coffee must despise the American part that composes so contemptible and pitiful a minority. The Marysville *Appeal* suggests the propriety of renaming these parties, styling one "Conservative," and the other "Radical." The question of name seems of but minor importance, and the only significance in dropping as a party designation the word "Democratic" is that many stupid and ignorant electors adhere to the Democratic party because of its name. But as in the new organization we propose that intelligence and property shall be arrayed upon one side, and the stupid and ignorant upon the other, there seems to be no serious objection that this class of persons should style themselves democratic. The reorganization of parties is a national necessity. We are going to pieces under present party dissensions. The prosperity of the country demands some scheme for driving all the rascals, thieves, rioters, bread and butter spoilsmen, adventurers, discontented, criminal, and vicious, as far as may be, into a compact organization. We desire to see the ignorant and criminal massed and mobilized, so that we may know where to find them, and learn what they demand. The rascals are too nearly divided now between the two parties. They are active, ambitious, and owing to the indifference of good citizens, they become leaders, control primaries, conventions, and nominations. The result is the demoralization of both parties. If we can bring intelligent patriotism and property to a coöperation we are in hopes that we may out-number the ignorant, the vicious, and the propertyless. In such an event we should favor laws disfranchising the ignorant and the vicious, and would by force and the organization of a strong local police, and the formation of an efficient army, keep down the violent and the agitators by a discriminating use of the bayonet. We would disfranchise every person who

cannot understandingly read our constitution and laws. We would disfranchise every person convicted of a crime. We would disfranchise every chronic idler and vagrant. We would withhold the elective privilege from all foreign-born citizens. In other words, we would establish a ruling class composed of persons who are native-born, intelligent foreigners already naturalized, those who can read and understand the laws, and those who have acquired property. Our government is founded upon sentimentality. It was well enough when, with three millions of people, we were waging a war for national independence and for recognition among nations, to invite to our shores the "oppressed of all peoples." It was well enough to clothe foreigners with the rights of the elective franchise until we found that they abused it. We have tried the experiment, and now, after one hundred and two years of experience, we have demonstrated that five years of pupillage to republican government is insufficient. We have ascertained that the foreign vote is an element of national danger, and the time has now come when, in self-defense, we are compelled to consider the necessity of reorganizing our naturalization laws. We appeal to this newly-elected convention to lead out in this direction, and trust to the people of California that they will ratify a constitution that shall set the example of elective reform to the other States of the Union, and rebuke this wild spirit of misrule and disorder that is now abroad in our land.

Commander Glass sails with his ninety boys for the South Sea Islands in the *Jamestown*. The annual cost of this absurd yachting experiment is \$50,000. A training-ship for profligate youngsters, at a cost exceeding that of educating them at the University of California, is a striking instance of the kind of sentimentality that is controlling our educational system. If the training-ship *Jamestown* should burn, and Commander Glass be driven to earn an honest living as captain of a merchant ship, it would not be a serious calamity either to the commercial marine or to the educational system of the State. We regard the whole sham as a piece of wicked profligacy out of which idle politicians may steal from the tax-payers a luxurious living for a few worthless favorites. Our common school system is of the same piece of cloth. We spend in San Francisco one million of dollars annually to over-educate or mis-educate our children. The average graduate of our high schools, both boys and girls, is (by the system) rendered unfit for the station in life to which he or she has been born. It is a sufficiently difficult problem to solve, "What shall be done with our boys and girls?" It is a more complex one to answer what shall be done with a freckled faced girl whose mother is a washerwoman, or a pug-nosed boy whose father carries a hod, after she is educated above her station and he to be ashamed of his father's vocation. The present educational system is destructive of all respect for physical labor. If the statistics of our San Francisco schools could be ascertained, we are confident that the children who have graduated in crime out-number those who have accepted a life of physical labor. We are producing a class of useless boys and unprofitable girls. We are overcrowding the professions and we are producing no working class. The Chinese become more and more of a necessity, as time demonstrates the fact that from our native American population we are furnishing no workers and from our foreign-born very few. If it were not for our immigrating class industrial vocations would come to a dead lock. If it were not for the Chinese among us we should have so limited a number of menial servants that the whole system of domestic life would be compelled to undergo an organic change. The time will come, when in America and in California, the fact will assert itself that our present common school system is destructive of the class of working people. Nor do we believe that the kind and degree of education given at our high grade free schools is calculated to preserve either the virtue or the honesty of our rising generation. Our system of punishment for crime is equally out of joint. It is a more comfortable position to be a prisoner in San Quentin than to be a day laborer outside its walls. To the man who has lost his pride or his ambition, and to whom the mere creature comforts of life is all he demands, he may get within those walls clothing, food, medical attendance, and diminished hours of labor, that it is, if not impossible, at least difficult to secure on the outside. The county jail is the tramp's city of refuge and hospital. Sentimentality of the soft hearted and soft headed philanthropist protects him from labor and the chain gang, and sends him turkeys for Thanksgiving and books to inform his mind. The Industrial School moves our sympathies whenever a hoodlum is thrashed, and the ship *Jamestown* with Commander Glass is provided, at \$50,000 a year, to take ninety scapegrace boys yachting to the islands of the South Pacific. The only class for which no sensibility is aroused is the over-burdened tax-payer who foots the bills.

The Constitutional Convention is happily constituted. It is Non-partisan by a clear majority. Eleven Republicans, seven Democrats, and fifty-one labor discontents will fairly represent all the grumbling elements of society. A majority of the Convention is composed of intelligent persons who own property and are interested in the maintenance of order and the preservation of good government.

PRATTLE.



A bishop of Virginia, patriotically concerned for the fame and popularity of the "reel" and "break-down," peculiar to that commonwealth, refuses the rite of confirmation to any man or woman who practices "round" dancing.

This good prelate has received from that great moralist, the author of *The Dance of Death*, what he supposes to be a letter approving his course, but feels a natural misgiving about opening it, lest it contain an all too warm and alluring description of the dance condemned.

"It is melancholy," says a writer quoted by a local morning journal, "to see how large the proportion is of young ladies who marry solely to get rid of their mothers." The desire to have done with the old lady is commendable because natural; the really melancholy part of the business is the method adopted of "throwing her over"—delivering her, bound and gagged, into the hands of that pattern and example of cruelty, the soulless son-in-law!

Mr. John Bartlett says he has traced the origin of the familiar line, "Though lost to sight to memory dear;" he avers that it was written by one Augustus Braham at an unknown date in the last century. This is a mistake: I find it was used six months before, by Theresa Corlett, in her *Ode to Queen Anne*.

The New York *Herald* calls the death of Queen Mercedes "another and exceedingly painful illustration of the sanitary condition of the palaces of Europe." Of all attacks, open and covert, that American freemen have made on the "monarchical system" this is the most ingenious and insidious. We confidently expect from the palaces a thronging output of effete sovereigns and tottering despots, like swarms of rats evicted from their holes.

Miners are continually dying of heat in the lower levels of the Comstock, but that does not disturb the pride of the Gold Hill *News* in the facts that on the surface there are snow-storms all the year round, and water congeals at forty degrees. Gold Hill, I suppose, is the place described in the familiar missionary hymn—

"Where every prospector freezes,
And only miners bide."

Our local press has "exerted" itself with considerable industry to account for the unexpected circumstance that a Californian mare was beaten in a race with a Kentuckian horse. It was the muddy track. It was the humid day. It was the enervating effect of the Eastern climate—on the susceptible tissues and tallows of a beast accustomed to the midsummer races at Sacramento! May be it was because the horse pulled up his feet and replaced them on the ground with a nimbleness that the mare was unable to achieve.

Some of our citizens who have had the misfortune to be "cinched" for their "loyalty to California" in this horse-race business display the customary alacrity to "damn the jockey," and account for their losses by "incompetent riding." This is like walking a long way to find one's feet; the trouble was incompetent betting.

At the dedication of a church, the other day, the officiating clergyman expressed his belief that his deceased predecessor in the holy office of pastor was spiritually present. Why not bodily? The dead are fond of religious ceremonies of this character. At the consecration of a new convent near Tours, in the sixteenth century, all the nuns who had died in the old one arose and passed round the new edifice three times, chanting a hymn. This is related by Brabius, who seems to have risen from his own grave to relate it, for his account of it is dated 1583, whereas he died in 1567. When the church in which Charlemagne was afterward buried (in the discarded sarcophagus of Augustus) was consecrated in 804 there were present 363 prelates of the Church. (The world was not then afflicted with a famine of clergymen. It has not been since.) Two bishops of Tongres then arose from their graves at Maestricht, and attended the performance in order to make the number of prelates equal to the number of days in a year. If you do not believe it, reader, you can easily satisfy yourself that a year has exactly 365 days. What more would you have?

Supervisor Gibbs promises to introduce a resolution, shortly, abolishing licenses. It is hoped that this will not include the "poetic license" which permits our local bards to rhyme "flower" with "languish" and "heart" with "despair," conclude a line of dactyls with an anapaest, and make a monosyllable of "incomprehensibility." We can get on without municipal revenue, but not without municipal poetry.

SUPERVISOR SCOTT.—I move that the resignation of Mr. Brickwedel be rejected, and he resume his seat in this Board. SUPERVISOR FOLEY.—I object; Mr. Brickwedel gave as a reason for resigning that he could not afford to associate with thieves. SUPERVISOR BRICKWEDEL.—I apologize; on reflection I think I can. ALL.—That is satisfactory.

I fear if we hang up a set of rigid "house regulations" in the Temple of the Muses the effect upon the present lot of devotees will be like that intended by the following notice, displayed above the door of a Belgian village church: "*Les chiens hors de la maison de Dieu*."

By the way, speaking of poetic license, I wonder how the ARGONAUT's clever contributor, Miss May Hawley, justifies her use, throughout an entire poem, of the name "Dolores" as a dissyllable rhyming with "shores." Dr. Johnson once "explained away" an error to a lady critic who had "caught him out," in these words: "Ignorance, pure ignorance, madam." As frankness is a charming attribute it is not to be doubted that Miss Hawley has it, but it is not so easy to believe she has the ignorance. If I might venture a word of counsel to this gifted young lady it would be to give a little more care to the mechanical construction of her verses, and throw away her copy of the *Songs of the Sierras*. We can not afford to have any of her gold wasted by careless handling, or adulterated by admixture with the base metal of Mr. Joaquin Miller.

I have sometimes proposed to myself the pleasure of devoting these columns for one week to a talk with several of this paper's lady contributors—I to do all the talking, as a matter of course. I say several—they are not all worth it. There are various reasons why I have not done so—such as consciousness of my lack of that "small talk" which a great statesman considered an indispensable qualification in the Prime Minister of a Queen; fear that by rude speech I should offend even in admiration, and catch it back upon the ear (for female writers are not, like the conies of scripture, "a feeble folk"); and, finally, apprehension that my sincerest praise would be misconstrued as veiled censure. But for these and other considerations how delightful it would be to metaphorically gather this pretty brood about my knees and give them good counsel out of my abundant (because never-drawn-upon) literary wisdom—laying an admonishing hand upon the head of this one or that, shaking the finger of warning under the nose of Blondette, and permitting the slow growth of a tolerant smile beneath my own as Blackeyes develops her "idea"; then administering encouraging pats all round, and concluding with a general imposition of hands and a comprehensive blessing! I think, indeed, I could endure the performance of the various rites and ceremonies in something more than a metaphorical manner.

While on this pleasant subject I wish (if it is permitted) to say a serious word concerning one whom I had not in mind in penning the foregoing paragraph—one for whose talent my respect is too deep to permit me to think lightly when thinking of her—I mean Miss Emma Frances Dawson. If that name does not recall to the regular reader of this journal two stories—"Shadowed," and "An Itinerant House"—the regular reader may justly boast himself possessed of a memory that is steel to impress and tallow to retain. Faults they had in abundance—faults enough to gratify the most insatiable critic—but these demerits had this merit: they were the faults of genius. It is not my custom to set "the crown of praise" upon every head that is presented, but of Miss Dawson I should like to be understood as affirming, with whatever of strength resides in forthright sincerity, that in all the essential attributes of literary competence she is a head and shoulders above any writer on this coast with whose work I have acquaintance; and on this judgment I gladly hazard my small possession and larger hope of reputation for critical sagacity. To that admirable young woman nothing but the undesirable is denied. She has but to let her mind be penetrated with the significance of the fact that the best products of the human brain are called "works"—taking their name from the only possible method of their production—and through noble toil will come a noble reward. In the mean time, if she has not had the providence to be born wealthy, she must learn to live without eating.

The professional journalist never, I think, adequately realizes the public's ignorance of what to him are the most familiar professional facts, and is subject all his life to new surprises as one phase or another of it is revealed. For example, I was asked, not long ago, by one of the most intelligent persons of my acquaintance, why the ARGONAUT did not achieve all attainable literary excellence in all its features and departments. My first reply was, naturally, that I did not manage the ARGONAUT; but, perceiving that this might be misunderstood as a reflection on those who do, I "amended the answer" by making it a question: "Why does yonder merchant keep on his shelves any but the best and highest priced goods?" Being told that that was "a different matter," I frankly confessed it was, and there this luminous and instructive conversation died the peaceful death of a spent match.

As to matches, a friend of mine in lighting his cigar always throws away unignited the first lucifer that he takes from his box and uses the second. For a long time I supposed this custom to be a religious observance of the same kind as pouring a libation to the gods before drinking, and forbore to speak of it; a tribute of brimstone suggesting a divinity to whom my friend would perhaps prefer to do homage in secret. Later I learned that the rite had no other significance than the practical one of economy in time: this acute observer had noticed that one seldom gets a light with his first match.

A daily paper of this city announces that it will publish "an interview between Mr. Stoddard and the distinguished authoress, George Eliot." If I were Mr. Stoddard I would disappoint that journal, if only in revenge for a conjunction of names that is, to say the least, inconsiderate. But there is a better reason: the proposed article is "bad form," and not all the conceded charm of Mr. Stoddard's prose can atone for the violation of taste. George Eliot—who, by the way, I have the misfortune to think a grotesquely overrated writer—is a famous woman; she has achieved a renown which Mr. Stoddard has yet to achieve. No one than he is better aware (and no one than he, I am sure, would more readily admit) that he had no claim to her hospitality or acquaintance that he and every well-behaving man do not enjoy in common, and can not with equal confidence present. Whether he should visit her was a question which he had an undoubted right to determine in the affirmative, subject of course to the possible censure of those who believe that reverence for great intellect should be manifested otherwise; but whether, having visited her, he shall publicly recount the particulars of the visit is a very different question, indeed. It is one which he has no right to decide for himself according to the promptings of his nature or necessities, but which is already decided for him by the universal aversion of well-bred people to the kind of thing which he proposes to do. It is one of those instances in which a man may profitably save himself the trouble of thinking.

Mr. Stoddard's essay in this direction last week was not, I should think, so successful as to encourage him to repetition. It had at least the merit of not being a violation of confidence, whatever may be said as to the point of taste, for the people whose receptions and literary life he so neatly described live for no other apparent purpose than having them described. I happen to know about these people, and they are essentially vulgarians, who, like so many of their class in London, habitually "hunt" literary celebrities, and are hunted by them in turn; for I am sorry to say that the representative literary celebrity of England is a toady from the capital offense of his head to the bottom fact of his foot. He is as prodigiously tickled by the attentions of a knighted butlerman as the knighted butlerman is by his. Socially the two are well-matched; morally the l. c. has commonly the advantage—he is the more immoral. In point of intellect the k. b. is of course incomparably inferior, as is, blazingly apparent by comparison of the book which he feels that his position in the literary world compels him to write, with the gorgeous descriptions of his receptions which the other fellow writes; or even with that person's unpublished lampoons on him which circulate in the club and coffee-house.

But really I have more to say about literary London (and its American contingent) than I care to put into these columns. As for Mr. Stoddard, he is not likely to question either my friendliness or judgment when I urge him not to pursue here a course that can not fail to give him a fame as a toady that will outlast his well-merited reputation as a writer—as the odor of the hog's-lard survives that of the eau de Cologne in the oil of flowers on the head of beauty.

"May we close the office to fight the Indians forty miles away?" telegraphed the officials of the Land Office at Walla Walla; and the Commissioner replied, "You may."

O never may their fame exhale!
O long survive their glory!
Posterity repeat the tale,
Tradition tell the story
Of office-door and money-vault,
Made fast and firm against assault
Through all that dreadful day—
Of heroes, rank on rank, inside—
Strong breasts against the battle's tide,
Strong hearts to bear the fray,
Long arms that felled the savage horde,
Forty miles away!

The editor of the *California Christian Advocate* is "fer-nist" the State University because it is "Godless." What troubles this good man is not that the University has no God, but that the God of the University will not make it into a kind of Methodist Book Concern. It annoys him also to think that the Deity who cares for the University is the same Deity that looks out for the Baptists.

The dramatic critic of the *Chronicle* thinks Mr. George Rignold's brain has never been cultivated at the expense of his body. Nor does his moustache show any unusual effluence gained by a sacrifice of luxuriance the feet of him.

MY LITTLE PILKINS.

A Pleasing and Pathetic Story.

In a certain June that has long gone by, late on a balmy afternoon, I sauntered forth to make the tour of my garden.

Now the fashion of the garden was on this wise: It lay in the angle of two streets, with a very good width in front, but stretching back still farther along the unpicturesque little thoroughfare at the side, until it abutted upon a row of small but decent dwellings in the rear. A high board fence inclosed the greater part of it, but on a line with the middle of the house this ugly, impervious barrier sloped gradually down into a low, green, open paling.

It was dewy morning when I had last seen my cinnamon pinks and pansies, my yellow roses, and the beautiful big shaft of double white rocket; and it will never do to leave flowers too long by themselves; they were looking after and talking to very often, to keep them in their first perfection—persuasive admonitions twice a day, at least.

As I wandered leisurely from plant to plant and from shrub to shrub in a meditative way, I became suddenly aware of a strange sound of labored breathing, and directly I discovered a little plump, pink face pressed in between the palings; one fat hand grasped a slot on either side; the eyes were tight shut, the mouth was puckered to a micro point, and the little bud of a nose was quite engrossed in snuffing up the air most assiduously, and then exhaling it again with a long sigh of satisfaction.

"Fine or superfine?" pondered I. "Snips and snails" or "sugar and spice"? Boy or girl? But the question speedily answered itself, for behind the bars I caught sight of two sturdy little legs in gray stockings and knickerbockers, and out of one side-pocket peeped a blue-edged handkerchief, and out of the other the apex of a top. Still the little bud of a nose kept snuffing on and on.

"Well, well!" I said at last; very gently, so as not to frighten away my little visitor; "what kind of a nice little boy is that looking through my garden fence?"

"It's a boy coll'd Ev'ett," was the response, in a tone more gentle still. "A boy coll'd Ed'ard Ev'ett. A boy coll'd Ed'ard Ev'ett Pilkins," he repeated; and still his eyes were shut and still his nose went snuffing on.

"And what are you doing," I asked again, "that makes you look so funny I can't help laughing?"

The eyelids opened and disclosed a pair of mild, pale blue eyes, and the puckered mouth relaxed into a smile as he answered, "Oh, I'm only smellin' up this good smell in here. It smells so dreadful splendid in here that I stop and smell it up every day when I go to school, and every day when I come home again." Then he shut his eyes and puckered up his mouth, and went to snuffing again.

"Why don't you come inside?" I asked.

"Darsent do it, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"Might get turned out and taken up."

"Oh, not when you are invited. If you would like to come in I will open the side gate for you."

"Wouldn't I, though!" and this time he opened his eyes for good, and his whole face was one big smile. "Wouldn't I, though, like to get nearer to those posies that smell so dreadful fine!"

In a minute more he was among the flowers.

"Well, well, well!" he said softly. "I never, never 'spected to be inside of this. Which do you think smells the very bestest of all, ma'am?"

"I don't know, for I love them every one; but perhaps this bed of pinks may please you best."

The child took one sniff at the mass of pinks, and then went plump down on the gravel walk on hands and knees, and hung over them as one bewitched.

"Oh! oh! I never, never!" he ejaculated at last in his little gentle way; "no, I never, never! I can't breathe it in fast enough, nor hard enough, nor long enough."

"Oh, you need not feel so discouraged about it," I answered; "you shall have plenty of time, and some of the pinks, too; but then in water when you get home, and they will keep fresh a long time. When they wither, come back and get some more."

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered with a little blush. "Maybe that wouldn't be manners. Maybe my father wouldn't let me."

"You can tell him I asked you, anyway," said I, gathering the pinks.

"Now they'll know I've been in here, won't they?" he asked with a radiant gleam in his eyes. "Cause how could I get the flowers if I wasn't? I never, never 'spected I'd come inside! It wasn't wicked, I guess, to smell 'em through the fence. Farer says what you can carry away in your eyes and ears isn't stealing, and the same to your nose, I guess. It looks 'actly like heaven in here, don't it, ma'am?"

"Does it?" I answered laughing; "what do you know about heaven, little man?"

"Oh, lots and lots," he replied serenely.

"I'm glad you do, but I think heaven has far more beauty and pleasantness than even my dear garden."

"Maybe so; but this is the nicest to it that I ever saw."

"Now hold the flowers, Edward, as I cut them."

"Yes, ma'am; but I ain't coll'd Ed'ard."

"Oh, I thought that was your name."

"Ye, ma'am, so it is; but an Ed'ard coll'd Ev'ett."

"All right, sir, we'll make no more such mistakes. Everett it shall be."

As I gave the boy the pinks, I saw that he put first one in his right hand and then one in his left, with perfect regularity. "Pinks to the right of me; pinks to the left of me!" thought I to myself; "into the valley of bloom rode the young Everett!" When I cut the roses they were sorted in similar fashion, and the geranium, leaves, also, went their divers ways. "There," said I at last, "you have two gay little bouquets, indeed! And now tell me who told you so much about heaven."

"Oh, diff'ent ones; Joey, and the minister; and my Sunnel-school teacher, and my farer more'n anybody."

"It isn't every boy that has a father like that; you are fortunate."

"Yes, ma'am. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can try to give 'em religion; 'cause religion's cheap in this country, if anything is; so he's tryin' very hard to give us 'religion' fore we grow up."

"Well, how is it turning out?"

"Joey's got it, and Marty's got it, and Nelly hasn't got it yet, and Florry and me's a-tryin', and the baby's too little to know much, and the speck of a new baby can't do anything but sleep."

"You must have a good father, Everett; I hope his best friends will all be fulfilled."

"Yes, ma'am; I've got a good mover, too, only she can't talk much," and then my lit-

tle visitor departed with his two bouquets and a radiant face.

It was only a few days later when I saw the pleasant little visage thrust through the palings again.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you!" I cried; "do come in!"

"Thank you, ma'am. Can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Got put in the closet last time."

"For what, pray?"

"Coming in without being washed and scrubbed."

Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can make 'em clean, for water is cheap in this country if anything is."

"Well, then, can't you get washed and scrubbed?"

"Yes, ma'am, Joe'll do it."

"Fly home then, like a bird, and I'll wait here for you."

When he came back there was an extra glow on that round and ruddy countenance; it gleamed like a red-checked apple just polished for the fruit basket.

He went down on his knees again over the bed of pinks, and seemed like one enchanted. As I cut the flowers and gave them into his hands we fell into conversation as before.

"I'm so sorry you were put in the closet for coming here, Everett," I said. "It was a very unpleasant ending to the afternoon."

"No ma'am, not so very," he answered serenely.

"Ought to have minded what I was told. Besides, I just shut my eyes and thought of the pinks till Joey let me out."

"Are the others at home as fond of flowers as you are?"

"They like 'em very much; they thought what I took home from here was awful nice, and they knew I'd been in here. The first thing Joey said when farer came home was 'Oh, farer! farer! what do you think? Ev'ett's been in the Gardena-Edena, and here's some flowers that grew there!'"

"In where?" I asked.

"In the Gardena-Edena; Joey always calls it so."

That's my house," he continued, pointing; "one, two, three, down the row; and when you go up stairs in the back room and squeegee your head away sideways against the shutter, you can see a little piece of this Gardena-Edena. If your barn wasn't there, and our house was a little further back and turned a twenty-taunty bit this way, we could see lots of it. Joey's glad we can see even a speck of it."

"Joey's your oldest brother, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am, Joey's my big sister. She's a girl coll'd Jophine Napoleon Bonaparte Pilkins."

"Oh; and Marty's your next sister, then?"

"No, ma'am, Marty's my big brother; he's a boy coll'd Martin Thuler Pilkins."

"Why—what long, large names!"

"Yes, ma'am; we've all got 'em. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can give 'em good names, 'cause good names is cheap, if anything is, in this country."

"And may I know the names of the others, too?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. Next comes Nelly."

"Another sister?"

"No, ma'am, a brother. He's a boy coll'd Hosharo Nelson Pilkins. And next comes me. And after me comes Florry. Florry's a girl coll'd Florence Gighniale Pilkins."

"Is that all?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," he answered very mildly. Next comes the baby. He's a small boy coll'd Christopher Bolumbus Pilkins. Last of all comes the speck of a new baby. He's a very small boy coll'd Henry Bard Weecher."

"G-r-r-acious!"

"Ain't it a nice name, too?"

"It's so tremendously long and strong for such a mite of a child! I should think it would wear him to the very bone!"

"No, ma'am," returned Everett, gently. "He don't appear to mind it. Perhaps because we only call him Henry."

In the meantime I had been cutting flowers, and Everett receiving them, and dividing them as before quite impartially between his right hand and his left. Pinks, pansies, roses, phloxes, myrtle, jasmine, went twig for twig, and sprig for sprig, on this side and on that.

"You always make two bouquets, Everett," said I.

"Yes, ma'am," repeated he with great mildness; "I always make two bouquets."

It would have been gratifying to know, but I did not ask him, for I respect the plans and purposes of little heads, and know that little hearts have often "long, long thoughts" in them.

"During that beautiful early summer Everett and I had many a pleasant meeting. Two or three times a week he came to see me; we always fell into conversation on matters grave or gay, or lively or severe; I always cut a nosegay of flowers for him, and he always divided them in his own little way. One day in mid-July I said to him:

"I have something this morning I know you will like. Almost all boys would like them better than flowers."

"I don't know what it is yet," he answered, softly; "but I like everything in here."

"It's cherries! That's what it is. 'Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe, and children can have some!' Come into the house and get them." And I showed him the way up a half-dozen miniature steps tucked deftly into a small corner, that led from the garden into the bay-window of the library.

"Oh, what a nice quiet steps!" ejaculated Everett, gently. "There's everything strange and pretty and nice like fairy tales in this Gardena-Edena."

We sat down by the library table where the basket of cherries stood, and I picked from it the biggest and reddest, with the longest stems—for a stemless cherry is an imperfect treasure; half the fun is to shake and dangle it and twirl its ruby roundness before eating—and as I gave them to him his eyes shone with pleasure; but not one was put in his mouth. One cherry went into his right hand and one into his left. I tried him with a pair devoid of stems. The result was the same. One was inclosed by the palm of one chubby hand, the other by the palm of the other. Verily, thought I to myself, this is growing unanny. The boy behaves as if he were a fairy himself, and some ixeoracious ogre compelled him to go through with this unmeaning pantomime. If he does so the next time I see him, I will surely ask him the reason why, and break the wicked spell.

And when I saw him a few days later, and gave him first flowers and then cherries, and found that he did just as before, dividing them with exactitude into two portions, I fulfilled my vow.

"Everett," I said, "you have always made two bouquets out of the flowers I have given you."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied with great mildness, "I have always made two."

"And now, instead of eating the cherries, you are making them into two bunches as you did before."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm making them into two."

"I should like to know why, if you are willing to tell me."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I'd like to. Half of all I have is Florry's. Half of all I ever had is Florry's. Half of all I'm ever going to have is Florry's."

"Then the flowers were always for her, and these cherries, too?"

"Yes, ma'am, and everything I get. I always want her to have her half first, so as to get the best; and she always wants me to have the best, and sometimes we can't tell which is the best, and that makes us laugh."

"Is Florry your favorite, then?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, very gently; "Florry is my favorite."

"Why?"

"Because Florry's sick. She's very sick. She can't get well. She's too sick to stay here much longer. She's got a 'sumption, and she can't live long."

"You never told me that, Everett."

"No, ma'am; you never asked me."

"But, my dear little man, you must tell me whatever you want to, without my asking."

"Must I?"

"Certainly; don't fail to do so."

"Then I'll tell you something now; shall I?"

"Of course, my dear."

"Florry wants very much to see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena before she goes away. Florry's my dearest pet. Half of all I have is Florry's. Half of all I ever had, except you. I've seen you, and talked with you, and been in your Gardena-Edena, and Florry hasn't. You have been just as sweet as an angel to me, and smiled at me ever so many times, but not at Florry. She calls me 'Ety.' Almost every day she says, 'Ety, dear, I want to see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena before I go.'

"I wish you had told me this before, Everett. I will go with you any hour of any day she wants me."

"Thank you, ma'am; I knew you would. Florry's seen a little bit of this Gardena-Edena. She used to sleep in the little front room, but when she got worse and couldn't sit up but a little while at a time, then she changed into the back-room, so that when she did sit up she could squeegee her head sideways over the shutter and see a little bit of it. Sometimes, when the wind blows, she smells the flowers from 'way over here, and then she's glad. She hasn't sat up this week."

"Have you a good doctor for her?"

"Yes, ma'am. Used to have two; but it wasn't any good. They said she could not get well. Now we've got another that does all he can."

"I am very sorry about your Florry."

"Yes, ma'am, so am I," he answered softly, while the tears welled up in his eyes; "but it can't be helped. Farer says when you can help a thing help it, and when you can't then bear it with patience. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can teach 'em to go without, and have patience, 'cause patience is cheap, if anything is in this country."

"Sound doctrine," I answered, "but sometimes hard to practice. Give your Florry my kindest wishes, and tell her the minute she wants me I will come."

"I will, ma'am, and I thank you, too." And he went away bappy in his double treasure of flowers and fruit.

It is not within the power of words to describe the exceeding mildness of this little child. His most joyous joys seemed subdued; his troubles appeared to leave him quite untroubled; his strongest enthusiasms were completely under control. We have seen saintly mothers and grandmothers, like goodly vessels that have breasted the waves and been tossed by the tides and have bowed to the gales, at last floating into quiet harbors, in the mellow sunset light, but it is rare to meet such ripe serenity in youth or childhood.

My little Pilkins seemed even to be aware of and to contemplate his own small lingual deficiencies with an unperturbed urbanity of soul. I sometimes wondered that the father or the mother or the helpful Joey did not correct them, and make the little fellow mind his p's and q's, and various other consonants; but perhaps with a Josephine Napoleon Bonaparte, a Martin Luther, and a Horatio Nelson before him, a Florence Nightingale, a Christopher Columbus, and a Henry Ward Beecher before him, not to mention a mother that was too busy to talk, these sinless blunders were not thought worthy of notice. I supposed myself quite familiar with his espectral methods of speech, but he continued a puzzle even to me, sometimes.

The time of cherries had passed, and the breathless heats of August had come, when Everett told me one morning that the doctor said that Florry was worse.

"Yes, my Florry is sicker and sicker," he said, with a tremble in his voice; "but next week," he added, trying to smile, "she'll feel better. She'll feel a good deal better, 'cause next week's got a bursday in it. I'll be nine years old, and I'm going to have a present."

"Won't that be nice?" I answered.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going to have a present, and it's half for Florry. In the country where we used to live, right across the road from Darby-coll'd-Deacon's, there's a cousin that's going to send me a present. It's a present of a Collo-coll-toodles."

"A what, Everett?"

"A splendid Collo-coll-toodles; and it's half for Florry. Isn't that nice?"

"Oh, yes; I should like to see it when it comes."

"Yes, ma'am, you shall; I'll bring it right over and show it to you."

On the following Thursday, therefore, he came to me all aglow with the mild radiance, and told me that his birthday present had arrived.

"It's here," he cried, jubilantly; "it's here, and Florry likes it."

"How very pleasant," I replied.

"Yes, ma'am, very pleasant; and if you will let me, I'll run and get it and show it to you. Nelly's holding it for me outside the gate."

And in a moment he had fled and returned, bringing with him a profusely woolly white poodle, which he sat down on the floor between us. It was so shaggy there was no knowing bow from stern until it walked, and it looked like a little sheepskin door-mat that had suddenly rolled itself up and determined to be somebody.

"Oh, that's it," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, ma'am, that's it; that's my Collo-coll-toodles. All that kind of dogs is coll-toodles, but this toodles' own name is coll-collo."

"Carlo! Carlo!" I said, "come and get a necktie;" for I just bethought me of a sky-blue ribbon in the library drawer.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm making them into two."

"I should like to know why, if you are willing to tell me."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I'd like to. Half of all I have is Florry's. Half of all I ever had is Florry's. Half of all I'm ever going to have is Florry's."

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anything that came uppermost; the bees that visited my garden, and foraged for honey and pollen in such a fussy, buzzy, blundering way, hurrying and scrambling for fear some other bee should get ahead of them, and muttering and talking about it all the time, like some people who take their dinner with so much needless noise and commotion that their friends wish they would do their eating, in Greenland, and only come home between times. And then of the butterflies, the gorgeous, beautiful creatures, the floating flowers that perch upon the anchored ones, and fan them with their painted wings, and display their beauties in the sunshine, and sip so deftly, that like some other people who take their bite and sup most daintily, pleasing you with their brightness all the time, you hardly ever remember that they eat at all.

And then of the wasps, those fervid fire-worshippers, who seem to die with every chilling wind and to be born again with the sunshine; idle as well as peevish, they like best the vicious silence and other gummy flowers that have already exuded their treasures for them; but most of all they love the juice of a bruised strawberry, an over-ripe raspberry, or a fallen pear. That's the wine for their lordships. They tinkle and tinkle, till they scarcely can rise again in the warm summer air, and then go drifting lazily by to leeward, centerboard down.

The child's eyes had now long been closed, the fingers had fallen quite away from mine, her whole frame seemed quite relaxed and tranquil in a sweet, calm sleep. Softly rising from my seat, and holding up my finger to Everett as an entreaty for perfect stillness, I stole silently away again to my own Garden of Eden.

Not many days after, my Pilkins came once more to see me. I spoke to him cheerfully as he entered the library, but he did not answer. I asked him if anything had happened—if Florry was worse, but he could not answer. I opened my arms and he ran into them, hid his face on my shoulder and cried long, long and heavily.

True to himself, however, he struggled with his sorrow; he checked it as manfully as he could, and soon lifting his head, he said gently:

"My Florry's gone, all gone at last! She went away this morning, just a little while ago, and everything happened the way she wanted it. She had a good sleep the day you were there. When she woke up she said, 'Ety, dear, when you see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena, tell her she soothed me to a sweet, long sleep, the best I ever, ever had.' And in that sleep she had a vision. It was a vision of an angel. It was dressed in white and it looked like you, and had flowers in its hand as you had."

I smiled at the simple childishness that did not see how the living fact had suggested the dreaming fancy.

"Yes," Everett went on, "and it smiled, too, like you smiled at Florry, and it looked in her eyes, and it laid its gentle hand on Florry's, and it said, 'I'm sure you would not be afraid to go with me,' and Florry said, 'Oh, no, not at all! I'd love to go with you!' And then it said, 'I shall come soon,' and it faded away like a light, fainter and fainter, smiling at Florry all the time. It looked like you, only it was ever so much bigger and stronger, and dazzled up all the room. Joey said it was a dream, but Florry said no, it was a vision; and farther said, 'Who knows? Let the child take her comfort.' The next morning Florry made them wash her nice and clean, and lay her white frock by her. 'It may come to-day, Ety, dear,' she said, 'or it may come to-morrow; and I must be all ready.' And yesterday she got all ready again and waited. But this morning she called Joey early, and made her put the white dress on her, and tie her curls with the new white ribbon. 'This is the day,' she said; 'I wasn't sure before, but now I know it; call them in, and kiss me good-bye, all.' Then we all kissed her good-bye, one by one; and little Collo felt lonely, and climbed up on the bed, and cried and lapped her cheek, so she kissed him good-bye, too, and he cuddled right down by her side. Then she said she was tired and wanted to go to sleep; but first she wanted Joey to lay the little new baby on her arm so that she could feel it there a little while, and then she smiled at us and said, 'I'm just as happy as I can be,' and fell fast asleep."

"And did not wake again?"

"Only for a minute. We think the angel must have come for her; for after a while, she opened her eyes quick and bright, just as if somebody had called her, and said softly, 'Yes, yes! I'm all ready!' and smiled and lifted up her arms to be carried, and then—and then—they said she was gone!"

Once more the poor little man gave in to his sorrow, and leaned his head on me, and sobbed while I spoke such words of sympathy as seemed to soothe him best. "Everett," I said at last, "let us do something for Florry that we know she would like. Let us take quantities of flowers, rich, and sweet, and beautiful, and let us make a perfect bed of them—bed, and pillow, and coverlet—for the little form in the little white dress that Florry left behind her."

"Oh, that would be nice," said Everett; "my Florry did love flowers so much."

And so we did; the little, pearl-white child, with all that was beneath her and about her, we so garlanded, and crowned, and wreathed, and decked with flowers that the last picture of her on earth was that of a waxen bird in a great wilderness of glowing brilliant blossoms.

This happened on the eve of a long-planned visit to the sea-shore.

When I returned, after six weeks or more, I missed my little comrade. I looked often at the place in the open parlors where the pleasant little face had been wont to frame itself, and listened many a time for the soft footfalls that used to come so unobtrusively in at the side gate, but in vain. At last I bade my hand-maid, Rose, summon him to his friend and the flowers once more.

"Oh, dear, ma'am," she exclaimed penitently. "I do beg your pardon, I'm sure! I forgot entirely to tell you that the little fellow was here twice to see you. The last time, when I told him you'd be away for a couple of weeks yet, he just cried and said he'd never see you again, and he left a long message for you. I passed particular remarks upon it, madam, he gave it so wise and old-fashioned like! 'Tell her,' said he, 'that I came to say good-bye. Father says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can give 'em room to grow, for room's cheap out West in this country, if anything is; so we're going out West, far, far West, and I'm afraid I'll never see her again!'"

His foreboding was true; I have never seen or heard of him since; but still, through the dissolving years, my heart has ever remained faithful to the memory of my own Little Pilkins. S. M.

Everybody seems to think himself a moral half-bushel to measure the world's frailties.

INTAGLIOS.

Conscience.

I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living,
In the land where the years increased.

And I felt I should have to answer
The questions if put to me;
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.

And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine;
In a land that then was the future,
But now in the present time.

And I thought of my former thinking,
Of the judgments I gave to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.

Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by;
For it was the thought of my past life
Grown into an eternity.

Then I awoke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away;
And I know the far away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.

And I pray I may not forget it,
In the land before the grave;
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson,
Which I ought to have known before;
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.

So I get alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so ever it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—Spectator.

An Autumn Violet.

I saw a miracle to-day!
Where the September sunshine lay
Languidly as a lost desire
Upon a smatch's fading fire,
Where calm some pallid asters trod,
Indifferent, past golden rod,
Beside a gray-haired thistle set—
A perfect purple violet.

I wonder what it were to miss
The life of such a flower like this
To bloom so long, to bloom so late,
And were it worth the while to wait
So long for such a little day?
And were it not a better way
Never indeed (worse might befall)
To be a violet at all?

So comely when the spring was gone,
So calm when autumn splendors shone.
So peaceful 'midst the blazing flowers,
So blessed through the golden hours,
So might have bloomed my love for thee.
It is not, and it can not be—
It can not, must not be—and yet
I picked for thee the violet.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Secrets.

Not one could tell, for nobody knew,
How the dainty little blossom grew;
Or why it was pink, or why 'twas blue,
This child of the storm, the sun and dew.

Not one could tell, for nobody knew,
Why love was made to gladden a few,
And hearts that would forever be true,
Go lone and starved the whole way through.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Old Letters.

With rosy ribbon's faded ghost to bind them,
Long forgotten amid things we all forget,
In a chest of ancient souvenirs I find them,
Faintly scented from old crumpled muslinette
And as now I slowly read them, solemn-hearted,
I imagine, with a vague, phantasmal dread,
That among their yellowed pages I have parted
The inviolable cements of the dead!

Here are words that shine with sunny expectation
Of returning over sea to friends and home;
"When at last this gaudy Carnival's elation
Discontinues, we shall tear ourselves from Rome."
Like a brook the merry language ripples brightly;
Well she loved, that happy sister, what life gave!
Let me think how many years it is that nightly
Stars have glimmered on her lonely Roman grave!

Here is writing that I almost held as holy;
He was such a light of learning, Brother Ned!
Equal gentleman to lofty or to lowly,
With his candid Saxon eyes and golden head.
Father chided him too sternly, always crying
At his boyish college love for cards and wines!
Ah, how often have I dreamed I saw him dying
Far away among those Oregonian mines!

Here are leaves where still the soul of slumber lingers:
"Come to-morrow, love; the country is so dull."
Oh, the perfume of those cottage-door syringas,
And the twilight of the shadowy languid lull!
Oh, the fire-flies with their dizzy glitters woven
Through the boscage of the copses dark and damp!
Oh, the rapture while she gently played Beethoven
In the parlor where the moth was at the lamp!

It is lately as last August that I met her
At the crowded Newport ball, where I had strayed.
One a widower of sixty-two and better,
One a dowager with feathers and brocade.
Was it fancy that sometimes looked severely
At her pretty daughter's partner in the waltz?
Could it happen that a meagre income yearly
Was conspicuous among his youthful faults?

Dear mementoes of these disannulled affections,
Like the rays from planets that no longer glow,
With your tidings that are ghostly resurrections,
It were wiser to have burned you years ago!
Yet, alas! what wasting flame's intenser flashes,
With the red-hot greed destruction can endow,
Could have made you the irrevocable ashes
That annihilating time has made you now!

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Santa Cruz, May 10th, 1878.

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I have been to see the *Octoroon*. I have no excuse to offer for the circumstance save the force of habit. One gets into the habit of seeing *Hamlet* and the *Octoroon* periodically until it is impossible to help going when the manager gets his *Octoroon* spell on. I have seen it many times before played by more indifferent actors, but I do not think I ever before saw so much really bad acting with so much good scenery. I do not like to say anything that will give you a bad impression of Rose Wood, for she is a great favorite of mine, but as "Zoe" she reminds me irresistibly of a domesticated maniac. Miss Sylvester as "Dora Sunnyside," the heiress, appears in one of those little, simple, old-time lawn patterns which always look so deliciously cool, and clean, and fresh, and southern. Hannah Rothschild herself could not wear any prettier summer costume than a sheer fresh lawn. But Rose Wood wore a white garment that looked like a cast-off ball dress. I suppose it to be a princess, but it is cut with what we used to call the polka waist, and to the waist is attached a long, long skirt—so long in fact that the train lingered in full sight for several minutes after every disappearance—and it was made of one solid set of puffs. It is a dress which is not pretty, and which I can not fancy being of use to any one but a great laundress competing for a prize at an international exposition. To this costume Miss Wood saw fit to add an astonishing suit of hair, which first hanging in a mammoth braid, was afterward loosened to the willful wind and converted into a night wrap to protect her from the evening dews. It was long, and black, and thick, and straight, and there was enough of it to furnish material to Swinburne for many volumes of ardent poetry. It is but fair to say that the long white dress and the sweeping hair gave admirable effect to some very beautiful poses, for Rose Wood's long, lithe figure falls readily into graceful attitude. She does not play "Zoe" well; she is too thoroughly an adept in the light surface passion of society plays to deal with the deepest intensity of the "Octoroon's" sorrow. The play was written too long before Rose Wood's time to come into the new school, and she is not sufficiently melodramatic. She is also obliged to make love to, and to be made love to, by Marionette Robinson. This, of itself, must be a very discouraging process. I can fancy "Romeo" adorning the balcony and having the balcony yield, but I can not fancy Mr. Robinson responding to any of the softer emotions. Perhaps he is not old enough to have made love in real earnest—he looks to be a mere boy—and therefore can not make it on the stage. Perhaps he thinks he ought to be playing "Macbeth" instead of the juvenile lover. He will do it too some day, Madge, for there is good material in him notwithstanding his "George Peyton." Perhaps, alas, his spinal column is not vertebred, for he is as rigid as a bolt and as gestureless as an armless man. His good voice and his modest manner have carried him through the season hitherto, but as a Louisiana lover, and a returned Parisian at that, he decidedly needs something more. Mr. James O'Neill was a very uncomfortable looking red man—"Injun." I think he felt excessively foolish as well, under the exigencies of the text, which consists chiefly of a series of grunts. He also looked quite remarkable, for he is the first demi-blonde Indian I have ever seen. Also the first moustachioed aboriginal of my acquaintance; but he has cultivated considerable facial expression, and looked indictive and merciless to a most terrifying extent when he came at last upon "McClosky," dashing wildly through the cane-brake after the long chase. There was an impressive tableau as the curtain fell upon them. The scene itself, beautifully painted, represented one of the dank swamps of Louisiana, teeming with wild, tropical, poisonous luxuriance. You could almost see the blue drape of miasma rising through the waving cane, and the light was tempered to gray shadow. The vengeful Indian towered darkly above the prostrate form of his pale, tattered victim, and everything looked very awful indeed for a brief minute. I think when Mr. Lewis Morrison sits up aloft playing his little harp, he will not be so happy as he has been this week as "McClosky." I am inclined to think he must be rather a good fellow, he is so absurdly fond of playing the villain with such villainous unction. How he revelled in it! How he made himself dark in the first acts, till there was sinister significance in every line of color; how he made himself pale in the last, and he looked as if he had bleached himself with stink powder; how he grinned with malice till his white teeth showed again; how he swaggered, and swore,

and snapped his whip, and made himself odious to the Peyton family. I believe he played "McClosky" so well that he has taken some of the individuality of the part, and that, henceforth and forever for me, the "McClosky" mark will be on all he undertakes. I can imagine that the *Octoroon* must have been a wildly exciting drama in its first days, when the abolition fires were just beginning to kindle and feeling ran high; but its leading incidents are of the things that were, and interest in them has passed away. I can fancy the auction scene in the days of its first run—the still excitement when the octoroon girl was bid for; the wild shouts when "Dora Sunnyside" offered her last dollar. But it all goes off quietly enough now, and even the dark African faces which flick the dress circle here and there appear stolid and unmoved, except by a passing gleam of interest when the plantation songs and dances begin. The Pickwickian Bishop of course played "Scudder"—his old part during the long run of the *Octoroon* in New York—and little Miss Corcoran played "Paul." She is both pretty and interesting, but her negro dialect would make you laugh. She will never be accused of being an ex-member of a variety show. You will think my taste thoroughly depraved when I tell you that I went to Tony Pastor's the other night and enjoyed myself exceedingly well. Jack glared dubiously at the line which announces that Tony himself will take part in each evening's entertainment, and managed to see a man somewhere on the outskirts of the dress circle with whom it was necessary to have a conversation on a matter of vital importance just at that critical juncture. He escaped Tony's serio-comic budget, but I did not. Once more I beheld the lithe and dapper Tony advance to the footlights with a dazzling smile, arrayed in a superlatively well-fitting suit of clothes, and flourishing the same opera hat. Tony, without that hat, would be like the ghost of Hamlet's father without his tunic and overcoat. It is as essentially a part of the performance as the motto of one of his songs. Three several times have I beheld the redoubtable Tony on his first night in San Francisco, and each time he has advanced smilingly to the footlights with that bat as flat as a sheet of manuscript, given it an artistic little fling which shook out its full depths, clapped it playfully on the back of his head, crossed his hands on the lower button of his waistcoat, and smiled inanely. He thinks it awfully funny, and it is, but it is not funny the way he thinks it. My dear girl, if you can get at my meaning in that last sentence you will accomplish a feat, as I did, perhaps, when I found Mr. Tony Pastor amusing. We are all credited with a very considerable share of personal vanity, but it is an absolute treat to see any one so thoroughly appreciate the works of nature, as represented in himself, as does this variety son of song. What stuff he does sing, what clap-trap mottoes, what cheap sentimentality, and yet how it catches the gallery! There lies the secret of the man's success—in the gallery. He not only sings his songs to it, but he always consults it in collecting his talent. Anybody who can tell an Irish story, or sing a negro song, or shoot at a mark, or hate like a fish, or play a tin whistle, or imitate an actor, or kick higher than somebody else, or do anything under the sun that will catch the gallery, may find a good engagement with Tony Pastor. I do not altogether mean the genuine up-stair gallery, Madge, but that bit of gallery element which we have all got in us, even though we sit in a higher-priced stage box which has been auctioned off for some special occasion to the highest bidder. I know that in our heart of hearts many of us have echoed the gallery applause when we did not dare to express it, and that few audiences ever question a gallery's disapproval. Tony Pastor's people rattle through a very lively and much mixed programme, and the audiences laugh with that intermittent accord which is observable at entertainments of this class. The female element has been largely increased, but it is a matter of taste as to whether this is an improvement or not. How exactly upon one pattern all these variety ladies are cut. Their noses and chins are all whitened to such a vivid ghastly white, their ears and cheeks are such an uncompromising red, their under lids are so deeply, darkly, beautifully black, and the spot of rouge on the upper lip is always so singularly obtrusive. They all sing in a strange squeak, and they have the same gestures, kicks, and winks. Perhaps I may except Miss Mattie Vickers, a young lady who "does an act," as the professional slang puts it, with a Mr. Charles Rogers, which is a modified Vokes affair. The gentleman gives some really excellent imitations, and the lady's "Pretty as a Peckture," after Aimée, is really not half so bad as I have seen it done. She overdoes everything, and wears an abnormally large wig, but she has a fresh sweet voice and is pretty. There is a tiny midget with the double-barreled name of Fontainebleau, who ought to have her Winslow's soothing syrup and be put to bed hours before her act comes on. Poor little child—she is interesting extremely, but it is painful to bear the little thing try to fill the theatre with her tiny childish quaver. Her sister is a blithe, conscientious little girl, but she does not attract even as a precocious child. That horrible little Jew-Dutchman has come who was here last year, and who jumped the classic heights of Dutch comedy into farcicalism with one single comical gesture. He has brought nothing new, and neither have the Kernell brothers, who soon become wearisome with repetition. Hoey, the versatile musician, has brought

back his old red coat in so much worse condition than it was before that it is now tied together with bits of twine. The twine is the only thing new he has brought, but he is immeasurably funny. Kennedy, the ventriloquist, is really the feature of the novelties, being not only an excellent ventriloquist but considerable of a wag as well. But, pshaw! What is the use of picking a variety troupe to pieces for you. You know what they all are, and this is one of the very best—something that everybody must enjoy. And now let us consider the glorious prospect of next week at the California. I suppose New York gnashes her teeth with envy when she reflects that there are at this moment in this one little community, Maud Granger, Montague, and Rignold, the three "chronic mashers." That is a horrible expression, but it is an imported one, so I employ it, because no other term has yet been universally applied to these three people, and I do not think they justify me in soaring to the heights of rhetorical elegance till I know more about them. I do not believe San Francisco heads 'turn quite as easily as New York heads, for, although Maud Granger has been in the city at least twenty-four hours, there is yet no newspaper list of her conquests; and Rignold and Montague have both been as unmolested in their San Francisco seasons as John T. Raymond might be, and no one calls him an Adonis. It strikes me that with pretty Jeffry-Lewis, Fred Warde, Montague, and Granger, *Diplomacy* should be something good. We shall see. Yours, expectantly,

BETSY B.

Alice Harrison in Boston.

BOSTON, July 2, 1878.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—That the American people take their pleasure sadly has often been asserted. No more convincing proof of the justice of this allegation could be wanted than the spectacle which was witnessed last night at the Museum, when *Evangeline*, the beloved of Boston, commenced its fourth consecutive season. The day had been one of the hottest ever known, and as there wasn't a breath of wind, the temperature had not become very much lower after nightfall. In spite of this, however, the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the majority of the audience sat throughout the entire performance and appeared to enjoy it hugely. They applauded every joke and every air, and, as in the case of Knight—who undertakes the part of "Captain Dietrich"—sometimes would scarcely allow the people to get off the stage at all. Alice Harrison made her first bow to a Boston audience in the character of "Gabriel," and in a ravissante costume (?) of green and gold, and clocked stockings, and the whole flora of the continent embroidered on her—her continuations, looked very enticing. She played her part with that peculiar sort of dash and bonhomie with which California theatre-goers are all familiar, and by which she has acquired the public regard in the West. However, the fastidious folks here (who by the way have lately been generously patronizing Mme. Renz's Female Minstrels, and the "Victoria" Loftus Troupe of British Blondes) didn't approve of the Pacific Slope importation on the score of her acting being "suggestive" (of what?) and one of the papers this morning said that she "exhibited a freedom of manner which savored a little too much of California!" This is good!—and Alice had better take warning and tone down her "California freedom." Laura Joyce, lately divorced from Mr. Taylor, made her reappearance as "Evangeline." She was the original representative of the character, and is a great favorite here. Her voice is amongst the "has beens," but she acts in a manner which is called "conscientious," and suits Boston audiences—though to an uninitiated outsider it appears rather expressionless and dull. Willie Edouin and George Knight are admirable as "Le Blanc" and "Captain Dietrich;" and George Fortesque, who weighs somewhere about 300 pounds, plays "Catherine" in a very droll kind of way. Everybody admits that it is the best cast that has ever appeared in the piece, and it will undoubtedly enjoy a big run; though even with the present people (Alice included) I don't think it would do much better in "Frisco than before. Some of the people in the "trial scene" tried to introduce some "gags" about *A Celebrated Case and Family Matters*, but the audience were down upon it instantly and hissed energetically.

Harry Edwards' benefit at the Grand Opera House next Tuesday evening promises to be a very successful affair. At the auction sale of boxes and seats at the Art Association rooms Thursday evening the bids figured up \$1,037, two boxes selling for \$100 each, one for \$75, and the others declining in premium to \$10 for front seats in dress circle. The programme for the evening is an interesting one, well arranged, and varied enough in its character to admit of the appearance of a small army of amateurs and professionals.

The chief attraction of Strakosch's next season will be Victor Masse's *Paul and Virginia*. Miss Kellogg will sing the role of "Virginia," and the new tenor, Rosnati, will assume the part of "Paul."

The *Tour of the World* has been reproduced in Paris, enhanced by the attraction of some lions in the forest scene. They are in an immense cage, the bars of which are concealed by trunks and boughs.

Joaquin Miller's drama, *Vigilantes*, has been rejected by the Williamsons.

STARS OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

The Peculiarities of Prominent Actresses.

The charity fête for the benefit of needy children, which took place in the Garden of the Tuilleries on Friday last, was greatly enjoyed by Americans who were present, as it gave them an opportunity to get a glimpse of many of the members of Parisian high life, as well as to see and hear some of the most noted dramatic artists of our times. Croizette and Mme. Favart, Got, and Delaunay, the two Coquelins, Judic and Theo, these and various others less celebrated, but perhaps not less accomplished, gave us a taste of their quality in two little outdoor theatres set up for the occasion. Sarah Bernhardt and little Mlle. Granier, the charming *Petit Duc*, were announced, but the latter failed to keep her appointment, and, if the former appeared with the other artists of the Comedie Francaise, it must have been either before I got into the little theatre or after I left it. I was sorry to miss Sarah Bernhardt, not on my own account, for I have seen her scores of times, but because the American ladies who were with me were so particularly anxious to see her. They had a little curiosity to see Croizette, none whatever to see Favart. As for Got, Delaunay, and the Coquelins, my good compatriots had never heard of them, and did not know whether they were men or women. Sarcey, in his delightful Sunday criticisms in *Le Temps*, said last week that of all the artists of the Comedie Francaise at the present time, no individual one exercises so great an influence on the receipts of the house as Sarah Bernhardt. He attributes this marked desire to see her less to her undeniably great talent as a dramatic artiste, than to the curiosity aroused concerning her by the gossip that has been circulated about her, and by the admiration her works of sculpture and drawing, publicly exhibited, has aroused. Be the cause what it may, it is certain that on the nights Bernhardt plays, the whole house is bought up beforehand, and a mere outsider like myself, who knows no other method of getting into a theatre than to go to the box office with my money in my hand, stands no chance whatever for a seat. Yet much as I admire Sarah Bernhardt's varied talents, Croizette, to my fancy, is by far the more fascinating artiste. Croizette's beauty is, to me, the most witching I ever saw. Beautiful faces are the rule, not the exception, on the Parisian stage. There is the baby face, the intellectual face, the Grecian profile, the *petit minois chiffone*, the face that once was superbly beautiful and has now but the remains of its former loveliness, and the face whose owner is so youthful that her beauty bids fair to blossom grandly in the course of time. Croizette's lineaments do not belong to any of these categories: Her face is not even highly intellectual, yet the subtle charm of her smile and the mysterious downward glance of her eyes possess a unique and altogether unexplainable fascination. One can not but wonder what on earth she is thinking of—a query which rarely presents itself to the mind of the observer of a Parisian actress' face. It is a great pity for Croizette that she is growing so stout. Her form is already almost ponderous, and this amplitude of physical proportions must necessarily eliminate from her repertoire all those *roles d'ingenue*, like the sweet girl in *L'ete de la Saint Martin*, which she plays with such witching grace. What a humoristic nebulosity it is who sails about our spheres and regulates this matter of obesity and leanness! Here is Croizette on the path of a fatal fatness, while Sarah Bernhardt is twin sister to Barnum's living skeleton, and Mme. Favart was never much more than skin and bone, and seems to get more and more emaciated as she gets older. At the performance of the fête she and Croizette acted a scene from one of the French classics, and Favart's stilted manner, her bony form, and her conventional comedy fan-play were in marked contrast to Croizette's rich and suggestive method, her easy grace, her plump figure, and her bewildering smile. Both were in ordinary carriage dress, wearing their bonnets, and even in this matter Croizette had the advantage, though Favart has long been noted for her superb costuming. When *Jean de Thommeray* was being played at the Francaise, Favart, as the reckless lady of fashion, used to say to her husband, "I owe 50,000 francs to my dressmaker," a statement which old Parisians averred to be very likely near the truth. On this occasion she wore an elaborate and pretentious dress of rich damasse, in color somewhere between cardinal and maroon, with under-petticoat of lemon-colored silk, the whole befringed with triangular bows and Van Dyke points and lace frillings; while Croizette's navy blue foulard, with plainly-cut overskirt, underskirt and blouse basque, the whole richly embroidered by hand in contrasting colors, was simplicity and elegance combined. They were called out after their scene, and some of the most enthusiastic applause they got came from the Princess Metternich, who stood up in the aisle to her progress outward to testify, as noisily as her little hands could, her admiration of the renowned artistes. Yes, La Metternich is back again in the Paris where, during the Emperor's day, she was one of the most brilliant and noted personages. How changed she must find the once marvelous capital! She is still somewhat prominent in the circles of the *beau monde*, as her birth and fortune command a certain recognition, and she is always well received at Court in England.—*Paris Correspondence*.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A. Roman & Co. are now fully prepared to meet the requirements of the school book trade. A large and well-assorted stock of the latest school and college text books is now displayed in their establishment awaiting the reopening of the schools. Especial attention will be given to all orders for school books and all other wants in school departments. New books and new styles of stationery are daily received and sold at wholesale and retail at the lowest market rates. Visiting, invitation, and wedding cards handsomely engraved and printed to order. A. Roman & Co., No. 11 Montgomery Street, Lick House block. During the reopening of the schools the store will be kept open evenings, for two weeks, from Monday, July 9th. The public are cordially invited.

GRAND SWIMMING MATCHES.

Ladies', gentlemen's, and boys' swimming matches for gold, silver, and bronze medals will take place at the Neptune and Mermaid Baths, foot of Hyde and Larkin Streets, North Beach, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., on Saturday and Sunday next.

As is the capital to the column, so is the hat to the man. To be topped with a good "tile" is the prime requisite of a gentleman, while "a shocking bad hat" is the unmistakable mark of ill-breeding or (which is worse) an empty pocket. With a good hat and good boots, a man may defy the strokes of criticism, and kick the critic, respectively. C. Herrmann, at 402 Kearny Street (and 910 Market, for it is a large establishment) keeps the best hats that are to be had. He is an artist, is Herrmann, and if you have the reverence that one artist feels for another, you will mention the price you can pay, and place your head in his hands without question or misgiving.

EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN JOSE AND RETURN. The Southern Pacific Railroad Co. have determined to issue excursion tickets to San Jose and return, the fare for the round trip being \$3. The excursionist will have the benefit of two routes to return—either on the Central Pacific by the way of Niles and Oakland Point, or on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Tickets will be issued on Saturdays and Sundays, and will hold good until the following Monday, inclusive. These excursion tickets will be issued for the first time this Saturday.

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The attentions of tourists desiring to make the Yosemite trip is specially directed to card on this page as to the shortest and cheapest route.

Fans, dolls, toys, and articles of vertu thoroughly repaired with GIANT CEMENT. Sold by all druggists, and at 477 Washington Street.

"Well, Mrs. Grumblo, what's the matter with your grandson?"

"Why, doctor, his throat's very bad. Mr. Parsons, the druggist, says as how there's something wrong with the box, but you can see for yourself that he has three or four big ulsters in his throat."

Arrivals at the Geysers.

The following are the arrivals at the Geyser Hotel for the week ending July 9th: J. N. Pike and wife, S. F.; E. Duncan and wife, Sacramento; Geo. D. Edwards, Oakland; R. Kosche, S. F.; James Y. Hammond, Logan, Utah; A. S. Frank, S. F.; Miss Frank, Madison, Wis.; S. Eppstein, G. Berry, S. Eddy, M. Eppstein, W. A. Haber, S. F.; Mrs. B. Waldener, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. C. M. Lincoln, Mass.; F. Frank, N. Grant, S. F.; P. Prior, St. Louis; Jacob Hendrick, Cloverdale; T. C. Grant and wife, Miss S. A. Hill, Miss Mary and Annie Grant, S. F.; D. A. Heald, N. Y.; D. Skifton, Hartford, Ct.; F. E. Gibson and wife, Sulphur Creek; W. L. Raiston and wife, O.; O. J. Backus and wife, W. L. Coles, Miss J. E. Coles, Geo. W. Meade and wife, John Laws and lady, L. Wass, L. Squire, V. Filbert and wife, F. P. Strother and wife, R. P. J. Kaiser, S. F.; Jas. Uphams, O.; J. W. Pew, wife and family, M. P. Lesson, Miss E. Lesson, John Martin, Miss Isabella Kingsberry, Miss Maggie Kingsberry, Master Geo. W. Kingsberry, B. Sargent, Dottie F. Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Roundtree, Nettie G. Roundtree, Miss A. Roundtree, Newton W. Roundtree, Oscar Roundtree, Chas. P. Roundtree, Fred. L. Castle and wife, Miss Eva Castle, E. G. Castle, Arthur Castle, F. W. Glade, Miss Patterson, S. F.; J. B. Southard, Santa Rosa; J. W. Anderson and wife, Mrs. Clark and son, H. D. Robinson, Geo. M. Blake, S. F.; Mrs. Geo. W. Simpson, Miss Simpson, Miss Hazeltine, N. Y.; Thos. J. G. Massey, Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Kellogg, Oakland; Miss Ott, Cloverdale; H. P. Massey, J. S. Webster, Geo. C. Leppien, F. E. Leppien, Dr. David Colen and wife, Chas. D. Cushing, W. B. Harrington, C. A. Nacomber, Mrs. S. Wickman, Mrs. A. E. Taylor, D. M. Kosch, Robert A. Hunter, D. Ferguson, John Rae Hamilton, S. F.; Fred L. Fake, Chicago; J. B. Lewis, Lakeville; F. H. McFadden and wife, Oakland; Henry J. Brady, Blue Lakes; Dr. J. W. Winter, Mrs. D. H. Folsom, Miss Zinkoff, B. Nathan and wife, R. Tenman, F. Read and wife, W. Alkin and wife, Dr. C. T. Deane, W. H. Murray, S. F.; Henry J. Young, Cloverdale; H. J. Shaw and wife, Petaluma; D. L. Cook, San Mateo; Miss E. Cook, S. F.; Mrs. Williams, San Mateo; W. S. Newhall, G. A. Newhall, S. F.; H. St. Clare, Oregon; Col. Forsyth, Camden, N. J.; F. Hills, Ogden; A. J. Stewart, Buffalo; Clark Robinson, P. Hinkle, and wife, N. Y. City; James Ogilvie, Chicago; Martha Byron, England; Geo. M. Collier, Detroit; Miss Althea, San Rafael; Hon. Somerdyke Wilberforce, England; Miss Hathaway, Medford, Mass.; Henry Baker, Hobbs Flat; R. Kanyon and wife, A. N. B. Folkers and wife, Mrs. Lent and two children, S. F.; Theo. Green, Cloverdale; John Luning, Mrs. A. M. Terrell, Geo. B. Conaught, F. H. B. Rogers, Newburg, N. Y.; Frank Smith, Highland Springs; E. C. Bowen, S. F.; E. P. Flint, Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Bonton, Highland Springs.

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CHURCH NOTICE.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6½ P. M.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.—Dr. Kallach in the morning on the "Seventh Beatitude." Sunday-school concert and grand praise service in the evening. Address by Dr. Kallach—second lecture on "Chinese Must Go"—on Tuesday evening.

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THE OCTOROON.

SATURDAY.....JULY 6
MATINEE AT 2; EVENING AT 8.

THE OCTOROON.

By Dico Boucicault.

Reappearance of MR. JAMES O'NEILL as.....Wahnotee.
Reappearance of MR. C. BISHOP as.....Salem Scudder.
Reappearance of MRS. FARRER as.....Mrs. Peyton.
Old Time Plantation Scenes. Old Time Plantation Songs.

Sunday, July 14, Special Performance of

THE OCTOROON.

Monday, July 15, and every evening during the week,

THE OCTOROON.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

To-night and every evening, including Sunday. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

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ROGERS and VICKERS, wonderful Minies.
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HARRY KENNEDY, Premier Ventriloquist.
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The handsome IRWIN SISTERS.
BILLY BARRY, the renowned Ethiopian Comedian.
BRYANT and HOEY, famous Instrumentalists.
EMERSON CLARK and the DALY BROTHERS, King High Kickers of the Universe.
FRANK GIRARD, the popular Actor.
TONY PASTOR will appear at every entertainment.

For particulars, see programmes. Prices as usual. Secure seats at the box office.

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Memoir of Wm. F. Bartlett. By E. W. Falfrey.....\$ 1 50
Memorial and Biographical Sketches. By J. F. Clarke.....2 00
Charlotte Cushman. Her Letters and Memories of her Life. 8vo.....2 50
The Coquette; or, The Life and Letters of Eliza Wharton. 12mo.....1 00
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AND HIS NEW YORK COMPANY,

Consisting of Miss Maude Graeger, Miss Jeffreys Lewis, Mr. H. J. Montague, Mr. F. B. Warde, Mr. J. W. Shannon, and Mr. J. W. Carroll.

MONDAY.....JULY 15, 1878

And every evening during the week and Saturday matinee, will be presented a new play, in four acts, of powerful interest and novel construction, the latest New York and London success, adapted to the English stage from the French of Victorien Sardou, by Messrs. Saville Rowe and Belton Rowe,

DIPLOMACY!
DIPLOMACY!

With scenery, costumes, and appointments entirely new, appropriate incidental music, and a distribution of characters, embracing

MR. MONTAGUE'S COMPANY

And a powerful supporting cast.

Seats may be secured at the Box Office six days in advance.

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Mission Street, between Third and Fourth.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....M. A. KENNEDY

FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL

.....TO.....

MR. HENRY EDWARDS,

Tendered by the Bohemian Club and his San Francisco friends.

TUESDAY.....July 16th

PROGRAMME:

Prologue, written by Miss INA D. COOLBRITH, read by C. WARREN STODDARD.

DELICATE GROUND.

MISS JEAN BURNSIDE, MR. WILLIE SEYMOUR, and MR. H. V. EDWARDS.

AN OLIO,

In which Mrs. JUDAH, MISS AUGUSTA DARGON, MR. FITZGERALD, MISS VIRGINIA MITCHELL, MR. W. A. MESTAYER, MR. F. A. KING, MOME, CHARLOTTE VARIAN, MISS KATHIE MAYHEW, MR. J. R. CRISMER, MISS NELLIE HOLBROOK, MR. JOSEPH MURPHY, and MISS M. E. COOK will appear.

The "Screen Scene" from

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

MISS ELEANOR CAREY, MR. BARTON HILL, MR. T. W. KEENE, and MR. H. V. EDWARDS.

Farewell Poem.....by.....MR. DAN O'CONNELL.
A Few Parting Words.....from.....HARRY EDWARDS.

The entertainment will conclude with the amusing farce of

AN ALARMING SACRIFICE,

In which MR. HARRY COURTAINE and Miss EMMA GRATTA will appear.

Box Plan on view at Mr. Gray's Music Store, Kearny St.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Francisco, July 8th, 1878. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 27) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was declared, payable on Monday, July 15, 1878. Transfer books closed until 16th inst. C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS

AND LOAN SOCIETY, 619 Clay Street.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend free of Federal tax, of seven and one-half (7½) per cent. per annum, was declared, on all deposits, for the term ending June 29, 1878, payable on and after July 15, 1878. CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—ODD FELLOWS' SAVINGS BANK.

—The Board of Directors of the Odd Fellows' Savings Bank have declared a dividend at the rate of seven and one-half (7½) per cent. per annum on Permanent Deposits, and of seven and three-tenths (7¾) per cent. per annum on Short Deposits, for the semi-annual term ending June 30, 1878, payable on and after the 22d inst. JAMES BENSON, Secretary. San Francisco, July 10, 1878.

S. P. R. R.

(NORTHERN DIVISION.)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1878,

EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be sold by this Company from

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN JOSE AND RETURN.

22½ Fare for the Round Trip, \$3. Tickets good for return by either the Southern or Central Pacific R. R.
22½ These Tickets will be sold ONLY on SATURDAYS and SUNDAY MORNINGS.

The Return Trip Ticket will not be good for passage after the MONDAY following the date of purchase.
TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets; Valencia Street Station. A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH, Superintendent. Ass't Passenger and Ticket Agt.

NOTICE.

THE
MUTUAL LIFE INS.
COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, - - PRESIDENT.

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK has received authority from the Hon. J. C. Maynard, Insurance Commissioner, to transact the business of Life Insurance in the State of California on and after this date.

Applications for Insurance in this reliable Company received, and all information pertaining to Life Insurance given, on application to the undersigned, at the Company's office No. 214 Sansome Street.

A. B. FORBES,

General Agent for Pacific Coast.

San Francisco, July 1, 1878.

H. P. WAKELEE & CO.,

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Druggists, Importers of Foreign and Domestic Drugs, Chemicals, and Perfumery,

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Young Ladies' Seminary, BENICIA.

MRS. MARY ATKINS LYNCH, Principal. The next term will open July 31, 1878. The Principal (Miss Atkins) desires to inform her friends and former patrons that she will resume her old position in Benicia with a full corps of competent teachers, at the opening of the next term.

MME. B. ZEITSKA'S

FRENCH, GERMAN, AND ENGLISH INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

922 POST ST., BETWEEN HYDE and Larkin.
KINDERGARTEN connected with the Institute.
The next term will commence July 17, 1878.
A limited number of Boarding Pupils received.
MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

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Leaves BODIE SUNDAY, TUESDAY, and THURSDAY, at 6 A. M., and connects with train at Milton at 10:45 the next day, arriving in San Francisco at 5:15 P. M.
For all information and to secure tickets, call on J. M. HUTCHINGS and ED. HARRISON, Agents, at C. Beach's Book Store, No. 3 Montgomery Street.

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SAN FRANCISCO
& C.

THE VERSE CARPENTERS.

Specimens of Their Handiwork.

Now doth the toiling tumble-bug
Design his roly-poley,
And artisans within the cheese
Do maggot awful holey.
—*Vonkers Gazette.*

Wrap its little pen around it,
Fold its humor on its breast;
Since we know the *Globe* has found it,
Let us give that joke a rest.
Aged 65 years. —*St. Louis Journal.*

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
I speak, and my minions obey,
But I long for a masculine brute,
so-called.

O, "Solitude's charms" that the pen
Of the poets have warbled about!
Better live in a hovel with men
Than dwell in a palace without
any.

'Tis sad when the sunbeam is winging
Into your still bedroom at morn,
When the wren in the tree-top is singing,
And the Shanghai's devouring his corn;
When fondly the bumble doth hover
Round flowers of scarlet and gold,
To get down stairs but to discover
Your breakfast is cold.

A little boy went out to weed
The garden for his "ma,"
And there he did an awful deed—
He smoked his first cigar.
—*Hackensack Republican.*

He weeded on, all unconcerned,
Until an awful gripe
Grabbed him at waist his abdomen,
And choked his wind off tight.
—*Exchange.*

And then his mamma picked him up,
And many times did whack a
Number nine slipper 'cross his stern,
'Till he eschewed tobacco.

The humble-bee is on his ear,
The butterfly is mad;
The cricket chirps a lay most drear,
The bullfrog's awful glad. Next.
—*N. Y. Express.*

The skelter sings his pointed strain,
The parson draws his long shawl,
The fly crawls on the window pane,
The later bug comes next!
—*Hackensack Republican.*

I am Mrs. Jenks with a steel gray eye,
With limbs of the law I am more than fly,
I nip the tricky, bamboo-shoot shly,
I'm no raw recruit in the army.
I teach the witness how to prance,
Retreat, advance
With a mocking glance,
With aplomb shiver the legal lance.
Hurrah for the high Jenks party.
For I'm Mrs. Jenks with a chin that is firm,
I make the luminous lawyer squirm;
He should go to school for another term,
Then enlist for five years in the army.
—*Cin. Commercial.*

Cheerily dawned the morning;
Warbled the wood bird and rood;
When they brought out the croquet wickets
And laid off the croquet ground.
Dreadfully closed the twilight,
Scarcely a word was said;
But they carried him out to the graveyard,
With a mallet lump on his head.
—*Wild Oats.*

Who was it when the war was o'er
Sought out a home on Southern shore,
And stole and plundered, lied and swore?
Jim Anderson.

Who was it party faith denied,
And quickly jumped to 'other side,
And plundered, stole, and swore, and lied?
Jim Anderson.

Who's now with Tilden, cheek by jowl,
And swears on honor of his soul
He lied and plundered, swore and stole?
Jim Anderson.
—*St. Louis Journal.*

He was swinging on the gate—
She had cautioned him to wait—
And he waited.
Hour flitted, came she not;
Fled his patience, and he got
Aggravated.

"I will give her a surprise,"
This he muttered—and he flies
To her window—
And he warbled, "I am here,
Come and comfort me, my dear—
My Belinder."

Then he scooted, taking not
All the components of what
Robbed his body.
And the cur that sat and chewed,
Winked shy, as if he "knewed"
It was shoddy.
—*Hawkeye.*

Hear the buzzing of the fly,
Bumbling buzz:
What a baffling botheration
In its bubbling we desery!
When the busy day is born—
In the first gray light of morn.
How it bumbles.

From the ceiling on our face;
Or soaring into space
How it hums,
And it drums,
And it hums!
And we sit upright in bed,
Or we cover up our head—
With the sheet,
And we lie till almost dead
With the heat.
Fly, fly, fly, fly,
Fly, fly, fly, fly,
Fly, fly, fly, fly,
Fly, fly, fly, fly!

Ob, the bumbling, blubbing, buzzing of the fly!
—*Doubtful.*

The butterfly sits on the fragrant flower,
As happy as happy can be;
The yellowbird sits on the window-pane,
Or sings in the button-bell tree.
And stalwart John Henry, the farmer man,
Goes fishing for trout in the rill;
While Mary, his wife, is riding in hay,
Or giving the pigs their swill.
—*Doubtful.*

'Tis sad when charmed by golden dreams
In the land of pretty fays,
Wee-languishing by flower-fingred streams
The wind through woodland ways,
Where, 'neath the shade of rose and fir
Ambrosial repasts lurk,
To wait and find the cucumber
Has settled down to work.
—*Wild Oats.*

NAPA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
NAPA, CAL.

FIRST-CLASS BOARDING SCHOOL,
Fall term will open July 31, 1878.
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The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the interests of higher education, and in opposition to the cramming system of the small colleges and military academies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th. Examination of candidates for admission July 22d and 23d. By request, instructions have been provided during the summer months for students preparing for the August examinations at the University. For catalogue or particulars, address

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NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

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- 1 HOUSE northwest corner Twenty-first and Jessie sts.—10 rooms and bath.
- 3 HOUSES south side Clay street, between Jones and Leavenworth—10 rooms and bath.
- 2 HOUSES north side Washington street, between Fillmore and Steiner—8 rooms and bath.
- 1 HOUSE west side Stevenson street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first—7 rooms.
- 1 HOUSE south side Liberty street, between Valencia and Guerrero—8 rooms and bath.
- 3 HOUSES west side Webster street, between Jackson and Washington—6 rooms and bath.
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- 1 HOUSE east side of York street, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth—6 rooms and bath.
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- 2 HOUSES south side Clinton Park, between Guerrero, Dolores, Market, and Fourteenth sts.—7 rooms and bath.
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ANNUAL MEETING—OFFICE OF
Savage Mining Company, San Francisco, June 29,
1878.—The regular annual meeting of stockholders in the
Savage Mining Company will be held at the office of the
Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California, on THURSDAY, the eight-
eenth of July, A. D. 1878, at one o'clock P. M. The transfer
books will be closed on Saturday, the thirteenth of July,
at twelve o'clock P. M.
E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

COMMERCIAL
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I. G. GARDNERGeneral Agent.
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Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

OFFICERS:
A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVES, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPA-
ny.—Location of principal place of business, San
Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the 12th day of June, 1878, an assessment
(No. 32) of one dollar per share was levied upon the
capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, No. 419 California Street, Room 28, San Fran-
cisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the 18th day of July, 1878, will be delinquent and adver-
tised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made
before, will be sold on Tuesday, the sixth day of August,
1878, to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of
advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—No. 419 California Street, Room 28, San Fran-
cisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Fran-
cisco, Cal., July 6, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors of the above named company, held this day, Divi-
den No. 11, of one dollar per share was declared, payable on
Friday, July 12th, 1878. Transfer books closed on Tues-
day, July 9, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street third floor San Francisco Cal

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE
INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPA-
NY.—Dividend No. 62.—The monthly dividend for June
will be paid on July 10th, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220
Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
San Francisco, July 6, 1878.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-
MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For
the half-year ending June 30, 1878, the Board of Directors
of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a
Dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of eight (8) per
cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of
six and two-thirds (6 2/3) per cent. per annum, free of Fed-
eral tax, and payable on and after the 15th day of July, 1878.
By order,
GEO. LEITE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRAN-
CISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street,
corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with 30th June,
1878, a dividend has been declared at the rate of eight (8)
per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and six and two-
thirds (6 2/3) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free
of Federal tax, payable on and after Tuesday, July 16th,
1878.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE
is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of
the estate of JAMES R. HAMILTON, deceased, to the
creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said
decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, with-
in four months after the first publication of this notice, to
the said administrator, at his place of business, Room 12,
Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, in the city and
county of San Francisco. Dated June 7, 1878.
WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Administrator of Estate of James R. Hamilton, deceased.
SOL. A. SHARP, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE
is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of
the estate of MATTHIAS HALLEBACH, deceased, to the
creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said
decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, with-
in four months after the first publication of this notice, to
the said administrator at the place of his business, Room 12,
Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, in the city and
county of San Francisco. Dated June 7th, 1878.
WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Administrator of Estate of Matthias Hallebach, deceased.
SOL. A. SHARP, Attorney for Administrator.

APPLICATION TO BECOME A
SOLE TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I,
BESSIE RIPPEY, wife of Wesley C. Rippey, of the city
and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to
the County Court of said city and county and State afore-
said, on MONDAY, the 5th day of August, A. D. 1878, the
same being a day of the July term of said County Court, for
the judgment and decree of said Court authorizing and
permitting me to act as a sole trader, and as such to carry
on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and
State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchan-
dise, to keep a grocery and fancy goods store, to buy and
sell personal and real property, to carry on a farm, to lend
and borrow money on mortgages and otherwise, and to do
and perform all acts incident to said different branches of
business and each of them.
BESSIE RIPPEY.
Wm. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgom-
ery Street.

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PIANO WAREROOMS,
31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

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L. K. HAMMER,
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

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IRVING PIANOS, ROGERS' UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Prince Organs, Waters' Organs, Sheet Music.
BANCROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,
733 MARKET STREET.

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SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MIL-
LER CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street, San Francisco.



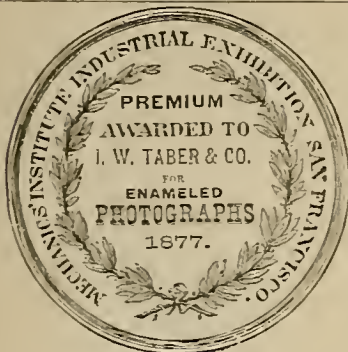
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PALMER BROTHERS,

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CO., 609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.



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320 Post St., San Francisco.

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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND OF
Standard Reputation, playing from one to over one
hundred airs. The largest and best assortment in this city.
MUSICAL BOXES WITH CHANGEABLE CYLIN-
DERS always on hand. New and interesting styles con-
stantly received. Call and examine our stock.
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done in all their particularities.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,
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French and Oxford Ties, Low Shoes, etc.

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FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE
for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. Entrance
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AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

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— AND —

ENAMELED GRATES.

The perfection which the manufacture of Marbleized
Iron Mantels has attained brings them in direct competition
with the best qualities of slate for all purposes where mantels
are used, and they are in a great measure taking the place
of marble. The soft rich color in which these mantels are
finished renders them a much more agreeable article of fur-
niture to a room than the cold, repulsive-looking marble
slab, and colors may be selected to harmonize with the fur-
niture. In ELEGANCE OF DESIGN, QUALITY OF FINISH,
AND DURABILITY OF POLISH, they are every way superior
to slate or marble. In point of economy, also, they cost
very much less, are stronger, and certainly far more durable
than either.

The Largest Stock and Greatest Variety on the Pacific
Coast. For sale by

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.,

Nos. 110, 112, 114, 118, & 120 BATTERY ST.



H. P. GREGORY & CO.

2 AND 4 CALIFORNIA ST.,

Sole Agents for the celebrated

SPIDER HOSE,

A brand of Rubber Hose made expressly
for use on the Pacific Coast. Costs no
more and guaranteed to outlast any other make.



GRAND AVERAGE, 95 1-2,
OUT OF A POSSIBLE 96.

CAUTION.—One New York Piano-maker having not
only published the Judges' signatures on an altered report,
but also dishonestly advertised that he had received an av-
erage of 95 out of a possible 96, the Examining Judges flatly
contradicted him, and certify that he reached an average of
90% only, ranking but THIRD on Square and FOURTH on
Parlor Grand.

Every Steinway Piano warranted for five years, and sold
on the installment plan if desired, and old Pianos taken in
part payment.

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The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine
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"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS

Elegant, stylish, and reliable.

J. W. EVANS, 20 Post Street, San Francisco.

BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 20, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

GOING FOR THE GOLDEN GOAL.

Incidents in the Voyage of the Pioneer Ship *Tarolinta*—1849.

BY DR. J. C. TUCKER.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

Gradually we neared and crossed the "line," receiving the customary visit from "Father Neptune." The god of the sea came over the ship's bows exactly as eight bells announced meridian. The possibility of a visit had been mentioned by the older salts, but few were prepared for the really startling scene that occurred. Neptune was gotten up most elaborately; amid great shouts from the passengers he scrambled from the chains over the bows, trident in hand. Clad in a bearskin suit dripping with salt water, his long gray beard tangled with green seaweed, he really did look like the veritable sea god he announced himself! Through his trumpet he called for those who crossed the line for the first time, and commanded the old salts to bring them forth. A large tub and a pail of soap suds were at once produced, and two parties—who had been inveigled forward for that purpose—were suddenly seized, thrust into the tub, and thoroughly lathered with a large paint brush. Every time they opened their mouths to yell, or to remonstrate, the brash full of suds was poked into it. Then Neptune ordered them to be shaved, and they were scraped down with a huge wooden razor, and finally released, upon sending for a bottle of brandy in which to drink his godship's health. Fortunately for the victims, they were like all of us—troubled with but little clothing under an equatorial sun.

To make our sufferings greater at this time, we were put on an allowance of water. To save a miserable pittance of a few dollars, our worthy commander had jeopardized our lives by failing to renew his water supply at Valparaiso. A short distance from that port, it was announced that the captain had calculated upon a certain number of casks of water—which, it was now discovered, had leaked out! The dastardly trifling with our lives was but in keeping with the man's character, but it came nigh creating a mutiny that might have terminated badly for him. Just when we most needed water, we were put upon an allowance of one quart for each man a day!

These patient passengers, who had paid \$350 apiece for good fare and transportation to California, were obliged to stand in a line, once a day, bottle in hand, waiting until their names were called, to receive their quota of stinking, rosy water! We were obliged to make it effervesce with soda and acid to get it down, 'twas so nauseating! How we ever kept from "keelhauling" that old cheat of a captain I cannot, to this time, understand. Roll, roll—it seemed as if we should roll our masts out upon that polished sea! The pitch oozed out of the deck-seams, while the wood and iron-work was too hot to place your hand upon. "Twice like the horrid miseries of 'ye ancient mariner.' Not a vessel—not a cloud, in sight; nothing but the pitiless, brassy sky above, and the unruflled, heaving sea beneath. Oh, for a gale—a rain-storm! How sweet, in comparison, seemed the fierce winds that went whirling through our ice-cased rigging off Cape Horn! At last our prayers were heard by Pluvius, and over the glazed sea came a faint but welcome ripple, that seemed to greet us like a smiling hope! From the edge of the horizon, there came rapidly across the sky a cloud, that grew larger and darker as it approached. Soon our idly flapping sails felt the freshening air and filled away. Then, with steerage-way, the glad keel was once more obediently turned northward amid a joyous shout from one hundred parched throats! The very waters seemed to seethe and whirl away from her burning sides, as if rejoicing in the renewed activity of the elements. The soft, refreshing rain came down in torrents—breaking the wind in its force. Stripped to our buckskin suits, we danced about the deck and rigging. Every device was brought into use to catch the water for drinking and washing. The standing rigging was covered with clothes, while a hundred pairs of hands soaped and rubbed, wrung and hung, like a gigantic laundry! Several casks of water were caught by means of sails, and all apprehensions of a water-famine were at an end. After several hours of rain, it cleared up with a fair wind that sent us bowling along on our course to the North and West.

About this time, the brutality of our captain found another opportunity to exhibit itself. One of the colored sailors fell and broke one of the bones (ulna) of his fore-arm. He had the temerity to ask me to examine the fracture. After it was dressed in splints and sling, he reported to the captain when he came out of his state-room. Although the man informed him that the arm had been examined and pronounced broken by both Dr. Phinney and myself, he damned the man for feigning injury, tore off the dressings, and ordered him forward to duty! And it was only after Dr. P. and myself energetically interviewed the unfeeling old wretch, that he consented to the man's going off duty and under treatment.

Most of the ships going out to California—all, with the number of passengers we carried—had a ship's surgeon on board, who, for his professional services rendered crew and passengers, in many instances, was well paid in addition to his passage. Phinney and myself thought of nothing of the kind, made no such arrangement with the owners, who, after we took passage, offered as inducements to others to do so, the fact of "having doctors on the ship." Although we very soon realized 'twas sharp, mean treatment of us, no one suffered in consequence, as neither of us ever refused to attend mates, crew, or passengers. It would have served them right, had the ship been compelled to pay well for the medical attendance furnished. There is a satisfaction in ventilating such meanness—even twenty-nine years after.

The moonlight nights on the Pacific are exceedingly beautiful. All through the tropics—on both oceans—I slept on deck. Time and again as I lay with the full moon shining broadly in my face, some good-hearted, superstitious sailor would awaken me with a "Beg pardon, sir, but the moon will twist your face if you sleep with it on you." Yet, in answer to my many inquiries, none had ever seen such results, but had "heard of a case." And yet the firm belief of the ignorant sailor in the strange influences of the moon were but natural. We gaze on that orb—cold, changeless, mysterious—that for thousands of years has so strangely influenced this planet and every living thing upon it, and still fail to comprehend its power. Still science is groping for the solution.

In the absence of the moon, 'twas almost difficult to determine which was the more brilliant, the heavens or the ocean. The stars seem to come nearer to you on the Pacific, while the waves are teeming with phosphorescent life. The vessel appeared plunging through a sea of fire; her sharp bow divided the wave crests into long lines of iridescent gleams—blue, green, and purple, while myriads of sparkling anemones flashed in spangled rains down the foamy wake. Lying silent and alone upon the starlit sea, searching with aching eyes to look into eternal space, realizing the infinite majesty of creation, and in comparison the insignificant day-life of man, well may we ask ourselves, can He who created and maintained all this do more than assign us to the evolution of great established principles? Will He, personally, hear our prayers—number the hairs upon our heads? Do we not arrogate to ourselves too much importance?

"Latitude 12 deg. north of the equator, and still we are bounding along with the fairest of winds upon our quarter. If this continues we shall make a quick trip from Chile to California. All are hopeful and happy."

So reads an extract from an old letter. I was joyous, fresh, and crisp when it was indited by a young, careless hand twenty-nine years ago. The same hand unfolds it now, for the first time in nearly a third of a century. "All are hopeful and happy!" How truthfully the letter spoke. A band of young and enterprising men, impatient, and eager for the unparalleled adventures promising in the future; rapidly nearing the golden goal of their long and tedious race; almost in sight of the "promised land," with health and strength, and bright anticipations, why should they not be "hopeful and happy?" Louder, more vigorous than ever, rang out the chorus of our Negro Minstrel Band as all joined in "Oh, Susannah! don't you cry for me, I's gwine to California with my washbowl on my knee!" The choral discords would have disconcerted even the lachrymose Susannah had she occupied the place of the possible washbowl. The accordion man recalled himself, and encored his one tune, while the fourth-rate fiddlers, who had all been suppressed early in the trip, boldly sawed away again, rushing out sharps and flats in shrieking cadences.

Day by day our amiability increased. We even began to think that there might be meaner men in the world than our commander. Heretofore, all who quareled were required to step into a rope ring on Saturday afternoon, and fight it out before referees. Now there were no difficulties to arbitrate. Another barrel of dried peas had been discovered in the hold, and the Captain ordered an extra allowance of raisins in our plum duff. It took but little then to make us hopeful and happy. We were busy now. Those who were not already associated formed companies, partnerships, or companionships for working in the mines. Some had brought along their small boats, in which they were to sail up the California bays and rivers direct to the mines. Others were building scow boats out of lumber bought at Valparaiso. All were making or airing their tents and clothing; and testing "pepper-pot" revolvers, that were to do formidable execution in the wilds.

About latitude 17 deg. north we experienced a very heavy gale, but still managed to run nearly on our course. July 1st, we sighted land toward afternoon, and our cautious captain at once headed her off for the west. Next morning we pointed for the East again, sighting land toward afternoon, when the ship was again run off the shore—beyond the Farallone Islands.

This exceeding caution was becoming so unbearable, that those passengers having boats were thinking to launch them to row into port (for we had neared the land close enough to make out the Golden Gate), when, at last, on the morning of July 6th, our bold captain sailed across the bar, before the wind, and anchored off Clark's Point. Near us lay the *Greyhound*, *Grey Eagle*, and *Architect*. Mr. William Coddington, to be the first man in California from our ship, got out on the extremity of the bowsprit. We were forty-nine days from Valparaiso, and one hundred and seventy-four days from New York. The light row boats of the passengers were into the water before her headway was stopped. I was one of the first to land—into mud thigh deep—on the shore, at a spot near the corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets.

Up the hill we ran for the Post Office—then a little wooden cottage house about the corner of Clay and Dupont Streets. There should be letters there for us by the Isthmus steamers. We didn't stop to scrape off the welcome mud—it felt so good to come in contact with soil again in any shape. The letters were there and our happiness made complete. Remember, we had heard nothing from home for nearly six months. Then a party of us went to a restaurant and ordered the best dinner obtainable, and over it endeavored to realize that the long voyage was at an end, and we at last had reached the golden goal.

We had encountered some discomforts, illness, vexation and delays, but when at four bells exactly, on the afternoon of July 6th, 1849, the staunch ship *Tarolinta* dropped her anchor off Clark's (North) Point, to the roll-call, one and all could answer "Here and well!" In the happy heartiness of the hour all the little enmities and misunderstandings of our shipboard association were wiped out with friendly congratulations and farewells! It seemed like again leaving home to part with the loyal old craft that had borne us so safely and so far. We had heard the ice-floes of the South Pole vainly crash against her sturdy oaken ribs; we had seen her tall masts quiver and bend beneath the "temporals" of the tropics; we knew the key-note of every line in her standing rigging, as Æolian like it had sung or shrieked its weird wail to the winds; our eyes and hearts were full as we at last left the good old ship. The many little stateroom ornaments and conveniences—the porous water-cooler, ship-chair and hammock—shall we leave or take them with us?

It all seems childish now, but only those who have safely terminated a long sea voyage can understand the breaking up of ship-board ties. Trunks were repacked to be left on shore while we went to the mines. Our best clothes, white shirts, pocket-bibles, and daguerotypes went to the bottom, while pepperpot revolvers, red flannel shirts, and long-legged boots came to the top. That prince of hosts, Knight, of Sacramento City—he whose sign, "Rest for the weary and storage for trunks," has gladdened many a weary miner's heart—could best tell how many trunks were redeemed a year after. Old partnerships and mining companies were dissolved, and new ones formed. Long legal contracts and obligations uselessly encumbered the associations formed in the East. Six months of intercourse at sea best developed congenialities and friendships. The ill-natured, lazy, or mean were dropped, and in pairs or small parties the more active combined for mining or other business.

On the day following our anchoring in this port the entire officers and crew of our ship deserted in a body. It almost seemed in retribution for the many mean things said and done to them and to us by the captain, but it left us as well in an awkward position. Our noble captain swore with many a briny oath he would never pay the then current rate of wages asked for stevedoring, viz.: one dollar an hour. If the passengers wanted their goods they must themselves unload the ship. At last he agreed to pay the passengers one-half those rates for the service, and the ship was speedily discharged. The crew had, during the voyage, managed to smuggle into the fore-castle a lot of canvas which, during their off watches, they had made into a large tent to use in the mines. This and a few stolen stores were about all they took with them, for they forfeited their pay by deserting. The owners, consequently, gained greatly by their leaving, and it was more than suspected that our worthy skipper was desirous of effecting just what occurred.

Our large company tent was quickly erected in the then rapidly growing canyon city yelped "Happy Valley," lying upon the sandy beach of Rincon Cove. This association—the Albany and California Mining and Trading Company—I had joined but a few days before we sailed from New York. It was composed of seventeen men, comprising artisans, agriculturists, artists, a geologist, and a doctor, and was heavily officered. We each contributed equally in creating a capital—judiciously expended in the purchase of everything conceivable in a country post-office grocery. There was a formidable-looking constitution and by-laws three yards long, bearing a sworn official seal that looked like the rising sun; a capacious cooking stove cast in Albany and bearing the company's magnificent monogram upon every pot-lid and poker; a barrel of saleratus, a patent mining machine, a wooden churn and clothes' mangle, seeds, plows, sadirons, and a large assortment of hardware. From the sale of these—chiefly from the saleratus, stove, and boats—we realized a handsome sum; doubling our original

investment. The stove was bought by my old New York friend, Dr. Arthur B. Stout, surgeon of the first steamship of the now Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Dr. Stout then had a large private hospital on Washington Street. He was the only permanent physician then in San Francisco, and was rapidly making money. The oldest practicing physician in this city to-day, the Doctor is still active in scientific and humanitarian matters. Saleratus was worth about sixteen dollars per pound; "drinks fifty cents each." Our carpenters put together the large scows we brought in sections. These proved very valuable in lightening ashore not only the cargo of our ship, but those of very many others. With members of our company as crews, they earned several hundred dollars before being sold for a large sum. Our small schooner-scow, completed, brought also from New York in pieces, sold for a great price. We were all good and affectionate, but we had been so long together on the water that we concluded it best not to test our amiability too far by sailing up the Sacramento in the schooner, as was originally intended. David Hawley, one of our passengers, and, when we providentially decided to dissolve, our arbitrator in settling up our company affairs, bought our hardware, agricultural implements, etc., and opened a store in San Francisco. His descendants are still in the hardware business here. After many days the large company tent was sold for a gambling saloon. The flaunting flag of the company was hauled down, the final division of funds was made, and the members of the great Albany and California Mining and Trading Company parted—few ever to meet again.

It was during our encampment in Happy Valley that the first Vigilance Committee formed. About July 10th, I, with a companion, was plodding over the sand-hills separating the valley from the city. Just ahead of us, going in the same direction, was another passenger. Directly a singular party, of a dozen or twenty men, appeared coming from the city. Some had on portions of soldier clothes, and all were armed. They had a drum and fife, and were apparently intoxicated. When they met the man in front of us they choked and kicked him, and finally threw him down the sand-bank! As this didn't seem auspicious for our reception, we quickly made a detour around the hills, and reached the city Plaza through the back ravines and brush. Here we found great excitement existing. Several of our passengers, myself included, armed and united with the citizens in that affair. Mr. Samuel Brannan, who took so leading a part in this first Vigilance Committee, is still living. He was at one time about the wealthiest man on the Pacific Coast—his income being over \$30,000 per month. Misfortunes of many kinds have since befallen him. Friends, fortune, and family have in part left him, and yet he seems to-day young and vigorous enough to regain all!

The old maps of San Francisco show the survey of the city as extending south to Market Street only. In the summer of '49, the houses and stores were chiefly upon the blocks lying between Portsmouth Square and Clark's Point. Commercial Street was the first extended out into the bay, and was called Long Wharf. There the steamer passengers were for some time landed. Our fellow-passengers, Wm. S. O'Brien and Wm. C. Hoff, were partners there in the ship chandler business. Joe Eldridge—the ever-genial and still popular auctioneer—there drew his first audience, selling the first article he offered to the writer. Of course there were no paved streets then, and the thoroughfares muddy and cut up fearfully during the severe winter. Tobacco was so largely shipped here on speculation that it would not pay to store it. Much of it was spoiled in transit, and much more by exposure to the rains.

Hundreds of boxes of the spoiled weed were thrown out into the street, and used by passers as stepping-stones. After dark it was almost impossible to avoid stepping upon the swarms of rats. Cats brought an ounce apiece! A second Whittington, in the guise of the captain of a Chile bark, disposed of a small invoice very rapidly at that figure. Strangely enough, all of these Spanish cats had twisted or broken tails, and introduced that feline physical peculiarity still found among the cats here! Query: Are Chile cats' tails disjoined by shivering in fur-rin parts? And yet these were retailed!

Many of the old ships were dismantled, housed in, moored permanently close in shore at full-tide, and converted into store-houses. Few have moved since. Only a week since, the press reported an old unknown hulk in the line of a street sewer—quite up-town. Many of the memorable old oaken ships of the world converged here—seeking the Golden Goal. Nearly all are buried on our shore.

The ship *Cadmus*, that brought the Marquis-General Lafayette to America, was broken up in this port. She was built some time in the seventeenth century, and yet was quite sound in her frame timbers. The *Brooklyn*, *Niantic*, and many other old crafts, lie sleeping deep in the mud below the now city grades. Guarded each by a single keeper only, a fleet of noble vessels lay idly at anchor in this harbor during that year. Graceful as yachts, among the old square hulls, rode such full clipper-ships as the *Grey Eagle*, *Architect*, and *Greyhound*. Occasionally, some daring captain or owner would leave under short sail and three or four men, to pick up a crew at the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, or South America. Restaurants and hotels were numerous. The first were remarkably good for a new country, and it was surprising how elegant a dinner or breakfast could be obtained. The hotels were—questionable. B. flats, the size of a sadiron, overran every bedstead and cot, saying nothing of another parasite unnamed to polite ears!

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A German has hit upon a plan by which a large number of girls can be courted at the same time in one room. The invention is based on the theory that "courtship requires a parlor, a sofa, subdued light, and seclusion." The inventor constructed in his house a retiring room styled "the lover's retreat." This apartment is exquisitely furnished. Soft velvet pile carpets cover the floor. Elegant couches are placed here and there, and as you sit down the soft swelling tones of a musical box ascend from below and agreeably startle you. At one end of the room is a bay window, filled with all kinds of plants, exhaling delicious odors, and presenting a rare picture of loveliness. Around the room are placed three statues—one of Psyche, one of Cupid, and one of Venus. Through a small window in one corner of the room, filled with pale pink glass, a flood of softly-tinted light falls upon the statues and gives them a life-like coloring. In the center of the ceiling, which is beautifully frescoed, is a magnificent blush rose, to imply that all that happens there is *sub rosa*. A silver fountain scatters odoriferous spray on the air, a gold basin receiving it as it falls. Sentiments from Schiller, Goethe, Shakspeare, and other famous poets, are scattered among the fresco work. These "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are arranged according to their intensity. All bear on the subject of love. The negative sentiments are painted on a background, the next in order on a purple, and so on, until the glowing utterances of intense affection are embedded in a setting of warm crimson. These sentiments are numbered. At one side of the door stands a statue of Venus, and at the other a statue of Adonis. On the extended right hand of each rests a plate, and on that plate are embossed cards, bearing numbers to correspond with the sentiments on the walls. By means of these cards and sentiments a dozen mute lovers may converse in the room, without disclosing their secret thoughts to strangers, or interfering with the love-making of others.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORMS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The agony of electing members of the Convention to revise the State Constitution is over. It is ascertained that a majority of the members have been chosen on the Non-partisan ticket, and that many gentlemen of talent and legal culture will take part in the deliberations. The work of thinking out such changes in the fundamental law as will meet the requirements of our peculiar conditions as a State must now begin. Believing that every citizen, whether elected to the Convention or not, who has any ideas to advance should now utter them, in the hope of eliciting such discussion by the press as shall test public opinion before the assembling of the Convention, and thus furnish some guide to that body, I propose to advocate certain changes in the Constitution, which to me seem like reforms. I beg leave respectfully to challenge discussion of these points through your valuable columns.

Says Madison, in the *Federalist*, No. 47: "The founders of our Republic have so much merit for the wisdom they have displayed that no task can be less pleasing than that of pointing out the errors into which they have fallen. A respect for truth, however, obliges us to remark that they seem never for a moment to have turned their eyes from the danger to liberty from the overgrown and all-grasping prerogative of an hereditary magistrate. They seem never to have recollected the danger from legislative usurpations, which, by assembling all power in the same hands, must lead to the same tyranny as is threatened by Executive usurpations. * * * In a representative republic, where the executive magistracy is carefully limited both in the extent and duration of its power, and where the legislative power is exercised by an assembly which is inspired by a supposed influence over the people, with an intrepid confidence in its own strength—which is sufficiently numerous to feel all the passions which actuate a multitude, yet not so numerous as to be incapable of pursuing the objects of its passions by means which reason prescribes—it is against the enterprising ambition of this department that the people ought to indulge all their jealousy and exhaust all their precautions."

If Madison had written the above retrospectively from a California standpoint in 1878, instead of prospectively from 1787, this quotation would have been as perspicuous a specimen of true history as it now is of political prophecy. The powers granted by our present Constitution to the Executive are few and perfunctory. The office has always been filled by respectable and competent men; hence no shadow of complaint has ever been cast upon its administration. And notwithstanding the elective character of our judiciary (so frequently complained of on theoretical principles) no old Californian need be reminded that our judicial administration has always compared favorably with those of the older States. But when we recall the history of our legislation our eyes are necessarily opened to the weakest spot in all our political system.

Fortunately for our State, especially in its younger days, certain constitutional limitations were imposed upon the powers of the Legislature. Who does not now see, in the light of past events, what untold mischief would have resulted had there been power in that body to contract unlimited debt, to grant special franchises, to create perpetuities, to charter banks of issue, to loan the State credit, or to authorize lotteries? True, nearly all of these prohibitions, few as they were, have been disregarded. For in 1857 the Supreme Court had to decide unconstitutional a large debt contracted in excess of \$300,000, by the Legislature without the vote of the people (*Nougues v. Douglass, Cal. Reports*). In 1870 the Legislature expressly authorized the Mercantile Library lottery, and previously it loaned the State credit to the Central Pacific Railroad. But its principal usurpation has grown up, by a sort of custom, in a direction wherein the Constitution is silent, to-wit, in its constant intermeddling with the local affairs of counties, cities, and towns. All that the present Constitution prescribes on this point is found in Sections 4 and 5 of Article XI: "The Legislature shall establish a system of county and town governments, which shall be as nearly uniform as practicable throughout the State." "The Legislature shall have power to provide for the election of a board of supervisors in each county; and these supervisors shall jointly and individually perform such duties as may be prescribed by law."

It seems not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding the positive injunction in the Constitution, no uniform system of town government has ever been enacted by our Legislatures. Perhaps, notwithstanding the fact that the great majority of the early American immigration came from New England and other Northern States where the "town meeting" has ever been the most prominent political peculiarity, the absence of such legislation was due to the predominance of Southern men in our State politics from 1849 to 1861; for in the South automatic town government has never been known, at least in the New England sense. Perhaps the absence of a permanent country population in the pioneer days made the town system of government impracticable. Yet, under the language of the Constitution, it seems plain that had the principle of "local self-government" been thought of or respected by the early Legislatures, it was perfectly competent for them to have enacted it into law, so that all strictly local affairs would have been relegated to the people of the localities concerned, and thus the business of the Legislature reduced to the enactment of general laws only.

And I contend that this is the true American idea on this topic. "No taxation without representation" is a fundamental republican principle. The people of each county or town are the only persons interested in questions relating to roads, bridges, intercommunication, county taxation and debts, fences, and similar topics, for they alone must foot the bills, and their own people are those principally benefited. What right, theoretically or practically, have the representatives of all the counties to vote on the strictly internal affairs of each? What right, theoretically or practically, has the county to dictate to the city as to the streets it shall open, the bridges it shall build, the taxes it shall levy, the appropriation of its school moneys, the use of its credit, the erection of its public buildings, the bills it shall pay, etc.? It will somewhat surprise your readers to be told that since the passage of the Consolidation Bill in 1856-7, no less than 1,100 strictly local enactments for the government of the city of San Francisco

alone have been passed by our successive Legislatures. A similar history must be told of nearly every county in the State. In fact, an enumeration of the Acts passed by the Legislature of 1875-76 shows the following proportions of general to local Acts:

General Acts—new statutes.....	76
Amendments to Codes.....	114
Local Acts, concerning counties, towns, school districts, cities, swamp and reclamation districts.....	423
Total.....	613

A glance at any previous volume of our statutes shows about the same proportion of local Acts.

It must be observed that these local laws embrace such a variety of topics, and extend to such trifling minutiae of legislation in such small political subdivisions, as to carry the idea that self-government in California is wholly exploded: Acts to prevent hogs running at large in the town of Sutter Creek; to authorize Stanislaus County to purchase a bridge; to allow Los Angeles to construct sewers; to enable Point Pleasant School District to pay its school-teacher; to fix the salary or fees of this or that town officer; to allow Wild Goose School District to build a school-house; to enable some county to pay the interest on its bonds, etc., etc. Surely it is necessary that such trifling local details should form the great bulk of legislation of the State, as if the people of the districts were unable to manage their own affairs? Is the Government of France any more centralized than ours? Is such a system of centralization in any sense American? Is it necessary—nay, is it not virtually injurious—to all patriotic feeling among the citizens, who are thereby bound hand and foot in the management of their own business, and delivered thus helpless into the power of the politicians? Do we not all know that such acts as those providing for the Second Street cut through Rincon Hill, and the redistricting of Oakland, so as to affect the political complexion of its vote, were acts of unmitigated tyranny by the Legislature—tyranny perpetrated in spite of the remonstrances of the people interested; tyranny of which those two acts are samples, for our statute books are full of like opprobrious legislation?

Now, though the silence of the Constitution leaves the door open to the ambition of the legislative department in this direction, so that the charge of unconstitutionality can not be proved against this whole mass of legislation, how does this system work in practice?

(1.) It transfers the legislative power on local affairs from the supervisors of cities and counties to their respective delegations in the Legislature—that is, from the county seat, where every local measure would be watched by the voters concerned, to the State capital where they are not present, and can know but little of what is going on.

(2.) It throws an immense power into the hands of a professional lobby, whose nefarious and unblushing bargain and sale of votes over every measure "that has money in it," has, for the past ten or twelve years, been the crowning disgrace of our State.

(3.) It leads to the constant tinkering of statutes having local application—the laws passed at one session being so often amended, repealed, and reenacted as to make it in some cases almost impossible to know what the law is. The condition of road laws in Alameda County and the numerous reincorporations of our principal cities are examples of this.

(4.) It induces all sorts of legislative jobs; it causes a fear of the Legislature in the minds of all property-owners, utterly disgraceful to a people calling themselves free; it produces a feeling of joy when the day of adjournment arrives akin only to that of an enslaved nation when told of the death of its tyrant.

(5.) It results in the biennial grinding out of the statute-book at Sacramento of eight hundred pages, more or less, of crude and superfluous legislation, the result of one hundred and twenty days unnecessary incubation—when, were its labors restricted to general laws, thirty days' time and a pamphlet would far better conduce for the good of the public.

(6.) It involves the abnegation of political rights by the citizens and their transfer to an irresponsible and fictitious "sovereignty" at Sacramento, for in what respect the Legislature while in session is not "sovereign" it would puzzle the average citizen to point out. The people are the real sovereigns under our system. That sovereignty can be maintained only by a jealous refusal to delegate power unnecessarily, and by such an arrangement of our institutions as shall reserve to the people the direct exercise of all power not unavoidably granted to a representative.

I respectfully suggest, therefore, to the members of the Convention the propriety of so amending the present Constitution as to compel the first Legislature assembled after its adoption to provide for a uniform system of county and town governments, having automatic power concerning roads, bridges, fences, franchises for wharves, ferries, and railroads within town or county, the care of the poor and sick, the full management of local finances, and such other matters as concern the people of all the county or town respectively, and them only. The three powers of government, the legislative, judicial, and executive, should be as distinctly defined and separated in these as in the State Government, the legislative department in towns being the people in town-meeting assembled. There should be a general restriction as to the powers of taxation, limiting the same to a maximum rate per annum. There should also be a restriction in the power of contracting debt, say to five per cent. on the grand list, the same to be used only for the construction of public buildings or works, and not then unless the indebtedness be ordered by a two-thirds vote of the people.

An elaborate and careful general law should also be enacted providing for the incorporation of cities, embracing legislation on all points wherein the State has a paramount interest. Under such a law the question of incorporating a city should be left to the vote of the people, instead of, as at the present time, being left to the manipulation of politicians. I believe the present charter of San Francisco to be the most elaborately confused and bungling contrivance of "how not to do it" that is to be found on record in any civilized country. The whole series of enactments relating to the city should be swept out of existence, and a plainly written scheme of a strong municipal government, with only a mayor and legislative council elected by the people, and all other officers appointed during good behavior, substituted in their place.

Moreover, the city government should be free to manage municipal affairs for the interest of the people of the city, checked only by the division of powers fundamental to the American system, with occasional recourse to the vote of the people. I have not time to discuss this topic fully here, for it is one on which a great deal may be pertinently said.

These general laws having been passed, the Legislature should have no power whatever to pass any law intermeddling in any manner with the local affairs of any city, county, town, school district, road district, swamp or reclamation district, but all their enactments should be restricted to general laws, in which the people of the whole State should be interested.

C. T. HOPKINS.

The Pagan Creed of Death.

There is nothing new under the sun. The philosophy of the present-day rationalists and skeptics was entirely anticipated by the old Roman, Lucretius, and Froude, in reproducing it, declares that it was also the creed of Cicero, Julius Cæsar, and Tacitus. We copy it as a historical curiosity, to show that, with all their ingenuity, modern materialists have not succeeded in giving us anything better or radically different: Death is nothing, for where death is we are not. Before we were begotten, empires were convulsed; provinces were wasted with fire and sword; nations were sunk in wretchedness. We knew nothing of these calamities. They touched not us. We could suffer nothing, for we were not. As it was before we began to live, so it will be again when we have ceased to live. Storms may roll over the earth, land may be mixed with sea, and sea with sky. We shall know nothing of it. The substance of our bodies will be in other forms, with other souls attached to them. New beings will have come into existence, to live and pass away as we did. But those beings will not be us. The continuity once broken is broken forever. We shudder when we look upon a corpse. We imagine that when our bodies are corrupting we shall be in some way present and conscious of our own decay. It is not so. Our bodies will decay, but we shall not be present. We shall not be any more. We shall not suffer any more. "Ah!" some one says, "must I leave my wife and children, and my pleasant home? Must all be taken from me?" They will be taken from you, for you will have no being. You will not miss them. You will know no regrets or vain longings for what is gone. Your friends will lament for you. You will not lament for them. You will be in peace. "Why, then, unhappy mortal," says Lucretius to the vain complainers, "why do you grieve? Why cry out on death? Has your life been happy, the banquet is over; you have taken your fill; depart and be thankful. Have you been unfortunate, has life brought you sorrow and pain, why wish for more of it? Life and sorrow end together. Would you live forever? The terms of human existence do not alter. Had you a thousand lives they could bring you nothing new. You would but tread again the same circle. As it has been with you, so it would be, though you could repeat the process to eternity. This is nature's sentence, and who shall gainsay her? Dry your tears. Peace with your idle whines. Use your time wisely while it is yours. A little space and it will be gone. The ages before you were born are a mirror in which you can read the ages to come. The past has no terrors in it. The future has none, unless you create them for yourself. Real, indeed, they are to you as long as you anticipate them. Tityus and Sisyphus, Cerberus and the furies! the thought of these will cause you agonies as long as you believe in them. Know these spectres for what they are, the offspring of your own fears, and be at rest. Who and what are you that you dream of immortality? Wiser and nobler men than you will ever be have lived, and are gone. Accept your fate. There is no remedy."

Why change the name of the McCloud River to the "Cloud?" asks a correspondent. We answer: (1.) Because "Cloud" is the true name. (2.) Because "McCloud" is a false name. (3.) Because "Cloud" is poetic, romantic, nice. (4.) Because "McCloud" is personal, vulgar, and uninteresting. In the very early time of California, in the days of Lassen, Reading, and other pioneers of the North, it was discovered that the waters of this beautiful stream came from Mount Shasta. Mount Shasta's snowy head was in the clouds, the waters were of the melting snow, and these old Pioneers named the river the "Cloud." It was poetic, romantic, and appropriate. Then a Scotchman by the name of MacTash came along and camped upon the head-waters of the stream, hunted deer, and fished, and had a squaw, and when the neighbors described the river they said "Down at Mack's"—"On the Cloud near Mack's." Then the "McCloud" and the "MacLeod," and the "McLeod." The Scotchman died, and the name got upon the maps as the "McCloud," and there it still remains. The name is wrong, and we invite the coöperation of all persons of æsthetic and literary taste who would like to preserve the true names of our mountain streams to remove that of the dead Scotchman from our most romantic and beautiful of northern rivers.

One of the features of the Exhibition is what is known as the American bar. On account of the trouble caused by an American bar at Vienna Governor McCormick refused to have such an institution in the section here. Some enterprising Englishmen have fitted up one end of the English section, where all the American drinks are built in the latest styles. Governor McCormick made no objection to its being called "American," as it was not in the American section, and he preferred to have nothing to say either for or against it. Americans who are here of course patronize it very liberally, as well as the English. The French, too, are getting rapidly initiated into the mysteries of American drinks. They come up and order something that looks nice, and the first thing they know they are what is commonly called drunk. One of the funniest sights in the whole Exhibition is a Frenchman "wrestling with American mystifiers." He is crazy enough when he is sober, but when he is drunk he awful.

Society is like the echoing hills. It gives back to the speaker his words—groan for groan, song for song. Wouldst thou have thy social scenes to resound with music? Then speak ever in the melodious strains of truth and love.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XXXIII.—THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.
Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Though the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Looked on it in despair.
The breath of the World came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan:
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.
I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!
The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim and gaunt and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot
And carried it away.
And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud like dice.
As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lantern's eye,
Opened and shut again.
Half he walked, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly bands
Were pushing from behind.
The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.
The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.
He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill—
A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side;
Three skeletons that swing thereon
Who had been crucified,
And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white Dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.
And underneath the middle Cross
A grave yawned wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shivered and glided past.
The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep and swift and red.
He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.
For days and nights he wandered on
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.
For days and nights he wandered on
All through the Wood of Woe,
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place.
He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light—
A far-off light across the waste
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawled to the distant gleam,
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.
For days and nights he wandered on,
Pushed on by hands behind,
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall;
And the wold was white with snow,
And his footmarks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silver moon arose
Holding her yellow lamp;
And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Passed on the window light.
The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow,
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro;

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear:
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
Whose weary feet I hear?"
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and low:
"It is a wolf runs up and down,
With a black track in the snow."
The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head:
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said,
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low:
"Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.
The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and looked,
And his face was bright to see:
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare:
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."
'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright:
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow;
And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.
'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.
"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"
The supper-wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

XXXIV.—SONG OF THE CLAY.

I lie in state,
Insensate clay,
And on me wait
A long array
That celebrate
My festal day.
Solemn and slow,
About they go,
And say, as they pace,
"What a smile on the face!"

Well may I smile with perfect peace,
To greet the hour of my release!
When the thing that vexed me fled,
The stricken mourners murmured, "Dead!"
Dead!—what is dead? I lie at rest,
No longer driven and distressed;
The tyrant will at last be still
That tortured me with good and ill.

Alive, they said, "Alas, how worn!
How sad the face! how full of scorn!"
That was from the soul within,
Tormenting me forever:
Restless, weary, sick with sin,
Mad with vain endeavor.

Now I shall turn to waving grass,
Bending to the airs that pass;
Upward mount in flickering flame;
Sleep in the dust from whence I came;
By warring waves be fiercely hurled;
On wandering winds blow round the world,
And fall again
To the earth in rain—
Soulless motion and soulless rest,
Rid of my soul, I now am blest.

—Harper's Magazine.

XXXV.—SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts untriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift Spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, while the room grows slowly dim,
And when the oil is nearly spent,
One gust of light these eyes will brim
Only to think she came and went.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Paris belles object to the effect of the electric light in ball-rooms.

Not one man in a thousand marries the girl he most wanted.

Mrs. Jenks says she will not lecture; but Mr. Jenks says he knows better.

A man's will has got to be proved by the judge of probate. A woman's hasn't.

Lot's wife looked back because there was a woman behind her with a new bonnet on.

A young man broke off an engagement because his girl named her pet calf after him.

A young lady of Washington recently attempted suicide by taking a large dose of indigo. She had the blues.

A young lady being recommended to exercise for health, said she would jump at an offer and run her own risk.

The difference between a model woman and a woman model is: one is a bare possibility, and the other is a naked fact.

Nearly every woman who has attained intellectual eminence was a tom-boy in her childhood, and did not wear corsets.

A Piqua girl, who had had a quarrel with her lover, remarked to a friend that she wasn't on squeezing terms with that fraud any more.

Jennie June says a substitute for the corset is clumsily called the Emancipation waist. A young man's arm is another good substitute.

Two of Bismarck's nieces, who quitted Germany in disgust on account of some little domestic difficulty, are governesses in a very aristocratic family in London.

In the United States there are five hundred and thirty females practicing as doctors, four hundred and twenty as dentists, five as lawyers, and sixty-eight as preachers.

A young lady in Williamsburg has been sued for breach of promise. The discarded lover says he "noticed a coldness in her in January." What else could he expect in January?

Lady (giving an apple to a little boy): "Give this apple to the one of us three here, whom you think the handsomest." The boy looked for a moment at all three ladies, took the apple—and ate it.

An abbot once cured the habit of scandal in a woman by giving her the seeds of thistle-down to sow, one by one, and commanding her to gather them up. She could not, nor could she her evil words.

An African chief presented a water-cooler and fifty female slaves to Stanley, in exchange for a penny whistle. The chief had evidently not read B. Franklin's advice: "Don't pay too dear for your whistle."

Perhaps the greatest benefactor of the female sex on this continent is Judge Grant, of Davenport, Iowa. He has adopted seventeen girls, "raised them, and married most of them off with generous endowments."

A newly married lady, who, as in duty bound, was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon on purpose to please me!" "The dear little man!" cried the other. "Well, it's just like him."

In Virginia City a high-toned Chinese couple, Ah Suee and Miss Ah Moy, were recently married. The ceremony being concluded, some of those present thought to joke Mr. Ah Suee by telling him of the American custom of kissing the bride. "Welly good," said he, "s'pose you likee kiss her, you pitch in. My tell you, she one welly good kissee."

Ladies' dresses of the princess pattern appear not to be of modern origin, if we are to credit Thomas Moore's free translation of one of St. Chrysostom's homilies:

And homeliest garb bath oft been found,
When typed and moulded to the shape,
To deal such shafts of mischief round
As wisest men can scarce escape.

Russell Club, for ladies and gentlemen, will soon be opened in Regent Street, London. One of the new club's attractions is the possession of a box at the Royal Italian Opera, the tickets for which will be drawn free of charge. The club will be sumptuously fitted up with reading, dining, and chess rooms, etc.; also smoking and billiard rooms for gentlemen members.

The "woman in journalism" experiment tried by Miss Frances Willard, so well known in Western literary and educational circles, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Willard, has lasted not much more than a month, the Chicago *Evening Post* having been swallowed up by a penny contemporary, the *Daily News*. The price paid was \$16,000. Less than seven years ago the *Post* was valued at nearly \$200,000.

Sal Ary is the young lady that everybody wishes to secure. —*Whitehall Times*. Ann Uity is also much admired. —*Boston Post*. But the worst-bread girl is that brazen hussy Sal Eratus. —*Philadelphia Bulletin*. Sal Ubrious isn't a bad girl to have around, but Sal Ivated is. —*Wilmington Evening*. But, after all, the best girl to pin your faith to is Sal Vation, unless it's the girl of the paragraph man, whose name is Sal Utary.

A French gentleman anxious to find a wife for a scapegrace nephew, went to a matrimonial agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running this through, he lighted upon his wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five—a blonde preferred. Forgetting his nephew, he hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. The lady was not at all disturbed. "Oh, yes," said she; "that is just what I put it down when you were so ill in the spring. For said we must prepare for the worst."

A VACATION TRIP TO HELLTOWN.

BY H. N. CLEMENT.

Bayard Taylor had a higher ambition than to be called "the famous American Traveler." He aspired to literature. He sought scholarship. He loved that rarely acquired sum of all accomplishments—culture. Traveling was merely going to school. To remain a traveler was simply to be known as one who was constantly attending school. He confesses to a deep feeling of disappointment when he first became aware that his name was being written down on the scroll of fame as "the great American Traveler," and he suffered untold anguish by the publication of a false story that the learned Humboldt had said of him that "he had traveled more and seen less than any man he ever met." He thenceforth solemnly resolved to put an end to mere sight-seeing, to writing descriptions of places, to establishing routes of travel, to making guide-books, and to set about convincing the world that he was more than a mere traveler, that he was a man of thought and culture, that his school days were ended. Henceforth he would be a teacher, and not a scholar. Having visited almost all the most noted scenes of history, battle-grounds, ruins, temples, palaces, and works of art, he now conceived the idea of taking a series of short runs to the more unfrequented and less noted places in Europe, where others had not worn away the charm of novelty—where he could once more enjoy that most delectable of sensations, the wondering awe of those who had never before beheld an American. The result was the last and most charming of his books of travel—"The By-ways of Europe."

The numberless conventional California tourists have visited and described over and over again the Geysers, the break-neck ride with Foss, the Petrified Forest, the Yosemite, the Big Trees, Lake Tahoe, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and the lesser attractions, but no one to my knowledge has ever visited and described Helltown. I therefore resolved this year to go to—Helltown. For the benefit of the future tourist who may desire to reconnoitre that by no means dangerous locality, I will state that Helltown is on Butte Creek, but a few miles from "Paradise," on the "Dogtown" road, fourteen miles southeast of Chico, among the lava-capped buttes, in Butte County. "Bone-Yard Flat" is one of its noted suburbs, and "Whisky Flat" another. It is perhaps needless to explain that Helltown was once a populous and flourishing mining town, but that now it is a deserted and lonely village. It received its unseemly name from the circumstance of some reckless pioneer miners having engaged in an all-night "séance" at a game of poker, during which they drank large quantities of very poor whisky (at "fifty cents a drink" of course), smoked "six-bit" cigars, and the next morning discovered that they had been striking their matches and laying their cigars stumps on a keg of powder, from which fact they all decided to call the camp "Helltown." Why the modern, harmless, tame, and quiet village should still retain so terrific a name is attributable, I suppose, to that perverse principle in human nature which has ever stubbornly refused to correct even misnomers.

Eric the Northman, whom I fondly believe was the first discoverer of this continent, has come down to us in history as "Eric the Red," for no other reason than that he had red hair, a by no means extraordinary circumstance among the Scandinavian races, while Charles II. of France is written down in history as "Charles the Bald," presumably on account of his having no hair at all. They carried nick-naming to excess during the middle ages. It is gravely asserted that "Charles the Simple," a French king, who was the posthumous son of "Louis the Stammerer," was excluded from the throne by "Charles the Fat," of Germany. James Crichton, a Scotch lad of three hundred years ago, is known to fame as "the Admirable Crichton," simply because, like Blind Tom, he was gifted with a sort of insanity of genius. A couple of richly robed kings and their gay court followers once met on an open plain, and the place of their meeting is known to this day as "the Field of the Cloth of Gold." Some rude miners met in a deep mountain cañon and played cards on a keg of powder, and that place will go down to future ages as "Helltown."

Butte Creek, on the banks of which Helltown is situated, is fairly entitled to be called a historic stream. Starting from its source, up in the Sierra, it has for ages heroically plunged, roared, and foamed away over those lava-capped Buttes until, inch by inch, it has furrowed out a deep and ample channel in the solid rock, through which it rushes impatiently down to join the Sacramento. It has actually cut mountains in two. Great perpendicular walls of rock rising up on either side, in places hundreds of feet, attest the grandeur of its task. Monstrous over-hanging arches of lava crumble and fall away with each returning season, to be swept away by the stream—that stream which, ages ago, proudly bathed the heads of the tallest of those Buttes, now humbly washes their feet, as if in penitence for the ruin it has wrought. Down, down, down that persevering little stream has burrowed its way until, at last, it has reached and crossed one of those ancient pre-historic river beds, in the gravel bottom of which is found pure flakes and nuggets of gold. These ancient rivers, which belonged to some former geologic period, seem to be wholly independent of the present system of mountains, valleys, and streams. Mountains have absolutely been deposited upon them, choking them up and burying them from sight for ages, until the streams which now bear down from the Sierra have split open the mountains and exposed their hidden treasures to view. At Helltown, where Butte Creek crosses one of these old river beds, the gravel had been washed away from the gold and the early miners had little else to do but search the channels and crevices of the rocks for the millions of dollars worth of gold which they found and carried away. But these early miners confined themselves to the beds and margins of the streams, or to such places as they could carry the water by means of cheap sluices. It remained for modern capitalists to penetrate the mountains and follow the ancient channels by the construction of expensive ditches and tunnels. The fall of the creek, for seven miles above Helltown, is nearly a hundred feet to the mile. Taking advantage of this fact, a San Francisco corporation is constructing a ditch by which it will carry the waters of the creek from their bed and carries them to the side of the mountain to a point six hundred feet above

the bed of the stream at Helltown, from whence the flood-gates will be opened upon the gold deposits that have not hitherto been reached.

Working on this ditch for wages of \$1 50 to \$2 a day I found the son of a wealthy Iowa banker, who had been reared in luxury; another gentleman of education who had carried on an extensive business on his own account in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; a third, who possesses a fine classical education, and has spent five years in India studying oriental literature; and a fourth, the son of a San Francisco capitalist, who prefers to carve out his own fortune to depending upon his father's bounty. Tell me days of true heroism in California are past! These gentlemen nobly prefer the dignity of country labor to the degradation of city idleness.

In the introduction to his "English Traits," Ralph Waldo Emerson confesses that after his return from Europe in 1833, he found much less in his diary about places than persons. He was young, ambitious, and impressive then, and consequently was a hero-worshiper. He, naturally enough, had sought and obtained interviews with many famous authors and writers of that day, and his diary was filled with what they had said to him, and his own opinions of them. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for the liberty of expressing the opinion that Charles Warren Stoddard writes infinitely better reminiscences of persons whom he has met in his travels than he does of scenes which he witnessed; and this is not to be wondered at, for all of our brightest and most vivid recollections are of persons and not of places. A man whose soul is more deeply stirred by a landscape than a warm, congenial, responsive mind is a cold cynic, and I will have none of him. I, therefore, frankly admit that my pleasantest recollections of Helltown are of some choice spirits whom I met there.

I shall never forget a neat little cottage with wide verandas, shaded and hidden from view by full-bearing orange and broad-leaved fig trees, perfumed by rare flowers, among which were innumerable varieties of roses and three species of oleanders—white, pink, and buff—all in full bloom, in Helltown. This cottage was occupied. A quiet, modest little Presbyterian family have lived within its pleasant walls for twenty-two consecutive years. Three bright, intelligent young men have been reared and educated under that parental roof. Refinement, taste, intelligence, and (that rarest of all graces in these modern times) unostentatious piety, find their abode in that contented American home. The strangest part of the story remains to be told. The ever-busy queen of that little household has found time amid all her cares of state, and during a quarter of a century of senseless scramble for coin, to collect in a scrap-book the purer and better gems of poetry from the newspapers and periodicals that have steadfastly found their way to that secluded spot, and has from the same source secured more or less authentic likenesses of the principal authors, and has so arranged her book of books that the poems of each author shall follow his picture. The result is a large and complete volume of the best gems of poetry of the last quarter of a century. All this, remember, in Helltown—a rude, mountain mining camp.

Helltown has its notables not unknown to fame. Two out of the six or seven adult inhabitants of the village are poets of recognized reputation, a third is an "occasional contributor," and a fourth lives two miles out of town. The poet-slayer has not yet visited Helltown. It must not be supposed that these poets confine themselves strictly to the rules of prosody. When they sit down to compose a poem they do not stop to methodically consider whether it shall be an iambus, a trochee, or an anapaest. They are "inspirational" poets. No lingering doubts disturb their minds as to whether they are in fact "poets," or mere "versifiers." The fig-leaf has not as yet been rudely torn away from their understandings on this score by the savage Bierce, nor have they yet suffered the exquisite agony of his satire. Their versification may not always be strictly correct, but, after all, is not that the fault of their revisers and proof-readers? Should it be expected of the architect who plans and conceives a grand and beautiful structure in his brain that he shall hew the timber and fit the joints? Are not these details for the rude mechanic whose business it is to give form to the conception of the architect? Why not, then, make these versifiers, critics, and satirists subserve some useful purpose? Why should Adam Smith's law of "the division of labor" not be applied to literature as well as to commerce? Many a poet as well as tragedian has been "crushed" by a rude sneering word, who might have electrified the world if the heartless cynic who wrote it had been set to work with his severe taste to correct a few "paltry" errors of construction. But I digress.

"Pres" Longley, the leading poet of Helltown, whom I shall denominate "the bard of the Buttes," is a genuine forty-niner—the best specimen of the old type of Californian that I have ever met. Not one of the Bret Harte school of ruffians, who amuse themselves by carving each other to pieces with bowie-knives and talk like highway robbers, but a peaceable, jolly, fun-loving gentleman, who loves good-fellowship and a social convivial glass. The ideal Californian of Bret Harte was as much too vicious as the Fennimore Cooper tribe of Indians were too romantic. They each dwelt exclusively in the imaginations of the writers. "Pres" Longley, the bachelor poet of Helltown, dwells in his lonely cabin on the banks of Butte Creek. He calls it his "vale of seclusion." His claim is rich in gold, and a very little work now and then supplies him all the necessities of life. His leisure hours are devoted to the muse and to entertaining his friends. As a specimen of his verse, I quote the following, from a poem entitled "The Bachelor's Inquiry." In the first verse he asks the "winds" if they, "in all their wanderings," have "seen a maid"

—"in all the teeming lands,
Like some oasis sweet amid the desert sands,"

to "thrill" his "lonely heart." Receiving no reply, he appeals to the "hills," the "streams," and to the "glorious stars," in the following strain:

Tell me, ye mighty hills, that seem so gray and old,
That stand, like giants tall, guarding your beds of gold,
If you, in all the weary, lapsing years that laid
Their secrets at your feet, know such a loving maid?
But they were mute, like solemn statues o'er a tomb,
And frowned more sadly, with a dark portentous gloom;

Yet still the pines, by pity stirred, hummed sad and low:
"No longer seek the maid—she breathes not here below."

Tell me, ye streams that sweep the mountain side
And gully out your rocky channels deep and wide,
If you, perchance, might know of any such a maid,
Whose love would be the boon for which I've searched and prayed?
But onward in their madd'ning course they rushed and roared,
Down to their ocean home, and there their wealth outpoured;
But as they passed along by fields and meadows green,
They softly said in song, "That maid has not been seen."

I turned my wandering gaze up to the glorious stars—
To Venus, Jupiter, and to brilliant Mars—
And then I asked the pale-faced moon, the golden sun,
That had through space so many revolutions run,
If they in all their ceaseless vigils ever had
Obtained a glimpse of that long-cherished maid;
But they all sadly, sweetly smiled, and told no tales
To any one within these sorrow-haunted vales.

Now, I do not think Mr. Bierce could have ever written the above poem. He is not the sort of a man to sadly mope around the world "longing for a maid." He is even strenuously opposed to "entering the bonds of matrimony." He would, in a business-like way, have simply "got married," and that would have dispersed the whole romance at once.

Another of the poets of Helltown is Miss Mary A. Foley, the daughter of an "honest miner" of Butte Creek. This young lady really possesses talent. The following extract of a poem from her pen is, perhaps, remotely similar to one recently written by Charles Warren Stoddard, and dedicated to the departing Harry Edwards, but it was written months previous to the Midsummer Jinks, and she could not, therefore, have taken her pattern from that:

To a Friend.

Farewell, dear friend:
The verdant leaves are drooping low,
Translucent in the evening glow,
Which casts o'er all a soft halo—
Farewell!

Farewell, dear friend:
How softly sounds yon pulsing lake,
Where breeze-born dimples gently break
Its crystal surface, and awake
Sweet sounds.

Farewell, dear friend:
A lingering thought steals over me,
What might have been, and still might be.
Oh, canst thou solve this mystery
For me?

Farewell, dear friend:
Forgive! I should not for thy sake
The chains of friendship rudely break,
Nor my own slumbering thoughts awake—
Farewell!

Farewell, dear friend:
'Twas but a fancy, now 'tis past,
And dreams and hopes come quick and fast,
That Lethe comes to us at last—
Farewell!

Farewell, dear friend:
How gently breathes the evening gale
While sighing through the dreamy vale,
Where peace and harmony prevail—
Farewell!

The following is an extract from a poem written by Mr. W. A. McCready, another poet who resides two miles from Helltown:

By Butte's fair banks and flowery dells,
Where nature's gems are all aglow,
A blue-eyed maiden rare does dwell,
As fair a flower as man could know.
The zephyrs fan her auburn hair,
And waft sweet perfumes from the glade.
She heeds not half their beauties rare,
This handsome, winning Butte Creek maid.

Something in the atmosphere of Helltown—perhaps its close proximity to Paradise—inspires the poetic muse. I was seized while there with an almost insane desire to write a "poem." I suppose I had a "fit" of the "divine afflatus." When I recovered my normal condition I found that I had produced a pure anapaest—the most difficult feat in English literature. Mr. Bierce, in commenting on this form of verse, says that "it is difficult to conceive anything more intolerable to the ear than an unbroken succession of anapaests," and he "solemnly abjures the 'rising young poets' to have as little to do with it as possible." But the genuine poet, as I have found under "inspiration," has no control over himself, and must simply write what his "soul" dictates. In proof of which, I appeal to my friends Gen. Foote, Harry Dam, Charles Warren Stoddard, and the hosts of others who have felt the "influence" and know how it is themselves:

To "Pres." Longley, the Bard of the Buttes.

I fell in with an old forty-niner,
Not one of the Bret Harte "galoots,"
But a gentleman, poet, and miner,
The recognized "bard of the Buttes."

He possesses a rich placer claim,
Which he mines whenever it suits;
Cares as little for wealth as for fame,
This philosopher "bard of the Buttes."

All alone in his "vale of seclusion"—
No wife, no domestic disputes,
No children, no noise or confusion—
Dwells this bachelor "bard of the Buttes."

Though uncultured, his nature is gentle,
He loves those old lava-capped Buttes
With a love that is almost parental,
This genuine "bard of the Buttes."

Those lava-capped mountains above him,
As dumb and as speechless as mutes,
Look down on their poet and love him—
Their poet, the "bard of the Buttes."

The mountain streams born of the rains
Leap down the dry gulches and chutes,
As if eager to catch the refrains
Of their poet, the "bard of the Buttes."

The beautiful green mountain pines
Softly whisper ten thousand salutes;
The flowers and sweet-scented vines
Cluster round their dear "bard of the Buttes."

Oh, thou poet, thou miner of gold,
The tree shall be known by its fruits;
Thy gold, it may rust, but thy name shall be told
To the future, "bard of the Buttes."

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

BY BRET HARTE.



What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care, particularly. He purchased for cash only, and he never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted; who could ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with every one else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerable at cards and horse races. In fact, the keeper of that one of the two Challenge Hill saloons which the Colonel did not patronize, was once heard to absent-mindedly wonder whether the Colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere where he turned out double eagles and "slugs" (the coast name for fifty-dollar gold pieces).

When so important a personage as a barkeeper indulged publicly in an idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so for a few days certain industrious professional gentlemen, who won money of the Colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces, and tried them with acids, and tested them, and saved them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the Colonel, and a loss of considerable custom to the indiscreet barkeeper.

The Colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known at Challenge Hill, but, being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his own bay mare Tipsie, and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently, and glaring defiantly at all mankind, were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the Colonel; they were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they even exhibited considerable Christian forbearance, when the Colonel savagely dissented with every one who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible.

But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie, and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise, and fast riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful and delightful means of exhilaration in the world.

But when a man is so absorbed in his exercise that he will not stop to speak to a friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is but natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Lone Hand, Blazers, Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking, they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for, within half an hour's time, there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place, and asked if the Colonel had passed.

Had the gallant Colonel known that he was followed, and by whom, there would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable of Challenge Hill; and for constables and all officers of the law the Colonel possessed hatred of unspeakable intensity.

On galloped the Colonel, following the stage road, which threaded the old mining camps on Duck Creek; but suddenly he turned abruptly out of the road and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes, which grew thickly by the road, while the constable galloped rapidly on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were the familiar objects of her own stable yard. Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Business—that's what," replied the Colonel.

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes, and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a nip since last night, and thar ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old gal go back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, ruefully, "lost every blasted race. 'Twasn't her fault—bless her—she done her level best. Ev'rybody to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a prayin' for yer to turn up with the rocks, an' somethin' with more color than spring water. Come on."

The man led the way and Tipsie and the colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a small log hut, but in front of which sat three solemn disconsolate individuals, who looked appealingly to the Colonel.

"Mac'll tell yer how 'twas, fellers," said the Colonel, meekly, "while I picket the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned each of the four was attired in pistols and knife, while Mac was distributing some dominoes, made from a rather dirty flour bag.

"Tain't so late ez all that, is it?" inquired the Colonel.

"Better be an hour ahead than miss it this 'ere night," said one of the four. "I ain't been so thirsty since I come round the Horn in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if ther ain't any bitters on the old concern—they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count on your chickens 'fore they're hatched, Perk," said one of the party, as he adjusted the domino under the rim of his hat. "S'posin' ther' shud be too many for us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks," remonstrated the Colonel. "Nobody ever gets along ef they 'low 'emselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that; I disremember adackly how it goes; but I've heerd Parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons was agoin' to be to a road agent, though. That time we stopped Slim Mike's stage, and he didn't hev no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons was a perfect blessing to me—the thought of 'em cleared my head as quick as a cocktail. An'—"

"I don't want to dispute Logroller's pious strain," interrupted the Colonel; "but ez it's Old Black that's drivin' today instead of Slim Mike, an' ez Old Black allers makes his time, hedn't we better vamoose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour, Perkins, who was leading, halted and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve.

"Fur enough from home, now," said he. "Tain't no use bein' a gentleman ef yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the Colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em; Logroller 'tend to the driver, Cranks takes the boot, an' Mac an' Perk takes right an' left. An'—I know it's tough—but considerin' how everlastin' eternally hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, ef thar's any aboard—eh, boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire even his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two. "What's the use of woman's rights ef they don't ever have a chance of exercisin' 'em? Hevin' their purses borrowed 'ud show 'em the hull doctrine in a bran new light."

"Come, come, boy," interposed the Colonel, "that's the crack of Old Black's whip! Pick yer bushes—quick! All jump when I whistle!"

Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging along handsomely, the insides were laughing heartily about something; and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill quick whistle, and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs, and stared into the sky, and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the Colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't you trouble yourself to draw, 'cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked, an' his fingers is rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev yer?" asked he of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Just put yer hands behind you, please—so—that's it." And the unfortunate man was securely bound in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for who ever heard of a stage-driver having money?

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside, and comparing receipts, "tain't much of a haul; but there's only one woman, an' she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother. Better let her alone, eh?"

"Like enough she'll pan out more'n all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of a gold watch. "Just like the low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to hire an old woman to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Maybe what she's got ain't nothin' to some folks that's got hosses that kin win money at races, but—"

The Colonel abruptly ended the conversation and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Cranks' sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the old lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the Colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand while he opened the coach door with the other, "but we're takin' up a collection for some der-servin' object. We wuz agoin' to make the gentlemen fork over the full amount, but ez they ain't got enough, we will hev to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocket-book, raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothin'?" queried Perkins in a whisper, and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the Colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin." And the Colonel dashed into the bushes and left his followers so paralyzed that Old Black afterward remarked, that "ef there'd been anybody to the hosses he could hev cleaned the hull crowd with his whip."

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as coolly as if he had lain them down at a station while the horses were being changed; then he cracked his whip and the stage rolled off, while the Colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered their hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt, and in a suit of clothing made from the limited, spare wardrobes of the other members of the gang.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence, as laying on the table a watch, two pistols, a pocket-book, and a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, business before pleasure; let's divide an' scatter. Ef anybody should hear about this robbery an' find our trail, an' ketch the traps in our possession, they might—"

"Divide yerselves," said the Colonel, with abruptness and a great oath; "I don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously to the leader's face, "be you sick? Here's some bully brandy which I found in one of the passenger's pockets."

"I hain't nothin'," replied the Colonel, with averted eyes.

"I'm goin', and I'm a retirin' from this business, forever."

"Ain't a-goin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping the pistol on the table.

"I'm a-goin' to make a lead mine of you ef you don't take that back!" roared the Colonel, with a bound which caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went: "I'm a-goin' to tend to my own business, an' thar's enough to keep any man bizzzy. Somebody lend me fifty dollars till I see him agin."

Perkins pressed the money into the Colonel's hand, and within two minutes the Colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloped off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, he passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people at Mad Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made a rule never to be astonished at anything he did; but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal bar-rooms for men who wished to purchase a horse; and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs—only a thousand dollars, when the Colonel had always said that there wasn't gold enough on top of ground to buy her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

One or two enterprising persons soon discovered that the Colonel was not in a communicative mood; so every one retired to his favorite saloon to bet according to his own opinion of the Colonel's motives and actions.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in a barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and hair neatly trimmed and parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that was advanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the stores and fitting himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the generous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the average miner. He bought a new hat, and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger nails, and, stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood in the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stopped, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, upon which all men who bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel heard the constable say:

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you get out of Challenge Hill it come to me that you might be in the road-agent business, so I follered you—duty, you know. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the State wuz robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the Colonel, with a smile. The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea of how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up at the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impecuniosity.

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel quietly slipped out and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started, and cried:

"George!"

And the Colonel jumped into the stage and put his arms tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaiming:

"Mother!"

It is not evidence on the part of a Supervisor, that he possesses integrity, business capacity, nor an honest desire to serve the city, because he grumbles over the payment of an honest municipal debt and squirms at the fulfillment of a legal contract entered into by the city. The application of this moral maxim is to the payment of the claim of John F. Swift by the city of San Francisco of the sum of \$20,000. He has earned the money, is entitled to it under a written contract, and any attempt to defeat or delay its payment is an evasion of duty.

One of the exhibits attracting much attention at the Trocadere, according to the *London World*, is that of Thomas B. Oakley, an American, who contributes three works of art from the private collection of Mrs. Sunderland of San Francisco—a portemonnaie, a powder box and puff, and a jewel casket, all made of solid gold and quartz rock, beautifully interspersed with mosaic.

Although French is the language of diplomacy, there was more English than French spoken at the Berlin Congress. Prince Bismarck, Herr Von Bulow, Count Andrassy, Count Schouvaloff, and M. Waddington speak English fluently. It happened that of the seventeen plenipotentiaries only five besides the two representatives from Paris spoke French to perfection.

It is stated that life-size portraits of Anderson and Mrs. Jenks have been ordered by the Sazerac Dying Club.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.



MY DEAR EM.:—Of all the many products of human hands, I think lace is the most beautiful. It is a vision of the hoarfrost made fast, a dream of summer's blossoms imprisoned in gossamer thread—anything that is airy, unsubstantial, and unearthly. Wrought by the patient fingers of human spiders that burrow and hide from the light of day, it has a pathos that no other handicraft has—no, not even the grimy, pitiful life of the coal mines. I think I never told you of that strange life I came across when I was last in Europe? It was that of a woman, not yet twenty-five years old, her home the darkest and poorest cellar in all Brussels. There she had toiled for years, beginning her apprenticeship when only five years old, to support a sister, a fair-haired child, and save her from the grim fate that dedicates whole families and generations to her pitiless trade, the schools of West Flanders alone containing 30,000 apprentices. To engage heaven on her side, she had made a vow to offer a certain number of yards of lace of her own make as a votive offering, if the child might be spared. To accomplish it, she had to forego the usual summer's work in the fields, and devote every moment of her working life to the task. Each day the single stream of light that was permitted to enter her damp chamber through the tiny opening in the window grew dimmer and dimmer to her failing sight—for, you know, these workers seldom retain their eyesight after thirty—and the work still unfinished. I heard the end of her sad story the other day. Some time I will write it out for you. It all came back to me this morning, while I was looking over some of the new laces at the Lace House, and chatting with Mr. Samuels, who has just returned from the Paris Exposition, where he has purchased some of the notable articles from the Belgian exhibit, among them a flounce and shawl of Brussels point of rare beauty. There are some beautiful things already here—a scarf, for instance, in the three choicest styles: the Valenciennes, Duchesse, and Point de Venice; or if you like it better in the liquid Italian syllables, *punto tagliato e foliani*, or rose-point, and some new designs in Valenciennes. It is only of late years that there has been any variation of the original and very simple design in this lace, so "set" in their own way are the exponents of its particular school. It seems very absurd, but is a fact nevertheless, that the products of Ghent and Bruges are both inferior to those of Ypres, where the finest are made, but nothing will induce the makers of the first two places to make the only change needed to improve their work, to twist the bobbins four and five times, as at Ypres, instead of only twice. Moreover, Valenciennes is not made at Valenciennes at all. Mr. Samuels tells me that the Mecklin lace, made at Malines, is coming into fashion again, and that the Duchesse will be more sought after than ever. There is a new candidate in the shape of a hand-made lace, similar in appearance to the Spanish, and a black lace called "Enghein," made in Belgium, that is an imitation of Chantilly. Mr. Samuels proposes to make a fine exhibit at the coming Mechanics' Fair, and hopes to have his new goods on in time for it. He is making strong efforts to induce some other leading houses to take a part in the Fair, as well. It is refreshing in these days to see real public spirit, and a lack of it is one of the greatest faults always found with San Francisco; so I hope that there may be a great many who will be willing to demonstrate that there is something more than a desire for individual gain among us. Such houses as Sullivan's, Davidson's, Shreve's, The White House, *Ville de Paris*, Diamond Palace and a dozen others, can surely make a creditable display, and do something towards reviving trade at the same time. While you are enjoying the summer days among the flowers of Southern California, I am, perforce, still lingering amid sharp winds and too frequent fogs. Do you wonder then that I solace myself by seeking the beautiful wherever I can find it? One of my pet haunts is the different flower stores, for there I can almost fancy I am once more in sweet Santa Rosa, where, a year ago, I dreamed away the rose-scented hours. Funny, isn't it, that fancies should change, even in flowers? Sievers, on Post Street, who is my floral oracle, says they do, and so it must be true. Just now, the fashion is for Stephanotis, the fragrant white blossoms of the Clerodendron and the Pythianus, and the always lovely Cape Jessamine, of which he showed me flowers as large as dahlias. Two strange looking Australian flowers, both nameless, are a cactus plant with a star-shaped blossom of deep, brownish purple and yellow, and a still stranger one, the three leaves that form the petals of rose color, joined at the base, from which spring, inside, perfectly formed little yellow blooms, each on a dainty green stem. *Isolepis*, *Lobelia*, *Smilax*, *Ferns*, and *Lycopodium* are the greens most used in his hanging baskets. I have always fancied I should like to be a florist and lay out gardens, or, as some of the French signs have it: "General *entreprise* of

gardens." All this, somehow, brings me to perfumes and all manner of toilet dainties, in which I know your aesthetic soul delights. A dear old English friend, as fanciful as Queen Mab, and withal as thoroughly British as Magna Charta itself, begged of me to hunt up for her some of Old-Ing's face-powder the other day. Of course I went to Wakelee's, as we have done for everything, lo! these fifteen years, and equally "of course" found the desired article, together with so many more that I should despair of telling you half in my present letter. There were all the old favorites, Lubin's, the genuine Farina colognes, from the firm now over a hundred years old, and bearing the dashing signature of Johann Maria as the trade mark, and a whole garden full of the newer but familiar Atkinson's extracts, whose exquisite coloring alone would make them my favorites: Wild Hyacinth, Gardenia, Heliotrope. That reminds me; do you know "the secret mystery of the Jessamine," or the story of "Frangipani," the great and beloved alchemist of Rome, who made from flowers a wonderful cure for the plague, a "perfumed powder in a velvet bag,"

—a cast of
Odors rare—of orris mixed with spice,
Sandal and violet, with musk and rose,
Combined in due proportion?

Leland tells the story prettily in verse. I doubt, however, that even Frangipani himself could make a better *poudre sachet* than Wakelee does from our own California flowers. In fact, his shelves bear nearly as many articles of his own make as of foreign manufacture. Half the blonde locks you see, *ma chère*, are the results of his "Aureoline," which has quite superseded all other preparations on this slope, and the number of teeth that are daily brushed with his "Odonto" and Oriental Tooth Wash, and weary heads refreshed with the delicious Verbena Water, are something beyond my arithmetical powers to compute. New and very delicious are the Eickalar soaps from Brussels. I shall send you some to try this week, a cup of Guerlain's English shaving soap for your good man, and a box of the *Lilien Puder*—the German face powder—that has had such a run here ever since it came out a year and a half ago. Perhaps if you are, like the little girl in the song, "very, very good," I may add one of those "Ballarat" toilet bottles you have been coveting so long. A pretty little convenience is a chased tin box for soap, and one to match to hold the nail-brush, in traveling. Like the hundred and one other toilet conceits, these are Parisian. The "Raphael," a scarlet pencil for the lips—although a misnomer, for it was Rubens, and not Raphael, who laid on the reds in compliment to his ruddy-haired wife—is a handy trifle for those who use rouge. As for medical preparations, I wonder Mistress Pandora ever dares to show her ugly face again while Wakelee remains on this side of Shadow Land, so various are the remedies he keeps for her every ill. Stationery is more beautiful than ever. Some samples of a new invoice not yet opened at Bancroft's show everything decidedly new, both in shape and colors. Visiting cards all have gold, silver, or colored edges, and the plainest of script is the regulation lettering. Entirely new is the turn-down corner, on which are written *Felicitation, Congé, Condolence, Visite*, as the case may require. They will also be square in form and large in size, which will necessitate a revolution in card-cases. *Menu* cards are as fanciful as ever, and correspondingly expensive—four dollars for fifty—but then they are hand-painted, which makes all the difference. Oakley Hall's daughters, I hear, do the most of those used in New York, as they are accomplished artists, and—well, the ex-Mayor's family have felt more than one of the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" of late. I must confess, I do not see that those imported from Tiffany's are one bit handsomer than those made at Bancroft's own printing office. The "Napkin" card is stamped to look like a fringed napkin, and the *menu* is printed diagonally instead of straight across. The "Windsor" is the newest in envelopes. The flap is the particular innovation, and is run down to a rounded point, on the end of which, and in the corner of the envelope, is the monogram. It is to be used for both invitations and correspondence. Wedding cards and other invitations will be either severely square or decidedly oblong. "Shell rose," "moss green," "Verona cream," or "macaroni," "new lilac," and "clouded sky," are the new tints in paper, which comes in all shapes and sizes, the most popular being the medium square for ladies and extra long for gentlemen. Both the matted or rough surface, so suited to soft pens, and the satin finish, are used, but I believe the first is considered the more *distingué*. You are so enthusiastic a Californian that you will like the new tint "shell rose," the best, I know, because of its origin, which is the pretty abalone shell of the San Diego coast. It comes to me from the best authority that Tiffany himself, desiring a new shade, and seeing one of them, sent it as a model to the mills, with orders not to give up until the exact shade should be obtained. The result is one of the loveliest tints you can imagine. Just here let me tell you of a cheap table in mosaic made entirely of abalone that is on exhibition at Plum's. For your chair ties you will do better to get the Germantown wool, which is almost excluding the German worsteds from the market; it is only ten cents an ounce and washes like cotton, in all colors. Mrs. Deppen uses it almost altogether. The bur-laps rugs are something beautiful and she tells me she has so many orders from the country or those about going out of town, to design and begin this particular kind of work, that she finds it difficult to find time to finish up those designed for the Fair, besides some heavy orders from San Franciscans now sojourning in Paris. I like the new departure the White House has taken this week. The window on Post Street corner has been made an exclusively mourning department, which not only calls attention to a fine choice of black goods, and makes a selection very much easier for purchasers, but shows to advantage the brilliant colors in the adjoining ones. Long may it be, however, before you are called to need any of its sombre contents, my friend. I wait a letter from you with fresh commissions and new questions.

As ever, LILIAS DUBOIS.

How many men have worked themselves into a brain fever chasing a slippery piece of soap around a full bathtub?

Glory is well enough for a rich man; but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

FLOWER VOICES.

Once in the night I heard
The heart of summer stirred
By words with music laden,
Adrift, the shadows through,
As if each flower maiden
Were singing in the dew,
And telling all the twilight
Of some new added grace,
Some gift of stars and silence.

I leaned with longing face,
Half sad, for music troubles so
The one who hardly reads
Its swaying undertone,
But yet hears sobbing needs
That in his soul have grown!
Then, rising, I stepped down
The narrow oaken stair,
And breathed a broader air
Than my low dusty room;
The nightly courts of gloom
Were full of love and cheer,
A faint wind past me blew,
All music crept more near.
I shut the door behind,
Outreaching hands to find
The voices that came through
My window coiled with vines—
Rhythymical beat of oars
Dipt in an ether sea,
Infinite chant of song,
Passionate, pure, and free,
Musical voices low,
And bits of blossom talk,
Airily come and go,
Dreamily rise and fall,
Happily laugh, and call
Over the garden walk!
So through the fairy bowers
I pass, to search for three
Flower faces pure and wee,
Three souls that comfort me
In the still daytime hours.

Down by the westward gate
There sits Campanula,
And nods her tinted bells,
And sings as one elate
That hath an inner star,
And beart with love deep freighted,
That long indeed hath waited,
And hears a step, not far;
Then, with a sudden singing
From tiny bells outstringing,
I saw Campaoula—
She bent so sweetly over,
And kissed her fairy lover,
Behind a slender bar
Of netted scarlet clover!

Wavy, and tall, and fair,
Bright in the shining air,
Binding her yellow tresses
Over her scarlet lips,
Lost in a swift eclipse
Theo gleaming out again,
As after misty rain

The sun with keener lances!
Who is the beauty there,
Wild as a forest queen,
With robe of glossy green,
And tendrils in her hair?
O my airy Clematis,
Half entreating for a kiss
The tree that bends above you;
How you tossed your playful head,
By the dew-drops diamonded,
Then grew tender with, "I love you!"

Underneath the hollow night
Was a tiny circle white,
And a little maiden simple,
Clad in fairy cloak and wimple,
Never a word of love had she,
Never lover knelt to her,
But her eyes were a sea
Sleeping in Italian skies,
Fragrant with a woid of myrrh,
And with color music wise;
Yet across her eyes were blest
Something that was half content,
And half eager wonderment.

Oh! the simple Violet,
Spotless in her maiden grace,
Oh! the weird quaint faces
That the darlings daily lift
In the old remembered places,
In our childhood's haunted valleys,
Where the deathless sunlight dallies,
And memorial hills are white!
A faïot far trumpet blown,
An eager sweet farewell,
And the happy fairy spell
From all the land has flown!
Only the moonlight silvers
Each weeping bloom and tree,
The stars with lifted faces
Are weeping silently.

Then, while the earth is dreaming
Of dawn with golden hair,
I tread the curving pathway,
And climb the narrow stair.

NILES, July, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, July 21, 1878.

Tomato Soup.	
Cloud River Dolly Varden Trout.	
Sheep's Trotters, White Sauce.	
Green Peas.	Succotash.
Roast Beef.	Fried Potatoes.
Sliced Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.	
Frozen Peaches and Cream.	

Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Cherries, Plums, Apples, Figs, Grapes, Pears.
To COOK SHEEP'S TROTTERS WITH WHITE SAUCE.—Take eight trotters, cut lengthwise; boil until tender in some good stock; season with salt, pepper, and a finely minced onion and parsley. When nearly done, add a spoonful of butter, rubbed in flour sufficient to thicken the gravy. When ready to dish, add yolk of one egg well beaten, and one small cup of cream. Mind you do not let it boil after this added, as it might curdle.

"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no *henergy*." "Skuse me, father," said John, "what I want is some of your *chikanary*."

With love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON INDIANS.



Uncle Edward's Charitable Notion of the So-called Atrocities of the Red Men—The True Cause of all the Indian Wars that have Desolated this Continent—Shockingly Irreverent Discourse concerning Angels—Piracy, with Some Account of a Recent Attempt to Combine the Modern Method with the Exploded System of Our Fathers—The Social Difference between a Bishop and a Mule—The Red Man's Antipathy to Bread, Etc., Etc.

Wen I ast Uncle Ned, wich has been in Injy and evry were, wot for was them Injins bein so crewel to the Orregon fokes, he said, Uncle Ned did: "Wel, Johnny, you see its this way: the Injins dont mean um any harm, but fact is taint a very easy thing for to stake a feller down and make a fire onto his skummuck, and then git all the skin off of him, no holes in it, without hurtin, pertickler if he aint wel. With the appliances of our superior civilize mebbey we might do it, with sabages has got to work accordeon to their lights and with sech rood insterments as they poces, and naturlly they inflick pain."

Then Uncle Ned he thot a long wile, and then he said a other time: "I spose, too, Johnny, it ain't ol to gather greable to a man to giv up to the wandrin Demmicrats of the forst and plain a scalp wich he has ben a tendin and a greasin, and a cobmin ol his livelong, even if it didnt hurtim for to hav it took."

But wen I ast Uncle Ned wot did the Injins want with the Orri gone fokeskes skins and scallips, and wot for do thay bild kitchen fires onto their bellys, he shuke his had, and he said, Uncle Ned said: "Ive ben thinkn bout that a goodeel my ownself, Johnny, and taint quite clear; praps its jest cos they are Injins."

Then I said mebbe twas cos the Orry gone fokes was wites, and he said: "By golly, Johnny, I bleeve you hav hit it, I doo in deed! Yes, yes, I think that's the troo slution, after all, an lme a goin for to write to the Guvment this minnit. It will be a big thing for you, my boy, if you hav solv this Injen question wich has flored the statesmen of so many genirations and is jest worryin the life out of Briggy dear Genl John McCobm and ole Howerd. The President will make you Secerterry of the Exterior, an give you all the mlasses candy wich you can eat, an wen you die I shudent wunder if you wude git a monument as big as the steeple on a hidrollick mine."

Fokes wich lives in Orrygone is web feets cos they got lethers tween their tose like geeses, but they dont lay eggs.

One Sundy wen Mister Pitchel, thats the preacher, was to our hous he was a tellin a bible story bout some body see some angels flyin up in heven, and jest when he tole it Billy he come in, and he thot thay was tockin bout the swallers, so Billy he bust out and said: "Me and Johnny, we looked up the chimbley and see one lay a egg."

Wen Franky, thats the baby, was had Billy he was tole that the angils brot him to the hous, wich aint so cos it was Missis Doppy, wich has got the red hed, jest like fire, you never see sech a red hed! So one day Billy he went to my sister, wich was tockin to her yung man in the garden, and he said, Billy did: "Missy, first thing you know there will be a other baby in this family;" and wen Missy had run away for to see if that ole woman at the gate was the milk man her yung man he said: "You impident little duffer, wot do you mean?" Then Billy said them angels had ben round last nite, cos he had see their trax in the mud. But wen we went to look thay was nothin but jest turky trax.

Angels is ol very nice, I spose, and so is Injins, but giants and pirets is the fellers for me. You ot to see me and Sammy Doppy a playin piret. Sammy puts me on a board, and he gets on a other long side, and then he says that lme a merchen man an he is a piret, and he hollers: "Lay 2 an be destroid or lfe send you to the botom, and blo you out of the woter, and skuttle your binnickle, and bang you to the yard-arm, an make you wock the plank, cos lme Reynard the Red Revenger, an the ship wich crosses my whake gits licked!"

Then Sammy bords me, and gose throo my pockets, and takes my kanife, and my marbils, and my top, and my kite string, and my chock, and my wip lash, and my buckel tung, an evry thing I got. Nex day wen I want um back he says he saild unto Santy Crews and the lawyers arested him and made him restore evry singel thing, and of cors if they are restored I cant git um. But Sammy says wen Reynard has had his trile and is hung in chains there will be ninety bars of gole for to die vide up amongue his depoziters.

Jack Brily, the sailer, he says that 2 or 3 weeks ago he was on a ship tween here and Portland, and one evenin there was a long lo black skuner, painted to look like a passenger steamer, ran long side, and a frocious feller on the 4 deck, ol over cutlishes, and pistles, and daggers, hollerd "Ship a hoy," and Jack he hollerd "ship a hoy," too, back. Then the pirets all cum aboard his ship, arm to their teeths, sech fritefle black lukin fellers he never see! And wen thay was on thay droo their cutlishes, and pistles, and blunderbushes, and bras kanuckles, and slung shots, and brod axes, and made Jack and his mates buy Consolidated Virginny, and Collar, and Sabbidge, and Opher, and Day, and ol the stocks wich was on the list. And then Jack says thay saild a way

into the dark, and their feendish gle wrang out over the wottery waste like lafure in a toobm.

Mister Jonnice, wich has got the wooden leg, he blongs to a secrit siety wich apes the Ingens, and thats how he come to git the wooden leg, cos his meat leg was broke the night he jined, and it had to be cut of. One day him and Uncle Ned was tockin, and there was a squaw Ingen leadin a little haf-breed poppoos, and Uncle Ned he pinted at it and said: "Wy dont you go and giv that little Incobony the grip, dont you see he is a other member of the Improoved Order of Red Men?"

Speakin of haughf breeds my father says there was a mewl, and it was lent to Bitiop Blank so he cude continue his go, cos his buggy had broke down. The Bitiop he rode the mewl a long time in pious think, but ol of a suden the mewl, wich mebbey was a Methody, it jest kanelt down in the rode with out so much as sayin "Let us pra," and the good Bitiop was flang over its hed in to a slew. Wen he had pull hissef out, furious mad like wet cats, he said: "You inslent commoner, how dare you treat a man that way wich his father was a lord!"

Then the mewl it tost its hed, and spoke rite up, and said: "You never see a feller wich had sech little respect as I've got for that kind of wanity."

One time wen our fokes was crossin the planes, thats fore my time, and Billy wasent a long neether, nor Bildad, thats the new dog, nor Mose, wich is the cat, the teems had stop for nite, and some Ingens come round for to beg cos thay cudent steel. And one old buck, wich was jest nothin but skin an bones, cos he was so starf to detb, nothin to eat for six weeks, he come a scufflin up to were my mother was clearin a way the dinner things, and pinted to his mouth, and then took of all his close for to sho how his skummuck was cave in. So my mother she giv him some meat wich was lef, and he et it, so quick like it had fel down a wel. Then mother she giv him a grate big lofe of bred, but he didnt eat it, jest put it under his horse blanket wich he wore, and said: "Me family man, heap poppoos to home," and staged of. Then my mother she said: "Wot a noble sabidge; wot tutchin divvotion!" But my father he wotched, and that Ingen went behine the whaggens and histed the lofe in to the air, and wen it come down he giv it a kick wich busted it into sody biskits.

ONE OF THE WAYS.

A young man, with eyes of the sort described by a distinguished novelist as "soulful," stood on the threshold of Dr. Austin's front door coaxing the moustache of the future into the light of day.

On one band was the Doctor's study, redolent of *Tanner's Practice* and *Gray's Anatomy*: on the other, the Doctor's daughter, fresh and fair, like the breath of the May day morning—like the beauty of the clustered roses that barred the sunshine.

Ruth Austin was not a beauty. Correct people who gauge good looks by compass and straight-edge spoke of her as "plain"; the less rigid of the school yielding the counterclaim "mentally interesting," for sake of argument. But to Ned Stockton Ruth was beautiful, and "love is enough."

"Mentally interesting" was an ultra tame definition. The young girl had the conversational brilliancy of twenty-six, plus the freshness and minus the simper of sweet sixteen.

"Will you ride?"

"No."

"Shall we take a drive?"

"No."

"Won't you go fishing?"

"No."

"What will you do?"

"Sit here, of course, and study the *History of European Morals*, while you play at medicine."

"That isn't a fit book for you to read."

"Why? Have you read it?"

"No; I judge by the title."

"You shouldn't judge by the title, neither of men nor of books. It's a shallow way unworthy a doctor."

"Well, then, what am I to do all this morning?"

"Study, of course. I said so I believe. Isn't that what you came here for? It's a good morning for study. At least, I think I should find it so if I were given the chance."

Ned turned into the office, took up a volume, and settled down to good, honest plodding. And that mysterious but unerring premonition which announced lunch hour in advance of the bell recalled the soulful Edward to his sense of hunger with something like a shock of regret.

At lunch Ruth was gracious.

"You have been a good boy all the morning; we will ride toward —, and meet the folks if you like," she said.

"Guess I'll study," said Ned.

"I guess you will do nothing of the sort. I want Tom Cobb, remember."

At two, this badly introduced couple were winding Sorrel Lane at a canter.

Ned's horsemanship was little short of perfect, and his Black Maggie had enough mustang blood in her veins to lend a spice of viciousness to her elastic gayety.

A rabbit jumps up from the roadside.

"Ah," says Ned, "a chase."

Ruth's answer is to Tom Cobb a cut of the tingling whalebone. It is uncalled for and unwise, the great roan gelding has put forty yards of daylight between himself and the black mare, before she or her rider knows what's up, and see, he has the bit in his teeth!

"Blue blazes," snaps Ned, "he's running away."

Running away he was, in the terrible, businesslike style of which only the thoroughbred is capable. For a rod or more Ruth tugged at the snaffle, but the old boy shook his splendid bead and minded not. She ceased pulling, and keeping his head well up, braced herself for a run. The odds lie with the gelding, the feather-weight he carries, the start be has, and the slightly rising ground are all in his favor. If only Dodson's gate be open.

One, two, three miles of winding lane and hardly any change in their relative positions. Neither rider has said a word. Ruth has not even looked back. The gelding's stride has not perceptibly slackened, but the pace is evidently telling on him.

Black Maggie is good for thrice the distance.

Ned detects the gelding's sudden wheeze and touches the mare with his spurred heel for the first time. But ah! as they round that last turn this side of Dodson's, and the road narrows and straightens, the gate is shut!

The black mare feels the spur and quickens her stride—nearer, nearer, nearer, they are almost side by side. Ned leans forward in his saddle to grasp the gelding's bridle, when with a sudden swerve the mare flashes ahead, and before he can even turn his wrist they are upon the gate. It is a low affair, and the horses rise to take it almost by instinct, for even to Ned it is a queer first sensation. They never knew how it happened, but the mare's hind foot caught, and she fell; the gelding was just as clumsy, and both horses, pitching their riders over their heads, rolled in the dust. Ned was on his feet in an instant, and in another his strong arms were around the dizzy Ruth, and he was carrying her toward screaming little Mrs. Dodson, who palpitated in the doorway.

"Let me walk, Ned, please," said Ruth, after a wriggling half-moment of quiescence.

But Ned marched on, unheeding, and made his royal entry into the Dodson kitchen through a barricade of hysterical mother and gaping, big-eyed little ones. He put her in a large rocking-chair, as if she had been a baby, and added to Mrs. Dodson's fright by calling for "water, and arnica, and whisky, quick!"

"O, no, Mrs. Dodson, I'm all right; really, I'm not hurt, not a bit. Don't cry and look so frightened, or I shall cry, too. We came to see little Dave, and were in a hurry, that's all."

And Ruth captured the saucer-eyed David and kissed him. So Mrs. Dodson dried her eyes, and Ned went to see about the horses.

Tom Cobb, having had his fun and learned his lesson, was easily caught, and Ned drove Black Maggie limping into a corner and caught her too. The mare's only injury was a strain of her off hind leg; the gelding wasn't hurt in the least, and a little dusting was all that the riders needed, and so they mounted and rode home, after having mutually kissed the Dodson fledglings, from the heir-apparent, aged six, down to baby Nora—"seven months, two weeks and four days, sir."

"What a brute you are, Tom Cobb, to run away with a lady," said Ned.

"What a goose you are, Ruth Austin, to whip him," said the Doctor's daughter. "I should think you might have caught him, though," she added, "you are so positive that black vixen is the 'fastest thing in the valley.'"

The young man's "soulful" eyes grew even more soulful, his earnest tones swelled to deeper earnestness:

"I should like to ride by your side always, dear Ruth, to protect you from every danger, to share your pleasures, perhaps—to share your sorrows, certainly; I would work hard, Ruth, to try and deserve you."

"That sounds like a Sunday-school hero's wooing, Ned. I ought to make sport of your serious, silly face, but I won't. I, too, think it would be nice to ride together always, Ned, only I want to be sure you have the better horse"—and she laughed softly above her blushes.

Was it the mare's strained tendon that made their homeward pace so laggard? Why did the dusk creep up to the Doctor's door before them? I do not know, but I remember the comment of a philosophic juvenile friend of mine, who watched them pass along Sorrel Lane, which was: "I said to myself, them fellars don't care if school are late or not." And that is about what Dr. Austin said when he examined Ned in "Therapeutics" that evening.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10th.

R. S. S.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

On ne doit pas prendre au sérieux cette chose sans cohésion et sans but qui s'appelle le monde, et où l'on n'aperçoit rien qui ait un sens sérieux. Dire des riens dont le souvenir s'efface à mesure qu'on les dit, écouter des discussions oiseuses que le bon goût défend même d'approfondir, c'est faire preuve d'usage du monde, mais ce n'est rien faire du tout.—*Georges Sand.*

Lorsqu'on commence d'aimer, on ne fait que commencer de vivre.—*Mlle. de Scudéry.*

La considération pour les femmes est la mesure des progrès d'une nation dans la vie sociale.—*Grégoire.*

La coquetterie est un mensonge continu qui rend une femme aussi méprisable et plus dangereuse qu'une courtisane qui ne ment jamais.—*Ph. de Varennes.*

Une femme qui écrit a deux torts, elle augmente le nombre des livres et diminue le nombre des femmes.—*A. Karr.*

L'éventail est un petit objet indispensable pour les femmes qui ne savent plus rougir.

La nature fait des sots, les femmes les érigent en fats.

VERS ECRITS SUR L'ALBUM D'UNE JEUNE FILLE.

Sur cette page blanche où mes vers vont éclore

Qu'un souvenir parfois ramène votre cœur;

De votre vie aussi la page est blanche encore,

Je voudrais la remplir d'un seul mot, le bonheur.

Le livre de la vie est un livre suprême

Que l'on ne peut ouvrir ni fermer à son choix,

Où le feuillet fatal se tourne de lui-même,

Le passage adoré ne s'y lit qu'une fois.

On voudrait s'arrêter à la page où l'on aime,

Et la page où l'on meurt est déjà sous les doigts.

La meilleure femme au monde est celle que l'on aime ou que l'on désire.

Par le monde il y a beaucoup plus d'ennuques que d'hommes. Donc, sois ennuque et engraisse, ou sois homme et combats.—*Rubelais.*

VARIANTES.

—La garde meurt et ne se rend pas.—*Cambronne à Waterloo.*

—Un train de chemin de fer part et se rend à destination, mais la gare demeure et ne se rend pas.

—Les femmes se rendent et ne meurent pas.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw stones at a hen, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878.

Ever since the death of Ralston the *Bulletin* and *Call* have been waging a war against the Spring Valley Water Works Co. It is a part of San Francisco journalism to have something to war against. It is ever couching its barbed bloody lance against something. It is a veritable Don Quixote. Now it is some harmless flock of sheep that arouses its chivalrous ire, and anon it is a windmill whose arms are, by its diseased imagination, distorted to assume giant forms. The press of San Francisco is, like Don Quixote, the self-appointed knight-errant of chivalry charged with clearing the land of all abuses. Its Dulcinea, whose peerless virtues it is ever ready to proclaim, is its own virtue, disinterestedness, and purity—as entirely imaginative as was the lady to whom the Knight of la Mancha had pledged his life and consecrated his chivalrous actions. The *Call* and *Bulletin* are knight and squire—which rides the Rozinante and which the ass we leave our readers to choose. The *Bulletin* has been destroying dragons, killing giants, and delivering the people from enchantments so long, that it would seem to have no occupation if it could not conjure up some fearful ghost to combat. The phantoms it has fought, the plots it has defeated, and the conspiracies it has exposed, are something truly wonderful. There has been—in the imagination of its proprietors—some horrible miasma hidden beneath us for the past twenty years; some dreadful Guy Fawkes has been sitting by it, match in hand, to blow us to eternal smash. As we first remember, "Palmer, Cook & Co.," bankers, were the death's head and bloody bones. The "city front extension," the "bulkhead," the "Peter Smith titles," "Levi Parsons," "Mayor Garrison," "Hiram Pearson," "outside lands," "Broderick," the "early Republicans," the railroads, "Stanford & Co.," "Goat Island," the "Board of Supervisors," officials generally, and politicians without exception, are only a fractional part of the horrible forms that have been conjured up to affright our souls and continue our subscriptions. We have heard this cry of "wolf, wolf," so long that we are impatient to be eaten. We had rather be blown up and done with it, than to longer sit shivering with fear upon the municipal powder keg. We think we see the end of this long jeremiad. We are hopeful that the Pandora's box of evils is now nearly exhausted. The *Bulletin* and *Call* begin to show signs of weariness; the Spring Valley Water Company seems to be the last note of this long, doleful wail of lugubrious mournful prophecy of evil. Ever since Ralston's death the tune has been played upon this one string. The railroad has made its peace, and Stanford & Co. have lain down with the lamb. Indignation has cooled off against the ice company. The gas monopoly finds, in these twin relics of journalism, resolute defenders. The slaughter-house and beef monopoly of Lux, Miller & Dunphy is looked upon as a legitimate business. Everything is serene and lovely, except the Spring Valley Water Company. It is the only surviving monster with which the *Bulletin-Call* has not made peace. Of all the questions that have ever disturbed the popular mind, this seems to us to be the easiest of solution. There is one, and only one, honest way for San Francisco to acquire this water property, and that is by purchase. There is only one honest rule to measure its value, and that is to estimate its worth by its revenue. The claim of authority to fix its rates is the claim of the highwayman and the road agent. To say that it should be sold for what it cost is to establish a false rule. It may be too much or too little. The land upon which the Palace Hotel is erected once sold for sixteen dollars. The structure cost by a million of dollars more than it is now worth. The *Call* was once purchased for ten thousand dollars. If San Francisco needed it for a municipal organ, and should proceed to condemn it for that amount and interest, it would be criminal, because the *Call* is now worth \$300,000. If the water company has increased in value because of an increase in population, so has the *Call*; if the stock of the company has been watered, so has that

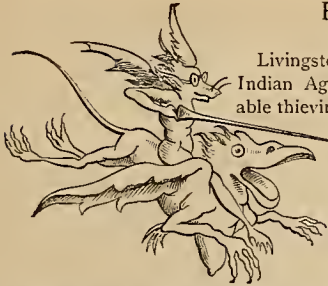
of the *Call*. The water company property is as absolutely the property of its stockholders as are the private accumulations of any individual. The elements of time, increase of population, and enlarged demand, which have given value to its stock, are the same elements that have contributed to the value of the San Francisco *Call* and all other property. To endeavor to condemn this property for less than it is worth to its owners, or to secure its waters for less than a remunerative price, is absolute dishonesty, and would be a disgraceful policy for any municipal government to adopt. Because politicians would extravagantly administer water works, is no excuse for stealing them. Because our seasons are dry and this peninsular system is the only one available, furnishes us no pretext for a dishonest condemnation. There are two honest ways out of the water dilemma. One is to purchase the works at an honest valuation. The other is to agree upon remunerative rates, and so legislate that consumers shall pay a just proportion of the tax, and devolve the balance upon the city treasury as one of the general burdens of government. To tax the householder with stable, garden, lawn, and bath tub, with the water to sprinkle streets, flush sewers, adorn parks, supply public buildings, and guard against conflagrations, and to except from this burden the Hibernia Bank, Michael Reese, and the Nevada Block, is a manifest injustice. Seventeen thousand consumers are paying water taxes that should be divided equally among 300,000 people, and be equally distributed to \$300,000,000 of taxable wealth. When the *Bulletin* and *Call* realize the fact that Ralston is dead, and that the owners of Spring Valley water stock have the same rights as other individuals—as they have themselves to their own property—they will write more rationally upon the water question, and cease to longer ride it as a political hobby.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

IN CAMP ON CLOUD RIVER.

The Pit River heads at Goose Lake, in the northeast corner of California, and not far from the Oregon line. It is margined for many miles by broad meadow lands, producing nutritious grasses, and affording abundant pasturage for stock. The Cloud River rises at the foot of Shasta, and of all our northern streams is the one of coolest, purest water. The Sacramento bursts from a spring among the foot-hills of Mount Shasta, and, is at once a strong, rapid mountain stream. The Cloud River empties into the Pit, and the Pit into the Sacramento. The Pit is the largest of the upper Sacramento branches, the longest, and ought by right to bear the name "Sacramento" to its source. Along the upper Pit and its many tributaries there is a magnificent grazing country, hundreds of miles in extent, sparsely populated, government land, unoccupied, and open to preëmption, homestead, and settlement. The land is rich, and under cultivation will produce vegetables, grain, and all the hardier fruits. The climate is not as severe as that of New England, New York, or the Western States. The snow is not deep in winter, and does not linger as late in the spring as it does in the Eastern country named. Outside of these meadows and the beautiful valleys that margin the streams, the country is densely wooded with pine, cedar, and spruce. All through the northern counties, embracing Shasta, Trinity, Siskiyou, Humboldt, Modoc, and Lassen, there are valleys, some larger and some smaller, many of them entirely unoccupied, where homes may be obtained without cost or the expenditure of any other capital than that of labor. There are level lands bordering the streams, the timber growing upon them indicating a rich soil. The waters abound in fish; the hills abound in game. During the season all along the upper Sacramento and beyond Shasta the streams that empty into the ocean are filled with salmon. The expert with rod and line can catch a barrel of salmon a day from the Cloud River; with a seine there is no limit to the possibilities of a salmon catch. The diligent hunter need not content himself with a single buck in a morning's hunt. The law now and for four years protects the doe and fawn; by the end of that time the hills will be swarming with antlered game. Grouse is common, but not over-abundant. Quail are plentiful. The jackass rabbit and the gray squirrel are more than plentiful. The hills are sometimes abrupt and sometimes stretch away in gentle slopes, bearing evidence of their strength and depth of soil in the splendid forests that climb to their very peaks. All these hill and mountain sides are watered with streams, rivulets, and springs, so that irrigation is cheap and practicable. The rainfall, as indicated by the exuberant and almost tropical vegetation, is abundant. If these mountains were Alps or Appenines they would be cultivated to their summits, and the region be thronged with a hardy and industrious population. It is in such mountain fastnesses that religion and liberty have made their grandest struggles. And yet this splendid reach of mountain and meadow, this broad breadth of hill and valley, these margins of splendid rivers, this great wealth of land and water, of wood and soil, lie almost unoccupied and almost undiscovered. Here and there, scattered through the wide domain, is the hut of the hunter or herdsman, and along the highways and centres of travel the more comfortable cottage of the farmer and home of the innkeeper. There are homes and farms here in our northern counties for a million of fam-

ilies. There is affluence, plenty, and abundance, grain, fruit, and vegetables, comfort, ease, and independence, awaiting the industrious toiler. Our fathers, half a century ago, would yoke their cattle, cover their wagons with cotton canvas, load them with wife, children, hams, bacon, maple sugar, take axes, guns, and dogs, plunge out into the wilderness, and by their labor carve out for themselves homes, lay broad and deep the foundation of States, build up civilization around them, and from barbarism create society. Our sons and our foreign immigrants in these degenerate days have no nerve for this pioneer work, no muscle to swing the ax, no courage to confront the forest, no daring to brave the dangers, and no patience to endure the hardships of a life of adventurous toil. Our boys are milk-sops—educated, nerveless, cowardly, hangers-on upon their mothers' apron-strings, petted, fondled, foolish, ruined darlings—who expect to live upon their fathers' earnings. They would be lawyers, doctors, politicians, adventurers, gamblers, thieves, anything but honest workingmen. Our girls are a worthless set—becoming each year more worthless—and it is not their fault. We are educating them to become wives of rich men, playthings and ornaments of luxurious homes; and if they fail, and we fail, then God help them. Society is strewn with the wrecks, and the tempest has just begun. In another generation or two the American-born will, be a pitiable, helpless thing. The sons of our sons, and the daughters of our daughters, will become objects of sympathy. If our nation has ever a peasantry, it will be from the American stock. The intellectual and over-educated can not conquer in the struggle against numbers and brute force. Our immigrant population no longer goes out to the hills and mountains, but throngs the cities; prefers to live in squalid pauperism, in sickly tenement houses, to be hungry, ill clad, ignorant, and dirty, than to carve out a country home by toil. The Catholic Church, the whisky deadfall, the lager saloon with its sawdust floor, has attractions greater than God's pine cathedrals, his flowing streams, his flower-clad meadows. The trouble is (and these remarks are intended only to apply to California), Bob Ingersoll is right. The climate enervates; life is too easy, and the new generation and the new immigration won't work. Our boys and girls prefer the opera and the theatre. Our immigrants prefer to grumble at the sand-lots, to riot, to prate of the oppressions of the poor man, to envy the rich, and denounce the fortunate, forgetting that those whom they now threaten to despoil of their fortunes have gained them by toilsome labor and bold adventure, from which their timid souls shrink. One question now challenging our attention in California is, who is to do the work? The son of the hod-carrier no longer carries the hod; the daughter of the washerwoman no longer washes; the son of the mechanic no longer succeeds to his father's trade; the daughter of the industrious mother no longer toils. Girls and boys are rarely apprenticed to a trade; boys of American parents no longer run away that they may go to sea. Not three per cent. of the American merchant marine are American-born. Our work-shops and factories are filled with foreigners. Our farmers' boys all come to the city; anything is better than farm labor. Servant-girls are insolent, idle, and will not go beyond the sound of the church-bell for wages. And when we ask what is the remedy for this condition of things, the preacher answers, "more piety," and the school-master, "more learning." Latin, Greek, German, and French, calisthenics, mental philosophy, and natural history, and music, drawing, rhetoric, and word-analysis, is suggested by the Dutch school-master from Berlin and the Yankee pedagogue from Boston, as the panacea for this disease that is destroying our young people, debauching our foreign population, and threatening the very life of society, civilization, and government. We are quite conscious that we are indulging the luxury of diagnosing the disease without suggesting a remedy. We think of no practical way to induce the over-crowding population of our cities to go out to the country. We know of no way of making the idle work. We would, however, modestly suggest to the statesmen of this coast the propriety of spending less money in the direction of education. We would also suggest, as an inducement to country life, that it be made attractive; and in this direction why not, at the expense of the State treasury, build Catholic churches, German Turn Halls, erect theatres and opera houses, in all the principal villages of the State; establish breweries and distilleries in all the counties, and open lager beer saloons and whisky mills in all the townships; give every idle Irishman and German, and every worthless American, a farm; let it be worked by Chinamen at the expense of the State, and thus, by making the country attractive and labor easy, we might induce the vicious, worthless rabble of the sand-lots to do us the favor of remaining in the State? There is one other way out of this difficulty, and that is for everybody to go to work, and not feel that they are demeaned by honest toil; for every son and daughter of American parents should recognize the fact that a life of honest labor is more manly and respectable than one of humiliating dependence. There is occupation upon this coast for all, opportunity for all, room and labor for all, remunerative compensation for all. All that is demanded to secure ease, plenty, and independence, is for the laboring poor to push out into the country and go to work.



PRATTLE.

Livingston, the Crow Creek Indian Agent, whose immatchable thieving drove to suicide not only the sensitive accomplices whom he excelled but the savages whom he starved, is described as an Episcopalian in good standing who had the pious habit of giving to chapels such "testimonials" as stained windows. It is to be hoped these various windows may be all collected in a memorial chapel dedicated to St. Mammon, with an officiating priesthood of American statesmen supported by the Government. It should be erected over the mouth of the Mammoth Cave, which it is believed would serve as a sufficiently roomy crypt for the burial of such eminent official thieves as have given imperishable lustre to the annals and institutions of this country. In the "dim, religious light" of this monumental edifice there should be continual prayer for the "active participation" of clean-hearted gentlemen in the political affairs of a nation in which they form the one-onehundredth part of the voting population.

The treaty of Berlin assures the independence of Montenegro, forbidding her at the same time to have a navy and a flag. Montenegro should be the happiest of nations—independence without a Fourth of July, politics without a Robeson, poetry without a Drake!

Kearny explains that he goes East "to set the working-men thinking."

O Denis, Denis, you are mad!
What is it you would do?
The more they're taught to think, my lad,
The less they'll think of you.

It is rumored in newspaper circles that the *Call's* obituary poet is to have his pay raised to ten dollars a week, and will be immediately laid on in the "Produce Arrivals" department, in which the announcements of importers who can afford to pay will be made alluring, somewhat as follows:

"JOHN SMITH & Co.—335 sks. New Potatoes.
"Dearest tubers, you've arriven,
On your substance we will meal;
You to us, by G—, are given,
You for us the cook will peel.
Eat, 19."

This, the hard's maiden attempt in his new "sphere," is under consideration by the editor, who regards it as ambiguous; he being unable to determine whether the third line of the poetry is gratefully reverent or shockingly profane. Nor from the fourth does it appear with sufficient clearness whether the cook is to peel the potatoes or the potatoes are to peel the cook. The concluding word (with appended numerals) seems to be either descriptive or mandatory, according as it may happen to be bad Latin or good English. If there is anything more impenetrable to the Pickeringian understanding than Latin it is English.

Here is another and rather better sample of the work of the commercial muse, the lines having received unreserved editorial approval:

"ROBINSON & BROWN—400 doz. ears Green Corn.
"Open wider the pearly gates,
That lead to the stomach's floor;
The cobs will suffer in passing through,
But their sufferings can be bore.
Going to join the Lima beans."

"If the jurisdiction of the Justices' Court is materially enlarged," says a morning journal, "a higher standard of qualification should be required for candidates." Certainly; instead of knowing but one "working politician" they should be required to know two.

We are to have great things in photography. Mr. Muybridge photographs the whirling wheels of a sulky so instantaneously that the spokes are sharply defined: they have not perceptibly moved during the operation. He shows us the flying horse, clear, distinct, its feet all in the air. It is wonderful, it promises. Shall we not have, O brethren, faithful pictures of faithful women—of "Madge, and Lou, and Bella, too," as they looked while true to us? Ah! the devil! it requires electric light, and how shall it shine in the superior radiance of a flash of constancy?

A hat-rack sneak thief whom necessity has compelled to accept an engagement as a reporter on the *Chronicle* gives an elaborate description of the inside of a private dwelling, and boasts of his enterprise in obtaining admission against the wishes of the owner, a lady recently widowed. It would be useless to tell this fellow he is a blackguard, for that he already knows; equally futile to ask him not to be, for he likes to be. It is impossible to disclose his name until it is disclosed to me, and would then be inadvisable for he would call it fame, consider me his benefactor, and enjoy the satisfaction of ingratitude. Blackguards are society's dead, of whom we speak no evil because they do not mind it.

"Rutherford," said Mrs. Hayes, looking across a pile of official documents to where her consort sat knitting in the chimney corner, "is it true that our son Webb is going to marry that Ohio girl?" "I—believe so—that is, if you are willing," was the propitiating reply. "I do not know that it will affect me; I am not the President of a party, particularly a wedding party. The question is, can you, with your inexperience in the direction of affairs, afford to assume the responsibility of a mother-in-law?"

The popular negro melody, "The Old Folks at Home," was written by a brother of Mr. Jo. Murphy, the no actor. This interesting statement is made on the authority of the latter gentleman, who has not, however, pointed out the numerous, albeit unimportant, verbal changes the great work has undergone since it left the fraternal hand, as, for example, in the lines:

"One little hut among the bushes—
One that I love—
Still fondly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove."

As originally written these lines were far finer. They read thus:

"In me mimicry green is the lovely shabeen
In the bog that's beneath the hill,
Where I shoked me dudheen, and drank me potecn
From Larry O'Faherty's shill.
And me eye-wathers flow as me brother Jo
Is perfermin' his barn-door jig,
Wid his illigant grace and intiligent face
Recallin' me father's pig."

I am sorry to observe that Mr. Lynch, of this city, a gentleman aged sixty-three, has committed the happily not very common error of killing his wife, with whom he had lived for forty years, but whom he must, of course, henceforth live without. Mrs. Lynch's offense consisted in declining to drink a glass of beer when requested; perhaps it would be more accurate to say refusing when commanded. For this the husband deemed it expedient to cut her fatally in the abdomen, though few will agree with him that such a course was either necessary or humane. On the other hand, if the beer was good there is no obvious reason why the lady should have refused it. It is to be hoped a sample has been preserved for the use of the jury.

It is a matter of taste, and even the most exacting criticism must allow something for the sentimentality inseparable from such occasions, but in a purely artistic sense Mr. O'Connell's farewell verses to Mr. Edwards would have been better without the "dears" and the "Harrys." If it is true, as Mr. O'Connell says, that "the love of man for man" is a greater blessing than "the cooling mist that freshens all the glade" (and I do not doubt that it is true), still, that is not the way it is preferably expressed. That method is rather unpleasantly suggestive of the love of gent for gent.

It has been warm beyond the mountains—the Southerner larded the lean earth with his fragrant fats and oils; the Easterner navigated his own perspiration, occasionally endeavoring to effect a landing to bury his melted neighbor in a rat-hole. In St. Louis twenty perished in a single day. This is gratifying. It accentuates the advantages of "the finest climate in the world, sir"—our climate. On Saturday last Sacramento simmered at 94 degrees; Calistoga gently stewed at 96; Chico was crisp at 98; Marysville broiled at 99; Woodland was grilled at 108; and at 110, Davisville, Rocklin, and Sheridan were done to a delicate and appetizing brown. There were no deaths; Californians do not die from heat. They are accustomed to it. Still there were many who feared the weather might take a turn and be fatally hot. They had not lived as piously as they ought. They made ready their blankets.

The efforts of the Widow Van Cott to snatch the San Francisco sinner like a brand from the burning seem to have commanded but indifferent success. To-morrow will be the last day of her mission, and the harvest of immortal souls is still unreapt, and the Adversary knocketh together his header for the garnering thereof.

O, Widow Van Cott, though your zeal is too hot
To measure with any pyrometer,
It is wasting its blaze in attempting to raise
Our spiritual thermometer.
If 'twere orthodox
It would send up stocks.

Ah! those ambitious, war-loving, bloodthirsty despots of Europe, what is it they would be at with their expensive Congress, their long subtle machinations, their tedious "mediation," and "mutual concessions?" What is this so-called "Treaty of Peace." Do they think they can throw dust in the eyes of "forty millions of American freemen?"—do they? All this trouble and worry to save the "down-trodden masses" from the "horrors of war?" Bah! it is not credible. It is not of the nature of "tottering despotisms" to mean mischief and murder? Are we to suppose that "effete monarchies" are grown averse to shedding blood and not wiping it up? Shall not trembling tyrants ("Thy banner-r-r-rs make tyranny ter-remble"—sing) practice its immemorial prank upon "pop'lar liberty" as heretofore? Suffer not, Columbia, thine eyes to be obscured by pulled wool, but with hand on

sword be thou vigilant to compel the peace of Europe. Meanwhile, O daughter of the gods, it is to be remarked that you are doing your evil best to provoke a war for territorial aggrandizement with the "Sister Republic."

If some one will kindly ascertain who is Mr. Ben. Butler's political agent on this coast, and quietly brain, eviscerate, or otherwise admonish him, he will "do the State some service." Kearney openly favors the Butler person for President, and goes East to arrange the terms for his support. The *Post* publishes with paraded approval the mischievous fellow's old speeches on the Chinese-must-go question. The *Call* in its characteristically sneaking manner hides away in its editorial columns (for future display to prove that it has been right from the start) a commendatory article on his grave opinion that no man who works for the Presidency can get it—a dictum that from him has the temperature and quality of a sigh uttered across a dish of ice-cream with a brass spoon in it.

Col. Jackson, of the *Post*, has imported a poet, one Col. Richard Realf, "whose already achieved and honorable reputation," says the consignee, "entitles him to a hearty welcome in this State." Turning to his work—"a charming poem," Col. Jackson says—my eyes light upon these two lines:

"In the concert halls, where the lyric air
In palpitant billows swims and swoons."

It is enough; I welcome the warrior-critic's warrior-poet to a seat amongst the local bards. Make room there, you vagabonds. Mah'ny, shtop twirlin' that shillaly; ye'll be hittin' the gentleman's nose. Dam, you Dam, uncross your legs, sir, this minute; and you, Captain Stuart, stop inflating, and turn your edge to the front. There, Colonel, squeeze in—somewhere. No kissing Theresa.

A colored witness before the Branch Potter Committee at New Orleans justified his perjury on a former occasion by explaining that he did not kiss the Bible. How does he know? The good book may have been lying around on his lip somewhere all the time he was testifying.

There are seventy-two postmistresses in this country, and what they don't know about the relations between the men and women who seal their letters to one another with ingenious care could be painted in Roman capitals on a dog-fight without compromising any lady in the land.

"Them Christians"—dear disinterested souls—are urging Lord Beaconsfield to wrest the Holy Land from the grasp of Islam. No, no; the time is gone by. The Crusader sovereigns were right enough; they wanted the Holy Land, and offered payment in the lives of their subjects—like the grand gentlemen and kings that they were. Their rascally following of knights and knaves were better dead than alive, and the expense of getting them off their hands these provident princes defrayed by plundering their allies. But the Holy Land now would cost money, good, hard, useful money—and no lives. The thought is revolting.

Of the late Col. Lawrence, journalist and patron of genius, Mr. Pickering avers that he "brought out" that luminous humorist and delectable lecturer, Mr. Prentice Mulford.

When Lawrence cried: "I've brought great Mulford out,"
And set him 'fore the people to beguile 'em,
They said: "On corpus habbas, no doubt,"
Then—when they'd heard him: "Pray from what asylum?"

"Missis isn't to home, sir," said the carefully instructed parlor-maid to the pastor when he called. "My child," said the good man sadly, having in mind the divine ordinance, "do you know what it is that people who tell falsehoods do not keep?" "No hired girl," was the sententious answer.

Really the press is a great convenience. There is not a daily paper in the city but has informed its readers that those evicted cyprians have resumed business in — Street.

"The Russians must go."—*Mohomet Ali*. "Ah! but the English must come."—*Caratheodora*. "Everything comes to him who waits."—*Andrassy*. "See what a just division: Turkey gets as much as any of them."—*Bismarck*. "The war was undertaken to ameliorate the condition of Christian peoples; look at England and say if we have not succeeded."—*Gortschakoff*. "La Belle France emerges with glory undimmed."—*Waddington*. "There seemed less hazard in establishing a Turkish protectorate after than before the war."—*Beaconsfield*.

There is considerable appreciation of "the problem" in this item from an Eastern journal: "A California law forbids the purchase of bricks made by Chinamen for public buildings, although they are much cheaper than others; but the contractors get all the benefit intended for white laborers, for they slyly buy the Chinamen's bricks."

New York has a Society, and is to have an Institute, for the preservation of the Irish language. This is the first evidence that the Americanized Irishman means to hold his tongue.

LAURA.

A True Story of the Sierra.

Lottie Sylvester was leaning over the low gate, looking down the road. The round moon, just rising beyond the tall, dark stems of the pines, touched her brown rippling hair with silver light, and threw her gray eyes deeper into shadow beneath their long-lashed lids. She had a pure, white face, not remarkably pretty, but very fair to look upon. She was leaning in an attitude of expectation, which displayed a graceful, finely developed form. Just now there was a shadow upon the broad, low brow, from which the hair was swept away and gathered into a coil behind, and her firm nostrils had an undeniable poise as she exclaimed to herself:

"It's time Theodore was here. I don't believe he cares how long he keeps me waiting, or whether he comes or not. I wonder if that isn't his step? I won't go to meet him. I'll wait till he gets to the gate to-night."

The man whom she had termed "Theodore" sauntered up to the gate in an easy fashion peculiarly his own, and remarked carelessly:

"Good evening, Lottie."

His evident indifference stung the girl, for she answered coldly, "Good evening." He laughed:

"Why didn't you say 'Good evening, Mr. Russell'? Then I should have had no difficulty in determining your mood to-night."

"It seems you had none anyway," she answered, shortly.

He put a white hand over one of hers which lay on the gate-post, and noted the involuntary quiver it gave at contact with his own.

"We have no time to quarrel to-night, Lottie. I am going away to-morrow," pausing to notice the effect of his words. Lottie turned a startled face toward him and exclaimed:

"Going away to-morrow, Theodore! Where?"

"Down to the Bay City, my dear, for a vacation. Run into the house and get your shawl, and come for a walk with me. I want to talk with you before I go."

She turned away and went into the house. This man whom she felt standing there by the gate, the district-school-teacher with his blonde moustache, blue eyes, and handsome face, with his indescribable air as of one who had seen much of the world and was tired of it, was not the man whom Laura Sylvester ought to have loved. If she had an innate perception of the truth of this fact, she crushed it out of her heart through loyalty to him. Her life in the wild Sierra was one everlasting monotony, and the arrival of Theodore Russell furnished an element hitherto lacking, viz: diversion. Loyalty was a predominant trait of Lottie's character; a misanthrope might have called it obstinacy. She had heard vague rumors that he had been seen on the stage of a theatre in this same city of San Francisco whether he was now bound; moreover, that his divine qualities as a dancer on the floor of a ball-room where Lottie first met him were due to that fact; then he had been known to gamble to a small extent in the town of Montezuma, near which Lottie resided; also, it was pretty well known that he had been seen under the influence of liquor once since teaching school there; all of which Lottie styled base fabrications and clung to her idol closer than ever, well knowing there were others of her sex ready to tear him from her arms, and attributed the rumors mainly to that knowledge. More than all else, she dreaded the blank monotony of her life if she shut out the only adventure which had come within its limits thus far.

She came back to the gate wrapped in a scarlet shawl, one corner of it thrown over her dark hair. She took his arm in silence and they stroiled down the road together. She broke the silence first with the hesitant question:

"Why must you leave here, Theodore?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, lightly, "I am most decidedly tired of teaching brats all day and I'm pining for a change. Haven't you noticed my decrease in size lately?" The tears rose to Lottie's eyes, but she made no answer. He looked down at the fair face in the moonlight, so close to his shoulder, attentively for a moment, and then asked half-tenderly:

"Do you care, Lottie? Shall you miss me very much?"

You see that the shallow nature of this man could draw no response from the depth of Laura's earnest one; that at his triumph in securing her love he was tempted to be cruel; that, in fact, he was very little in love with her himself, but since it was a novelty to ruin a pure woman's heart, he made pretense of being pure. So when the girl lifting her large gray eyes answered with a sigh, "You know I can, Theodore," he put his arm around her and drew her close to him, laying his lips against her forehead for an instant. That Laura was young you may have imagined. It was not that altogether which made her so innocent and confiding, so truthful and tender. She had been reared in these mountains among the mines, since she was a child, by a careful, scholarly, quiet father, for whom she was housekeeper, and of whom she was the willful idol. It is a curious fact that one's nearest and dearest of kin are sometimes blind to what is in progress under their noses, and it proved to be so in this case, for Laura's studious father was strangely obtuse to the tragedy enacted almost in his presence.

"Lottie," said Russell, with evident sincerity, "you are my good angel. If I am ever tempted to go astray one thought of you will hold me back. Come, dear, you oak tree is our trusting place, and I have not much longer to stay. I must be off early to-morrow. It will be hard to say good-bye, won't it, little girl?"

Lottie suddenly noticed the omission of any allusion to the time of his return. Did he not then intend to come back at all? Was his tender flattery a prelude to his final farewell? The thought startled her into a sudden exclamation:

"Theodore, are you never coming back?"

He gave a slight but unmistakable start, which sent a chill to Lottie's heart. But he answered almost immediately with a surprised air:

"Why, whatever put that into your head, Lottie? Not come back when my term is not half out! I wish, indeed, that you and I were going away never to come back. I should not care if you were with me, dear," he said, with his arm around her shoulder.

It is curious how a man who will commit a crime will hesitate to tell an outright lie. He will put a direct question off with ingenious evasions rather than answer by a convincing yes or no, even though the concealed purpose be steeped in sin's dye. Lottie was reassured.

"It will be hard to say good-bye," she murmured, more to herself than to him. They heard the whirr of wheels coming down the road, and Lottie drew away from Russell's arm and took her station by his

side. The moonlight falling through the leaves of the oak beneath which they stood flecked Lottie's scarlet shawl and Russell's light coat. The tree stood at one side of the road and they waited for the carriage to pass. It was a light buggy containing two men, one of whom, catching sight of the couple under the tree, drew up the horses with a jerk, and handing the reins to his companion, jumped out and approached them. Russell drew back into deeper shadow as the stranger paused, asking in a fine, commanding voice:

"Russel, is that you?"

Russel did not answer, but Lottie said with a vague alarm in her tones:

"Yes, Mr. Russel is here."

"Then, Russel, I want to see you a minute. I have business with you."

Russel came forward slowly to Lottie's side.

"I am engaged, Jerome. Some other time—wait till I get back to town—won't you?"

There was an abjectness in Russel's manner that annoyed the stately Laura. She hated the suspicion of cowardice in any one. She whispered him sharply:

"What does he want, Theodore? Why don't you say at once you must go, and have done with it?"

Jerome's keen ears caught the defiant whisper, for he turned toward Lottie and said gravely:

"He must come now, Miss Sylvester. It is very important."

"But I tell you I'm engaged, Jerome. What do you want with me?" asked Russel, impatiently.

"I had rather not speak before this lady, unless you compel me to. Will you come quickly, or shall I call my companion?"

Even in the shadow Laura could see Russel's face blanch. A terrible fear had taken possession of him, for he gasped hoarsely:

"I'll go; but, for God's sake, don't make any fuss about it. Lottie, I must go. No, no—don't ask me what's the matter! I—I can't tell you."

He shook her clinging hand off his arm and strode out in the moonlight toward the buggy. Jerome followed him, and said a few words to his companion while untying a horse, ready saddled, which stood behind the buggy.

"I'll follow you up directly," he said, as Russel sat down beside the other occupant of the buggy, who turned the horses and prepared to retrace their steps. Then Russel was driven away, without casting one backward glance at the girl standing in the moonlight, whom Jerome now approached, leading his horse by the halter.

"Miss Sylvester," he said, gently, looking down at her white face, "if you will permit me I will see you safely up the road to your father's gate."

Laura moved onward as if in a dream. Jerome, man of experience though he was, began to feel a little uncomfortable at this conduct. He would even have preferred the explanations he had been afraid would be asked. It was not too late for that yet, it would seem, for Laura turned toward him, lifting her long-lashed lids and looking direct at him with an intense concentration of force, and said in a voice of controlled power and resolution:

"Will you be good enough to tell me the meaning of the singular scene I have just witnessed?"

Derrick Jerome could not look into the clear eyes of the girl by his side and tell her the truth. He groaned in spirit and temporized with her; anything to gain time. Yet he was a brave man, as Laura knew, for she had heard of him before that night. After a little he answered:

"It may not be hardly fair to tell you yet. Pray, don't ask it. I would rather you should not know from me."

I have said Laura was what might be termed obstinate. She stopped by the roadside, and Jerome stopped, also, with a "now or never" feeling in his mind. She said to him, calmly, deliberately, every word falling into the night silence with startling distinctness:

"Mr. Jerome, if you would spare me the pain of finding Mr. Russel to-night and learning from his own lips the cause of his sudden departure, you will tell me the nature of your business with him."

"On my soul, she will do that thing if I don't tell her," thought Jerome.

He stood with bent head before her, that he might not see her face, and said:

"Theodore Russel is a forger. He has forged the names of his school trustees to a note for five hundred dollars, and presented it at the bank for payment yesterday. He intended to leave this place to-morrow morning, and I was compelled to arrest him to-night. That was my business with him, and the meaning of the scene you have been so unfortunate as to witness."

To Jerome's relief, Laura did not utter any exclamation, nor did she faint away. This chivalrous sheriff would have spared her the knowledge, if possible, of her lover's crime. She said not another word, however, but walked on swiftly till she reached the gate. She turned a frozen face to him then, and said briefly:

"Good-night."

"Good-night, and God be with you!" was his earnest reply.

Then he sprang into his saddle, lifted his hat to her, and galloped up the road, leaving a light trail of dust behind him in the moonlight. The girl leaning over the gate was a very different girl from the one who stood there half an hour before. Her large eyes were brimful of despair and defiance. As the recollection of the things he had said to her that evening rose up before her, she clenched her hands in sudden detestation of herself for being the dupe of such a man as Theodore Russel.

"He said he was going away," she thought; "but he did not say he was coming back—and now I know he never meant to! If I were to go with him—when he knew it would be the last time we would ever meet! Hard to say good-bye—oh, my God, what a blind trusting fool I have been! I deserve it all. I was warned, but I would not heed it. And he called me his good angel—told me that one thought of me would help him from going astray! I shall never be able to wash the stain of this night from my soul. Oh, what a shameful memory I shall have to carry all my life—that I have loved a forger!—a forger!—such a weak, contemptible criminal! And all the world will know—will point the finger of scorn at me and say, 'There is Laura Sylvester, whose lover is a convict in San Quentin!' I wish I were dead. The atmosphere of this night will cling around and about me forever, as the scent of a chameleon-house to a shroud!"

There was a terrible volcano in this girl's soul, and not the least poignant pang of her remorse was the fact that the man's character had been revealed to her and that she had shut her eyes to his defects. In the silence of the night she fought the bitter battle through, and came out of it a changed woman.

Meanwhile Jerome galloped steadily on, his thoughts on the white face of the girl he left standing

by the gate, until he overtook the buggy containing Russel and his deputy. The news had spread through the mining town of Montezuma, and the long street was lined with a crowd of roughs and spectators, awaiting his arrival. Some hated him for the fascination he exerted over certain of the fair sex when he chose; some had lost by his means various small sums at the game known as "draw poker"; and among them all, now that his downfall was assured, he had not a friend.

Russel was lodged in the jail attached to the courthouse to await his trial, which came off in a few days. As he admitted his guilt, there was no trouble in convicting him; and he was sentenced to two years in San Quentin.

The evening of his sentence he sent word by the jailer for Jerome to come to him. It was dusk when Jerome entered the cell. Russel sat near the grated window with his head on his hand. He looked up as Jerome came in, and motioned him to a seat on the bed. For some time neither spoke. At last Jerome said kindly, for the narrow cell stifled him:

"Did you send for me, Russel? Can I do anything for you?"

Russel answered without moving:

"I suppose you took my traps into your possession in the search for proof before I was arrested?"

"Yes," said Jerome; "but no one else has touched them."

"Then," said Russel, slowly, "there's one favor I'd like to have you do for me. Down in the bottom of my trunk there's a little painting, tied up and addressed to Miss Lottie Sylvester. It contains some notes, a picture, and some little trifles. I meant to send it to her the morning after I was arrested—before I went away. I wish she had never seen me."

"So do I," thought Jerome, "with all my heart!"

Russel continued:

"I've been bad enough, without breaking her heart. I'd be glad to hear she hated me. Would it do any good to tell her I had a wife, do you suppose?"

"Have you?" inquired Jerome.

"No—but she thinks as badly of me as she can, unless there should be another woman concerned. Well, do as you like. But about the package. Will you take it from the trunk and give it to Lottie with your own hands?"

"Yes, Russel, I will promise to do this for you."

"Thank you, Jerome. You're a man worth knowing. And say—couldn't you try to comfort Lottie yourself? You're the right sort for her. Well, good-bye, Jerome," as the latter rose to go. It was too dark to see the red flush that rose to Derrick Jerome's strong, dark face at those last chance words of Russel. He said farewell kindly enough to the miserable convict, but once outside the cell, under the golden stars, he walked as though the fiends were after him. The conclusion of his meditations led him to the determination to comfort Miss Sylvester if possible.

So about a week after Russel's departure for San Quentin Derrick Jerome put the little package in his pocket and rode to see Miss Sylvester. He tied his horse by the gate and went into the house, but Laura was not there.

"She told me she would cross the wood and go up on hill to watch till the night-fires were lit in the Manzanita diggings just opposite," explained Mr. Sylvester, adding kindly, for he was busy just then with a scientific problem and did not care to be disturbed, "you will probably find her there now, Jerome. She has a curious fancy for odd scenic effects. It is not more than a quarter of a mile away. Tell her not to stay out late. By the way, rather sad affair that is about young Russel. Didn't know much about him; have only seen him a few times; but his career has come to an end rather suddenly. May be all for the best, though, all for the best. Good night, Jerome."

It would be "all for the best" with Mr. Sylvester, if anything happened short of the world turning upside down, and it might have been so in any event if he could climb to the upper side with his spectacles and geological hammer.

Jerome left his horse fast at the gate and walked across the wood, wondering if the kindly old man was really as ignorant of his daughter's connection with Theodore Russel as he seemed. The sun had not been set but a few minutes, and the soft summer twilight was filling the earth with shadows. Fold on fold of the far mountain ranges rose into view veiled in purple haze. A few pale stars were just coming into view over against the east.

Jerome with rapid step walked on till a white figure, wrapped in a scarlet shawl, sitting on a low pine stump near the edge of the diggings, arrested his attention. She had heard his footfall and turned her face toward him with a faint blush burning through its paleness. The blush was not at his presence, but at memory of the circumstances under which he had seen her last. She did not rise nor speak till he came close to her side; then, in response to his "good evening," Miss Sylvester, she answered, calmly, "Good evening, Mr. Jerome."

There was a minute's pause in which Jerome did not know what to say. His admiration for the pale-faced girl by his side was very sincere, and he hesitated to explain the nature of his business lest it should cut their interview short. He attempted a little flattery instead.

"I have been to the house to see you, and your father directed me to find you here. I am not intruding upon your solitude, am I, Miss Laura?"

"No," in the same calm tone.

"Your father commissioned me to tell you not to remain out too late," Jerome went on.

"Perhaps I had better return now," said Laura, drawing her shawl up around her shoulders. Jerome was nonplussed. He had made a mistake in the beginning and hardly knew how to rectify it. He put out his hand, saying hastily:

"No, don't go yet; it is early. Do you come here often?"

"Quite often," said Laura, quietly.

"Are you fond of watching the diggings after the fires are lit at night?"

"Yes," as evenly as before.

The indifference was beginning to be a little exasperating to Jerome. She appeared to care no more for his presence than for one of the pine stumps around her. She was looking from under her long lashes at the play of the waters against the yellow earth-wall on the opposite side of the mine, and the flaring pitch-pine fire threw fitful shadows over her white face. He caught the gleam of a faint smile around her mouth after a little, which made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. He thought, "now she is making fun of me." He sat down on a log close by and stubbornly resolved to be as dumb as herself, since that seemed to be her humor. After a long silence she turned to him, saying gravely:

"It's my belief that the Persian Ghebers were not far astray in their form of worship, after all."

Jerome gave a sigh of relief, exclaiming:

"I had thought you would never have spoken again! You put me in mind of Tennyson's Maud, whose deportment was 'icily regular, splendidly null.' I was so relieved to hear your voice again that I don't believe I took in the full force of your remark. What was it—something about 'Fire Worshipers,' I think?"

"Yes," said Laura, with an amused smile. "I was thinking of that peculiar piece of versification in *Lalla Rookh* called by that name."

"Of what particular passage, Miss Laura! Pray repeat it to me," said Jerome, gently.

Laura flushed a little at the interpretation he might put upon the lines, but repeated evenly:

"And ne'er did Saint of Issa gaze
On the red wreath for martyrs twined,
More fondly than the youth surveys
That pile, which through the gloom behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers—his destined funeral pyre!"

Heaped by his own, his comrades' hands,
Of every word of odorous breath,
Then by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there when hope was o'er."

Jerome watched her closely, but she was unembarrassed. As she concluded she turned to him, saying:

"Do you like Moore's poetry?"

"Not very well," he answered, rather brusquely for him. He was disturbed by the vague application of the lines she had just quoted.

"Why not?" she persisted, looking intently at the fire.

"It is too glittering; it is as coruscant as the dew-drops in the morning, and, in many instances, fully as evanescent. Then there is a questionable morality in it in some cases, also."

Laura was a little aroused from her apathy. She spoke rather sharply:

"Your criticism sounds slightly superficial. Instance some of the defects of which you speak, if you please, sir."

"Well, to what do the lines you have just quoted lead? Suicide, simply. That is what Hafid did in the end. You can make nothing else out of it. Isn't it questionable morality that leads one to escape from the troubles of this life by ending one's own life? Here is an oft-quoted couplet:

"I know not—I care not—if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!"

Can you approve of that sentiment, Miss Laura?"

Even through the dusk that had fallen around them Jerome could see the hot red stain which rose to Laura's face at the lines he quoted. He accused himself of being the most wretched blunderer on the face of the earth. Surely some evil genius must be leading him on to destroy his hope. But Laura answered quietly enough, after an instant's pause as if for thought:

"You are severe, but just. I am disposed to agree with you." Then rising from the pine stump whereon she had been sitting she bent to pick up her hat from the ground where it had lain, adding: "I think it is time we should return. Father would probably call dark late enough."

She turned down the path leading toward home, Jerome walking beside her. He had an insane desire to drop the packet he had brought into the first ditch they crossed and let the water whirl it away, rather than that this girl should suffer another start at his hands. But his promise held him, and he was an honorable man. They were both nearly silent going through the wood. Laura had some faint fancy flitting through her mind that if it had been this man instead of Russel she had met six months ago, her life would have been very different. But now—who would want the girl Russel had discarded? She felt herself unworthy of any true man's love, yet all the while seeling no escape from the universal scorn and slander of her life except in marriage. But at that point in her reflections she gave herself a mental shake, and felt her face grow warm again in the darkness at the recollection of her thoughts. After all, there is nothing harder for a high-spirited woman to endure than the strictures of society, deserved or otherwise.

When they finally reached the gate, which Laura was about to open, Jerome put out a strong white hand, which trembled a little, and stayed her.

"Wait a moment, Miss Laura." His voice was very tender when he spoke her name. She showed no surprise—merely inquiring:

"What? You come indoors? Father will be pleased to see you."

"Not to night, thank you. My business is with you."

"With me?" There was an undertone of alarm in her low voice. She had not thought there was any special meaning attached to Jerome's visit, and she began to fear now that there was some new trouble in store for her. Jerome drew the package from the breast pocket of his coat.

"Miss Laura, the night before Russel was—taken away, he sent for me. When I went to see him he asked me to take from his trunk this packet, addressed to you, and deliver it to you with my own hands. I have done this because he desired my promise that I would do so. It is not a very pleasant duty for either of us. I will leave you now, but some other time I may hope to avail myself of your invitation to enter your father's house. Good night." He put the package into her hand, which he caught and pressed tenderly, then mounted his horse and rode hastily away without another word from Laura.

An hour afterward Mr. Sylvester came into the dining-room. There was a bright blaze in the grate, beside which Laura was standing, with her head on her arm which lay on the mantel-piece.

"Why, Lottie, what a crazy notion to have a fire such a warm June night as this! Are you sick, my dear?" inquired her father, anxiously. Laura answered in an odd muffled voice, without raising her head:

"I've only been burning some waste paper, father."

During the next three months Derrick Jerome became a frequent visitor at Sylvester's house. Even Mr. Sylvester himself had begun to see which way these visits were tending, and, having great respect and liking for Jerome, he favored his inclinations most agreeably. With both these coadjutors arrayed against her, Laura, who did not care much whether she was drifting, seeing the chasm which lay between her soul and Russel's growing wider every day, was fain to yield to their entreaties, and name a day which would bring to pass the event they both desired. So, in the last days of September, Laura saw her wedding-day approaching with an apathy she strove in vain to

conceal. She could not be as interested as they desired; it seemed to her continually as though it was some one else's wedding-day instead of her own; or else that the ghost of Laura Sylvester, a pale, spirit-like woman, was about to plight her troth to Derrick Gerome. Of her future husband's worth and goodness she had no doubt whatever; nay, she even anticipated a quiet sort of satisfaction at thought of the devotion with which he regarded her. She could be content all her life with him, but it was not exactly the passionate, self-sacrificing love she had thought herself capable of before she was wasted in an unworthy object. You will perceive that Laura regarded herself somewhat in the light of a martyr. It is true, her sensitive nature had received a shock which she could not easily forget; but her actions conveyed, though she had never put the thought into words, even to herself, that since one man had made her suffer all men should atone. Gerome felt this lack of responsive affection on her part, but hoped time would win a more fervent return of his own warm regards.

So, one bright September morning, Laura was robed in white trailing garments and the traditional veil and orange-blossoms. When she looked in the glass her own reflection startled her, it was so wraith-like.

"White is so becoming to brides," said her gratified attendant. Laura looked down at her ghostly robes.

"And they lay out dead people in white," was all she said.

Her horrified attendant saw her depart without another word. There was no tremor in Laura's voice during the performance of the solemn marriage ceremony, though that of Gerome was almost inaudible. It was concluded, and Laura Sylvester was no more; but a pale, quiet woman stood in her place, whom friends called "Laura Gerome." Her husband took her to San Francisco, but, in spite of the quietness of her girlhood, the busy city life soon palled upon her taste. She was not in harmony with its rush and struggle; so, after spending a month or two of it, she said to her husband:

"Derrick, I want to go home. I believe I like the mountains best after all. It is so quiet there, and this life tires me."

"My dearest, we will go to-morrow. You do look tired! Why didn't you mention it before, Laura?" said her husband, tenderly stroking her brown band hair. It was noticeable that he never called her "Lotie"—the name which Russell's lips had profaned—nothing but the stately "Laura," which he spoke so tenderly, did she ever hear from him.

So in a few days they were back in their own home, a picturesque house out of town, whose sitting-room windows commanded a view of the Manzanita diggings, of which Gerome was now superintendent and part owner. The house was handsomely furnished, and not far distant from her girlhood's home. Here she passed the first winter of her married life, quietly enough, happy to all appearances, and no one but Gerome felt the full force and grimness of the skeleton in the closet. Laura was most willing to please him, read and talked about his favorite books, took pains to prepare such epicurean dishes as he expressed a fancy for, wore his favorite amethyst ribbons at her throat and in her hair, and always addressed him gently but with unvarying calmness. The soul of the strong man was hungry for the signs of love, which he did not exhibit; he would have given all he owned if she had come to the door to meet him with ripe lips uplifted for a kiss; he would have showered caresses on her which would have made some women the happiest wives in the world; but the fear that they would weary her restrained him. Russell's name was never mentioned between them—never approached save once, when Gerome found Laura sitting on a low foot-stool, before a fire flickering in the grate, and the rest of the room in shadow. He saw tears on her lashes, and the sight rent his great heart; he spoke without stopping to think, out of the depths of his misery:

"Oh, Laura! can't you forget and be happy?" And she had answered, sadly enough:

"I wish to Heaven I could! I and went away with her trouble, leaving him to bear his alone."

One day in May Laura sat by the window open to the soft South air, with some sewing lying in her lap. Over in the mines, whither Gerome had gone half an hour before, all was activity. The cascade of water pouring over the top of the bank caught the eye; its ribbon-like stream was swaying in the breeze. By the pipes at the foot of the bank several men were standing, Gerome among the number, she thought idly. She reached an opera-glass from a small table near her and leveled it toward the bank. Yes, the bank was going to cave before long, evident from the watchful positions of the miners at the foot of it. Even while she looked the earth started to slide, and the men left their pipes and ran for safe places. Gerome was among the number, but, being a strong, active man, Laura had no fear for him. But while the thought was in her mind, she saw stumble and fall, and the next instant the sliding avalanche of earth had swept over and around him, burying him from sight. The glass dropped from Laura's shaking hand. She was white to the very lips with the dreadful, pitiful pallor of fear. In that instant of horror the long frozen current of her heart was broken up, and, with one wild cry of "O Derrick, my husband!" she sprang out of the door, and flew with the speed of the wind down the steep, rocky path which led into the mines. In that supreme hour of crucial test she remembered, nothing but that she loved him whom she had lost—who had lacked through her the bliss of knowing himself beloved. She sped as if winged over the rough rocks and huge boulders which lay in her way. She scaled cliffs and leaped chasms which, at another time, she would not have dared attempted; but she had only one thought in her mind, to save her husband or to die with him. Ghostly and panting she appeared on the scene. One of the men suddenly darted from the crowd and caught her arm, interposing himself between her and the scene beyond.

"Good God! Mrs. Gerome, how came you here?"

But Laura struck at him with her clenched hand, crying wildly:

"Where is my husband? Let me go to him! Let me go, I tell you!" and, breaking away from him, she sprang forward to the group of men who, with hands and shovels, were removing the earth from the spot where Derrick Gerome had fallen.

Laura dropped on her knees, and with feverish anxiety began to throw the loose earth away with her own white hands. The man who had stayed her first—the foreman, Rolfe—took hold of them gently, but firmly.

"Come with me. Don't you see that you hinder the men from working?" he said.

That was enough. Laura drew back a few paces, watching with maddening anxiety the movements of the workers. Swiftly, but carefully, they worked; and after the lapse of what seemed hours to Laura, a something was slowly brought to view. Gerome

had fallen forward, with one arm crushed under him, and his face to the ground. They turned it to the light as Laura darted forward and fell on her knees beside him. The face was bruised about the temples, and the yellow mud was clotted in his dark curling hair. Some one brought water from a pool near by, and with a wet handkerchief gently bathed his face. Laura lifted her head from his heart.

"He isn't dead! He isn't dead! His heart beats! I hear it!" she cried, excitedly. "Oh, for the love of heaven, send some one for a doctor!"

"Page has gone long ago," said one of the men. "If we could carry him home, it would be better."

A litter was hastily improvised, and laying their unconscious burden on it, the men proceeded slowly and steadily to bear him home, where they laid him on a sofa in the cheerful sitting-room, and all but Rolfe withdrew.

"That woman's white face will haunt me as long as I live," said one of them in a subdued tone.

"She looks as if she had been struck with death herself," was the answer.

Gerome was struggling for breath now, watched by Laura's agonized eyes. Rolfe was moistening his lips with brandy and holding Laura's crystal and silver fagon of smelling-salts to his nostrils. She had caught up the flagon as she opened the doors to let them enter, and held it to her husband with nervous haste; but Rolfe put out a quiet hand and took it from her. Gerome gasped, and the brown eyes opened slowly, gazing full into his wife's face. After an instant, he said in a dazed, feeble way:

"What is it, dear? You look frightened."

Her heart gave a great bound.

"Me, always me," she thought; "he never thinks of himself. How blind I have been, and O heaven, how cruel!"

She put her face down against his caressingly as she answered, suppressing her emotion to speak quietly:

"The cave overtook you, Derrick, and you were buried in it. But, thank God, you are still alive!"

The unwonted tenderness of her manner touched him. As Rolfe withdrew to the window, Gerome whispered:

"And you were frightened, dear? Did you think I was killed?"

She raised her face and let him look into her eyes, saying, with a great throb of thankfulness at her heart because that he had lived to hear it:

"Derrick, until I thought you might be dead, I never knew how dearly I loved you, how wholly my heart was yours. You must live so that I may have years in which to prove my words true, dearest."

Then she laid her lips lightly on his in the first voluntary kiss she had ever given him. There was time for her to see the great joy shining from his dark eyes ere the fringed lids swept over them, hiding their light in unconsciousness again. Laura sprang to her feet in alarm as Rolfe turned, saying: "He has fainted again. The Doctor is here now, thank God!"

When Gerome was restored to consciousness a second time, under the Doctor's manipulations, his first glance was around the room in search of his wife's face, resting thereon with an expression of absolute content.

"This man's hurt!" said Doctor Hamilton, bluntly; "his left arm is completely mangled," gently cutting the muddy slum away from it. After a careful examination of the injured member, the Doctor laid it back by the man's side and looked at him thoughtfully, jamming his hands into his coat pockets as he did so. The brusque Doctor had a heart, which so many members of his profession seem to lack, and he hesitated to tell the stricken man the truth. But Gerome spared him the pain by asking:

"Will I have to lose it, Doctor?"

Laura drew close and slipped her hand in her husband's uninjured right one, which closed round it with a tender pressure. The Doctor answered slowly:

"I am afraid so, my friend. The bone is so splintered and broken that it is impossible to restore it. You must have struck your elbow on a rock as you fell; and, after all, that may have saved your life, as that was the primary cause of your unconsciousness."

With a look of agony, which went straight to Laura's heart, Gerome exclaimed:

"Then don't wait! Take it off at once, before I have had time to think of it, Doctor!"

"That won't do. I will send for Dr. Collins, and consult with him. We shall not be able to perform the operation for an hour yet, nor will your strength at present admit of it. I want you to take this cordial I am mixing four times during this hour; and Mrs. Gerome, I am satisfied to leave my patient in your hands for comfort and consolation!"

He left the room, Rolfe following him, to dispatch a messenger for Dr. Collins, and Laura and her husband were left alone. The innate force and loyalty of her nature were aroused now. She felt herself to be the fountain whence her husband was to draw strength and support for the coming trial, and she rose equal to the occasion. She leaned over him, saying quietly, but oh! so tenderly:

"I am glad it is no worse, Derrick."

"But a cripple, Laura! A husband with only one arm when you married a stalwart man!" he groaned.

"For better or for worse till death us do part," she quoted softly, remembering her wedding vow. "And it is not your heart that is crippled, my own; nor the light of reason that has left you, for you can hear me say 'I love you,' and you know what that means; and I am sure that you are deprived of, for you can assure me of your love in return; and the light of your eyes is now the light of my heart, for you can see the face of the wife who loves you better than all the world besides."

Gerome's dark face was radiant.

"My angel," he murmured. "I would be willing to suffer any penalty that the blessing of your affection may be revealed to me."

"Derrick, a little while ago I said my heart was wholly yours, and that you must live years yet in which to prove my words true. Ought I not to feel a little thrill of thankfulness that I will have the opportunity of proving the helpmate I promised to be?"

"I am only concerned for the suffering you will undergo, dear heart."

"That will be nothing if you can stay by me, Laura."

"I will not leave you, dearest."

So when, at the expiration of the hour, the two doctors entered the room together, Laura said gravely, though with white lips:

"My husband wishes me to stay by him, gentlemen. I will be very quiet, I assure you, and not interfere with you in the performance of your duties."

Dr. Hamilton looked at Gerome's pleading face and answered briefly:

"Very well, madam."

When the cruel shining steel instruments were laid out on the table, Laura went and knelt beside the sofa which had been drawn beside it. Gerome's arm, bared to the shoulder, bruised, nerveless, and shat-

tered lay on the table. He refused the help of anesthetics, saying bravely:

"I want to keep my brain clear."

When all was ready Laura lifted the head and laid it against her bosom, holding it close while the work was done. When he winced once with the pain, she pressed her lips to his forehead, his closed eyes, and white lips. At last it was over, and he looked up at her with pathetic smile.

"This is your husband, dear, all that's left of him."

"Don't, Derrick, don't!" was all Laura could say, for her own strength began to fail under the awful strain it had borne. But Gerome, now that the worst ever, began to recall some of his old cheerfulness under the potent spell of Laura's love. As the medical men withdrew a great tear fell on his face.

"My darling, don't grieve for me. Indeed, I am happier than in all my life before," he said, anxiously. But down went Laura's head on his breast, and for a few minutes she sobbed violently, while Gerome held her close in the circle of his right arm, whispering fond and endearing words in her ear. But the brusque Doctor entered just then, and taking in the situation at a glance, exclaimed hastily:

"Tut, tut, madam, this will never do! It won't, upon my soul! Why, I left you to comfort your husband, and from the appearance of things at present I should say he is comforting you."

But he was not very cross, for Gerome's face reassured him, and as Laura lifted her head indignantly, with her sobs checked, Gerome replied steadily:

"Now, don't you interfere, Hamilton! Laura is as brave as a soldier you admitted yourself. God bless her! Comfort! Why, I could spare some of my spirits to you. I'm not as low-spirited as you fancy."

"That's a fact, Gerome; you do bear up well. I couldn't in your place."

Gerome looked up at him with a mischievous smile as he answered:

"You could if you had my wife to help you."

"There may be something in that, Gerome. Believe I will get married. Don't know, women are so fussy. Good hands in sickness, though. I'll see about it," and he went bustling out of the house.

This happened some years ago. The last time I saw Gerome and his wife was behind a handsome span of horses, which Laura was driving. The dark face of her husband glowed with pride or gleamed with amusement at her animated talk, and it was plain that Laura's promise had been well and faithfully kept, that she was in every sense of the word her husband's helpmate, and that his tower of strength lay in the fullness of her love.

N. H.

NORTH COLUMBIA, July, 1878.

INTAGLIOS.

Not Yet.

Not yet, O friend, not yet
The patient stars
Lean from their lattices content to wait.
All is illusion till the morning bars
Slip from the levee of the Eastern gate.
Night is too young, O friend, day is too near,
Wait for the day that maketh all things clear.
Not yet, O friend, not yet.
Not yet, O friend, not yet.
All is not true:
All is not even as seemeth now:
Soon shall the rise take other blue,
Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow.
What hieeth dark, O love, bright day will fill.
Wait for the morning, be it good or ill.
Not yet, O love, not yet. BRET HARTE.

The Mysteries.

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.
Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the stern upon thy breast
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life.
W. D. HOWELLS.

Three Kisses of Farewell.

Three—only three, my darling—
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give except
A sacrament!
First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain:
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again.
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand,
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven before it comes,
For our love's sake!
The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill:
We have blessed each other always:
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other
Past all time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!
The last kiss, O my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die as live.
Token of my tears, I remember
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

Nature.

As a fond mother when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.
LONGFELLOW.

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LONGFELLOW.



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 16, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I wish you could have been with us on Monday night at the California. It was so like the old times—the old times, I mean, not only before the era of economy set in, but before the beginning of the decline. Everything in the way of mountings was lavish, and the cast contained not a single stick. Think upon that, Madge, and think also what a long, long time it has been since it was possible to say it of a performance in that theatre. *Diplomacy* is a charming play, and, perhaps, owes something of its interest in these times to the wondrous amount of state-craft which those old fellows over the water are employing just now. In short, diplomacy is the fashion, and diplomats are greater men than generals. Of course, in the play, everything diplomatic is delightfully vague, and we only know of the dispatches, which cause all the trouble, that they are important and that they are Russian. This latter is a very strong recommendation. It would appear that no playwright can with impunity give a play over to a critical public unless in contains the Russian element, as popular taste runs nowadays; and it does help to make a play picturesque, both because the Russians are born sybarites and born schemers. In *Diplomacy* there is just enough Russia introduced to make the necessary mischief, for the "Beauclerc" brothers are Englishmen and members of the British Embassy, while the heroine and her mother hail from Paraguay. That is rather an odd fancy, is it not, Madge, to bring a heroine from Paraguay of all countries? But whenever those foreign dramatists introduce to fiction a lady whose habits of life are more luxurious than her known bank account would seem to warrant, they locate her either in the United States or South America. The plot of *Diplomacy* is as delicate as a spider's web, but woven of that strongest thing in nature—the jealousy of a woman baffled in love. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis as the "Comtesse Zicka" quite froze me with horror in the first act. Such concentrated malignity of hate is quite terrifying even to fiction. You have no idea, Madge, how Miss Lewis has improved, even since she was here last playing in *Pique*. An indefinable change has passed over her. She has lost her affectations. She is stronger, more thorough, and more finished. She has an immensely strong part. She is a female Russian spy, a woman with a history, an adventuress who has been overtaken by a genuine passion, and finds a rival in a young girl whose charms consist of a fresh heart and a pretty face. Altogether, she is a "very bad sort," as the novels say, but she pleaded her case so strongly, she was so inexpressibly touching in her interview with "Baron Stein"—where she tells her story in the second act after her return from the wedding of her rival—that my sympathies perforce went out to her, so that her humiliat on actually hurt me, my interest was so real. But how subtly she wove the toils around "Dora," how she wrung the heart of the man she loved; how cleverly she seconded the schemes of the wily Baron, and how thoroughly she mixed affairs up generally! I never saw so labyrinthine a plot whose incidents were so naturally brought about, and, in the end, so neatly unwound. You will remember, Madge, my impressions of Maud Granger, derived partly from her photographs and partly from the reports of those who had seen her. I thought her tall and Junoesque, large, exceedingly in fact, with a pair of big flashing coal-black eyes, and a big stage voice with a presence altogether to which the term magnificent would be most applicable. Judge of my amazement when a pretty little creature swept out, who quite upset all my preconceived ideas. She is short, quite short, with a *petite*, lissome figure, and eyes which may be black or blue or gray, I could not tell, but large and round and full. They neither flash nor dance as I expected, but are soft and pleading, and taken altogether she is quite a delicious little woman. And what a dresser, Madge! Jeffreys-Lewis, as the "Comtesse," is a picture in her magnificent costumes, but there is something out of the common in Maud Granger's style. The costumes may be Worth's, but they are not Worthian. She inclines to the *neglige*, and wore two *robes des chambres*, both of white and gold, but the second of white satin, and a little more elaborate than the first, a natural circumstance perhaps, since it was an article of the trousseau. She must be fond of gold, for her second toilet had some yellow drapery—an over-dress I suppose it to be—and her bridal traveling-dress of purple and golden brooze was flag all over with little golden jigamares of some sort. The effect was quite enchanting, I assure

you. I do not fancy Maud Granger to be an extraordinary actress. In a round of characters she could not approach Jeffreys-Lewis; but "Dora"—how in the world did a Paraguayan ever come to be named Dora?—is a part which fits her well, and she plays it very prettily. There is a charming scene between husband and wife, in which both she and Montague are delightfully natural. Poor fellow! he was suffering from a terrible cold, and was as hoarse as a crow. It must be very discouraging to make even stage love when the croup comes struggling up in the throat with one's feelings; but Montague, as you know, in this line, always depended quite as much upon *pose* as upon his lines. In point of fact, he attitudinizes too much, a weakness which was observable in the famous scene between the three men at the close of the second act. It is the thing to run Montague down, because he is so well liked by the ladies, something which the poor man can not help. I can not fancy him as "Spartacus," or "Samson," or "Jibbenainosay," but a more graceful, manly, and gentlemanly performance than his "Julian Beauclerc" I should not ask, nor do I soon again expect, to see. The stillness in the theatre was intense when "Count Orloff" unwittingly accused the wife of his friend, and the repressed feeling with which all three gentlemen played the scene was very strong in its effect. It was uncomfortably like a bit of real life and every one was very glad to see them appear amicably together before the curtain. It is rarely, alas how rarely, that one sees so many good actors together. Mr. F. B. Warde, who plays the brother, is enough like Montague to be his brother, but in the play they are so exceedingly friendly as to almost make the idea of relationship incompatible. They speak in same manner, dress in the same style, and have the same regard for all the minor courtesies of the drawing-room. Warde has a bright, open face, and a twinkling eye, is, in fact, a better looking man than Montague, but not quite so good an actor, in this line at least, though an able second. In fact, Madge, they both have such awfully nice parts that they can't help making themselves liked in them. "Count Orloff" has a very correct and dignified manner, and was an admirable third in this remarkable scene. As for "Baron Stein"—I believe the man's name is Shannon, but I can not think of him as anything but "Stein"—his make-up is so thorough that I heard many people disclaim the idea of its being a make-up at all. He has a pair of keen, glittering eyes, under white pent brows, a mere soupcon of accent and a bland suavity which is quite exasperating when you know what a grand old rascal he is. It is an admirably drawn character and admirably played. There, Madge! Four good actors all together in one theatre in one play! Add to these two excellent actresses, a couple of artistic interiors, unexampled care in costuming both on the part of the ladies and gentlemen, an audience almost as brilliant as in the opera season, and you will not be astonished that I found nothing to growl about. I enjoyed myself thoroughly, as I always do when they give anything worth enjoying. I can not say as much for Tuesday evening, when a very large circle of personal friends assisted at the benefit of Harry Edwards. The occasion was interesting, but, for an hour or two there was a perfect carnival of amateurism. I am sorry he is going, but the fates be thanked that when he does go he goes to Boston. They say W. A. Mestayer is going there also, and I should not like to have the fastidious Hubites judge of California taste, as they would do should Mr. Mestayer bill himself as a "California favorite." Mr. Harry Edwards will offset anything of that kind I hope, or else Boston will regard us as a band of wild lunatics. The programme for the benefit was necessarily made up of what material could be made available, and was therefore too fragmentary to be thoroughly enjoyable. However, it was just as well. Jack says we had no business to be enjoying ourselves at such a parting. There were some redeeming features, one of which was the singing of Madame Varian—mother of vain, pretty Nina—a lady who, under a long Italian name, is said to have once entranced audiences. Her voice is jangled by time, but she is an artist. Another was Grismer's recitation of the soliloquy in Enoch Arden: "A shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail; no sail from day to day." Of course he said "but no sail." They all offend metrical symmetry with that little conjunction. Yet he gave the pretty fragment with feeling and taste, and in a deep, sonorous voice, which called up memories of poor Edwin Adams, who is always identified with "Enoch Arden." Rogers, of Tony Pastor's troupe, has been giving an imitation of Edwin Adams in this same bit during the week, but it is not so happy as some others of his acts. They have changed the bill at Tony's just enough to call it changed, and the crowds are still flocking there to laugh and be gay. It is a comfortable place to go, for there is never any of the tedium of delay. Every one is sharply on time, no one dawdles, and there is nothing of the endless repetitions of encores, which become such a nuisance. Patience here is never worn, at least with waiting—a lesson which some of the other managers could advantageously learn from "America's own vocalist." A striking name, is it not? But not nearly so funny as an advertisement I saw the other day, where Harrigan and Hart's entertainment is called the "Genesis of Vaudeville." Adieu! Come down and see *Diplomacy* if you can, and enjoy it as much as did Yours, BETSY B.

The Power of Love.

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a greater power—
A sort of double-gear'd block and tackle arrangement,
That will, among other things, keep a man
Chained to the sofa in her father's parlor
Till half-past one o'clock next day.
Love adds a precious seeing to the eye,
Which enables base, deceiving men to pay
Two dollars and a half for a paste diamond
Set in a brass ring, and palm it off
On his best girl for one of Tiffany's best stones,
And the dear, confiding creature, extending
Her taper finger to receive the gift,
Exclaims, "O George, and falling into his arms
Sinks his white vest with tears of joy!
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
And there are few cases on record
Where the old man succeeded in stealing
From the bed-room to the parlor door
Without surprising at least one of the young people.
Love's tongue proves the tiny Bacchus gross in taste;
And for valor, is not love a Hercules,
Packing enough confectionery in his coat-tail pockets
To sink a ship of a hundred tons burden?
Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute strung with hair
Plucked from the bright and golden butter
Which cometh from the Western Reserve.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs;
O then his lines would ravish savage ears—
But what does an Indian know about poetry?
—Oil City Derrick.

The New York *Graphic* says: The marriage of Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, to Lieutenant Fremont, a son of General John C. Fremont, is announced by the Louisville *Argus*, on the authority of Mrs. Fremont, who wrote the fact to General William Preston. It appears from the statement that Miss Anderson was married on the 30th of May, the day she sailed for Europe, and that on that date the Lieutenant boarded his own ship, it being arranged that they should meet in Paris and pass the honeymoon there. That the fair young tragedienne is now acting "Juliet" to the fortunate Lieutenant's "Romeo," there would seem every reason to believe; and this contrary to the advice of no less a mentor than Mr. Boucicault, whose sage remarks in an interview published in the *Graphic* are recalled by this revelation of "perfect bliss." "I was telling Miss Anderson," said Mr. Boucicault (we quote him from the interview), "that a young actress should avoid marriage. The priestesses of our art should be devoted to celibacy. The audience is a husband that is never out of temper—always a lover, liberal, faithful, and always at home. She cannot serve two masters. An actress should live among the illusions of life as long as she can. Marriage and its consequences are realities of the realist kind." "But it is time that you speculate," asked the lady, with pertinacious curiosity, "that you are wise in stocks and shares?" No wonder Miss Anderson, on the verge of "realities of the realist kind," changed the subject, although we doubt, in light of later events, the "pertinacious curiosity" in regard to stocks and shares. To hear, and yet not to obey! We would remind the giver of such wise counsel, however, that the priestess of art is apt to be the gainer by loving and living, and that when Miss Anderson carries out his project of playing "Parthenia" to Mr. McCullough's "Ingomar," there will be a "new-found meaning in those stupid words"—
"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one!"

Miss Genevieve Ward has arrived in New York from Europe, but left almost immediately for Marshfield, where she will remain until September. Miss Ward is said to be the greatest tragedienne now upon the stage, and her appearance at Booth's, under the auspices of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, will be an occasion of great interest. Miss Ward will be remembered as Mme. Guerrabella, whose beautiful voice promised so much for a fine artistic career some years ago. She is American by birth, belonging to one of the best old New York families, though she has won her theatrical triumphs abroad. It was to the loss of her voice while pursuing operatic studies, and to the despair which that loss created, that we owe the acquisition to the stage of one more great artist. Miss Ward has had the most distinguished success in London during the past season, and comes back to us in the zenith of her fame, with a reputation as woman and actress of which her countrywomen may be proud.

The dramatic amusements for this country this season, out of New York, will be entirely by traveling companies. The *Dramatic News* says that only eight cities in the United States will have stock companies, and of these only three cities will have resident companies—New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. McVicker, who will have the only stock company in Chicago, reserves the privilege of sending it out through the country at odd times. Spaulding of St. Louis, and Miles of Cincinnati, employ one company in conjunction. New Orleans will have no company, San Francisco but two, Louisville none, Baltimore one, Albany none, Portland none, Detroit none, Pittsburgh none, Cleveland one (which will mainly be on the road, however). A rough estimate gives sixty-five as the number of combinations that will travel about the country.

A risky experiment was tried in a Paris theatre. In the ballet the leading danseuse came forward waving an olive branch. Then all the flags of the world were waived by the corps, except that of Germany. Then the premiere danseuse displayed the German flag. The reception given it was very cordial.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.
G. R. CHIFMAN.....TREASURER.

Last Nights of the GREAT HIT OF THE SEASON,

THE OCTOROON.

Old Time Plantation Scenes. Old Time Plantation Songs.

SATURDAY.....JULY 20
MATINEE AT 2; EVENING AT 8.

THE OCTOROON.

Sunday, July 21, Last Performance of

THE OCTOROON.

Monday, July 22, and for this week only, grand production of the great Comedy of Adventure,

FROM SINGAPORE TO SUEZ

BY THE

OVERLAND ROUTE,

By Tom Taylor, Esq., with new and original scenery, music, tropical properties and costumes, and mechanical effects.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

INSTANT SUCCESS

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...OF...

MR. H. J. MONTAGUE

AND HIS NEW YORK COMPANY

In Sardou's latest success,

DIPLOMACY!
DIPLOMACY!

Which will be presented MONDAY EVENING, July 22d, and every evening during the week and Saturday matinee, with scenery, costumes, and appointments entirely new and a cast including Misses Jeffreys-Lewis, Maude Granger, Emily Mestayer, Hattie Roche, Jennie Arnot, Messrs. H. J. Montague, F. B. Warde, J. W. Carroll, J. W. Shannon, J. N. Long, and John Wilson.

Seats may be secured at the Box Office six days in advance.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

LADIES' MATINEE TO-DAY, AT 2 P. M.

To-night and every evening, including Sunday. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Second Week—Complete and Entire Change of Programme. Every Act a Specialty—Every Specialty a Feature.

TONY PASTOR

In an entire New Budget of Songs.

JOHN & HARRY KERNELL, North of Ireland Delegates
BILLY BARRY'S.....Odds and Ends
IRWIN SISTERS.....Love and War
WATSON AND ELLIS.....Dutch Reception
ROGERS AND VICKERS.....Lancashire Clog
MISS KITTY O'NEIL.....Debutante
BRYANT AND HOEY'S.....Yellow Clarionette
KING HIGH KICKERS.....She didn't name the day
HARRY KENNEDY'S.....Ventriloquism
THE FONTAINEBLEAUX.....New Sketches
Germany vs. Ireland.....Practical Joker

An entire new melange of song, fun, and comedy—the whole forming the most elaborate of Vaudeville Programmes. Special attention called to the popular Ladies' Saturday Matinee.

Box office open continuously for sale of reserved seats from 3 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Carriages ordered for 10:30 P. M.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

SUNDAY EVENING.....JULY 21.

FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL

...TO...

T. W. KEENE,

Positively his last appearance prior to his departure for the East.

THE DUKE'S MOTTO,

With a powerful cast.

Box sheet now open.

DRAMATIC INSTRUCTION

MR. A. D. BRADLEY (late Stage Manager Grand Opera House) gives practical instruction in ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART. Rehearsals and Amateur Performances superintended. Lessons given at residences if desired.
Address care BOHEMIAN CLUB.

MR. GEORGE J. GEE,

ORGANIST TRINITY CHURCH,

RESUMES LESSONS ON ORGAN and PIANO, Monday, July 22d.

Office, No. 31 Post Street. Residence, No. 708 Mason Street.

The plash of fountains in the moonlit courts of the Alhambra; the tinkle of a lover's lute beneath the window of Beauty; the swooning of "the languid air" tangled in the strings of an Æolian harp; the horns of Elfland faintly blowing; the "sweet jargon" of "all little birds that are"—all these, and more, are mixed and mingled, and anon clearly individualized, in the strains of the modern musical box. At M. J. Paillard & Co.'s, 120 Sutter Street, every variety of this magical instrument can be heard, and from hearing to buying the transition is almost inevitable. Some of these angels in the household will perform you more than one hundred airs, and the prices of all kinds are ridiculously low.

Mr. George J. Gee, the well-known organist at Trinity Church, has just returned from a business trip to Boston, New York, and other Eastern cities, where he has been studying the latest and most approved methods and styles under instruction from the best organists and teachers in the country. Mr. Gee resumes the giving of lessons to organ and piano pupils at his residence, and to them the experience of his recent trip will be invaluable.

MR. C. F. CHICKERING, senior member of the celebrated piano manufacturing firm of Chickering & Soos, New York and Boston, is now paying his first visit to this city, with a view of extending the business interests of the firm on this coast. The Chickering pianos have a world-wide reputation.

The Government of Wurtemberg, upon the petition of the Piano manufacturers of the kingdom, has purchased one of Steiway's Grands and one Upright Piano, to serve as models in this branch of industry, and as such to be publicly exhibited in the Chamber of Commerce at Stuttgart.

Attention is respectfully called to the display of watches, diamonds, jewelry, and silverware at Anderson & Randolph's, Clock Tower Building, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The attention of travelers desiring to make the Bodie trip is specially directed to card on this page as to the shortest and cheapest route.

LADIES—NUMEROUS GOOD GIRLS APPLY DAILY for positions at my office. Your orders are filled by my lady clerk, a competent housekeeper, who knows how to select your help. Zechandelaar & Co., 627 Sacramento Street, above Montgomery.

PERSONS ADDICTED TO THE USE OF OPIUM are informed that a regular physician is prepared to receive a few such as patients in his own family, in the country, upon reasonable terms. Entire privacy, and cure guaranteed. Address P. O. Box 87, Alameda.

Fans, dolls, toys, and articles de vertu thoroughly repaired with GIANT CEMENT. Sold by all druggists, and at 477 Washington Street.

Ben. Wade, when he was traveling westward, interviewed a lank countryman peddling cakes at a small station in the alkali region.

"Wall, yas, stranger, I 'low we've got jest as good a patch o' country as can be fetched in Ameriky. Ther ain't but two things we lack; if we had them we'd be all right. I calculate all we need is water and good society."

"Humph!" grunted the crusty Senator, "that's all hell needs."

CHURCH NOTICE.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6 1/2 P. M.

S. P. R. R.

(NORTHERN DIVISION.)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1878,

EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be sold by this Company from

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN JOSE AND OTHER POINTS AND RETURN.

(Tickets to San Jose good for return by either the Southern or Central Pacific Railroads.) These Tickets will be sold ONLY on SATURDAYS and SUNDAY MORNINGS.

The Return Trip Ticket will not be good for passage after the MONDAY following the date of purchase.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets; Valencia Street Station. A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. Ass't Passenger and Ticket Agt.

NOTICE.—SAN JOSE Excursion Tickets (via C. P. R. R.) can be purchased at the offices of the Central Pacific Railroad, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco; also, at the several Ticket Offices in Oakland.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second (22d) day of August, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twelfth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California. W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—FRENCH

Savings and Loan Society, 411 Bush Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1878, the French Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend of 7 1/2 per cent. per annum, free of Federal tax, payable on and after July 17, 1878. By order GUSTAVE MAHE, Director.

ANDERSON & RANDOLPH

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THIRTY DOLLARS GOLD COIN.

The work to be placed on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair this coming Fall, and premiums to be awarded by a committee of three ladies to be chosen at the time. At the close of the Fair all work to be returned to owner. No work to be washed, but to be placed on exhibition just as it comes from machine. Ladies taking part in this matter will not be known personally, as work will be designated by the number placed upon it. No Sewing Machine or Sewing Machine Teacher allowed to compete. Fair opens August 6, 1878. All parties taking an interest in this matter not only have the benefit of their own work, but stand a chance of winning one of the prizes. Any further information can be obtained at our office.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO. C. L. HOVEY, MANAGER.

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to the imported article for reason of its freshness and the care used in its production. Price, large bottles, \$2.00. Manufactured by H. P. WAKELEE & CO., Druggists, corner Montgomery and Bush Sts.

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Leaves BODIE SUNDAY, TUESDAY, and THURSDAY, at 6 A. M., and connects with train at Milton at 10:45 the next day, arriving in San Francisco at 5:15 P. M.

For all information and to secure tickets, call on J. M. HUTCHINGS and ED. HARRISON, Agents, at C. Beach's Book Store, No. 3 Montgomery Street.

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Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag. By Mrs. C. L. Hentz. 12mo. 1 00
Memoir of William Francis Bartlett. By F. W. Paley. 12mo. 1 50
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NOTICE.

THE

MUTUAL LIFE INS.

COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, - - PRESIDENT.

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK has received authority from the Hon. J. C. Maynard, Insurance Commissioner, to transact the business of Life Insurance in the State of California on and after this date.

Applications for Insurance in this reliable Company received, and all information pertaining to Life Insurance given, on application to the undersigned, at the Company's office No. 214 Sansome Street.

A. B. FORBES,

General Agent for Pacific Coast.

San Francisco, July 1, 1878.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Thirteenth Industrial Exhibition, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1878.

THE MANAGERS HAVE THE

honor to announce to the public that the THIRTEENTH GRAND EXHIBITION OF SCIENCE, ART, AND INDUSTRY, given under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, will open at the Pavilion, on Market, Eighth, and Mission Sts., on TUESDAY, August 13th. Great and unusual attractions will be presented to visitors. Mining, Agricultural, and other machinery will be in motion. Pacific Coast Manufactures, Minerals, and Products of the Soil will be fully represented, besides many new novelties never before exhibited on this coast. The Art Department will be under the supervision of the San Francisco Art Association, a guarantee for excellence and completeness. Local Art will be specially represented, as also works of noted foreign artists, selected from the private galleries of this city. The Horticultural Garden, so popular heretofore, will be made still more attractive this year by the addition of many new features. The Music—Each afternoon and evening a first-class instrumental Concert will be given by the best soloists and accomplished musicians of this city, with a daily change of programme of the most popular music. No expense or pains will be spared by the management that will add to the comfort or convenience of visitors. Applications for space or information can be obtained from the Secretary, at the office, 27 Post Street. IRVING M. SCOTT, President. J. H. GILMORE, Superintendent.

J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

STATE

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL FAIR

AT SACRAMENTO,

MONDAY.....SEPTEMBER 16, 1878.

THE ABOVE FAIR OF THE STATE

Agricultural Society will commence at Sacramento on MONDAY, Sept. 16, 1878, and will continue to and include Saturday, Sept. 21. The attention of exhibitors is called to the Premium List, which is the most liberal ever issued in the State, presenting very attractive features. Every accommodation will be provided for exhibitors of all kinds. An abundance of motive power will be furnished, and every attention paid to the requirements of those desiring to exhibit products of their own handiwork or otherwise. The artisans, artists, manufacturers, and mechanics of San Francisco, and all others interested in the development of the State, are particularly invited to display the result of their labors at the Fair. Every facility will be offered by the Central Pacific Railroad Company for free transportation of goods and articles to and from the Fair. Any further information can be obtained at the office of the President of the Society, Room No. 17, Phoenix Building, S. W. corner Jackson and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, or from Robert Beck, Secretary, at the Pavilion, Sacramento.

M. D. BORUCK, President.

ROBERT BECK, Secretary.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 15) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth (20th) day of August, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the tenth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary. Office, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

RUPTURE.

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Sufficient files of the ARGONAUT have been preserved to bind twenty full volumes of Vol. II, from January 12th, 1878, to July 6th, 1878. Any one can be accommodated with the bound volume by applying at the business office, 522 California Street. As the number of volumes is limited, it would be well to apply early.

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BENICIA.

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Principal. The next term will open July 31, 1878. The Principal (Miss Atkins) desires to inform her friends and former patrons that she will resume her old position in Benicia with a full corps of competent teachers, at the opening of the next term.

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- 3 HOUSES south side Clay street, between Jones and Leavenworth—10 rooms and bath.
- 2 HOUSES north side Washington street, between Fillmore and Steiner—8 rooms and bath.
- 1 HOUSE west side Stevenson street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first—7 rooms.
- 1 HOUSE south side Liberty street, between Valencia and Guerrero—8 rooms and bath.
- 3 HOUSES west side Webster street, between Jackson and Washington—6 rooms and bath.
- 1 HOUSE south side Post street, between Webster and Fillmore—8 rooms and bath.
- 1 HOUSE east side of York street, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth—6 rooms and bath.
- 2 HOUSES west side Pierce street, between O'Farrell and Ellis—6 rooms and bath.
- 2 HOUSES south side Clinton Park, between Guerrero, Dolores, Market, and Fourteenth sts.—7 rooms and bath.
- 2 HOUSES south side Twenty-first street, between Valencia and Mission—6 rooms and bath.
- 1 HOUSE west side Yerba Buena street, between Clay and Sacramento, Mason and Taylor—13 rooms and bath.
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H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, July 15th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 33) of three dollars per share was declared, payable on Saturday, July 20th, 1878. Transfer books closed until 22d inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Francisco, July 8th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 29) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was declared, payable on Monday, July 15, 1878. Transfer books closed until 16th inst.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS

AND LOAN SOCIETY, 619 Clay Street.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend free of Federal tax, of seven and one-half (7½) per cent. per annum, was declared, on all deposits, for the term ending June 29, 1878, payable on and after July 15, 1878.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., July 6th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 11) of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Friday, July 12th, 1878. Transfer books closed on Tuesday, July 9, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street third floor San Francisco Cal

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-

MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1878, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a Dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of eight (8) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of six and two-thirds (6⅔) per cent. per annum, free of Federal tax, and payable on and after the 15th day of July, 1878.

By order. GEO. LETTIE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRAN-

CISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with 30th June, 1878, a dividend has been declared at the rate of eight (8) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and six and two-thirds (6⅔) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal tax, payable on and after Tuesday, July 16th, 1878.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

APPLICATION TO BECOME A

SOLE TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, BESSIE RIPPEY, wife of Wesley C. Rippey, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 5th day of August, A. D. 1878, the same being a day of the July term of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court authorizing and permitting me to act as a sole trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, to keep a grocery and fancy goods store, to buy and sell personal and real property, to carry on a farm, to lend and borrow money on mortgages and otherwise, and to do and perform all acts incident to said different branches of business and each of them.

BESSIE RIPPEY.
June 26th, A. D. 1878.
WM. H. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

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(SET IN BRICK.)

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PORTABLE RANGES.

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FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. Entrance south side of Court.

BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 27, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

GOING FOR THE GOLDEN GOAL.

Incidents in the Voyage of the Pioneer Ship *Tarolinta*—1849.

BY DR. J. C. TUCKER.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

Every hotel, restaurant, auction and gambling house in San Francisco in 1849 had a fiend employed to ring a great bell, or more infernal gong, in front of its door. The din at meal times and in the evening was almost unbearable. Later a municipal ordinance stopped the maddening clatter. Let me recall an evening scene in these exciting days. Turn the corner, and step into the old Parker House, and you with difficulty convince yourself you are in America—in so new and so distant a country! In a lofty saloon 50 by 100 feet, you find a convention of the world's people strangely attired and more strangely occupied. The walls are handsomely papered; rich, massive chandeliers hang from the ceiling, throwing from their many cut-glass astral lamps a flood of light upon the bewildering scene. A band of superior musicians are playing at one end of the saloon; while a magnificent bar, glittering with burnished metal, wood, and glass, is again and again reproduced by the many high mirrors on every side. Billiard tables are in the centre, while ranged around the room are games of every kind. At the roulette table, the *rouge et noir*, and others of mere chance, are gathered the greatest throng. Beautiful women, chiefly French and Spanish, richly decked in dress and jewels, sit behind the table with the dealers. "Make your game—all set—roll. The red wins; the black loses," and the lynx-eyed *croupier* rakes in the coin and dust. Faro, monte, *vingt-un*, and a dozen others bid for your money. Long lines of men are drinking there. The air is thick with tobacco smoke and the fumes of liquor. There is a confusing jargon of sounds—the clashing of glasses and jingling of coin; the calls of the dealers; the click of the billiard balls; the popping of corks; the hum of human voices, and, above all the ringing tones of bugle, harp, and viol. Nearly every man is dressed in flannel shirt and long boots, while in his waist or boots he carries knife and pistols. The dealers are much better dressed. Upon the inner ledge of the table, just under the dealer's hand, lies a brace of pistols. Slouched hats generally prevail. There are many Mexicans and natives in their rich national dress of slashed leather pants, with silver buttons and embroidery down the outer side of the leg; short jacket, similarly ornamented, coming down to the sash gracefully wound round the waist, and holding the long knife; the broad Peruvian hat and the great jingling spurs complete the costume. Monte is the favorite game. The "Kanaka"—just returned from the mines—dashes down his buckskin bag of gold dust on the "Jack, Jack and a Jack" game. Few win—all lose. But there is very general good-nature, and none seem to complain. Hark! Bang, bang goes a pistol! It is at the monte table. The crowd press together there, then suddenly open as the proprietors superintend the carrying out of a limp figure. He attempted to withdraw his money after betting, and the dealer shot him. That was all. "On with the dance!"

The old cemetery was at the north end of Stockton Street. There are still some of the signs of graves remaining. Cases of adipoecore were said to have been found there upon removing the bodies, years after. The gambling houses were everywhere, and going night and day, but the "Parker" was the most magnificent. For those who had no stores there was no place in which to pass the long evenings except the saloons. Free lunches were bounteous banquets, and "drinks fifty cents each!" The genus bummer existed at that early day, and none went hungry. If a man by the roadside was ill, or met with an accident, some stranger would mount a box, and, appealing to "the crowd," pass around his hat and obtain enough to pay the sufferer's board and lodging for a month, or perhaps pay his fare back East. Pearson, of Troy, N. Y., a talented lawyer, and a courteous gentleman ever, was among the first called by death from the *Tarolinta*'s passenger list. George Vail followed shortly after; he was a general favorite, but none could keep him from self-destruction. As his family were very wealthy, and as he was the only son, the body was preserved in a cask of brandy—stored in a warehouse. His family were several times notified of the fact, but never replied nor desired the body shipped home. In the first great fire the warehouse was burned with its contents, including the remains of our esteemed friend, Vail. The arrival of the Isthmus steamer—every month—was the great event in those days. When the uncouth giant arms of the wooden telegraph, upon the summit of Telegraph Hill, began to fling themselves about, the word ran from street to street "The steamer's coming in!" Then a stream of humanity poured down Long Wharf, and eagerly sought for friends among the new-comers. Hours before the mails reached the Post-office, lines—blocks long—of men were formed from the delivery windows. Places were sold therein, at high prices sometimes. Eastern newspapers brought a dollar apiece. The Government postage upon a letter amounted to about twenty cents.

The following is an alphabetically arranged list of the passengers of the ship *Tarolinta*, correct as to former and present residence, or condition, so far only as the memory or knowledge of the remaining little band of a dozen, upon this coast, extends. The "*Tarolinta* Association" numbered eight old members at its last anniversary celebration, July 6, 1878; but descendants of its members are numerous and promise to perpetuate it.

Austin, J. B., Albany, N. Y.
Brundage, E. T., New Jersey, artist, now in Newark, N. J.
Brooks, John W., Albany, N. Y., for many years of the firm of Tay, Brooks & Bachus, now living in Oakland, Cal.
Barr, J. C., New York, dead (?).
Barr, William, New York.
Burroughs, Charles W., carpenter, dead (?).
Bryant, G. W., Albany, living in Carson, Nevada, employed in the U. S. Mint.
Bunce, J. M., New York.
Brown, Richard, New York, miner at Camptonville, Cal.
Blackett, W. G., New York.
Benning, A.
O'Brien, William S., New York, of the late firm of Flood & O'Brien, died May 2, 1878, in San Francisco.
Baldwin, M., New Jersey, jeweler, living in Alameda, Cal.
Cox, William, New York, dead.
Chapman, Charles E., New York.
Conant, P. E.
Cook, W. B., Albany, stationer in San Francisco, dead.
Cornell, John H., Flushing, L. I.
Conrad, M., New York.
Coddington, William, New York, capitalist, San Francisco.
Cox, Harry F., New York.
Cox, G. W., New York.
Cook, D. B., New York, died in California in 1849.
Ciprico, August, New York, carpenter.
Devoe, James M., New York, printer.
Dodd, D. W., New Jersey.
Demitt, A. P.
Ford, William S., New York, miner,

DePeyster, Nicholas, New York, capitalist, now living in New York.
Franklyn, E., Albany.
Grant, J. D., Troy, N. Y.
Gibbs, S., New York.
Gilbert, George, New York.
Halsey, P. S., New Jersey.
Hoekman, Richard, New York, druggist, Angel's Camp, Cal.
Hubbell, A.
Howell, Joseph L., Long Island, stationer, San Francisco.
Hempstead, B., Long Island.
Hunt, Pat., New York, kept livery stable in San Francisco, dead.
Higgins, T. A., New York.
Hogabone, W. G.
Howe, P. L., Albany.
Hoff, Wm. C., New York, real estate operator, of Mission Dolores, San Francisco, member of California Legislature, dead.
Hyatt, John, New York, died in early days.
Hyatt, Eugene, now in New York Post-office.
Jenkins, Bob, Albany, now in New York.
Jerome, Fred., England, boatman in San Francisco, "Hero of the *Ocean Monarch*."

Keeler, R.
Livingstone, Frank, New York, now in New York.
Lyons, Caleb, Lyonsdale, N. Y., Assistant Secretary of the first Constitutional Convention of California, and Governor of Idaho, dead.
Lawrence, James P., New York, printer, dead.
Lowere, S. W.
Lock, J. B., Troy.
Langdon, Capt. George, New York, Justice of Peace at Benicia in early days, dead.
Laundergan, J.
Munson, Alonzo, New York, Judge in Sacramento and San Francisco, now in New York.
Milne, David N., auctioneer in Sacramento City and San Francisco, dead.

Monahan, J., Albany.
Munsell, Harrison, Albany, died on American River, January, 1850.
McIntosh, George, Connecticut, dead.
Miller, Nathaniel, Long Island.
McNevin, A. C.
Morehouse, George T., Albany.
Millard, S., miner, an extensive prospector.
Noah, Tim. C. and Wm. B., Albany, nephews of ex-Secretary of State Wm. L. Marcy.
Noyse, J. V. H., Albany.
Norcross, Daniel, Philadelphia, now in San Francisco, regalias, etc., Masonic Temple.

Nelson, S.
Newman, J., New York, died June 26, 1856, at Angel's Camp.
Powers, R. J., New York.
Paynter, W. P.
Pearson, S. D., Troy, lawyer, died in San Francisco, in 1849.
Pearson, H. L., New York.
Paul, J. L., New York.
Phinney, Dr. Joel B., New York, died at Granada, Nicaragua, in 1856.
Proper, William, New York.
Quackenbush, —, Albany.
Ravelyea, Isaac, now in New York.
Richards, J., now in New York.
Rowley, F., New York.
Ryder, P. E., Connecticut.
Ryder, D. N., Connecticut.
Smith, W. Oscar, New York, now at Salt Lake.
Stevenson, Amasa, Albany.
Sterling, J. W., Connecticut.
Sterling, D., Connecticut.
Sterling, Robert W., Connecticut, now in Napa, banker.
Schell, A., Albany, now at Knight's Ferry.
Sharkey, William, now editor *Chico News*.
Stevenson, Samuel, Albany.
Smith, Ed. C., Albany.
Storey, R., Albany.
Southard, T., Long Island.
Stevenson, S. P., dead.
Short, John, New York, now Captain of Police in San Francisco.
Short, William, New York, now in New Jersey.
Tucker, Dr. J. C., New York, now in San Francisco.
Thorpe, James H., Long Island.
Truax, Ed. D., Troy, now in New York.
Thompson, —, Albany, now in California.
Tarbush, William, Troy.
Tyler, S. J., Albany.
Thorp, W. T.
Vail, George P., Troy, died in 1849, in San Francisco, remains preserved in brandy cask, and burned in first great fire.
Wheeler, George W., Connecticut.
Winchester, J., New York, now editor in California.
Wentworth, Nathaniel, New York, now merchant in San Francisco.
Ward, C. S., New York.
Williams, J.

Nearly all of the above names have done the "State some service." In the political and legislative councils, upon the judicial seat, wielding the editorial pen, developing vast mining resources, upon the commercial mart, in the fields of humanity, science, exploration, and invention—everywhere have the passengers of the *Tarolinta* been found honorably and honestly toiling—still toiling onward to the Golden Goal. Honors have fallen upon many—wealth upon few. The remarkable fortune of our late companion, William S. O'Brien, is the exception. Warm-hearted and unchanged by his acquisition of millions, he ever took pleasure in meeting his *compagnons de voyage*, and in recalling the incidents and friendships of our trip. None among those upon whom fortune smiled had a heartier hand and word for his fellow-passengers than the late William C. Hoff. In many instances he more materially aided them when overtaken by calamity or sickness. The memory of that noble old Roman lives ever green in the hearts of the few survivors. The blight of dishonor, crime, or fraud has never fallen upon a single name of the list, and the many descendants of the *Tarolinta* Pioneers may proudly perpetuate the association of that name, as they continue to fly the ship's checkered flag on the occasions of the anniversary of July 6, 1849.

World Fable: A Loquacious Barber, being desirous of replenishing his Stock of Bear's grease, and knowing a Bank whereon the wild Bears doze, armed himself with his Razor and proceeded noiselessly and on tip-toe to the Spot. He was just about to take the Bear by the Nose and cut his Throat, when his Professional Instinct impelled him to ask his intended Victim if he would not have a Bottle of Mandelmlch to prevent the falling out of his hair. Thus apprised of his danger, the Ferocious Plantigrade had no difficulty in killing the Loquacious Barber. Moral: Go Thon and Do Likewise.

SHORT STORIES AND SUGGESTIONS.

By Sam Davis.

When Ralston was president of the Bank of California, the question of William Sharon being appointed the bank's agent in Virginia City was under discussion.

One of the directors urged that Sharon was not a fit man, as he was a notorious poker-player, and he could prove it.

"The main thing we want proof on," interrupted Ralston, "is his qualifications as a poker-player. A poor poker-player has no business in a bank. If he is a good poker-player, why then we'll give him the place."

Some of the directors, who had vivid recollections of his skill, decided that he was considerably above the average; and that's how Sharon got his start in the world.

Speaking of poker, reminds me of the story they tell on Bishop, the well-known Piche lawyer.

He was once playing with a party in which there was an irrepressible Irishman, who suddenly laid down his cards and remarked:

"I don't wish to be personal or insinuating, but if the—who's chatin at the keards don't quit, bedad, he'll get his *other* eye knocked out."

The fact that Bishop is a one-eyed man, and the only one at the table, gave the point to the Irishman's remark.

A restaurant patron was talking somewhat roughly to a waiter, when the proprietor, stepping up, remarked:

"Don't talk to him that way. He used to be Governor of Oregon, and such treatment naturally hurts his feelings."

Some years ago some Comstockers concluded to play a joke on a bald-headed man in Gold Hill, and told him that a decoction of sage-brush leaves would certainly make his hair sprout.

He boiled up bushels of the leaves, and recommended the remedy to his friends.

The bald-heads tried it all over the State, without suspecting the joke, and finally "The Sage Brush Remedy" for baldness began to be sold at drug stores and finds a ready sale to this day.

Some years ago a deputy sheriff attempted to collect a debt from the manager of a San Francisco theater. A slight-of-hand performer of considerable renown was the attraction. The manager heard of the contemplated invasion of the collector, and appealed to the man of legerdemain.

He said he would fix it.

About seven o'clock the collector made his appearance. The manager was bland and polite.

"Take the receipts of the house. You surely would not expect more."

The collector sat for nearly two hours and watched about \$800 drop into the cash-box, and was happy.

When the audience was all in, he seized the box. It came up some what lighter in his hand than he anticipated. It had no bottom, and every cent dropped in at the top had glided down a sort of flume through the floor, where it was duly and conscientiously corralled.

The nonplussed emissary of the law then attempted to go inside, and was refused a pass.

"Is this seat next to you engaged?" asked the traveler of a young lady in the cars.

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Who's engaged it?"

"A gentleman, I believe," she said.

"Well, he can't engage a seat this way and not sit in it. I don't see any baggage. Where's his baggage?"

And he was on the point of sitting down, when the young lady, mustering all her courage, exclaimed: "Oh! sir, I'm his baggage."

Leaving this idea of short stories, I wish to suggest a field for the idle capital now lying dormant in San Francisco.

I understand that in some portions of Africa and the South Sea Islands the practice of regarding missionaries as a regular article of diet is still in vogue.

It costs about \$1,000 to take a missionary from his home in the United States and land him sound in mind and limb among the cannibals of a foreign country. If he is so unfortunate as to have a family it costs double, if not more.

Now the main item is the traveling expenses of the men of the Lord, who are required by the soulless steamship companies to pay in advance the same as sinners and excursionists.

No sooner do they arrive in their respective fields of usefulness than they are killed and eaten by the savages and their outfit and traveling expenses are a dead loss to the treasury of the church.

There was a time when the cannibals were content to masticate the flesh of the most cadaverous of the trade, but of late they have learned to distinguish at a glance between the tender flesh of a high-salaried New York missionary and the fibrous meat of a half-fed Nebraska gospelizer. The following letter explains itself:

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, February 8, 1876.
TO THE BOARD OF DOMESTIC MISSIONS, NEW YORK.—Dear Sirs:—During the last ten years the quality of the missionaries sent to this section has been below the average. Please forward an invoice of the tenderest stock you can find. No slop-fed meat for us. Yours truly, MIN TOI, and 2,000 others.

Now my idea is that much saving could be effected by killing the missionaries at home and shipping the meat in cans.

The meat would doubtless find a ready sale with the cannibals, and if steamed, packed, and sorted (without bones) they would pay a good price for it. As it is now they help themselves and pay nothing.

A meat-packing establishment with a little capital would soon become a permanent and thriving institution. It would rid the country of superfluous clergymen at a trifling expense, and instead of being a steady drain upon the coffers of the church would be a substantial addition to its yearly revenue.

After the trade had been sufficiently carried on to become a permanent institution, and the canned meat began to be looked upon as an indispensable article of diet with the patrons of the trade, it would be the easiest thing in the world to slip a Chinaman now and then in the place of the divines, and if care were taken the whole shipment might be so managed that Chinamen would wholly supplant the missionaries.

They could be inspected and marked like wheat; for instance: White Missionaries, No. 1; Converted Chinese, No. 2; Heathen Chinese, No. 3. San Francisco hoodlums and politicians might be sold to the lower classes under brand 4.

This plan would not only give the cannibals a better quality of meat than they have had heretofore, but it would enable domestic missionaries to get better salaries, and perhaps the cannibals might partake of enough gospel at their meals to become wholly converted.

"CHISPA,"—A LUMP OF HUMAN GOLD.

A Wild Waif of the Sierra.

Chispa was born during the fall of '49—ushered into being amid total darkness on the night of November 13th, and the tiny waif of the babe mingled with the plaintive sobbing of the wintry winds as they swept with unseen fingers the strings of Nature's harp of pines.

The snow drifted waist deep around the rude log hut, and the distant moaning of the Stanislaus River was the first lullaby that greeted his ears. Alone and unattended, the Indian mother gave her half-breed child its first sustenance, and in the agony of that dismal hour hushed the sad cry of the forlorn waif thus miserably brought to life.

The morning light brought to the door of the cabin a kind-hearted miner, who, knowing that a woman lay in mortal pain, in solitude and gloom, had tossed on a sleepless couch the whole night through.

Approaching the cabin as quietly as possible in the crunching snow, the tall, broad-chested, heavily-bearded man, with hesitating touch lifted the latch, and, half-fearing to look upon a spectacle of misery and death, pushed the door open and peered into the bare apartment.

There, in a corner, lying upon a pile of green pine tassels, half covered with a blanket which he had, amidst the derision of his fellow-miners, carried to the cabin on the previous night, lay the mother, asleep. Upon her brown bosom nestled the child, his little hands unconsciously clasping the long black tresses of the woman's coarse hair. Only the steady respiration of the mother gave evidence that life still remained—that Nature had dealt kindly with her daughter.

Closing the door, the miner departed as slowly as he had approached. He hastened to the camp on the hillside, and spread the news among the stalwart miners; and it was not long before these hardy denizens of the gulches were on their way to look upon the first baby born in Pine Log.

Some laughed at the idea of men hurrying to catch a glimpse of a half-breed papoose and its Indian mother; others sneered to feel themselves actuated by a curiosity to gaze at "a d—d Greaser's brat" asleep in its mother's arms; but long before the cabin door was reached a solemn stillness fell upon the men, and when at last they stood around the open door, to their lasting honor be it said, every head was uncovered in respect to babyhood's innocent sleep.

"The purty little Injun!" was the admiring remark of Andy McPherson.

"Only half Injun," corrected Steve Harper; "the other half's Greaser."

"Nice condition fur a father to leave his family," muttered Brock Bulger, shoving his toil-hardened hands deep into his pockets. "Tain't square, tain't human. Let's string him up when he comes back home."

"An' leave the little kid half an orphan?" asked Sam Leonard, the kind-hearted miner who had called the citizens of Pine Log to the cabin.

"T'wouldn't make much difference, I reckon, ef the little cuss was left an orphan all together," retorted Brock. "He's a hell of a father, anyhow, to throw off on his wife an' child this way, an' he don't deserve no consideration that I ken see."

"That's so," said Calaveras Joe.

"Besides, we'll all chip in an' take a father's care o' the young 'un, turn an' turn about, yer see," remarked Harper.

The sentiment of the majority seemed to be in favor of summary justice as regarded the cruel deserter of "his family," and the considerate Sam only stipulated for "a meetin', boys, so's everything ken be fixed up reglar."

This proposition was agreed to in low tones, and then all eyes turned upon the objects of their solicitude. The murmuring of voices had awakened the mother, and clasping her little one closer in her arms, she stared wildly at the crowd for a moment. The respectful attitude of the men, and their silence, reassured her. The frightened look forsook her eyes entirely when Sam Leonard, urged by the expressive pantomime of his companions, stepped, hat in hand, to the corner where she rested.

"How d'ye feel, Nita?" asked Sam.

"Heap sick, me. Poco tiempo, purty well, mebbe," replied the woman, with a faint attempt to smile.

"How's the baby, Nita?"

"Pickaninny heap cold. Presenta me blanket, Sam?"

"You bet I will, Nita. Here, Brock, go down to my cabin an' fetch two of the heaviest blankets you ken find—an' I say, Brock, fetch up something to eat; something soft an' easy to chew. Hurry up, Brock."

The messenger flew on his errand of mercy.

As soon as every arrangement possible for the comfort of mother and child had been made the crowd dispersed to their several claims, and for days after the recent arrival was the staple of conversation in and around Pine Log Camp. As a matter of course, nothing could be accomplished except at the orthodox miners' meeting. Consequently, on the night following the birth of the child, the majority of the miners comprising Pine Log Camp met in solemn conclave at Sam Leonard's cabin, and choosing Sam president of the meeting in virtue of his being "the original locator," and Charles Babb secretary, proceeded to business.

In the course of this meeting there was much free speech, a little "chaff," a few acrimonious remarks, and a unanimous desire to aid the Indian mother and her new-born babe.

The result of the protracted discussion was the following resolutions, preserved by Babb for future reference:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to bestow upon that portion of humanity now located at Pine Log Camp, on the Stanislaus River, a helpless babe:

AND WHEREAS, We do not consider its natural protectors sufficiently competent to care for or provide for it in a proper or Christian like manner:

Therefore, be it resolved, by the miners of the aforesaid camp, That we take charge of the child and raise it from its present degraded condition to a sphere of usefulness;

Resolved, That we use every endeavor to keep it away from the evil influences of Greaser horse thieves and Digger Indians.

Resolved, That we hang its father on the first opportunity.

Resolved, That we educate it in the American language.

Resolved, That we allow it to vote when it is old enough.

Resolved, That we name it "Chispa"—first, because its sex is at present unknown to us; and second, because as it now exists it is a little lump of human gold.

The next morning a Relief Committee visited the hospital

cabin for the purpose of carrying out the instructions of the good Samaritans in convention assembled. The cabin was empty.

The mother had folded the blankets around herself and child and fled while the miners were deliberating upon the future of their protégé.

Another meeting was immediately called, and the Relief Committee made their report. Another committee was organized and instructed to find Chispa and Nita, and bring them back to the camp—by force if necessary. This committee started in search of the wanderers, and in the course of the day found them at an Indian rancheria near Deadman's Bar, on the Stanislaus. Every effort was used to induce the woman to return, but she steadily refused, explaining in her broken English that she was more comfortable among her people. The committee did not have the heart to carry out their instructions to the letter, and returned to Pine Log without the objects of their search.

A promise was exacted from the mother, however, that she would remain in that vicinity until the child was able to walk, and that she would then allow it to live at the camp. The chairman of the committee, in his report to the meeting, closed with the remark:

"Injuns is Injuns, boys, an' they ain't to be depended on w'en contracts is to be stuck to."

Perhaps the most important information which the committee brought was that relating to the sex of the child. In the forcible language of Steve Harper, Chispa was "a boy-babby, dern the little yaller cuss's hide."

The winter passed away and spring came. The original inhabitants of Pine Log, in their restless search for the treasures of the placers, had drifted up and down the river. Some of them had migrated to other diggings, and there had been a large influx of new faces. In the absorbing pursuit of wealth Chispa and his mother had been almost forgotten, and it is not at all certain that even if Juan Mendosa, his father, had returned to the camp the resolution referring to his disposition would have been carried out or even attempted.

In the spring of 1851 only Sam Leonard and Brock Bulger still occupied their old cabins, but they knew where many of the former residents were, and in desultory conversations about Chispa, agreed that if Nita kept her promise and brought her boy back, they would duly notify the foster-fathers, and hold another meeting.

The winter of 1852 was unusually severe in the Pine Log section. The river was swollen very high, and all the windmills and sluices were swept away. The weather was extremely cold, and the snow lay deep on the slopes of Table Mountain, covering the bottoms of ravines and gulches, and shrouding the chaparral and stunted buckeyes where it drifted against the mountain side.

A party of men returning from Columbia along the slippery trail paused a moment, just above Pine Log, to look across the river at the snow-clad declivities of the Calaveras side. Why they had halted none of them knew, for there was nothing to look at but a dreary waste of snow, with here and there a cabin or two, from the chimneys of which curled thin streaks of blue smoke suggesting warmth, comfort, and the evening meal. Suddenly, one of them broke the silence:

"Is that a blanket down there?"

"Where?" asked another.

"Down there, close to that leaning pine—to the right—about a hundred feet below the trail," answered the other.

"I see it," said a third; "it's half buried in the snow 'long-side o' the pine. It does look like a blanket."

Moved by a common impulse the party hurried to the spot as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, and the discoverer began to scrape the snow away from what appeared to be a huge bundle of blankets. In a few moments the heap was uncovered and the brown face of a woman revealed—the face of an Indian squaw. A heavy blanket was closely wrapped around her form, and she seemed to be holding something close to her breast. One of the men gently unrolled the covering, and the face of a little boy, asleep or dead, was disclosed. The woman's arms were folded about the child and her lips were close to its face, as if she had been endeavoring to preserve its life by the warmth of her breath. One of the men knelt beside the motionless form of the woman and bent his head over her chest.

"Is she dead?" asked one of his companions.

"Frozen stiff—almost," answered the other.

"And the baby?" anxiously inquired the miners together.

"I can't tell. Let's carry it to the camp. There may be some life left—perhaps we can save it. No use fooling with the woman, she's gone sure. We'll come back and bury her."

Wrapping the child in one of their heavy coats, the miners hurried to the camp, which, fortunately, was close at hand. A warm fire and the prompt administration of stimulants soon produced an effect and the boy opened his eyes. Finding himself among strangers, and missing his mother, the little foundling began to cry—sobbing in a scared, pitiful tone that brought sympathetic moisture to the eyes of men who scarcely knew the weakness of tears.

Thus did Chispa return to the place of his birth.

Brock Bulger was the only claimant of the waif, Sam Leonard having, a short time before, left for the placers of the Tuolumne, and to Brock was the little innocent given "to educate an' bring up," as the miners expressed it—speaking sarcastically and winking their reserved opinions as to what that "education an' bringing up" would amount to.

As the months rolled on Chispa became more and more proficient in the "American language," and there was not an oath or a slang expression current in the camp that he could not, in due course of time, lisp with remarkable aptitude. He was encouraged in this style of phraseology by the contrast-loving miners.

"It's mighty cute to hear a baby cuss," said Lige Peters; "sounds like an angel joshin' a barkeep. Here, Chispa, what's yer ol' man Brock, anyhow?"

And the little fellow would reply, as he had been taught, in the most earnest tone imaginable:

"A ol' pirate, dol dern his pesky hide."

Whereat the admiring crowd would laugh until the cliffs replied again.

When Chispa was four years old he chewed "nigger heel" and smoked a short clay pipe as complacently as the oldest inhabitant. Whisky did not agree with his delicate constitution at this period of his life, and every effort on his part to swallow the fiery fluid produced untold suffering.

"His young coppers," Jersey was wont to remark, "isn't galvanized yet. Wait 'till he's a few years older—ef double-distilled essence of high-proof tarantula juice fazes then you ken take my head fur a foot-ball."

In every other vice, however, Chispa soon became proficient, and as the practice of these vices was considered "cunning" in one so young, by the baser elements of the camp's society, who were his mentors, he was encouraged in his budding evil propensities. At all hours of the day he might be observed in the centre of some rough, heartless crowd displaying his wicked accomplishments in every phase which the fertile ingenuity of his teachers could suggest. When not engaged in his favorite pastime of stoning the Chinamen on the river, he was studiously absorbing the mysteries of draw poker, seven-up, or some other similar speculative science, under the tuition of some old stager who had long since forgotten every principle of decency or self-respect.

The camp possessed, among other human curiosities, an odd, vagrant genius, known as "Colonel Tom"—a tall, lank Pennsylvanian, who, in addition to a dozen other talents, was something of an orator; and, combining a passably vivid imagination with a smattering of historical learning and considerable experience as a traveler, was an interesting and at times eloquent conversationalist. This rank weed of society gave Chispa "a pedigree," and traced his lineage back to a period when the blood of his ancestors coursed through their veins as blue as indigo.

"Look at him, boys," he would say, pointing to Chispa, "look at him, the degenerate son of illustrious sires. I don't mean Mendosa, but the crowd that flourished behind him in the dim, misty past. Why, Chispa's the lineal descendant of the first families just as much as the Randolphs of Roanoke were; his record is better than Randolph's, for the proud Virginian only claimed nobility on the Injun side, while Chispa can trace his ancestors back to the blue-bloods along both branches of the family tree. On his mother's side we see the princes of her ancient tribe struggling across the glistening ice-floes of the frozen North, fleeing before the more warlike people of middle Asia. Further along we see them steadily wending their way south, peopling the forest and the desert, building mounds, loving the lives of nomadic patriarchs, and finally attaining the glories of civilization under the rulers of the Aztec and Inca empires. The decadence of this glorious race, this seventh of the lost tribes of Israel, is strongly marked until it reached Chispa. On his father's side we have the pure Castilian, the chivalry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. We observe the alliance between the proud peer of Arragon and the Moorish princess of Granada. Then comes the division of the family, when one branch fights beneath the gorgeous banners of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the other mounts guard beneath the pale light of the crescent moon upon the gray walls of the Moorish citadel. Then follows the banishment of Boabdil—the last sigh of the Moor—and we lose sight of a portion of Chispa's ancestors in their perpetual exile. Some of the Christian branch accompany Columbus to the New World, and afterward do deeds of daring and enterprise in the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro, gradually amalgamating with the Aztec race—the race of the father blending with that of the mother—and falling lower and lower in the scale of civilization until Chispa is produced. Look at him, boys. He's of right noble descent, but he's at the bottom of a mighty deep shaft. His father's ancestors sang serenades by brightly flashing Gaudalquivir, and watched the soft moonlight as it played on the sparkling waters of the fountain that once so musically tinkled in the Court of Lions, in the grand, old, legend-haunted Alhambra—and there squats the result of all this hereditary pomp and glory trying to turn jacks from the bottom so that Nigger Bob won't see how he does it. All is vanity, boys, and the older you get the more vanity you'll see. I'm dry. Whose going to call for the liquor?"

Whatever may have been Chispa's lineage, one thing is certain—barbarous instincts were constantly cropping out in his nature. He fought boys of his own size and age, Mexican or Indian, with all the vim of a Spanish knight of the Middle Ages, and he plundered as naturally as did the marauding nobles of feudal times.

At seven years of age he was soundly thrashed by Brock for robbing sluices, and at ten he was considered an arrant nuisance in the camp. At fifteen he was an accomplished gambler, horseman, thief, bruiser (light weight), and, withal, a lazy, good-for-nothing vagabond. Long before Brock Bulger left the camp he had utterly discarded Chispa, after a hard-fought battle in which the ungrateful young reprobate struck him twice across the head with a heavy bludgeon, and only refrained from murdering him outright because the bystanders interfered.

Twenty-five lashes, well laid on, in the presence of the entire camp, did not cure the youth of seventeen of his hereditary propensity for thieving, or cause him to leave the camp. His Mexican and Indian mixture, probably, made him thirst for revenge upon his enemies at some future opportune time.

A long absence from the camp soon after his eighteenth birthday induced many to believe that he had apprenticed himself to his father's trade of horse-stealing, and when he returned to Pine Log well-supplied with money the suspicion was confirmed.

The last act in the mottled career of this unfortunate waif occurred one night in a low Mexican gambling den at Martinez, a camp near his native place.

In a game of monte he had a dispute with the dealer, an old Mexican, and from words they came to blows. The crowd interfered and separated them, but a few moments afterward they stood face to face once more, each armed with a drawn knife—long, keen, murderous blades. Before any one could prevent them they closed in a terrible death-grapple. A few sickening lunges, an oath or two, a horrible groan, a devilish pain-smothered laugh, and the struggle was ended. Both staggered and fell, the old man expiring immediately in the great pool of thick, crimson blood that spread over the floor. The other died in an attempt to drive his knife home once more.

By this time the saloon was full of howling men, wildly gesticulating and jostling each other in their efforts to reach the bodies. Then a silence fell upon the crowd, broken at last by a deep voice near the two corpses:

"It's retribution, boys. The cuss that turned the waters loose hez bin swamped in the freshet—Chispa's killed his father!" The speaker was Sam Leonard.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1878.

E. H. CLOUGH.

THE OASIS.

For the Argonaut, by Nathan D. Umer.

"As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isaiah.

Another day! The long and level rays,
Like molten silver, o'er the desert ran;
And slowly still within that furnace-blaze
Crept on our caravan.

Many behind had found a shifting tomb,
Dying athirst amid the sandy waves—
Camel and rider—and the dread Simoom
Had heaped their lonely graves.

Our Libyan drivers staggered faintly by,
And goaded on our patient "desert-ships;"
We searched in vain the scorched and coppery sky,
And gnawed our raging lips.

At last the camels reared their heads on high,
Snuffed the hot air, and then, as in a dream,
Pushed on, with pace redoubled, and a cry—
A wild and grateful scream.

A tiny speck upon the glassy verge
Grew large and larger as our caravan
Sped o'er the desert, like a broken surge,
Mid cries of beast and man.

Only some palm trees clustering about
A sphinx half buried in the sandy tides;
But still our camels, with their necks stretched out,
Rushed on with mighty strides.

Then, as we neared the emerald oasis,
The splash of waters fell upon the ear
Like choicest music, and we needed to kiss
The wave that sparkled near.

Gemming the bald, bleak desert like a star,
And shaded by the palm-leaves interlaced,
It bubbled high, and glistened from afar,
A diamond of the waste.

Its music fanned us like a cooling breeze,
We groveled down to suck the limpid tide,
And the poor camels sank upon their knees,
And drank, all grateful-eyed.

No more we feared the wide, wide sandy seas,
Or clouds of robber-horse upon our flank;
And hymns of praise the holy dervishes
Loud-chanted as we drank.

"Allah il Allah!" Through the burning air
And o'er the plains their hoarse thanksgivings swept;
Our bosoms beat in accord with the prayer.
And, as we drank, we wept.

Oh, many a time since then my life hath seemed
A wide Sahara, desolate and apart,
And the sweet memory of that prayer hath streamed
Like music to my heart;

Till, pressing on, half fainting and athirst,
Soft oases of faith my journey graced,
And cooling waters from their bosoms burst
To cheer me o'er the waste.

NEW YORK CITY, July 10, 1878.

Saints and Sinners.

There goes a woman, who, loving too ill
(Was there doom in her blood?), in time became
Dark with ulcers of mind and will—
Spotted with sin and shame.
But I think, by the awful look in her eyes
(The woman who fled to the Lord looked so),
That found in her heart she moans and cries
With immedicable woe.

There goes a column of circumspects. See,
How clean and comely, and sleek and fair,
And unto the ultimate degree
Prim and proper they are.
Ah, worldling! you need not pry nor peck
Into their secrets for fault or flaw;
They are not of your kidney, frail and weak—
They are strong, and walk by the Law.

But see! They have caught a glimpse of her skirts.
How keen they are on the scent for sin!
And the hound in the heart of each asserts
Itself, and the pack begin.
Bravely, my masters! Mangle her now!
What to you is her hideous stress?
Tear and trample from foot to brow
Her clothed unhallowdness.

There, there—enough now. Handsomely done!
How whitely your teeth gleam when you snarl,
And how, like an arrowed deer, did run—
Whither?—the maddened girl.
Is that a gout of blood on your glove?
You say her breath had a noisome smell?
And something, I think, was said of Love,
By Some One—can you tell?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1878.

RICHARD REALF.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.

"I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me."

Forty-one years ago, in the British House of Commons, these words were uttered by a new-comer, a gayly-dressed young man of Jewish aspect, who, in the attempt to deliver his maiden speech, was coughed down, and who, while beating an oratorical retreat, delivered himself of a prophecy. His name heads this article. He is called, besides, "Earl of Beaconsfield." This, though a bit of verbal embroidery by which he is decorated, makes no part of his genuine self. The coronet that is supposed to adorn his brow is made of tinsel. It can not change the man, for the day following that upon which he put it on he was still Benjamin d'Israeli, and nothing else, in spite of the plumes that disguised and disfigured him. His career stands apart and by itself. It is worth considering. The first that is known of his ancestors is that they lived Spain in the fifteenth century, and that, being of the Hebrew race, they were by the Inquisition, then rampant under Torquemada, driven abroad, and that they finally settled in Venice, whence one of them, Benjamin d'Israeli, departed for, and made his home in, England in 1749. This man had a genius for commerce, and an æsthetic taste. But he imparted neither of them to his son Isaac, who led the life of a bookworm, and became a hermit in a library. In 1805 a son was born to him, and was called after his grandfather, Benjamin. So d'Israeli then became a fixed name, since two Englishmen bore it; and thus was realized the ancestral wish, on taking refuge in Venice, that "they assume the name of d'Israeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be forever recognized." The young man never went to school. He entered no university. Aided by a few private tutors, his father taught him all he knew. There was no money in the family; and so the youngster was to be dedicated to toil. A legal light takes him in charge, and, having no son, engages to leave to his student and protégé the toils and benefits of a lucrative professional business. This, however, soon become an irksome life, and the student wearied of his task. The *caterpillar* of the law soon emerged into a *butterfly* of literature. He wrote novels; he frequented society; he studied the peculiarities and the weaknesses of the titled dames who, in their homes of ease and superabundance of social chatter, unconsciously betrayed the secrets of such of their dozing husbands as happened to be intrusted with the secrets of state. The youth determined to be a politician—possibly a statesman. The first he knew he could, the latter he hoped to be. Fired with the idea, and conscious of the lack of the necessary connections he saw the necessity of fastening himself on some one who could promote his elevation. As Sheridan Knowles puts it:

"A dwarf may have a giant for his friend,
And thus be master of a giant's strength."

In 1826 the novel called *Vivian Grey* made its appearance. Of course every one remembers that novel. It is a prophetic photograph of the present Prime Minister of Great Britain. Who is "Vivian Grey?" The grandson of the exile who became a Venetian, and then a denizen of England. And who is the "Marquis of Carabas?" The man over whose shoulders this Venetian grandson intends to climb to power, and that man turns out to be Lord Derby. But before we go further the question of the Jewish disability must be disposed of. This young man is a Jew. In 1753 Parliament declared that Jews might be naturalized. But in the following year, in obedience to the popular clamor, this law was repealed. What chance then was there for a Jew? Certainly none. Not one of them could become an Englishman. They were tolerated, but proscribed. Therefore, the young d'Israeli must abjure the faith of his fathers. But why any young gentleman should even follow the faith of his fathers, though a thing unknown to an American, was quite well known, and still is, in England. The poet Rogers makes his acquaintance—Samuel Rogers, the banker, the first example of mammon and poesy combined. Rogers takes the lad to an Episcopalian Church and has him baptized. This was in 1817. Thenceforth, he is to be an Englishman and a Protestant. But does he so become? The sequel shows no such thing. He renounces the faith of his fathers in order that, in his new garb, he may better become its "champion." He never ceases to be a Jew. In his writings he magnifies the Hebrew. In *Tancréd*, "Sidonia," the child of Israel, is the type of the representative Jewish brain, and that is to dominate the world. He remembers his ancestral rights, for he has been aroused by the lofty ire of Shylock, who, in delirium of argumentative passion, demands:

"I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not revenge?"

And is his race not revenged? Look at its representative. A poor Jewish boy, born in a country in which, by the fundamental law, a few creatures set themselves apart, possessed of unbounded wealth, with most of the land, with titles and pretensions recognized by law, encouraging them to think themselves, on their way from the cradle to the grave, as born of some superior clay, he rises by his native gifts superior to them all. He finds their head of state a Queen, and he amuses himself by making her an Empress. He finds a murmur of discontent among the people and among the Commons. They object to the title of Empress. He says: "Oh, that means only an Empress in India;" and as he folds his legs while they vote, she emerges an Empress everywhere, and he walks forth an Earl. The war rages. Russia, obedient to the testament of Peter the Great, once more advances on Constantinople. England seems quiescent. But the Turk is subdued. And then the Jew begins to move. He orders the British admiral to creep up toward Constantinople. He brings forward the dusky troops from India. The opposition snuffs immediate war and ruin to the empire. Gladstone argues, John Bright protests, *Punch* scoffs, and the *Times* thunders. But the Jew quietly takes the morning train for Berlin, and the Queen, having no warrior wounded and not a shilling expended, sees a great war brought to a close, and her dominions enriched by the annexation of an island of priceless value—Cyprus—more than one hundred and fifty miles long and forty wide; a veritable

warlike key, that did not cost a shilling; a sealike gem, whether for strategy or for romance; the birth-place of Venus, for there, if we believe the poets, she came dripping from the sea. To return a little. The semi-converted Hebrew disdains the remembrance of his oratorical *fiasco* of 1837—the first year of Victoria's reign—and in 1839 he begins to gain the attention of the House of Commons. As a boy proceeds in learning to swim, he strikes out cautiously.

Daniel O'Connell had said of him: "If this fellow's genealogy could be traced, I believe he would be found to be a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief who died on the cross." He challenged the Irish agitator, who, having already killed one man in a duel, declined the chance of a repetition of that luxury, and the whole matter was soon forgotten. With the strange man's connection with, and opposition to, political parties we have no room to deal—doubtless, he was a Radical-Tory and a Tory-Radical, and, finally, a Conservative—but all that concerns rather the *finesse* of parties than the substantial feature of his nature, with which, alone, at this distance, we are able to deal. Suffice it that, from obscurity, he leaped to a high place in a kingdom, and that circumstance, *per se*, interests an American; for here we pretend that there exists, between nothingness and renown, no artificial impediments. We, therefore, feel inquisitive when we hear that this man, circulating through a crowd of English Tories, boldly says: "I was obliged to educate my party." And that, at Berlin, where the various nations' chosen ones went for converse, for compromise and adjustment, this man loudly proclaims: "I do not come here to yield." On this side, we innocently ask, if you did not go to yield, why did you go at all? Why did you not send an agent with a power of attorney, authorized to agree to your foregone conclusions? It is plain that, by the weak condition of the Russian army, by the difficulty of obtaining a loan, crowned by this Jew's superb audacity, the Berlin day was won, and the grandson of the exiled Hebrew goes back to his Royal Mistress, laden with the trophies of his pilgrimage. We may recall the touching lines by which Shelly commences the dedication to his wife of his poem, "The Revolt of Islam," written while absent from her:

"And now my summer's task is done, dear Mary,
And the fruit is at thy feet."

The flower-beds near Charing are rifed of their sweets to adorn his triumphant path. Even his political foes leave their seats to join the swelling throng. All England rises to welcome him. In his subdued visage and in his quiet manner there may be found the traces of that feeling of revenge that recalls the thunders of Sinai. But what is said by his enemies? Alas, he has none! He walks the earth alone. He has no ancestors. He has no daughter, no son, to inherit his fortune or his fame. His foes are in no enmity to him; they feel hostility only to the measures his genius expresses. If he were to die to-morrow they would neither disparage his deeds nor attend his funeral. He has a melancholy remembrance. He was enamored of literature, and he can receive the welcome of his pillow at night, and think he has done something for it. He paid a tribute to letters in making the author of *Lucille*, "Owen Meredith," the magnate of India. He chose the title of Beaconsfield for his wife and for himself, because that spot is one not known in song and story by the achievements of the Norman robber, or of any of his followers now reveling in the factitious splendor of his successes, but because the ground is hallowed by being the resting place of the Poet Waller and of the literary statesman, Edmund Burke. These suggestions concern a moral phenomenon going on before our eyes. We are too much bent upon material things to heed it. If it had been a tradition coming down to us as of a hundred years' growth it would have been read as a fairy tale.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1878.

E. L. G.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

S'abstenir pour jouir, c'est la philosophie du sage, c'est l'épicurisme de la raison.—J. J. Rousseau.

Da première larme d'amour qu'on fait verser paraît un diamant, la seconde une perle, et la troisième une larme.—Poincaré.

Le prince de Conti qui était d'une laideur remarquable disait à sa femme au moment de partir pour un voyage: —Sur-tout, Madame, n'allez pas pendant mon absence me faire des infidélités. —Oh! ne craignez rien, lui répondit la princesse, cette envie ne me prend que quand je vous vois.

L'imagination est une libertine qui désabille tout ce qu'elle convoite.—A. Ricard.

Le mariage doit combattre sans repos ni trêve ce monstre qui dévore tout, l'habitude.—Balzac.

Pour un Orphée qui fut chercher sa femme en enfer, combien de veufs, hélas! qui n'iraient pas même en paradis s'ils pensaient y retrouver la leur.—J. Petit-Senn.

En parlant des orages un poète a dit:

J'ai vu ceux de la femme et j'ai vu ceux des flots,
Et j'ai plaint les amants plus que les matelots.

La femme, c'est le cœur de l'homme.—P. Leroux.

Madame du Bocage peu contente du poème de Milton composa un nouveau Paradis perdu, sur lequel un poète fit cette épigramme:

Sur cet écrit, charmante du Bocage,
Voulez-tu savoir quel est mon sentiment,
Je compte pour perdus en lisant ton ouvrage
Le paradis, mon temps, ta peine et mon argent.

Toutes les femmes sont égales devant l'amour.

Je mettrais plutôt toute l'Europe d'accord que deux femmes.—Louis XIV.

La vie est un gigot dont bien des gens, hélas! n'ont à grignoter que le manche.

En amour, pour être téméraire avec succès, il faut l'être à propos.—Ninon de Lenclos.

La toilette d'une femme est l'autel de l'amour.

On peut diviser la vie des femmes en trois époques: Dans la première elles rêvent l'amour; dans la seconde elles le font; dans la troisième elles le regrettent.

The following psychological incident is of interest: A gentleman of Louisville, Kentucky—a man of fine nervous organization—was taking his afternoon siesta; his daughter, a young lady of seventeen, sitting by his side, with her hand in his, and reading. As he passed from the wakeful state into one of semi-slumber he saw, or seemed to see, appear at the foot of his bed, a tall man, with a sorrowful expression upon his face, who, bending down tenderly, lifted up a coffin and disappeared. He was so disturbed by the strange and unaccountable nature of his vision that, after tossing restlessly for a few moments, he opened his eyes and said:

"Daughter, I believe I cannot sleep to-day, and will get up." Looking up from her book, in which she was evidently deeply absorbed, she said:

"Papa, this is a strange book that I am reading."

"What is it?" said he.

"The life of Maria Antoinette," she replied, and then read from the pages before her a recital of the exact incident that had just constituted his dream.

A volume of poems by Joaquin Miller, entitled "Songs of Far Away Lands," will be published in London in September. The work will be dedicated to Lord Houghton.

When you have no absolute knowledge, you have no further use for belief.

ODE TO THE MOSQUITO.

For the Argonaut, by John Vance Cheney.

Could thorns and thistles sprout a lung
Through which their sharpness might be sung;
Were nettles like a baby born
To yell from darkness till the morn;
Were Hades housed in one small thing,
Could curses buzz about and sing,
Hot taper torments serenade
With whines on flying fiddles played;
Had slivers wings and heinous heart
To act the true assassin's part;
Did evil hatch itself through flies,
Averian atoms in disguise—
Thou murderous notes of midnight air,
Straight could I place ye then and there.

Whence sally thy ferocious flock
As slowly my rheumatic clock
Goes bobbing through the solemn hours?
Whence come those pricking powers,
Minute, stilettoed villains,
To sap the vitals of mine ease?
What mighty midge, in conscience's stead,
Disturbs the refuge of my bed,
Or pauses on infernal route
To drain life's very fluid out?

O water-risen, dipt'ral devil,
Thou starved, wizen runt of revel;
O empty wickedness with wings,
Thou insect-imp equipped with stings;
O awl for flesh of human kind,
Gauat gimlet with a miner's mind;
Thou pestilence on pinions gray,
Thou embryo eagle mad for prey—
What still more *cussed* can I say,
Thou hornet's ghost turned t'other way?

One moment! Lo! upon my wall
As plain as in Belshazzar's hall:
"When heaven and earth and hell were made,
Tartarean leavings were mislaid;
These Satan was allowed to see to,
And thence evolved the d—d mosquito."

SACRAMENTO, July 20, 1878.

The career of England's present Premier is the romance of the century. He was of a proscribed class, poor, unknown, and of humble family. Now he ranks the foremost man of the foremost nation, and holds a place in the esteem and affection of the English people that has not within the century been accorded to valor in arms or success in statecraft. We can but admire the genius of the man who has thus carved his name above those of warriors, statesmen, scholars, or men of hereditary birth. Disraeli owes his greatness and his success not to the accident of family or fortune, but to the strength and vigor of an intellect that has enabled him to triumph over all obstacles that lay in his path to the achievement of real greatness. It is fitting that to such a man the English subjects residing in San Francisco should convey their appreciation of his services to the English crown, and realm, and people. They have done so in preparing for him an appropriate gift; a gift with a meaning; a gift that has its significance, and is as valuable as appropriate. To Anderson & Randolph, jewelers of the clock tower, has been entrusted the preparation of a casket, from a design drawn by Mr. A. W. Stott of their house. It is engraved with the Beaconsfield arms; apartments, inlaid with gold quartz, contain the choicest specimens of California ores; the soldier of Britain, the soldier of India, the British sailor, the British arms, with rose, shamrock, and thistle, and the arms of California are embossed upon its sides in gold carving. The casket is to contain an address in vellum, containing the signatures of the donors. The design of the handles is a crossed pen and sword, surmounted by a crest in gold of the arms of the Earl of Beaconsfield. When completed it will be a most unique and elegant gift, worthy of the gentlemen who present it, the artist who designed it, the artisans who manufacture it, and the most eminent statesman and diplomatist to whom it is to be presented.

A great revolution has been going on among our liberty-loving German fellow-citizens of Cincinnati. The battle has been fought and won. Lager beer is three cents a glass!—a schooner for half a dime! Is the spirit of German liberty dying out among our adopted German fellow-citizens of this empire of the Pacific? Are they slaves, to longer submit to the tyrant brewer? Shall this land of excellent barley and superior hops rest supinely under the infliction of ten cents a glass for lager from beer-bloated brewers? We invoke the shades of the immortal Gambrinus. We call upon the memory of all the philosophers, poets, and warriors, who have drawn their inspiration and their valor from malt, to rise like yeast in their invincible might and assist us to secure the inalienable right of cheap beer. We demand of our newly-elected delegates to the Constitutional Convention—of Neunaber, Freud, Kleine, and Beerstecher—that they raise their eloquent voices in vindication of the rights of our stomachs, and in the name of that kind of liberty for which Hessians fought on our ensanguined battle-fields, secure a provision in our organic law that will guarantee to us and our descendants, for all time to come, lager beer at three cents a glass.

Thank God, the labor problem is solved. Gold has been discovered on the ocean's beach. Beerstecher, Clitus Barbour, Dr. O'Donnell, Wellock, and Kearney have become honest miners. The *Chronicle* is the organ, if not the discoverer, of these new gold fields. And only four miles away from the sand-lots; only four miles from lager, whisky, billiards, poker, cinch, seven up, and the other seductive allurements of civilization. Now if the city will only build a railroad to the beach, cushion the car seats, limit the fare, and guarantee good wages for eight hours' labor, we may conclude that the workingmen's millennium has come. We are sorry to observe, however, that Clitus and his associates are endeavoring to monopolize the beach of God's ocean by securing a thousand yards of the frontage, thus endeavoring to make themselves bloated monopolists of black sand. The next thing we shall expect is the organization of stock companies, an excitement in stock circles, and an endeavor to ball, bear, and corner the sea waves and sand-dunes in search of gold dust.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

The best servant we ever had was an English gentleman. He was intelligent, courteous, diligent, and fully understood all the duties of his position. His knowledge of horses was thorough. He not only drove and groomed well, but was fully up in the treatment of all the ailments and diseases of which good horses in this country seem to be continually afflicted. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, and came to us from the mines with no other indorsement than his own modest bearing. One day he asked us in reference to drafts and bills of exchange, remarking that he had sent certain moneys to his family in England and had never heard whether they had been received or not. Subsequently—and after he had been in our employ nearly two years—he came to us and said he desired to terminate his engagement as soon as we could supply his place. He then said: "I am the son of an English gentleman. My eldest brother is in Parliament, my younger brothers are partners in the banking house of Blank, Blank & Co. My career in California has, of late years, been an unfortunate one. My letters miscarried; my drafts did not reach home; I was overtaken by poverty; I felt that my family had abandoned me, and I now learn that they thought me dead." He showed us long and loving letters from his mother, his brothers, and sisters; ample remittances were furnished him to return. He had cut slips from the English journals containing accounts of his family, and they more than confirmed his statements of their social standing. He returned to England, and we have since heard from him moving in the circle to which he was born and educated. We narrate this incident as illustrative of the fact that the true gentleman, and the educated man, can honorably fill even a menial station, and not be demoralized or destroyed at a temporary run of ill luck and adverse fortune. We are informed that, during the summer vacations of our Eastern colleges, many students of Yale and Harvard go to the seaside and mountain resorts, where they find employment as hotel servants, and thus earn money enough to continue their collegiate studies and enable themselves to graduate. When we were in Europe we observed in hotels, as waiters, porters, etc., many young men speaking several languages, and evidencing that they were persons of intelligence and education. This is especially noticeable in Switzerland; young gentlemen of good families, who intend to adopt as a business the keeping of a hotel, enter themselves as apprentices. They become cook, porter, waiter, clerk, and thus advance to the position, where they bring experience and practical knowledge to the business in which they finally engage. The wealthy business men—mechanics, manufacturers, shopkeepers, ship-builders, bankers, and professional men—of Europe, as a rule, educate one or more sons to continue their pursuits, and thus it is not infrequent to see old established houses whose business has been handed down several generations in a line of unbroken succession from father to son. This will doubtless come in time to our country; but it will be when parents educate their sons to the fact that any honest employment is honorable, and when over-crowded professions shall have convinced aspirants for professional honors that it is better to prosper and grow rich in some industrial pursuit, than to beg and starve upon the ragged edge of some more genteel employment.

The Board of Education has consolidated certain cosmopolitan schools, and made a saving of \$7,000 per annum. This is the first check to a great abuse. It is the first step to the correction of a great evil. It costs twelve hundred thousand dollars a year to administer the free common schools of San Francisco. The cosmopolitan schools are doing more harm than they are doing good. Our advice is to abolish cosmopolitan schools and discharge all special teachers; to no longer teach Latin, French, German, music, drawing, calisthenics, nor any except the rudimentary branches of the English language; to dismiss nearly all the male teachers, and employ only competent females. One male teacher should be retained in every school-house to maintain discipline and do the flogging. The boys' and girls' high school and the grammar schools should be converted into schools where primary branches of English education are taught. If foreigners do not like this, let them leave the country. If our rich people desire to give their boys and girls a better education than our plan would give, let them send their children to private schools and pay for their education. The whole present system of free common schools is abnormal, absurd, hurtful, and extravagant. It is communism disguised, under the pretense that a higher and better education is a panacea for all social and political evils—a communism inspired by demagogues, in the interest of pedagogues, book-makers, contractors, janitors, and boards of education. The only class that it was originally intended to aid, namely: the poor, are unable to avail themselves of the opportunity to give their children the higher education because of the cost of books, clothing, etc., and their inability to spare their children from remunerative labor past the ages of twelve and fourteen. The first step to real reform would be to abolish the Board of Education and devolve its duties upon the Board of Supervisors, hoping that out of twelve members a committee of educated gentlemen might be chosen who have more sense, intelligence and integrity than has composed our ordinary Boards of Education. We had one Board composed of twelve persons, seven of whom were Irish Catholic Democrats—all ignorant, and not all honest.

In Memoriam.

E. P. DIED JULY 19, 1878.

The Æolian harp its low vibration gives,
The wind sweeps by, and still the sufferer lives;
The wind sweeps by, the rose's leaves are shed,
The lily droops—a bright young life has fled.

O tuneful harp, thy breathing notes renew;
O flower of love, retain that rosy hue;
O lily fair, it is the morning light—
Why fade and vanish in the gloom of night?

A brighter dawning hears the harp's sweet strain,
In brighter sunlight blooms the flower again;
They wreathe the life no loving hand could stay,
And, floating upward, seek the Perfect Day.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORMS.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Under the above heading there appeared in your issue of 20th July instant a very able letter, bearing the signature of C. T. Hopkins, which I have read with much interest. In support of the recommendations therein contained for the redress of the great evils so graphically depicted, under which this community is suffering, I take the liberty of directing attention to the advantages and privileges which our Australian cousins are now *practically* realizing under their Constitution, embodying, as they do, the principles so ably advocated by Mr. Hopkins. Local, or municipal, government is there, completely and absolutely, delegated to the TAXPAYING inhabitants of the respective municipalities, and free from all interference by the General Government. These bodies become the nurseries, or preparatory colleges, for the training of legislators for the supreme Parliament of the State, furnishing, as they do, *practical illustrations* for the public to judge of the fitness of candidates for higher honors. Upon my arrival in this State—some eight years since—after a previous residence of many years in Australia, I was astonished to find that the Supreme Legislature held its session *only once in two years*; that such session was limited to the period of ninety days; that the entire community, during such term, were in constant dread, and only appeared to breathe freely and recover that degree of equanimity possible under such a state of circumstances when the time expired and the opportunity of perpetrating further mischief by the *representatives of the people* (save the mark!) had terminated. That there is, unfortunately, good cause for this apprehension subsequent experience soon convinced me, and the proceedings of the last Legislature furnish the most deplorable examples of the great evils and defects that so urgently demand a remedy. As you may suppose, my conception of the majesty and functions of Parliament received a severe shock. This supreme tribunal of the state I had looked upon (what in truth it should be) as the palladium of the rights and liberties of the people, and where all the wrongs and errors existing in the body politic would be remedied. As Mr. Hopkins so tersely states: "*The people are the real sovereigns under our system.*" With the view of illustrating in what manner this *sovereignty* can be thoroughly and properly exercised, I will, with your permission, briefly explain the principles of the governments now successfully in operation in the Australian colonies, and where *Republicanism, or government of the people by the people, obtains more perfectly than in any other part of the world.*

The distinctive character, and the keystone of its success, is what is known as "*Responsible government*," comprising representatives of the people, elected by ballot under almost universal suffrage, who assume certain executive offices with the emoluments attached thereto, and conduct the government of the country; *which offices or positions, however, they can only retain so long as they can command a majority of the votes of their fellow representatives.*

The Government is invested with the patronage of appointing to all new offices, as well as the filling of all vacancies that may occur, and for the judicious exercise of which, *as well as for all legislation, it is held responsible.* Upon their failure to carry their measures, or upon a direct vote of the House distinctly affirming a want of confidence, the ministry must retire and resign their offices; retaining them only until their successors are appointed by the Governor, who, as the head of the executive, must carry into effect the policy of his responsible ministers. When it so happens that parties are evenly divided, so that it is difficult to obtain a working majority on either side, then it becomes the duty of the Governor to *dissolve the Parliament, and the people have the opportunity of electing an entirely new one.* The terms for which Parliaments are elected vary from three to five years, but they may be sooner terminated as above indicated. It will thus be seen that the *people* exercise a very beneficial and controlling influence over their representatives, and "as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," so also, it will be found, is a powerful well-organized opposition the true safeguard of the nation. Instead of subordinate officers being elected, they are appointed by the Government from qualified candidates, who must pass certain examinations; and which offices, being fairly remunerated, are permanently held during good behavior and the efficient discharge of the duties devolving on them.

It will thus be noted that this system insures the most efficient and faithful discharge of the public business, in which the whole community are interested and concerned, and at the same time provides an avenue of honorable occupation for such as may desire to qualify themselves, and devote their services in this manner.

To introduce this system into the United States, and thus effect the regeneration so earnestly needed, the following suggestions are submitted:

(1.) That the President should be elected by the entire nation for a term of years, *and, as the head of the executive, must fulfill his duties in accordance with the advice of his responsible ministers.*

(2.) The responsible ministers, chosen by the President from the representatives of the people, must be confirmed by their respective constituencies *reflecting* them, the acceptance of office having the effect of vacating their seats.

(3.) The same principle should prevail in the government of the several States, the Governors acting under and with the advice of their responsible ministers.

(4.) The suffrage should embrace *all adults over twenty-one years of age, without distinction of sex, citizens of the United States, duly registered, capable of reading and writing, and having resided six months in the district where the vote can be recorded.*

To obtain the reforms now shadowed forth, in a constitutional and effective manner, it is suggested that means similar to those adopted in Great Britain in obtaining the repeal of the Corn Laws and other important reforms, should be organized; and the recent establishment of granges throughout the United States would appear to offer the most desirable organizations for the discussion and agitation of this truly national object. An earnest, faithful, and patriotic committee should be formed, whose duty should be to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the working of the institutions referred to, and then submit a practical adaptation, with probable improvements, for adoption in the United States.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23. ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN.

SANTA CRUZINGS.--SKETCHES AT THE LONG BRANCH OF THE PACIFIC.



DRAWN BY JOS. D. STRONG.

- 1.—General view of beach and bathers grouping on the sand. 2.—First attempts at swimming in the surf. 3.—On the rope anxiously awaiting the approach of a roller. 4.—Coquetting with the wave ripples. 5.—From Santa Clara. 6.—View looking through the Natural Bridge, Moore's Beach. 7.—From San José. 8.—A favorite and graceful position. 9.—Three San Franciscans. 10.—A pebble on the strand. 11.—"One, two, three, four of us"—a family affair. 12.—From Santa Cruz—residents. 13.—Decorations in front of bath house. 14.—The raft at sea—terminus of rope. 15.—Professor Daily, champion swimmer and life-saving apparatus. 16.—Scene at the Swimming School in San Lorenzo Creek—boating and diving from the bank—the afternoon recreation.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.



DEAR EM:—It was "borne in" on me, as the saying goes, yesterday, to see what I could find of interest in quite a different line from anything I have yet told you of. With that laudable purpose in view, I dropped into Will & Finck's, on Market Street, near Fourth. Tom says I have made nothing but *cutting* remarks ever since; but then, between ourselves, Tom is *such* a goose, I never notice him any more, except to smile graciously when he brings me a peace offering in the shape of a box of *bon bons* from Townsend's, or a lovely hanging basket, as he did the other day from Sievers'. Now, I really didn't expect to find anything special there; and, to my surprise, was beguiled into a downright enthusiasm over their show of cutlery before I got away. Such splendid carvers, with handles of ivory and buckhorn cunningly carved; such cute little contrivances for table use—ice tongs, cheese scoops, mutton-leg-holders, to steady the end of the joint while one carves; skewer-pullers, that nip the skewer as in a vice and draw it out easily. These are all made in their own establishment, as well as the carvers, which are really a specialty. The latter are somewhat peculiarly shaped, a sort of half scimeter, and are patented. Mr. Finck told me that they have, for the last three years, supplied Tiffany with all the carvers they sell, last week sending them a case of twenty-five sets. This is something we may well be proud of, and looks as if we are really beginning to run alone, if we are only twenty-seven years old. I took a look into the work-shop, which runs through from Market to Stevenson Street, where twenty-six workmen are kept steadily employed, even in these dull times. But I can't pretend to tell you of all the various kinds of sharp-edged tools, knives, scissors, and the like. They "must be seen to be appreciated." Tell Clara I have found something absolutely new in table linens for her at the *l'île de Paris*. They are of plain—that is, unstamped—linen, and are heavily embroidered, a quarter of a yard deep, in a chain-stitching of red, blue, and yellow, which is known as "Broderie Russe," although they are really much more Turkish in character. The napkins, which are simply immense, are similar in design. Some are done in red alone, the richly ornamented pattern of these being buds and flowers combined. Then there are others that have only a broad satin stripe round the edge, which are intended for ladies to work for themselves, a large monogram being the prettiest. You will know this quality, for they come from the Belfast house of Brown & Company, which formerly supplied only the aristocracy of Great Britain, but of late years has opened its doors to its poor commoners. Their pattern-book is a real work of art, and from it one may select designs for napery and have them made to order without extra cost. The latest kink is to embroider one's own stockings, the open-work Lisle thread in unbleached tints being the correct thing, and the embroidering is done with silk floss, an over-stitch, with a filling in of lace-stitch. There are some very pretty ones, just suited for the purpose, at this same house. Roman (what a capital chance to quote the line, "The noblest Roman of them all,") has just been getting in some unique fancies in letter papers. One is gilt-edged, with corners sometimes rounded, sometimes cut off sharp, and again in an inverted scallop; another has a monogram in blue, and the date, "San Francisco," in full, on the top of the page, and also on the flap of the envelope. Colored-edged cards for short notes come in pretty wooden cases, with the envelopes to match. Mrs. Ward's book, "Sensible Etiquette," is attracting considerable notice, it is so thoroughly practical and sensible. See how prettily she sums up the true ladyhood she inculcates in it: "At the highest, ladyhood implies a spirituality made manifest in poetic grace." She has something to say about pretty much everything. Another new volume I dipped into while loitering at Roman's is, "What Our Girls Ought to Know," by Dr. Mary J. Studley, Professor of the Natural Sciences in the State Normal School at Framingham, Massachusetts. It is full of the grandest truths, put in sweet, simple, yet vigorous language. As Mr. Roman himself said, in calling my attention to it, "I wish I could put a copy into the hands of every girl in San Francisco." I hear a whisper in the air that the old-fashioned "cottage" bonnet, the same as our fathers are always saying our mothers looked so bewitching in when they were young, are coming in again. Do you recollect the pretty little poem—I think it was N. P. Willis':

"Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within."

Our milliners are resting on their laurels just now, and one can not find any real novelties. In untrimmed hats and bonnets the most popular shapes are the "Mercedes," the "Princesse," and the "Tivoli," for full dress, and the "Mary Anderson," and the "Berkeley," an imported English hat for country and morning wear. The pretty "Golden Gate," a

coarse, mixed straw, is very neat when not tortured into unnatural shapes, its normal condition being a flat, broad brim, and the suitable garniture, field flowers and veiling. The largest assortment of untrimmed millinery I find at Ross', under the Baldwin. By the way, there is a new store just opening, in dry goods and fancy goods, in the block below, that is making a very fresh, pretty show in its windows. I hear, too, that Moffatt, late of Keane & O'Connor, goes in with O'Connor, and will open business in the new premises to be remodeled from the old Morton House. A little oddity in the way of jewelry I saw the other day was a pair of bracelets made of peach stones, curiously carved, and linked together with silver. They are at Mayer & Son's, 313 Kearney Street, where the sign "Sea Bean Jewelry" has so long tantalized me that I finally went in to investigate. They are made in lockets and sleeve-buttons, and come from the Florida coast. But Mr. Mayer's specialty I found to be Japanese goods, in which he is a large dealer, while on Montgomery Street, the Duke of Manchester having purchased largely of his curios; Schuyler Colfax, too, laid in a supply of "Josses" and such like trifles during his late lecture visit here. Some of the specimens of Japanese crystals are very fine, as are also the carved ivory work and frosted work in silver, card-cases, and so on. California diamonds are another specialty. There is no end of pretty foot coverings just now, though the favorites still continue to be the low shoe in at least a half dozen modifications. Kast, who, since he has been on Market Street, has been doing business enough to satisfy any one, has some of the most tempting *bottines* this side of Paris; in fact there are plenty that have not long been out of that dear, delightful, naughty city. They may talk hygiene and hygienic reform as much as they like, but a French shoe, even with the most trying of heels, will reign supreme. The newest things out are the "Aimée," a low shoe finished off by a cut steel buckle, and the "Princesse," with three and five straps. The steel buckles are on everything, even the white and light-colored shoes for ballroom wear. They are particularly pretty on the latter, looking in the gaslight exactly like diamonds. The rumor that square toes were to be insisted on by fashion seems to have been false, for all of the newest styles have exceedingly pointed ones. Luckily, fashions nowadays change so rapidly that there is no time to go to extremes, or one might think there was some danger of our adopting the yard-long toes of—whose reign was it?—when the gallants wore the tips of their boots fastened to their girdles by chains to keep from falling over them. Fancy President Hayes issuing sumptuary laws prohibiting one of our society sharps from exceeding the regulation length in shoe leather! But before they get too absurd, presto! change, we'll have something else. "There is a providence," you know, as the divine William says, "that shapes our ends," though, come to think of it, I don't believe he meant the sentiment in exactly this connection. Here is something very naughty, of course, and I don't mean to "go and do likewise," by any means, but just another proof that we American girls are not one bit worse than our prudish English sisters, even if we do scandalize proper folks sometimes. It is called the language of the glove and is supposed to be an improvement on that of the fan and handkerchief:

Drop a glove—Yes.
Crumple the gloves in the right hand—No.
Half unglove the left hand—Indifference.
Tap the left shoulder with the gloves—Follow me.
Tap the chin with the gloves—I love you no longer.
Turn the gloves inside out—I hate you!
Fold the gloves neatly—I should like to be with you.
Put on the left glove, leaving the thumb uncovered—Do you love me?
Drop both gloves—I love you.
Twirl the gloves round the finger—Be careful; we are watched.
Slap the back of the hand with the gloves—I am vexed.
Take a glove in each hand and separate the hands—I am furious.

Ever your own,

LILLAS DUBOIS.

Paris correspondence: I was to-day in that part of the Fair where they keep toys. It was the French part. The French have the biggest part because they are at home. The rest of us—English, Italians, Dutch, Belgians, Russians, Turks, Japanese, Americans, and Chinamen—have not so many things to show as the French, because we have to carry them further and it costs us more to come and live here. The French will not let us live here for nothing. They make us pay for every mouthful we eat. But when I saw the millions and millions and lots and cords of toy fish here, as big as California salmon, which would swim in a tub of water as well as any live fish when wound up by a key which went into their backs; when I saw the real toy locomotives and steamboats which had real machinery, and went with real steam; when I saw the toy balloons, some of them made in the shape of a man, and as big as a real man, which you could hold by a cord while he went up in the air and floated and bloated in the clouds on his back; when I saw a toy girl in a bathing dress, about half as long as your arm, in a tub of water swimming around just as well and a great deal better than a great many live girls, for she struck out with her arms and her legs just as natural as life, and wound up, like the swimming fish, by a key that started some hidden machinery in the small of her back, which went until she ran down and then she floated around loose; she could swim on her back, too, when you turned her over. I say, when I saw all these things and a great many more that never were heard of or made at all when I was a boy—when we had little tops, old clay marbles, corn cobs, clam shells and sand hills to play with—I felt sorry that I hadn't put off being born until a little later in life, that I might have some of these toys to play with.

JOHN THOMAS.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, July 28, 1878.

Crab Soup.
Pig's Kidneys stewed with Sherry Wine and Served with Rice.
Broiled Breast of Lamb. Green Peas.
Tomatoes a l'Espanole. Potato Salad.
Swedish Cream (See Vol. I, No. 15).

Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Plums, Gages, Apples, Grapes, and Figs.

TO MAKE CRAB SOUP.—Take one large boiled crab, pick the meat from the claws into shreds, and put into a cool place until wanted. Scoop out the pulpy part and the white meat from the body, pound it well with about half the quantity of rice boiled in broth; dilute with a pint of rich stock, rub through a screen, put into a saucepan, and keep in a cool place. Just before sending to table, put it over the fire, and stir with a wooden spoon. Take care that it does not get too hot, as that would curdle the soup. Finish seasoning by adding half a pint of boiling cream and a little cayenne pepper; then pour the soup into a tureen containing the shredded meat from the claws previously made hot in a small quantity of stock.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XXXVI.—THE VENUS OF MILO.

[The following is said to have "the dignity of Minerva, the fidelity and devotion of Andromache, and the fondness, passion, and despair of Dido, all combined."]

Goddess of dreams! mother of love and sorrow!
Such sorrow as from love's fair promise flows
Such love as from love's martyrdom doth borrow
That conquering calm which only sorrow knows.

Venus madonna! so serene and tender
In thy calm after-bloom of life and love,
More fair than when of old thy sea-born splendor
Surprised the senses of Olympian Jove.

Not these the lips that with impassioned pining
Poured subtle heats through Adon's languid frame,
Till over cheek and brow their kisses raining
Thrilled to his heart and turned its frost to flame.

Thy soul, transcending passion's wild illusion,
Its fantasy, and fever, and unrest,
Brood's tenderly in Thought's divine seclusion
Or some lost love-dream lingering in thy breast.

Thy face seems touched with pity for the anguish
Of earth's disconsolate and lonely hearts—
For all the lorn and loveless lives that languish
In solitary homes and sordid marts;

With pity for the faithlessness and feigning,
The vain repentance and the long regret,
The perfumed lamps in lonely chambers waning,
The untouched fruit on golden salvers set;

With pity for the patient watchers yearning
Through lonely casements over midnight moors,
Thrilled by no echo of far foot returning
Through the blank darkness of the empty doors;

With sorrow for the coy, sweet buds that cherish
In virgin pride Love's luxury of gloom.
And in their fair unfolded beauty perish,
Fading like flowers that knew not how to bloom;

With sorrow for the ever-blown pale roses
That waste their perfumes on the wandering air;
For all the penalty that Life imposes
On Passion's dream, on Love's divine despair.

XXXVII.—NOW AND THEN.

"Sing me a song, my nightingale,
Hid in among the twilight flowers;
And make it low," he said, "I pray,
And make it sweet." But she said, "Nay;
Come when the morn begins to trail
Her golden glories o'er the gray—
Morn is the time for love's all-hail!"
He said, "The morning is not ours!"

"Then give me back my heart's delight,
Hid in among the twilight flowers,
The kiss I gave you yesterday.
See how the moon this way has leant,
As if to yield a soft consent.
Surely," he said, "you will requite
My love in this?" But she said, "Nay."
"Yea, now," he said. But she said, "Hush!
And come to me at morning blush."
He said, "The morning is not ours!"

"But say, at least, you love me, love,
Hid in among the twilight flowers;
No winds are listening far or near—
The sleepy doves will never hear."
"Ah, leave me in my sacred glen,
And when the saffron morn shall close
Her misty arms about the rose,
Come, and my speech, my thought shall prove—
Not now," she said, "not now, but then."
He said, "The morning is not ours!"

ALICE CARY.

XXXVIII.—"THE BOYS."

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jacknapes! Show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty!" Yes, *while* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "member of Congress," we say, when we chaff;
There's Reverend—what's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave, mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with logical chain;
When he spouts for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of these!"

You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!
Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And, when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MR. PERRY CHUMLY'S ECLIPSE.

A Story of Truth at the Bottom of a Well.

The spectroscope is a singularly beautiful and delicate instrument, consisting, essentially, of a prism of glass, which, decomposing the light of any heavenly body to which the instrument is directed, presents a spectrum, or long bar of color. Crossing this are narrow, dark and bright lines produced by the gases of metals in combustion, whereby the celestial orb's light is generated. From these dark and bright lines, therefore, we ascertain all about the composition of the sun and stars.

Now Ben had made some striking discoveries in spectroscopic analysis at his private garden observatory, and had also an instrument of superior power and capacity invented, or at least very much improved, by himself; and this instrument it was which he and I were arranging for an examination of the comet then flaming in the heavens. William sat by, apparently uninterested. Finally we had our arrangements for an observation completed, and Ben said: "Now turn her on."

"That reminds me," said William, "of a little story about Perry Chumly who—"

"For the sake of science, William," I interrupted, laying a hand on his arm, "I must beg you not to relate it. The comet will in a few minutes be behind the roof of yonder lodging house. We really have no time for the story."

"No," said Ben, "time presses; and, anyhow, I've heard it before."

"This Perry Chumly," resumed William, "believed himself a born astronomer, and always kept a bit of smoked glass. He was particularly great on solar eclipses. I have known him to sit up all night looking out for one."

Ben had now got the spectroscope trained skyward to suit him, and in order to exclude all irrelevant light had let down the window-blind on the tube of it. The spectrum of the comet came out beautifully—a long bar of color crossed with a beautiful ruling of thin dark and bright lines, the sight of which elicited from both of us an exclamation of satisfaction.

"One day," continued William from his seat at another window, "some one told Perry Chumly there would be an eclipse of the sun that afternoon at three o'clock. Now Perry had recently read a story about some men who in exploring a deep gorge in the mountains had looked up from the bottom and seen the stars shining at midday. It occurred to him that this knowledge might be so utilized as to give him a fine view of the eclipse, and enable him at the same time to see what the stars would appear to think about it."

"That," said Ben, pointing to one of the dark lines in the cometic spectrum, "that is produced by the vapor of carbon in the nucleus of the heavenly visitant. You will observe that it differs but slightly from the lines that come of volatilized iron. Examined with this magnifying glass"—adjusting that instrument to his eye—"it will probably show—by Jove!" he ejaculated, after a nearer view, "it isn't carbon at all. *It is meat!*"

"Of course," proceeded William, "of course Perry Chumly did not have any canon, so what did the fellow do but let himself down with his arms and legs to the bottom of an old well, about thirty feet deep! And, with the cold water up to his middle, and the frogs, pollywogs, and aquatic lizards quarreling for the cosy corners of his pockets, there he stood, waiting for the sun to appear in the field of his 'instrument' and be eclipsed."

"Ben, you are joking," I remarked with some asperity; "you are taking liberties with science, Benjamin. It *can't* be meat, you know."

"I tell you it *is* though," was his excited reply; "it is just meat, I tell you. And this other line, which at first I took for sodium, is *bone*—bone, sir, or I'm an asteroid! I never saw the like; that comet must be densely peopled with butchers and horse-knackers!"

"When Perry Chumly had waited a long time," William went on to say, "looking up and expecting every minute to see the sun, it began to get into his mind, somehow, that the bright, circular opening above his head—the mouth of the well—was the sun, and that the black disk of the moon was all that was needed to complete the expected phenomenon. The notion soon took complete possession of his brain, so that he forgot where he was and imagined himself standing on the surface of the earth."

I was now scrutinizing the cometic spectrum very closely, being particularly attracted by a thin, faint line, which I thought Ben had overlooked.

"Oh, that is nothing," he explained; "that's a mere local fault arising from conditions peculiar to the medium through which the light is transmitted—the atmosphere of this neighborhood. That is whisky. This other line, though, shows the faintest imaginable trace of soap; and these uncertain, wavering ones are caused by some effluvia not in the comet itself, but in the regions behind it. I am compelled to pronounce it tobacco smoke. I will now tilt the instrument so as to get the spectrum of the celestial wanderer's tail. Ah! there we have it. Splendid!"

"Now this old well," said William, "was near a road, along which was traveling a big and particularly hideous nigger."

"See here, Thomas," exclaimed Ben, removing the magnifying glass from his eye and looking me earnestly in the face, "if I were tell you that the *coma* of this eccentric heavily body is really hair, as its name implies, would you believe it?"

"No, Ben, I certainly would not."

"Well, I won't argue the matter; there are the lines—they speak for themselves. But now that I look again, you are not entirely wrong; there is a considerable admixture of jute, moss, and I think tallow. It certainly is most remarkable! Sir Isaac Newton—"

"That big nigger," drawled William, "felt thirsty, and seeing the mouth of the well thought there was perhaps a bucket in it. So he ventured to creep forward on his hands and knees and look in over the edge."

Suddenly our spectrum vanished, and a very singular one of a quite different appearance presented itself in the same place. It was a dim spectrum, crossed by a single broad bar of pale yellow.

"Ah!" said Ben, "our waif of the upper deep is obscured by a cloud; let us see what the misty veil is made of."

He took a look at the spectrum with his magnifying glass, started back, and muttered: "Brown linen, by thunder!"

"You can imagine the rapture of Perry Chumly," pursued the indefatigable William, "when he saw, as he supposed, the moon's black disk encroaching upon the body of the luminary that had so long riveted his gaze. But when that obscuring satellite had thrust herself so far forward that the eclipse became annular, and he saw her staring down upon a darkened world with glittering white eyes and a double row of flashing teeth, it is perhaps not surprising that he vented a scream of terror, fainted, and collapsed among his frogs! As for the big nigger, he, almost equally terrified by this shriek from the abyss, executed a precipitate movement which only the breaking of his neck prevented from being a double back-somersault, and lay dead in the weeds with his tongue out and his face the color of a cometic spectrum. We laid them in the same grave, poor fellows, and on many a still summer evening afterward I strayed to the lonely little church-yard to listen to their smothered requiem chanted by the frogs we had neglected to remove from the pockets of the lamented astronomer."

"And, now," added William, taking his heels from the window, "as you can not immediately resume your spectroscopic observations on that red-headed chamber-maid in the dormer-window, who pulled down the blind when I made a mouth at her, I move we adjourn."

A. G. B.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON THE WEATHER.

Gaffer Peters on Meteorology—The Parsee "fiores" the Missionary—An Epistle from a Thrifty Tiller of the Moral Vineyard—The Negro who became a Cook in spite of Himself, and the aphoristic Tiger.

Ole Gaffer Peters is sech a ole fool I shud think he wude bust, cos the uther day he was to our house, and my mother she said: "Gaffer, the sun is offle hot to-day," and Gaffer he said: "Yes, there aint nothin like a warm day for to make the sun hot." But jest gimme a griddle cake, plenty butter on it, and thats the feller for me!

Uncle Ned says there is fokes in Pershy wich wershyps the sun, and one day one of these fellers was down onto his kanees a worshipping bard as ever he cude, like he wude do hissel a injury, and a good mishnary come a long and he sed, the mishnary did: "Wot a damb fool for to worship a thing which you can see!"

But the man wich was to his de votions said: "I got you there, ole feller; no chance to do any bisniss with me; I'm blind as a bat."

A man wich was sent out to a place in Africa for to be a mishnary wasent herd of for a long time, but bime by he wrote home to his preachers, and the letter sed:

"Dear Bruthen:—I ben labrin in this corner of the mortal vinyard for 3 years, and this mishen has ben self sportin and haint cost the Sundy scoohl puples a red cent, cos all be nited hethens wich wudent accep the means of grace I sold to the slave traders for to pa xpenses of the good work; but now there aint a pore, mizzable sinner in to one hundred miles wich wude fetch fifteen cents for a scare cro in a tater feeld. So you got to take a clecktion up reel quick, cos the immortal soul which I hav brot to a kanollege of the livin Trooth wud back slide lile he gits a cupple of tomatto cans for his ears, and a harth brush for a tail, and has a risin sun painted fresh on to his belly."

Its dredde hotter in Africa than it is here, cos there is were the Hotentots lives. And there is ephalents there, too, and ri nosy roses, and high potamusses, and cracky diles, and a hull show for nothin, no buyin tickets jest wock rite in and be et.

One mornin reel erly there was a natif nigger in the Sary desert, and he seen a lot of sabbage animals, and there wasent any place to hide hissef. So he la down and covered hissef with sand, all but jest his nose, and thot he was a smarty, but a tiger had seen him do it, and tole the others. So thay all come up and stood in a ring a round his nose. And the tiger wank its i and said: "Wots that?" Then the lion loked very sollem and said: "That is a dismantle fortress, dont you see the port holes for the cannons?" And the rinosy rose it sed: "I shud think it was a nose mebbly, only it aint got no horn on it." Thcn the ephlent it said: "How cude a nose hav a horn on it, you fool? But this aint one, cos where is the proboscus?"

An wile thay was a havin their own fun the sun it kep a gettin hi upper, and the sand it begin for to be hot, and the natif niggers there dont wear no close, but if thay wude try it on in California, the notty things, it wude be lifely times, but no base ball, cos the bats wude be wanted for to spank em. So the pore nigger wich was in the hot sand he stood it long as ever he cude, til he was jest nothin but a blister, and then he shuke hisself out and said: "I me offle sorry I kep yure dinner a waitin, but I didnt like to spile sech a elligant roast by takin it out fore it was done."

And wen the natif nigger was et evry little tiny bit up, the tiger it licked its lips and sed: "Let me do the cookin for these niggers and I dont care whoo makes their laws."

But mebbly the niggers wude care.

When Jules Janin was in London during the Exhibition of 1851, as newspaper correspondent, he noticed the inscription on the Royal Exchange: "The Earth is the Lord's," which he at once copied and sent to his journal as *La Terre est aux Seigneurs*, a marvelous instance, he said, of the slavish way in which the English worshipped their aristocracy. But what are we to think of the French journal which declared of the author of Waverley: "Qu'il était sans doute moitié Français, puisqu'il s'appellait Voltaire-Scott!" or what bounds shall be found to restrain our laughter and amusement when we read of the ingenious translator who ushered Colley Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* into the admiring Parisian world under the title of *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour!*

Frank and Willie were discussing which were the most economical, men or women; and Frank seemed to be getting the best of the argument, when Willie suddenly brought the debate to a close by saying: "One thing I know; my father can make a piece of butter go over more'n twice as large a piece of bread for me as mother can."

A MONTH IN THE SIERRA.

"By the forests lakes, and fountain,
Through the many folded mountain."

INDEPENDENCE LAKE, July, 1878.

A month in the heart of the Sierra—a month of dreamy repose and of lotus-eating in the truest sense. I wish, dear ARGONAUT, I could send you a branch of this "enchanted stem" that you, too, might taste this dream-rest. It has been such a delightful rest—a complete cycle of existence rounded by a dream. Like the weary, tempest-tossed mariners in the legend, I, with them, would give heed forevermore to the spirit-song, "There is no joy but calm," and like them imploringly plead, "Let us alone." Like the Chinese I would make my map of the world consist of a circle in a square. The circle would be my little world here of perfect repose and seclusion, while I would consign to the narrow corners outside, all that pertains to the great workingday world with its sordid cares. This lovely little lake is nestled charmingly amid the hills, and crowned by lofty mountains, behind which rise the icy peaks of glaciers.

Declivities slope down, luxuriantly overgrown with verdure, and little crinkled streams, formed by the melting snow, here and there come scurrying down the mountain sides, eager to join the bright blue waters of the lake below. Soft airs from the wooded slopes fan us with benignant breath, laden with the resinous odors of the forest firs and pines. Everything around seems to grow and bloom for the mere love of growing and being beautiful. If there is such a thing as an earthly, dreamy, sensuous paradise, I think it might be found just here. The pleased eye falls on a thousand beauties. In the distance far below lie verdant meadows, or rather, in the apt words of Goethe "long, deep chains of valleys, in which wine and oil flow in the abundance of blossoms." The great beauty of the scenery lies in the simplicity of the outlines, and in their supernatural grandeur. It is indeed "possessed beyond the muse's painting."

Opportunity for excursions to points of interest about the lake are not wanting. Five miles on horseback to Mount Lola makes an exceedingly interesting ride, a part of the way over great banks of snow, which never disappear. The crest of this mountain is 9,300 feet above the level of the sea. As we ascend, the view opens grander and more magnificent, while smaller and smaller grows the lake, until it appears as a mere thread of silver in the encircling band of the mountains. The summit reached, we stand enraptured at the overwhelming sublimity of the view. To the north and west, stand boldly out in relief against the sky, the Sierra Buttes and Lassen's Peak, while in the distance, dimmed by the space of 158 intervening miles, the glimmer of the white peaks of Mount Shasta is discernible. Toward the west we look out over the great Sacramento Valley, past the Marysville Buttes, on to the Coast Range; and to the south we discover, with some effort, Mount Diablo.

At the east are the Washoe and Humboldt snowy ranges, and to the south stand in serried ranks the peaks of the Nevadas. It is a scene not to be described—it must be seen to be realized. The grandeur steals upon the soul and takes possession. Snow-white heights stand forth in grandest majesty—Titans who with one bound seem to touch the heavens. Peak after peak rises before us; mountain ranges, crowned with snow, take the forms of domes and castles and temples. These great hills of pure snow, illumined by the sunset colors of the dying day, seem indeed like the great gateways of the celestial city; the delicate, feathery clouds, so bright and pure, take the forms of angels hovering over the summits—mountains of emerald and gates of pearl. The soul would fain elevate itself to come into a more perfect union with this majesty of nature; and, looking still beyond to the farthest height, and seeing with soul vision, "Jasper first," I said, "and second, sapphire; third, chalcodony; the rest in order—last, an amethyst."

We were awakened from our vision by the rude, if not irreverent, inquiry of one of our party: "Wonder if this is not the place where Satan took Christ when he tried to tempt him with the offer of all in view?" A rumbling sound answered in rebuke, and, turning, we saw the clouds gathering as if menacing us with their frowns; and, from the dark *multi*, came flashes of lightning, and the sounds of thunder came reverberating from range to range and from peak to peak, and, multiplied by innumerable echoes, vanished down the farthest range of hills. Terror and awe are forgotten, however, as we stand entranced by the majesty and sublimity of the music of the mountains, given back in the low rumble and distant reverberating roll, like that of the legendary phantom ten-pin players of the Catskills.

Our excursions on the lake are daily, and we sail, row, and become fascinated. The charm of fishing is inexhaustible as the supply. There is pleasure even in the selection of our fishing tackle, and the gathering together of the various *et ceteras*, chief of which is the plethoric lunch basket, provided and generally packed by our good hostess. She never forgets the bottle of that elixir of the gods here called "mountain ash." As we are rowed up the lake by the strong arms of our obliging host we have time to appreciate and enjoy the delicate green of the firry mountain-sides around, the crystal waters beneath, and the white clouds above hanging like masses of snowy smoke. Half way up the lake we stop for rest and refreshment. This is our half-way house. A tiny little stream comes leaping down the hill, clear and icy cold. A small portion of this and a generous measurement of "mountain ash" put us on our metal again, strengthens the foundation of our airy castles, and with a long pull and a strong pull—at the oars I mean—we soon reach the head of the lake. A little more "mountain ash" and we turn attention to the day's sport. It is fascination, bewilderment; we are overwhelmed. At every throw of the line we bring a victim to the surface, splashing and struggling to the boat, his sides glittering in the sunlight with purple and golden spots. These trout are somewhat smaller than those of Lake Tahoe, but much finer and more delicate in flavor. They take the hook readily, and we frequently caught from two to three hundred in a day's sport, averaging half a pound piece.

A day in the sunshine, breathing this deliciously pure air, and exhilarated by it and our sport mentally and physically, the evening brings that charming lassitude so conducive to peaceful repose; and in this condition, dear ARGONAUT, we say good night, and lie down to pleasant dreams. LOTUS.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1878.

It is claimed by many that there should have been no call for a Constitutional Convention. It is conceded by nearly all that the present organic law is a very good one, and that, under a proper judicial interpretation, it would have been safer to adhere to it than to make the experiment of a change. All intelligent persons recognize the peril involved in the endeavor to form a new code of laws, and to provide the machinery for their execution. It was especially hazardous to make the experiment at this time. There is abroad in our community a wide spread discontent arising from causes altogether foreign to those involved in a change of organic law. Yet this discontent was seized upon by demagogues and artfully used to bring about a political revolution. Our Constitution is not at fault for dry summers and short crops. It did not cause gambling in mining stocks, and is not responsible for disastrous results arising therefrom. It did not incite the slave-holders' rebellion, nor could it prevent the results that came from civil war. It could not control nor direct the financial policy of the nation, nor is it in any sense responsible for the disasters and inconveniences arising from the presence in our midst of a Chinese population. The Democratic party, from some inscrutable and mysterious purpose, resolved that the opportunity to spend a million or twelve hundred thousand dollars of the people's money should not be allowed to pass, and, evolving from its inner consciousness some motive, which it has not as yet disclosed, the Convention was called. It was an opportunity for an outburst of all the devilish incoherence with which the worst element of the Democracy was charged. The pent up fires of discontent, lawlessness, and crime burst forth. Ireland and Germany vomited forth upon the sand-lots and elsewhere their hatred of institutions they did not understand, and raised the standard of revolt against conditions that are hard upon the unfortunate, the idle, and the vicious. The accumulated wealth of an industrious and enterprising community tempted the greed of these alien bandits, and they regarded the savings of the industrious as the legitimate loot and plunder of an agrarian war. This war they organized, and proclaimed their intention to subvert society, order, and government in the interest of an unprincipled band of alien adventurers. "We will," they said, "divide property, overturn vested rights, prescribe the hours and wages of labor. We will limit the occupation of lands and the accumulation of estates. We will exempt the poor from taxation. We will place the burdens of government upon the rich. We will make vacant all the offices, and will fill them with the greasy creatures of our own creation. We will send hair-frizzers and cooks, bar-room loafers and day laborers, to make the organic law for California." And, except for the intelligence and patriotism of the rural districts, the State would have endured the shame that overwhelmed the metropolis. Had it not been for the country and its conservatism, this State would have been given over to the train bands of Hessians that have invaded it, and to the plunder of the alien adventurers who understand neither the principles of republican government nor the restraints of obedience to the law. This danger is happily averted. The Constitutional Convention is, in its majority, composed of intelligent gentlemen, men of property, who have an interest in the conservation of order. They have duties to perform, the first and most important of which is not to yield to the clamor of this importunate mob. The first principle of the new code should be to provide the machinery for suppressing mob utterances and mob acts by the strong, iron hand of military force. It should be placed beyond the power of political judges to declare any law for the repression of incendiary language or for the suppression of mob violence to be unconstitutional. Taxes should be so equalized that every citizen pays upon what he is worth in real, personal, and mixed property. He should not pay upon what is encumbered by debt, and the man or corporation to whom that debt is owing

should pay the tax that is rightfully imposed upon it. There should be a limit fixed to State and municipal liabilities, and provision made to secure the strictest economy and the most perfect integrity in the execution of official trusts. This being done, the burdens of government will set lightly upon all. If Assessors will marshal all the wealth of California, corporate and individual—lands, railroads, houses, gas, water, and all corporate franchises, all personal property, all articles of luxury, all the diamonds, jewels, pictures, and marbles that adorn the palaces of the rich, all the bonds, collaterals, promissory notes, stocks, and securities of our money lenders, all the mortgages of our banks, all the stocks of our mining stock gamblers, all the velvets, laces, and ten-button kid-gloves of our ladies, all the goods in our warehouses, all the stocks of our retail dealers, and make every man and woman and corporate manager, on oath, give the schedule of his wealth, and for omission, false oath, or willful repression of facts send him or her to State prison—our tax will be a light one, and real estate will not be compelled to stagger under a mountain of municipal debt and pay all the taxes that personal property now shirks from paying, through lies, perjury, and deceit. We commend the gentlemen of the Convention to hold in mind this fact. We do not desire that the change of judges, legislators, and local officials should be too sudden. It will, in our opinion, be unwise to legislate the present officials from office immediately upon the adoption of the Constitution. Let us have time to adjust ourselves to the new condition of things, and to become accustomed to the changes that we are to undergo. Give the people time to consider before they are compelled to act. Instead of shortening the time of the present officials by a year, it would be better to extend it for the same period. To illustrate: Let the present hold-over Senators continue in office for the terms to which they have been elected. Let the Supreme, District, and local judges have their terms of office extended, so that we may have the benefit of their experience to put the new experiment afloat. Let the county officers hold over another year, so that the machinery of the local governments may not be brought to an abrupt termination. To adopt a new law, elect new legislators, construct new courts, and make a complete change of county and municipal officers, is to subject our government to an unwonted and severe strain. Let us not precipitate ourselves into the confusion and chaos of so radical and complete a political revolution as would be involved in this proceeding. Our advice would be to arrange for the election of officers so as to defer the change till the Presidential election of 1880. This election will bring out the entire voting strength. The misrule and riot party, it is hoped, will by that time have spent its force. The demagogues and adventurers who live upon agitation will have tamed down. The few who have bubbled to the surface in San Francisco will have spent the money earned in Convention, and will be starved back to their occupations, or killed by the bad whisky that is always available to men of political prominence. The Presidential election will bring to the ballot-box the whole mass of electors. This programme will give us two years of political repose, and will put off at least for so long a time the evil hour of Kearney's prophecy, when he would place Sharpstein upon the Supreme bench, and fill the seats of the district courts, and the halls of legislation, with greasy mechanics. Our suggestion, of giving another year of official incumbency to the present Governor, and to the hold-over Senators who called this Convention, and to the Democrat officials throughout the State, is prompted by no love of them. We want to hear the howl and see the gleaming teeth of the hungry foreign jackals a little longer, before they get another bite at the carcass. We are in hopes, too, that within the period of two years, better crops, more prosperous seasons, extended railroads, new mining developments, a larger immigration, more tulle lands reclaimed, more desert lands irrigated, more great landed estates divided, greater economies in life, greater moderation in business, less speculative ventures, and less gambling in mining stocks, will bring about more prosperous times; that sober sense and reason will have been restored to the misguided masses who have followed the counsels of the ignorant, vicious, and idle demagogues, who have so selfishly and cruelly deceived them.

On Monday evening we spent an hour in the Board of Supervisors. It was the first time we ever visited the Board in session. The City Hall when finished will be an elegant and costly structure. It is a piece of extravagant folly, but when completed it will be paid for and it will be an ornament to San Francisco. It is extravagantly furnished, and this is a just cause of complaint against those who are responsible. The furniture, carpets, and chandeliers are costly beyond every necessity. The counters in Mayor Bryant's store and the desks in the Supervisors' private offices are not of carved rosewood, nor do they carpet their places of business with the finest productions of foreign looms; they do not have half a dozen flunkies sitting around the doors of their business places on stools, as messengers and janitors. The County Clerk, the Sheriff, the Tax Collector, the Justices, the courts, and every other department of the city government has more employes than are necessary. The salaries of officials from Mayor down to Pound-keeper are

higher than they ought to be. The Bank of California pays its best book-keepers and clerks from \$100 to \$175 per month. Better, more intelligent, more responsible, better educated, more industrious, and more competent men than Sheriff Nunan, County Clerk Reynolds, Collector Mitchell, Superintendent of Streets Mansur, Superintendent of Schools Mann, Auditor Maynard, Treasurer Hubert, or any of the other city officials, can be found who would stipulate to work for less than \$200 per month, and be glad of the opportunity. The man who drives our carriage is as industrious, as brave, as respectable, as intelligent, and as competent as the average policeman, and he is glad to work for \$40 per month. There are better lawyers at the bar than on the bench, who would be glad of the positions at half the salary. There are thousands of intelligent, conscientious, and competent ladies who would fill the positions of our male school teachers at half the price. Our street system is a systematically organized robbery. The average street contractor is a highwayman in the literal sense. Personal property owners have, by lies and perjury, reduced the hiding of their assets from the Assessor and Tax Collector to a fine art. The result is, real estate is over-burdened, and is the first to shrink in value because it cannot steal away and avoid being taxed. We were very favorably impressed with the personnel of our Board of Supervisors. Most of them we have known for a long time. We noted their treatment of different questions as they came up, and we came away with a favorable opinion of the intelligence and integrity of the gentlemen who compose the Board. There is a disposition upon the part of the press and of the public to jump at conclusions prejudicial to the honor of men in office. To call them "rogues" and "thieves" is the vocabulary in daily use. The Supervisors of San Francisco legislate for the wants of 300,000 people, and for the protection of more than \$300,000,000 of wealth. Under pressure of jobbers, contractors, place hunters, and place holders, they may give way more than in their private business, they may yield a point when the interests of the individual comes in conflict with those of the general public, they may be at times careless or indifferent, but that there is in the present Board any corrupt ring we see no evidence. That it has many honest gentlemen in it we know, and in our judgment it would be better for property owners to oftener attend the meetings of the Board, and become somewhat more conversant with the city legislation. It would, in our judgment, be better if the ever vigilant, and ever virtuous daily press would be somewhat more careful and more deliberate before it indiscriminately assails officials. It is this unwarranted denunciation of the press that renders official life and the performance of public duties distasteful to quiet, honest men. If property-owners would organize for the purpose of protecting their property, and would behave as diligent in its defense as jobbers, place holders, and contractors are in warring upon it, we should have a better administration of our municipal government, less grumbling, and less taxes to pay.

Felix Adler, a German Jew, whose occupation is that of a traveling lecturer against the dogmas and teachings of the Christian Church, proposes to establish in San Francisco a Kindergarten School. If this undertaking were an individual enterprise at the cost of Mr. Felix Adler, it would be thus placed beyond our right of criticism. But when it becomes a public charity, and is founded upon the solicited gifts of the benevolent, we exercise a privilege, if we do not perform a duty, in demanding its aims and purpose. It is to be an unsectarian school for poor children from three to six years of age—we presume to be under the charge of Professor Adler. Whether Christian or Jewish parents may desire to have the minds of their children, in the formative age, left to the guidance of an avowed infidel, is for them alone to determine. It is our observation that men who are very liberal in the direction of free thought are restrained somewhat in expressing their opinions in the presence of their wives, and silent in the audience of their children. Doubt and disbelief comes soon enough, and though we are not at all orthodox in our religious sentiments, we have never been able to trace any evil influence from the religious teachings of a mother to an infant child. Our doubts are so well grounded upon this subject that it is our opinion that a three-year old child had better be left to the teachings of its mother, rather than to be turned over to the moulding process of Messrs. Adler, Schuenemann-Pott, Joseph Winans and Fred. MacCrellish; Mesdames Müser, Gotting, and Miss Malwedel. We think we scent the rodent in the suggestion of Prof. Adler that this is a tentative experiment, preliminary to engraving another German educational experiment upon our already over-burdened and oppressed taxpayers. As we are opposed to teaching little Germans over six years of age how to speak their mother tongue at the public expense, so are we unwilling to be taxed in order that little Germans of three years of age should escape the danger of becoming Jews, Catholics, or Protestants, and have their infantile minds directed to that higher range of free-thought known as infidelity. We are, for these and other reasons, therefore, inspired to advise our readers not to subscribe one dollar a month to aid in the experiment of a Kindergarten School for poor children of three years of age in San Francisco.

PRATTLE.



he imprudently mentioned that he was—a book-cannasser! Every man thinks himself a good writer and a “lord of human tears;” whereas, there is not more than one man in a thousand who can make us weep with his pen except by sticking it into our eyes.

Said Bishop, actor: “I had quite a scare—
Capsized my boat!”
Said Bradley, ditto: “Are you not aware
That sticks will float?”

A contemporary has a marvelous story of a Confederate prisoner of war, who being required to work on the fortifications under negro supervision seized a hatchet, severed his hand from his arm, and said to the officer engaged in coercing him: “Now, sir, will you make me work for your rotten government under a negro guard?” The tale is essentially true; I was an eye-witness. But it occurred this way: Threatened with hanging if he wouldn’t go to work, the prisoner seized the officer’s sword, and dextrously severed his own head from the body. “Now, sir,” said he, with a bow of politest mockery, “if it’s a fair question permit me to ask how you will make the rope hold?” Struck with admiration for such heroism, the officer set him free, presented him with the cover of a collar-box for a hat, and paid his passage to San Francisco. He is one of the profoundest thinkers in this State, and is at present editing the *Morning Call*.

“Resolved that we will post,” the merchants say,
“All names of debtors who do never pay.”
“Whose shall be first?” inquires the ready scribe—
“Who are the chiefs of the marauding tribe?”
Lo! high Parnassus, lifting from the plain,
Upon his hoary peak, a noble fane,
Within that temple all the names are scrolled
Of California’s bards, inscribed in gold;
To that bad eminence, my friend, aspire,
And copy thou the Roll of Fame, entire.
Yet not to total shame those names devote,
But add in mercy this explaining note:
“These cheat because the law makes theft a crime,
And they obey all laws but laws of rhyme.”

By way of proving that “the pediments and sunken foundation stones of the law are based on broad grounds of common sense,” a correspondent at Marysville sends me a “legal maxim” in rather fishy Latin, to the effect that when a sturgeon is taken it shall belong to the king entire, but of a captured whale he shall have only the head, while the tail shall go to the queen. That may be good law in Marysville, but it is a dead letter down here. When a sturgeon is taken in these waters it goes to the hotel dining-room as “sea bass;” and when a whale, en route to the Yuba, comes ashore, it is divided as follows; the finder takes its measure, and the showman its carcass. Its description is given to the poor, and its immortal part, the odor, accrues to this State as a permanent endowment, and, as an occasional benefaction, when the wind favors, to Nevada.

“Say it over, do you love me?”
Said the husband of a year;
“Are you happy—do you love me—
Love to have me always near?”
—William D. Pollock.

“Yes, I love you, Bill, you bet your
Life I do, because you snore
Tetrametrically—let your
Rhinotrochees sound once more.”

He had slept like a brave man, long and well, had the obese and not over-active Joseph, under a bay tree in one of the comfortable valleys of Marin, and now his waking eye vainly explored the circumjacent spaces for his comrades. Lifted above his head in a cleft stick the ace of spades invited attention. Joseph handed it down and read the following inscription:

“Here rests the mortal part of Jo,
Who lay down here and closed his eyes
In perfect health; but well we know
That life’s too short for him to rise.”

I have received a bookseller’s circular in which it is affirmed that everybody should read a *brochure* (by a person who has the learning to call himself “Semper Veritas”) entitled “An Appeal to the Jews to Stimulate Them to Obtain a Higher State of Civilization.” This is rather good concerning a people whose ancestors were masters when ours were slaves, who had the arts when we, skin-clad, sat on our haunches gnawing bones, and from whose early literature we have compiled a religion. In the Jews I am aware of but two important defects—weakness of judgment and imperfect politeness; they are poor judges of ready-made clothing and they treat the deities of other races with marked incivility.

At about the same time that the President was ostentatiously entertained by Senator Don Cameron, with whom he had theretofore been at feud, it was observed that the Widow Oliver was dismissed from her clerkship in one of the Departments. That lady may be said to have paid for the dinner and been herself served up.

Says Hayes to Widow Oliver: “I kiss you
(A Judas-sprea, dear madam) and dismiss you,
For Simon says, ‘Thumbs down,’ and that, translated,
Means, ‘Let the fallen be decapitated.’
Simon and I (as birds of certain feather,
Where’er corruption is, will flock—to gather)
Are for Reform—I Civil Service climb on,
And that’s my hobby; his, I think, is Simon.
I’m pledged to make the country’s fame less shady,
And he to make of you an honest lady.
But breach of promise is our common mania—
You lose your place or I lose Pennsylvania.”

An “American Bar” has been opened at the Paris Exhibition, and, prudently avoided by our countrymen, is civilly patronized by the natives. But it requires only one cock-tail to knock the Parisian faculties stone-cold; in consequence whereof the American Bar is the only quiet corner in the world’s capital; for a Frenchman, although drunk as a lord when sober, is sober as a deacon when drunk. Owing to the torpor of its occupants, the place (with a courteous concession to *la langue Americaine*) has received the name of *Maison des Steefs*—which these good people believe to be our name for a morgue.

Lo! a drowing woman gaily
Rescued by Professor Daley.
From the woman—heaven bless her!—
Who can rescue the professor?

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent of the London *Daily News*, does not appear to be aware of our republican prejudices and aversions—our loathing of aristocracies, and contemptuous indifference to “crowned heads.” His lectures in this country are to be on the subject of “Emperors whom I have Met.” Of course he will talk to empty benches, and I should not be surprised if these, self-wrenched from the floor, were to throw themselves at his head. Now, here is a question of law which Mr. Forbes would do well to consider with the guarded attention of an old maid reconnoitring a pair of trousers in the solitude of the kitchen cellar. If when he delivers his lecture all the people of the vicinity should unhappily break their necks in attempting to escape the sound of his voice, could he not be held for murder?

If Mr. Forbes should by any chance have a beggarly half-dozen auditors—hired with “British gold”—I suggest that the “exercises” begin with an appropriate song composed on the model of the following spirited stanza:

What makes the mob love monarchs so, monarchs so—
What makes the mob love monarchs so?
The Eagle’s children cry.
Why, monarchs love the mob, you know, mob you know, mob you know—
Why, monarchs love the mob, you know,
Made up in mutton pie.

If the dazzling sarcasm of that truly original song do not hurl every effete dynasty from its crumbling throne, as Saul was unhorsed by the divine effulgence, I’ll eat my leg!

I fear I have lately exhibited a spirit of most reprehensible levity with reference to some of the cherished principles and traditions of our American politics. In defense I can only plead that I never more than half understood, but did always wholly condemn, “government of the people, by the people, and for the people.” I openly affirm, and can prove, the entire incapacity of our people, or any people, for self-government. I assert that no single proposition is supported by so formidable a series of historical facts as this. The chain of evidence is unbroken and indiscoverable; the links that we are forging to-day for its hither end are as flawless as those which the early republics welded into the immeasurable sequence at the point where, beyond their desolation, all is dark. If democracy is not necessarily and inherently a failure—if an enduring republic is anything more than the splendid dream of a generous imagination—then the historical method of ascertaining truth is more worthless than the incantation of a thaumaturgist, and more misleading than the oracle of a pagan temple.

The republic has the lowest aim of all forms of government; it proposes to accomplish only that modest Benthamite Utopia, “the greatest good to the greatest number;” and it is with reference to this unexact standard that it must be judged—and judged to have failed. For the realization of that nobler aspiration, the greatest good to the greatest men, its competence is as that of a boa constrictor to wet-nurse young lions. If I were dictator it is to the attainment of this latter object that I would direct all the energies of the State; nor would I too curiously consider the cost of success. Slavery is an ugly word; but if it seemed to me that the temple of the Greek civilization was reared upon a substructure of Helots’ bones, I should not have the presumption cruelly to turn my back upon the practical significance of the fact. War is an unpleasant business; but if convinced that the lassitudes and cupidities of peace relaxed the national intellect and debauched the national conscience,

I hope I should have the benevolence to make education by fire and sword compulsory. Poverty is a disadvantage, wealth a peril; but if hereditary leisure appeared a condition necessary to the growth of great minds, ought I dishonestly to refrain from heaping the coffers of the few with the earnings of the many?

I do not say I hold the opinion intimated above; what I do say is that I favor all such forms of dominion and subordination—all such codes and customs—all such relations of the individual to society—as tend to the rearing of broad-brained and great-hearted gentlemen. How dare we mediocre millions—males, females and young—weigh our vulgar “welfare” and our purposeless “lives” against the precious possibility of a Shakspeare! Is it not matchless effrontery to measure and tally the tears, the sweat, the blood, that may be required of us to water the soil where Paul hath planted? Is humanity wiser or better for our lives; in pain when we suffer; and poorer when we die? What we need is the decent pride of the honest Irishman who boasted that the Duke of Wellington had spoken to him—saying, “Out o’ the way, you blackguard, or I’ll ride over you!”

Let us not deceive ourselves with cant—our solicitude and sympathy for mankind are quite as insincere as the affected distress concerning public affairs which Johnson rebuked in Boswell. No one but Jesus Christ ever loved mankind. Our eyes are wiser than our tongues: every one has wept for the death of a man; no one ever wept for the death of a thousand. You may go into a cemetery and pass over a hundred graves of nobodies without so much as a sigh; you come upon that of great man and are profoundly moved. The *Grosser Kurfurst* founders with three hundred sailors and marines; you pause midway in the dispatch to pare a nail. Suppose Bismarck had been on board! An entire army is destroyed in battle. Bah! that is what they might have expected. But it is different when Bryant cracks his pate on a door-step.

As it is the regimental officers who are the regiment, the organization, so it is the world’s great men—eminent and obscure—who are the world. These are they for whom governments should be “established among men.” Their welfare is the justification of organized society. Is this hero-worship? I do not know—I never in all my life took three steps to see an eminent person with whom I had not personal acquaintance. Let me not be disingenuous; I once mounted a nail-keg to have a look at the Shah of Persia, and on another occasion climbed three pair of stairs to see Colonel Jackson about an advertisement.

“Pen’s mightier than the sword,” McComb begins—
Backus takes up the talking
With—“Doesn’t get between a fellow’s shins
And trip him up when walking.”

Twelve members of a Mississippi family named Sample are reported murdered. Having taken twelve Samples, Death ought to be able to say if he will have the lot.

A church journal complains of “the decay of seriousness.” That is bad, certainly, but what ails us graybeards is the seriousness of decay.

A propos of seriousness, here is a bit of conversation between two friends of mine on their way home from “the club” at an unheavenly hour. A.—“Bless me! how will the wife receive me?” B.—“What is the lady’s usual frame of mind on such occasions—*couleur de rose*?” A.—“H’m, no; not quite. A kind of night-blooming cereusness.”

When the *Call* and *Chronicle* begin to abuse the army at about the same time, and neither on seeing the other at it will turn around and take the other side, it must be that each has an exceptionally gratifying sense of its own stupidity and sin; for if there is anything that will make a thief stop stealing it is an opportunity to expose the theft of another thief.

When two graveyard ghouls clandestine,
Swallowing the same intestine,
View each other’s jaws encroaching
On the point they’re both approaching,
Neither leaving off to pull it
Out of the competing gullet—
For so provident a measure
Too intent on present pleasure—
What must be the fine, infernal,
Rank, immatchable, supernal
Nastiness of that “internal!”

Mr. Burleigh, a barber, of Capron, Illinois, has set lectures a brilliant and praiseworthy example. He announced “A lecture on suicide with a practical illustration, at Thornton Hall;” took over \$200 in at the door as a burial fund; talked an hour and a half on the utility and means of terminating life’s troubles; and then drawing a revolver shot himself dead. The audience, it is said, were perfectly satisfied with the performance, but few demanding their money back at the door, and it is confidently hoped and expected that this species of entertainment will become wide-spread and popular. There will be no difficulty here, in finding star performers; no trouble in raising a satisfactory burial fund; no doubt of a full house.

THE ROSE OF EDEN.

Fair Eve knelt close by the guarded gate, in the glow of the Eastern spring,
She saw the flash of the angel's sword and the sheen of the angel's wings;
She thought, as she held her sobbing breath, she could hear the happy sighs
Of the tiny rivulets that fed the mosses of Paradise;
She knew how the birds were fluttering, among the clustered flowers
And gorgeous blooms and arching trees that shadowed Eden's bowers,
And she cried aloud in an agony of wild, remorseful prayer:
"Give me one bud, but one, but one, from the thousands that blossom there!"

He turned as he heard her piteous voice, in his grave, angelic grace,
And he looked with a wistful tenderness on the beautiful woman's face;
And because it was so beautiful, and because she could not see
How fair were the pure white cypresses, crushed dying at her knee;
And because he knew this punishment through the weary years must burn,
That through all things sweet and good on earth her heart would for Eden yearn,
He gathered a rich, red rose, that grew where the four rivers met,
And flung it to the frail, fatal hands, that clasped imploring yet.

And though for many a cycle past that rose in dust has lain,
With her who bore it on her breast, when she passed from life and pain,
There is never a daughter of Eve but once, ere the tale of her days is done,

She will know the scent of the Eden rose, just once, beneath the sun!
And whatever else she may win or lose, endure, or do, or dare,
She will never forget the enchantment it gave to the common air;
For the world may give her content or joy, fame, sorrow or sacrifice,
But the hour that brought the scent of rose, she lived it in Paradise.
—All the Year Round.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.

The Pre-historic Legend of a California Flower.

A summer or so ago, wandering aimlessly about in the valley of Santa Clara, I chanced to spend some weeks at the old mission of St. Francis, where I became acquainted with Father José—since dead—as genial a gentleman and as devoted a student as one finds, even outside the ranks of his calling. The worthy padre and myself became the best of friends, and many were the evening rambles we took together in that "Valley of the Pleasant Nights," as the blessed founder of the mission, Father Benvenuto, called them a hundred years ago.

Our conversation generally drifted into subjects connected with the foundation and history of the early church establishments, and the tales of the childlike natives and the good fathers, who came from Castile and from Leon to bless and teach, beguiled many a weary hour.

One evening, strolling along the tree-lined *Alameda*, and now and then stopping to gather the simple wild flowers that lined the borders of the avenue, I plucked a blossom that was strange to me, alike in history and in name.

I spoke of it, and my companion told me then it was the wild fleur-de-lis, which grows abundantly in all our sea-coast valleys, and which, though almost weirdly lovely, neither he nor I had ever seen domesticated.

The padre—who was something of a heretic, by the way, and who clung to the curious belief that in the times of which history makes no mention there existed over the face of the earth a highly civilized and enlightened people—the padre informed me that the natives in early times related a strange legend of the lovely blossom and that for it, even many years after the arrival of the missionaries, they preserved a species of tender adoration.

As I studied over the purple petals drooping with a lovely grace, the creamy stamens just tipped with gold, and inhaled the faint and balmy perfume that floated from the violet heart of the flower, I seemed myself to feel some mystic, inherent charm that bound my senses like a spell cast by an Indus sorcerer.

And we stood there—the padre and I—under the giant trees; and in a voice low in tone, and yet resonant with passion, he told the story of the Tyrian flower.

In those times, when nations flourished whose course and power have vanished from memory like dreams of the morning, whose very names the perspicacity of history has left to legend or to silence, over the broad valleys, the snowy peaks, and sun-lit harbors of California, a mighty nation rose, endured, and—succumbing under the weight of ages on her brow—finally fell.

Of her temples of marble and jasper, her palaces of granite and chalcodony, her ships, her marts, her glorious history, and her mysterious fall, no trace remains; only the tremulous fleur-de-lis preserves its delicate purple pallor and its strange, sweet scent—a perplexity of memory and a dream of mystery.

It was the flower of royalty in those days—the flower of royalty of a mighty nation whose borders stretched from the Columbia to the Colorado, and whose metropolis stood in the Valley of the Pleasant Nights.

And in those days a gentle boy, whose hair was like the gold floss spun by old Etruria, and whose eyes reflected every thought as the blue Sierra lakes mirrored the gentlest movement of the lining trees and grasses, had his home away in the north, in the land where the rushing waters of the Trinity bounded as impassioned love to meet the welcome of the rock-bound sea.

Simple shepherd of mountain sheep, his art-lessons incarnated the innocence of the things he tended. The angel of true Art spoke understandingly to his heart in the beauty of the forests, the grasses, and the flowers, while the Nameless God whispered to his pure soul and was comprehended in the towering, snow-clad peaks, the roaring torrents, and the masses of turquoise clouds—scarlet and gold-edged by day, silvered with star-dust in the silent night.

And in the night, his flock folded and his daily labor done, he sat on the borders of the mountain stream, and his eyes, sweeping along the multitudinous vistas of the stars, had in them that look which dwells in the eyes of man when the spiritual vision, driven on by the genius of aspiration and of art, is yet arrested by the diamantine limits of the universe.

Otalas was an artist in these dreamy hours, and with colored earths, delved from the slopes of the hills, and parchment made by his own hand, he limned marvelous pictures of sky, of trees, and of woodland elves. But not for long, for one summer's day there came a stranger to that quiet

place, and he saw the colored sketches, and learned their history.

With tales of splendid palaces, of gorgeous pictures, of fair women and helpful men, he fired the heart of the mountain shepherd, so that naught but to see the great city of his land where dwelt the king—patron of all arts—would now content him.

So he sold his sheep, gathered his paints and parchments, cut a stout staff, and begging of the stranger a letter to the king, set out on foot from his mountain home.

The heavens were resplendent with the red glow of a gorgeous sunset, as with eager movement Otalas neared his journey's end.

With all the fabled splendor of Atlantis, with groves fairer than those of Dodona, and temples and palaces more beautiful than those of Ephesus, the City of the Valley rose before his eyes, regnant in her strength, great in her extent, and marvelous in her loveliness.

Otalas stood at the gate, weary, footsore, and unknown, faint and yet strong. As he stood there he heard a ripple of silvery laughter—joyous as the carol of the meadow lark, and so sweet it sent the blood back to his heart and fixed him motionless, shuddering with a strange delight.

Through the portals of the massive entrance there came a bevy of laughing maidens, and in their midst, like a water-lily on the bosom of a lake, walked Soëfa.

The hands of her maids were filled with flowers, their mouths brimmed with lightsome, childish joy, which hushed, though, as she saw the weary youth leaning exhausted upon his madroño staff.

Soëfa paused—then, touched by pity, spoke to the shrinking boy:

"Fair sir, wearied you look and travel worn. I pray you, sir, if help there be, that we may do, 'tis yours. My noble father rules this land, and 'tis not fit that stranger guests, though rich or poor, should be unwelcome here."

"Nay, lady," he answered, waving back the but half-outstretched charitable hand, "I crave no aid, save that which lawfully I earn. I am a peasant of the mountains in the north, and bear to the ruler of this land a letter. That I would fain deliver—'tis but to ask for work to do."

"Myself will take the letter; and come thou to the palace on the morrow, and ask for me—the demoiselle Soëfa. Stay—this flower will give you entrance. 'Tis the royal sign." So speaking, she took from her raven hair a purple flower, with tender stamens, and bound it with some pinks and mignonette; then giving it, she smiled and moved away.

A year of burning days and starry nights passed swiftly by, and in all the silent flight of the winged days fortune smiled on the painter-peasant.

Day by day since, tremblingly, he first sought the palace doors, did his fame and fortune grow, till at last, recognized in one brief year as a man of marvelous genius, he was commissioned to paint the portrait of the high-bred princess.

And it was done.

And there were two Soëfas then; only, the one that seemed to start from out the canvas had in her eyes a depth of sadness the living one had never yet experienced, and on her lips, some said, there trembled a sob of unutterable woe.

He had conceived her, sitting upon a bank of fleur-de-lis that grew, wild and luxuriant, by the walls of the palace, just under a massive, sculptured canopy of granite that bore the blazonry of her royal race. A form of haughty, splendid beauty, clad in a white tunic banded at waist and sleeves with gold; her neck and shoulders bare and smooth, and gleaming white as sculptor's marble against the shade of her half-loosened hair which fell to the ground as midnight falls in the tropics. But her eyes, glorious in their dark brown beauty, were veiled with a mist like the tears the stars shed on cloudy summer nights; and on her lips—too perfect for silence and repose—there hovered and trembled a sobbing sorrow that seemed to pain the heaping mass of amethyst flowers that bestrewed her lap.

Soëfa, looking at this second self, felt that gold for payment of its beauty would be as dross; and she cut from her hair one dark, silken tress and put it in the painter's hand.

Yet more—in the stately throne-room, when the canvas was unveiled before the enthusiastic court, it was her sweet voice that gave the dearest praise.

"Ah," said she, "so long as great natures live, true art shall live; when these fail, then falls true art, and when it falls—the world!"

And yet again months winged onward, and once more the palace shone with a thousand gorgeous lights that gleamed on the flower-wreathed cornices and solemn capitals, and seemed to battle with the sleepy softness of the night.

It was her birth-day, and gathered to celebrate it with becoming splendor were all the great nobility of name, of wit, and of beauty of the land.

Never had the Valley City seen a happier eve; never was it to wake to a sadder morn. Yet on that night, Fate itself seemed to have set its seal of happiness.

Low, distant bell tones, sounding like the thoughts of a mighty Melancholy, were mingled and mixed with the clear notes of the trumpet, the blare of triumphant bands, and the soft sweetness of the lute played under summer trees.

All was rhythm, light, and perfume; even the balmy breezes, sweeping down from the dark blue Sierra, bore in their bosom the lingering odors of the forest pines.

Under the mighty granite canopy, where was raised a velvet dais, the dark-eyed hyacinthine fleur-de-lis nodded and swayed in their sensuous delight—knowing as little as did the fleecy clouds the issues of that tropic eve.

In the grand hall of the palace, lofty, vaulted, and fretted with antique figures antedating those of the temples of Elephanta, the dancers moved to the passionate music, which thrilled and throbbed with joy.

Knowledge of love, unknown erstwhile, is sweet; and, as Otalas watched the Princess floating with all the poesy of the goddess of the hour, that knowledge came to him. "Tread lightly, love," his heart inaudibly whispered unto her; "tread lightly! under your tinkling feet lies my whole soul, sweet-heart."

And, as the night waned, he left the brilliant scene and strolled outside, to that velvet throne that rested on the bed of violet flowers; and, as the hours fled on, Soëfa, wearied and flushed, came also from the hall, unremarked and alone. Out from the lights and into the palpable night she strayed—strayed to that same sweet bank over which the sculptured canopy cast a grim and menacing shade.

"Princess—lady—Soëfa! I love you!" and he stood here before her with his arms outstretched, and that light in his eyes that Sappho saw in the eyes of Phaon.

"I am the daughter of a king," she said, as she raised her face and looked at him.

He had stepped from under the canopy as he spoke—she was still beneath it.

As they stood there, silent, over all the valley settled a strange oppression, the heat grew more intense, the air itself seemed weighted with noxious vapors; there came a tremulous shudder of the earth, the garden heaved as a ship in a storm, and the ground beneath the foot swelled as a wave that is about to break.

And above Soëfa's head, the granite canopy with a hollow, groaning noise was cracking and breaking loose from the palace walls, and she knew it not—but simply gazed upon the artist, who stood in a breathless and motionless torpor, unable to move, unable to cry, unable, he thought, to care.

At last, as the mass of stone loosened its final hold and fell—with one wild cry he shook off the lethargy that paralyzed his limbs, and springing to her side, pushed her away—away from under the mighty incubus that felled him, a sacrifice, to the earth.

Frantic-eyed, she fled—but only for a moment. Then she came back and stooped to his side. Her fingers trembled as she felt for the faintest pulse, where pulse there was none. Then the clouds drifted back from across the moon, and a pale, slanting ray of light fell across his ghastly face. And thus once more she looked at the artist's features; and now in her eyes shone that tearless sob, now her lips were sentient with that unutterable woe.

Dead, dead, dead! Dead, with all his glorious hopes, his dreams of art, his soul of love and loyalty. And in the palace the fright was over, the gayeties resumed, again breathed the softest music, and to it whirled the people in the rhythm of the dance.

Too soon, alas! the Princess knew the truth; too soon her own heart told her he was dead; and then she raised her slender form and turned her eyes first to the eternal stars, and then again to him.

Then, as she stood alone above that silent form outstretched in the cruel light of the moon upon the bed of purple flowerets—as she stood above that pale face, crimson spotted with a single gout of blood on the ashen cheek, she reeled and fell.

They found her there—the palace revelers—in the early morn, her senseless body prone upon his own, and they took her up and bore her gently away. They say she never waked from that death-like sleep of grief. It was better so—for she had loved him; not with a love that broke all barriers down, perhaps not even knowing that she loved till that last moment—and yet, she loved him well.

They heaped her grave and his with those dainty flowers that ever since have seemed to weep; they carved with cunning hand the blossom's delicate form upon the marble tomb, and the people even loved them so, for their sad tale, that out of the whole history of that pre-historic age, this leaf alone from their annals has come down to us.

O love! O grief! Plato well knew you both when, amid the groves and temples of stately Greece, he uttered that sorrowful cry: "One, indivisible, everlasting, and single."

BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1878.

A book has recently appeared in England entitled "Cycles in Commercial Failures" showing, or attempting to show, by statistics that the law of periodicity in panics makes one necessary every ten years. The same superstition has prevailed in America and California, and it really seems as though for the last half century in the Eastern States, and, since the settlement of this State, in California, that we do have our regularly recurring period of hard times. That there is any law governing the business tides we doubt, except that tendency in human nature to rush from one extreme to another. We are always discounting the future. When business is good we make it better by our energy, enthusiasm, and confidence. When times are dull we make them worse by our fears and our want of confidence. We remember the panic of 1854; we recall the Frazer River scare. This is the third time in our history that we have seen business men frightened, real estate dull and faint-hearted, croakers go about the streets with lugubrious visages and sepulchral voices prophesying evil. This is a good time for fools to sell real estate, and a good time for wise men to purchase. These are the times in which the doctrine of the survival of the fittest is illustrated.

Mr. E. D. Sawyer has had the industrious presumption to collate a constitution, which he respectfully and appropriately dedicates to Mons. Bonnet, the barber, and Mons. Vacquerel, the cook. From it we extract the following provisions as specimens of the whole:

Art. II, Sect. 2—"All elections shall be free and equal."

Art. II, Sec. 3—"No alien Chinaman shall have the right of suffrage."

Art. V, Sec. 24—"An office is a public position."

Art. V, Sec. 25—"Provides in the oath of office: 'I do solemnly swear that I will not accept any Federal office during my term of office.'"

The Supreme Court shall have an appeal as follows:

"In cases where either court of appeals overrules a prior decision of the highest court of the State, not previously overruled by the same court."

Judge E. D. Sawyer's law learning will never make him mad, but it is devilish vexatious to everybody except himself.

M. Gustave Droz, the distinguished French novelist, is a painter who took to writing only by accident, in order to assist his friend M. Marcellin, who had founded the *Vie Parisienne*. In that sprightly journal of sport and fashions, the signature "Gustave Z." was for several years the chief element of success, and much surprise was expressed on its becoming known that the author who drew the habits of refined society so well, who was so much at home in portraying women, and who knew all the prattle of children by heart, was a hardened bachelor, who lived in a studio redolent with tobacco smoke, and never set foot in a drawing-room because he hated dress-coats.

A chap on Long Island has named his little boy Brete Tarte.

INTAGLIOS.

The Sarcastic Fair.

Her mouth is a honey-blossom,
No doubt, as the poet sings;
But within her lips, the petals,
Lurks a cruel bee that stings.

W. D. HOWELLS.

The White Rose Lover.

Up to her chamber window
A slight white-trellis goes
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain folds between.

She smiles on her white rose lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand.

To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time;
Ah me! it was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb.

T. B. ALDRICH.

From the German.

Oh, the might of the strength that dwells apart
In the deep, deep cells of a woman's heart!
Little we know it, and man may deem
It is but the tale of an idle dream;
But there are springs which are never dry,
But flow on in silence exhaustless;
And there are chords which, if once ye sound them,
The heart where they dwell will shiver round them.

Sermons.

Sometimes a little flower will tell us more
Of God's good wisdom than the grandest words
That ever preacher preached or organ chords
Thundered within the temple's sacred door!
A flying seed wafted on busy wind;
A bird-net hiding where the branches lean;
A glimpse of sunlit valley, left behind,
With sweet homes nestled in the living green;
Some friendly voice that greets us on the road
In common salutation brief and kind;
A gentle glance by stranger eyes bestowed;
The dear face of a child with tender meaning lined.
A lonely grave where violet buds have blown—
These are the presents by which God is known.

Strawberry's Surprises.

Sweet little Strawberry Blossom
Sat nodding in the sun,
She said: "When breezes dance me,
O what delicious fun!"
Just then a merry zephyr,
Who was gayly rushing by,
Took Blossom's white hat with him;
Said Strawberry Blossom, "Why?"

The warm sun, smiling brightly,
Kissed Berry's drooping head;
She dropped it lower, lower,
And blushed a rosy red.
A little brown-checked archer
Espied her bending low,
And bore her home to mamma;
Said Ripe Red-Berry, "Oh!"

G. E. H.

The Ideal.

Oh, might I meet her in my wandering,
By mossy rivulet or green hedge-wall,
Or in the copse where early throistles sing,
And clasp her in my arms and tell her all!
Yet well I know she dwelleth not on earth,
Nor yet in any other world unseen;
Nor will God ever fashion such a one
Lest haply He Himself should find a dearth
Of love and worship. If man's earthly queen
Were peerless as his highest thought could throne,
He would not lift his soul above her face;
And if she smiled, his heart would be at ease,
Nor reck of nobler love or fairer grace.
Till black death caught him slumbering at her knees.

A Green Heron.

Where a bright creek into the river's side
Shoots its keen arrow, a green heron sits
Watching the sunfish as it gleaming flits
From shade to shade. He sees the turtle glide
Through the clear spaces of the rhythmic stream,
Like some weird fancy through a poet's dream;
He turns his golden eyes from side to side,
In very gladness that he is not dead,
While the swift wind-stream ripples overhead,
And the creek's wavelets bubble underneath!
O bird! that in a cheerful gloom dost live,
Thou art to me, a type of bappy death;
For when thou fliest away no mate will grieve
Because a lone, strange spirit vanisheth!

—Scribner.

Lamplight vs. Starlight.

Drunken with oil and all ablaze,
A proud lamp sneered at Vesper's rays;
Boasted it shed a brighter gleam
At eve o'er valley, hillside, stream.
The night wind rising, softly sighed,
And in its breath the lamp's light died.
Kindled its wick, some one again,
From biting taunt could not refrain.
Short-lived your radiance seems, he said,
Their beams the stars forever shed.

B. W. B.

A Lily's Word.

My delicate lily—
Blossom of fragrant snow,
Breathing on me from the garden—
How does your beauty grow?
Tell me what blessings the kind heavens give,
How do you find it so sweet to live?

One loving smile of the sun
Charms me out of the mould;
One tender tear of the rain
Makes my full heart unfold.
Welcome whatever the kind heavens give,
And you shall find it as sweet to live.

LUCY LARCOM.

A Lover's Prayer.

In vanished days I said: "If God shall give
To me contentment—cause my path to lie
Through ways of pleasantness—I then may live
A peaceful life, and peacefully may die;
And joy shall surely through these channels flow,
If God shall bless me so."

But now I say: "If God shall give me thee!"
So ends my prayer. If I at last may meet
Before thee, loved one, who art more to me
Than all that life holds dear, that hour shall end
All save the dearest joy that man may know,
If God shall bless me so.

We walk through life in dubious ways; no light
Illumes the distant future's shadowy mist,
But, like some phantom of the lonely night,
Come yearning thoughts my soul can not resist.
I long to share the joys my fancies know,
Kind Lord, oh, bless me so!

ELIOT RYDER.

SANITARY NOTES.

Some of our wealthy citizens and large owners of real estate, worn out with the great and petty exactions of Spring Valley, have an application before the Board of Supervisors for a franchise to bore wells and supply a populous portion of this city with water. They have failed to read of the effects of wells on real estate in other populous cities. It does not occur to them that there can be much connection between the price of real estate, in a given neighborhood of a city, and the fact that the people of that neighborhood are supplied with water pumped from a well in that vicinity. Yet in all large cities real estate is cheapest and rents lowest in those portions where the people are supplied from well water. The reason is obvious. The people who use well water in a populous city are subject to typhoid and low fevers, diphtheria, headaches, and general ill health. The neighborhood obtains the reputation of being unhealthy, the better classes leave it, rents fall and it is occupied by the poor and ignorant. Imagine a well in Hayes Valley or at the Mission, two hundred feet deep, and five thousand water closets, swill receptacles, urinals, and miles of sewers on the surrounding hills, and a population of thirty thousand, making use of these daily. Imagine this animal filth percolating through redwood sewers and State prison porous brick into the surrounding sand, there to be husbanded until the next winter's rain carries it into these wells, there to be mixed with the water in the lower strata, and then pumped up and used, looking as clear as rock crystal, but as full of uric acid and other fecal matter, as the surgical ward of an old hospital is of the bacterias of putrefaction.

In the suburbs of Liverpool, in England, a gentleman bored a well three hundred and fifty feet deep for the use of his house. The greater part of the boring was through rock. It was not supposed possible that the water from the well could be contaminated. The water-closet, which had been some years in use, was situated more than three hundred feet from the spot where the well was bored; yet, the year after the well was used, a test showed the water of it to contain uric acid, proving that the contents of the water-closet had followed the strata of rock, and followed the pipe down to the source from which his house was supplied. In August, 1873, in a part of that district of London called Pentonville, more than three hundred children, less than three years of age, died of typhoid fever within four days. The physicians were at a loss to account for this great mortality until it was ascertained that all of the families where the deaths occurred were supplied with milk from a particular dairy seventy miles distant. An examination showed this dairy to be cleanly and the cows to be fed on proper food. The buildings in which the cows were housed were on a hill, and all of the solid and liquid manure was preserved for sale in a large stone tank beneath these buildings. At the foot of this hill ran a small brook where the cows were regularly driven for water. It was found that some of the stones near the foundation of this tank had yielded to the pressure, and the contents had, probably for months, been passing under ground to this brook. The cows had thus been compelled to drink their own fecal matter, and the infant mortality was explained.

In a recent history of the spectroscopic, it is stated that, about five years since, the typhoid fever broke out on one side of a street in Liverpool, there being no cases on the other side of the same street. It was found that the water supply of each came from different sources. The reservoir that supplied the side where the sickness prevailed was situated on a hill above which was a hospital. The physicians said these cases of typhoid were certainly the result of the absorption of excrementitious matter, and they suspected that the drainage of the hospital was finding its way into the reservoir. To test the fact, a small quantity of lithia was placed in one of the urinals of the hospital, and after sufficient time had elapsed water was drawn from one of the pipes in an infected house. This water was tested in the spectroscopic, and immediately showed the crimson and yellow-lithium lines. Excavation proved that a break in the sewer of the hospital had saturated the ground, and that a portion of the contents of the sewer had been leaking into the reservoir.

The Cloaca Maxima, constructed of stone (not by a San Francisco street contractor, for it has been in use without repair for 2400 years) has corrupted the earth to a depth of forty feet, and for more than one hundred feet on each side. So deadly are the exhalations, than none but the lowest class of Romans now live in its immediate vicinity. Travertine, tufa, and clay would hardly absorb more of a given amount of excrementitious matter in 2400 years than a wooden sewer and our sand would in thirty years. There is not a physician who "keeps abreast" of the investigations in sanitary science, but advises against the use of water from wells in populous neighborhoods. There is not an intelligent property-holder in Rome, London, Edinburgh, Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, who would hope to keep tenants of an intelligent class if he compelled them to use water pumped from wells in the vicinity of cesspools, water-closets, urinals, and sewers.

One of our citizens of average intelligence, living near the base of one of our hills, some years since, determining not to suffer the exactions of the Spring Valley Company, bored an artesian well for the supply of his house and that of his tenants. There are more than one thousand water-closets, besides the sewers, on the hill above him. His tenants have left, and his houses are but rarely occupied; he has lost both of his children, one by typhoid and one by diphtheria; his wife has become a confirmed invalid, and he has pains in the back, continuous headaches, and low fever, and crawls down town to attend to his business but two or three days in the week. His physician advised him that probably the water he was using was contaminated, and had some of it analyzed by a chemist. It was found to contain uric acid. The physician was discharged as compensation for his faithful investigation, and our citizen, clear-headed and sharp on grain, burials, and stocks, is now under the care of a Chinese doctor, who tells him his trouble is caused by his liver having become detached from his back-bone, and that the fever has melted the fat of his kidneys, and that his liver is floating loose in this melted fat. The Chinese doctor is giving him a tea made of mistletoe leaves, ginseng, gum arabic, and sturgeon bladder, and tells him that this tea will cause his liver again to adhere, when he will be restored to health.

We cannot complain that intelligent physicians do not advise us of the effects of lack of proper ventilation or of bad sewage and contamination of drinking water. The scientific and medical journals are filled with articles on these subjects and the public can read them if they desire to be informed. One could hardly expect his physician to say, "My dear sir, you have now been over your ledger and given close attention

to your business for fifteen years; you live in a climate where your skin cannot act naturally and your kidneys have to do the work properly belonging to the skin; you must quit work and go hunting and fishing, where you will have physical exercise, natural perspiration and give your brain rest. You have now slight congestion of the brain and occasional touches of sciatica showing that the nervous center is overworked." Or, how would one receive it if his physician said, "My friend, you are 'doping' your hair and beard with hair-dye to look young; you deceive no person but yourself; when time sends gray hair he sends wrinkles and crow's feet to correspond. All of this hair-dye is composed of lead and sulphur in some form; handle it, dye your hair with it and your system will absorb it. Your daily headaches, slight numbness, wandering pains and occasional temporary paralysis of particular nerves is painter's colic caused by lead poisoning from 'hair-dye' warranted to be prepared entirely from vegetable products." No physician can afford to be "a prophet of evil." A few constitutions can stand fifteen or twenty years close attention to business without relaxation, and those who possess them may not die of Bright's disease or paralysis, and some constitutions are capable of resisting lead poisoning for many years. The physician who volunteers advice loses his practice when his predictions fail. Most of us do not want to know the truth, even when we ask for it, if it is disagreeable, or if it will interfere with our money-making, our habits, or our pleasures. Some years since a Captain of Police, in an interior city, contracted an annoying hacking cough; at last he got uneasy about it, and called on an intelligent physician and said: "I have had this cough for some time and it worries me; I come to have you examine it. If it is consumption I want to know it and arrange my affairs. You know I am not afraid to die, for you are aware that in the pursuit of thieves and robbers I have taken desperate chances and hold my life cheap. I want to know the truth." The physician applied his stethoscope, found tubercles, and frankly told him he had consumption. The captain said, "It's a d—d lie," and left. He died within ten months, but devoted his time to the last in informing his acquaintance that he was daily improving in health, and in injuring the medical reputation of the physician who told him the truth at his own earnest solicitation.

Spring Valley water is bad enough. The cyclops, rotifers, and other animal infusoria can be digested without injury; so can cheese-mites and wood-cock entrails. All catchment water is bad when obtained from hills containing vegetation. The humus and decayed vegetation washed into the reservoirs by the winter rains only produce malarious fevers, and these can be neutralized by sulphate of quinia. But physicians have, no equivalent for quinia where, instead of decayed vegetable matter, decayed animal and fecal matter have been absorbed into the system, producing typhoid.

Without doubt the wells will be dug and some people will use the water. It may be that this—in the theory of evolution—is one of the modes by which the race is to be improved. If some people will not read, nor think, nor study to prolong their lives, it is well that they should die young and before they have propagated their kind. By this process—time enough being given—the race will have improved by a "natural selection" in sorting out the ignorant and stupid.

B. B. R.

God Knoweth Best.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the subtle pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And, if through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

Floy's Musings.

I wonder why the sky is always blue
Except at night, and when it's raining, too;
And why those clouds float on and never fall,
Does some one hold them there? I wonder who.

They look like snowflakes piled so high up there;
I wonder if they are; and if that's where
God keeps the snow through all the summer time
Till winter comes, then drops it in the air.

I wonder why the trees are green, and why
They lift their faces up against the sky.
I wonder what they see, and if they're glad
To feel the sun kiss all their dewdrops dry.

I wonder why the brooklet murmurs so,
And why its waters always onward go.
I think it might be happy, it's so bright,
And stay a while here where the roses grow.

Perhaps, like me, it wonders why it goes,
But knows it must, and so it still onward flows,
And that is why it grieves so. How I wish
I knew what it is saying to the rose!

The rose bends down, keeps all her branches still,
Leans low and listens there a moment, till
She's heard the story; then she trembles so
She drops her own pink blossoms on the rill.

Is she sorry? Shall I try and by
Learn all the meanings, if I try and try?
But when I ask at home, they only laugh
And say, "Don't tease so, Floy." I wonder why.
LESLIE BUNTON.

The Wonderful Geysers!

THIS WONDERFUL SPOT OF CALIFORNIA

California should be visited by all residents and tourists. The Geysers of Iceland and the Geysers of the Yellowstone have their counterpart in the remarkable Canyon of the Pluton in Sonoma County. Wonderful as a curiosity of nature, wonderful as a health resort, and delightful as a resort of pleasure. By steamer, train, and coach, over a beautiful Bay, through beautiful valleys and romantic hills, the trip alone more than compensates for the cost and time. Leave San Francisco daily at 3 p. m., by steamer for Donahue; take train for Cloverdale; stay all night at Cloverdale, and leave in coach—four-in-hand—at 7 a. m. for the mountain drive over the hills to the Geysers. Returning passengers reach San Francisco in a day by the Calistoga way. A trip to the Geysers is the easiest, most inexpensive, and most delightful of any in California. The hotel accommodations, the trout fishing, the hunting, the walks and drives, the bathing, the everything, are perfection.

The Wonderful Geysers!

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SANTA CRUZ.

Pacific Ocean House.

DESIRING TO OFFER MY GUESTS

all the conveniences necessary to their enjoyment, I have purchased the grounds adjoining the hotel for croquet, swings, etc. Having ample room for children's play-grounds I am able to offer unusual advantages to families. As an additional attraction I have erected Piazza 14 by 100 feet, with an elegant dancing floor. The Hotel has been completely renovated and refurbished. The Dining-room and general menu is under the personal supervision of Mr. GEO. W. HOADLEY, Manager. I am prepared to make special arrangements with families and others desiring to make an extended stay at the fashionable watering place of the Pacific. Day rates as usual. J. H. HOADLEY.
Santa Cruz, May 10th, 1878.

JOS. L. HOWELL,

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—When I go to Baldwin's Theatre nowadays to see a new play I really expect something of a treat. The play itself is likely to be pretty bad, for they have come entirely to the end of their Union Square resources, and everything in the dramatic line is a drug in the market but good plays. But the stuff they do scramble together they mount with such regard for the unities, with such absolute fidelity to the little things which catch the public, that one is very apt to sit through the performance to see what device the clever machinists have evolved from the depths of experience and imagination. There was a good deal of this sort of thing in *From Singapore to Suez*, which name the management thought more appropriate than *The Overland Route*, as Tom Taylor, for some strange reason, chose to christen his play. The latter name is not only suggestive of the big American trip, but as almost the entire plot takes place on ship-board, it is ridiculously irrelevant. The management, therefore, did a very wise thing in making a change. They got up a very realistic-looking saloon. If the Vokes had only been there to pitch and toss with the imaginary lurches of the vessel, we should all have been dreadfully sea-sick, with that horribly reminiscent red-checked table-cloth before us, and the long lines of staterooms from which a phantom emerged now and again. But the Vokes were not there, and the people rambled around as stolidly as if they stood upon as firm a base as the Pyramid of Cheops, so we were saved all imaginary trouble. The deck scene was more attractive, with its masts, and spars, and all the paraphernalia. There were a few life-preservers disposed gracefully about, some comfortable looking lounges, and a crowd of people. Among them were some white-robed Ayahs in regulation costume, toe-slippers, bangles, etc. One of these, a Miss Alma Saville, an accommodating little singer, reminds me strongly of Clara Louise Kellogg as "Aida." Perhaps I need not mention that the resemblance ceases when Miss Saville begins to sing, although she crooned a Hindoo song very prettily. The Hindoo song was another of the realistic effects, but as Hindostance is rather an unfamiliar language hereabouts, Miss Saville was not importuned for an encore. But the triumph—the *piece de resistance*, the scenic artist's victory—was the sea, as represented first in the raft tableau, and afterward as washing the shores of the coral reef upon which the entire *dramatis personae* were wrecked. The sea consisted, in this instance, of a series of gray somethings, at first strikingly like the pictures of the Himalayan summits in the school geographies. Like the restless sea they shifted ever, and looked, in the half-light, like a long procession of friars, in orders gray, bounding over a mud-puddle. As they assumed more regular motion, rising and collapsing quite evenly, the place looked like an umbrella factory in which a number of workmen were engaged in testing the joints by half-opening a new set of gray umbrellas. As a matter of course, in such an extremely realistic production the breakers could not be omitted. They were formed, so far as I could see, of an Archimedes screw, swathed in green calico and tufted with white cotton batting. The idea is not bad, and on a big stage I could fancy this a fine scene. But I can not say that we were overcome with awe with these almost transparent illusions, even in the terrific, thrice-encored raft-scene, where a few of the survivors stood calmly on a dry goods box while the big black-board in front of them pitched and tossed about wildly in the high calico-sea. The only striking members of the group were Bishop and Willie Seymour. The latter appeared in a deadly dark gown and a very tight white suit as the detective; and, as he fastened the relentless grip of the law in mid-ocean on the unhappy Augustus Lovibond, the tableau, considering the relative avoirdupois of the pair, was something awe-inspiring. Some people, I observe, are inclined to compare Bishop unfavorably with Crane in this part, but I attribute such an idea to rusty memory. I cannot conceive anything more absurd than Bishop reeling around the saloon—for he is the only one who suggests any unsteadiness in a ship's gait—with the qualms of incipient sea-sickness visiting him at intervals, and various other miseries, matrimony included, accumulating around him. His face, in its various phases, would serve admirably to adorn one of those books on elocution wherein the passions are illustrated in that remarkable series of wood-cuts which outvie each other in hideousness. I do not wish to convey the idea to you, Madge, that this excellent comedian is hideous, but when he commences to be funny

he does not spare his beauty. Rose Wood, as "Mrs. Sebright," the heroine—they are all heroes and heroines, but I assume her to be the heroine because she is the leading lady—is a dashing young widow. That is to say, she has a husband whose existence she does not mention and his name is Jack. She makes many apostrophes to him when she is alone, which caused my Jack, who is not always attentive to the play, to start with some alacrity in answer to the fervency of the tone. She tempted the burning sun of the Indian Ocean in a pale pink ball dress, and without so much as a wisp of straw on her head. But she is such a nice little body, and works so hard, and is sometimes so thoroughly good, that I can forgive her making a guy of herself as she does in the last act, where they are reduced to strange shifts, but where Miss Corcoran makes herself picturesque by twisting an old red silk handkerchief around her head in fisherman's style. Mr. Mackay, in this same act, as "Sir Solomon Frazer, K. C. B.," etc., is as complete a wreck as the dismantled ship or the gay "Mrs. Skewton" when she was taken to pieces. I hardly liked him so well as usual during the first two acts, but when he appeared among the shipwrecked on the reef, *sans* hair, *sans* dye, *sans* teeth, *sans* everything, I realized how well he had been made up in the first part. After all, I said to myself, he rarely makes a mistake. This last act, by the way, saves the play. The first part is so insufferably tedious that, if the raft tableau had not awakened the risibilities, I believe few would have sat long enough to see the best of it. But the last act brings them all together under peculiar circumstances, and admits of a little insight to human nature. Mr. James O'Neill is put on the bills as "Tom Dexter," an adventurer, though why an adventurer I cannot see. He is made ship's surgeon in about five minutes after the curtain goes up, and might just as well have held that honorable position from the beginning. Perhaps, however, it is to admit of a certain rollicking jauntness of manner, which would be unbecoming in a ship's surgeon, but would sit well enough upon an adventurer. I do not like Mr. O'Neill's rollicking jauntness. Since I have seen his "Jean Renaud"—which is really a powerful bit of acting—I find that the gentleman must be very much in earnest to do anything really well. Of comedy he has a false, I may say a falsetto, idea. Mr. Brown's "Major McTurk" was chiefly remarkable for an accentuated seam down the back of his head, and a Scotch accent which was not half bad. He is quite a clever character actor, and possesses some genius in the matter of make-up, which genius developed itself in this instance in a pair of extemporized shoes consisting of basket covers. I watched the various rigs with some interest, as they indicated to some degree just how the various fancies would turn in case of real necessity. I have been to see *Diplomacy* once again. I am amused by the various comments of the people around me. They will go and sit through a mass of drivel, and laugh, applaud, and go again, and make no criticism, but each one finds a petty flaw in *Diplomacy*, and seems to rejoice in his discovery as a compliment to his own perspicacity. Jack and I thought we would take a hand at this fault-finding the other night. We commenced by objecting to "Zicka's" bitter humiliation. She is crushed into the very dust, tormented by the light, cold sneers of the supercilious "Harry Beauclerc," agonized by the cruel, unforgiving "Julian." We did not like the way "Harry Beauclerc" played with his victim in that little fable of the mouse and toasted cheese. We did not like to have her make her confession before them all. We did not like to look upon the strong agony of the strong woman. In short, we found that if we eliminated what we did not like we completely destroyed one of the strongest dramatic situations which the playwright conceived. The *finale* is really tame just at the last moment with that wooden, unimpulsive embrace of the reconciled pair, but still how few are the flawless gems! We gladly accept *Diplomacy* as it is with all its rarely good acting and delicate sinuosities of plot! What a natural and clever stroke that is, to give the wily diplomatist for a clue the scent of a sachet-bag. There is something sensuously suggestive in the very name of lotus-bloom, and women of the "Zicka" stripe always love strong perfume. They like abrupt contrasts, warm colors, splendid jewels, dashing traps, warmth, magnificence, expense. I should not ask a better "Zicka" than Jeffreys-Lewis. What an advantage height gives a woman on the stage! To me she is suggestive sometimes of a barbaric princess with her deer-like tread, her jetty locks, her dark-blue, expressive Celtic eyes, her magnificence of raiment, and a pair of great gold earrings, more expressive than the inevitable solitaires. Don't be alarmed at this bit of gush, Madge; the lady deserves it, for either the roof leaked on my nose or I shed a silent tear when she put forth the circumstances of her hapless, helpless girlish life in extenuation for an apparently long list of sins. She is wonderfully intense, and as such a complete foil to the pretty, kittenish "Dora," with her volatile, impulsive ways, her surface passions, and her blonde, placid beauty. Jeffreys-Lewis could play "Dora," but Maud Granger could not play "Zicka." I fancy Maud Granger would make a delightful "Juliet." There is a bit in *Diplomacy* which is slightly reminiscent of the scene with the nurse, and Maud Granger does it quite charmingly. Montague is still hoarse to some extent, but he does not retire to the wings and cough violently every few seconds, as bur-

lesque *prime donne* do. He permits the audience to forget that he has a cold if they can. In fact, no one obtrudes personality on the audience, as has for so many years been the obnoxious custom of the California Theatre stock company. Mr. Warde occasionally sees fit to indulge in the slightest little bit of low comedy. People laugh at him at the time, but comment on it afterward, not because in itself it is so very bad—it would hardly be called low comedy in other companies—but because it jars upon the harmony which the superb "Zicka," the pretty "Dora," the perfect "Stein," the fervent "Julian," the courteous "Orloff" produce, and in which constellation Mr. Warde is certainly one of the shining lights. I think, Madge, that I have got that figure a little mixed, but they talk of the harmony of the spheres, and the spheres make the constellations, so I will let it go. In any case, you always understand

Your own, BETSY B.

A Compliment for the Loring Club.

TO THE ARGONAUT:—The writer, on Tuesday evening, had the pleasure of attending the rehearsal of the Loring Club, and begs of the ARGONAUT a few lines in which to express an humble opinion of praise toward the rendering of one special number of the programme. Having been connected with and heard similar organizations in various cities of the East, societies which, in their interpretation of male part songs, stand unrivaled, it is not the writer's desire to offer any comparisons in a programme thoroughly well sung from beginning to end, but simply to refer to the singing of Schubert's "The Night"—the last number but one of the programme. Such a rendition as the Loring Club gave to this gem was certainly one that older and more experienced societies, with a larger and more favorable field from which to select, would have been proud, and deservedly proud, to have given. The shading, the perfect evenness of tone throughout, with no apparent forcing of voices in any part, and the feeling or sentiment that seemed to pervade each singer, made this song, of all the rest, as deliciously delicate and faultless as male part singing can hope to be. No nicer compliment can be paid the club and its director, than that their Eastern rivals in song would, notwithstanding their advantages, find it extremely difficult to render anything nicer or more perfectly than Schubert's song was rendered on Tuesday evening by the Loring Club. That the club may continue to produce such musical perfections is the sincerest wish of a gratified

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24, 1878. APOLLO.

What Answer?

The effort on the part of the managers of the California Theatre to secure new faces has been a success, and for the production of *Diplomacy* they deserve a renewal of the patronage for which this theatre was originally distinguished. But why does Schultz still lead the orchestra? What exquisite torture to be obliged to sit through the execrable selections of this musical phenomenon! With what grave apprehension we see the drop fall, for it is then we are left to the questionable taste of our "ex-fire boy!" And our ears have been tortured with the inevitable "Wake up, Mose," until they ring again. We can not always go out, because we respect our record—and, besides, our wife won't let us. With such an orchestra as the California possesses under his control, Mr. Schultz could surely give us (if he saw fit) music that would while away the "tween acts," that would lead us to look with composure, at least, upon the falling of the drop, and perhaps with regret upon its rise. May we hope for this?

ONE WHO CAN'T GO OUT.

Charles Reade and Charles Mathews.

The following correspondence once took place between Charles Reade and the late Charles Mathews:

GARRICK CLUB, COVENT GARDEN, November 28.
DEAR SIR:—I was stopped the other night at the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre by people whom I remember to have seen at the Lyceum under your reign. This is the first time such an affront was ever put upon me in any theatre where I have produced a play, and is without precedent when an affront was intended. As I never forgive an affront, I am not hasty to suppose one intended. It is very possible that this was done inadvertently, and the present stage list may have been made out without the older claims being examined. Will you be so kind as to let me know at once whether this is so; and if the people who stopped me at the stage door are yours, will you protect the author of "Gold," etc., from any repetition of such annoyance. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
CHARLES READE.

To this demand Mr. Reade received next day the following answer:

T. R., DRURY LANE, November 29.
DEAR SIR:—If ignorance is bliss on general occasions, on the present occasion it certainly would be folly to be wise. I am therefore happy to be able to inform you that I am ignorant of your having produced a play at this theatre; ignorant that you are the author of "Gold," ignorant of the name of that play; ignorant that your name has been erased from the list at the stage door; ignorant that it has ever been on it; ignorant that you had presented yourself for admission; ignorant that it had been refused; ignorant that such a refusal was without precedent; ignorant that in the man who stopped you you recognized one of the persons lately with me at the Lyceum; ignorant that the doorkeeper was ever in that theatre; ignorant that you never forgive an affront; ignorant that any had been offered; ignorant of when, how or whom the list was made out, and equally so by whom it was altered. Allow me to add that I am quite incapable of offering any discourtesy to a gentleman I have barely the pleasure of knowing, and, moreover, have no power whatever to interfere with Mr. Smith's arrangements or disarrangements; and, with this wholesale admission of ignorance, incapacity, and impotence, believe me, yours faithfully,
C. J. MATHEWS.

The next attraction at the Bush Street Theatre will be Haverly's Minstrels, with a new assortment of talent.

THE HOTEL VERANDA.

AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE SATURDAY NIGHT BOAT.

Why! how d'ye do?
Can it be you?
When did you get here, pray?
You know you wrote,
In your last note,
You couldn't get away.

You look quite ill,
(Now don't! Be still!
Don't squeeze my hand! I'll go.)
You've heard! Heard what?
Is it true, or not?
Oh! that! How did you know?

Yes! I've said *yes*.
To whom? Just guess—
I'll tell you if you're right—
It isn't *out*,
But you, no doubt,
(Can keep it secret, quite.

What can you mean?
I might have seen?
Seen what? You never said—I couldn't guess;
I told him *yes*,
You don't wish you were dead.

I met him here—
No! Just this year,
There, that's his T cart—see?
Yes! 'tis quite swell,
And the groom as well,
There! that little man? That's *he*.

I must not wait,
I'll be too late,
He's going to drive with me.
I'll meet you then,
On the piazza, when
It's dark, and he can't see.

Fiske's Dramatic College.

The New York *Dramatic News* gets sarcastic over the idea of the Dramatic College which Stephen Fiske proposes to establish at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It says: "All sects of professors and teachers are to be engaged for its faculty. It is to become a sort of Conservatory, in which the young idea will be taught how to shoot tragically or comically, as the case may be, and then polled for theatrical use. 'Ladies and gentlemen'—mind you, nothing short of 'ladies and gentlemen'—will be enabled to make their first appearance on any stage in leading characters, when equipped with Mr. Fiske's certificates of competency. Once a year the undergraduate supernumeraries will receive their diplomas from 'Governor Tilden, August Belmont, and other distinguished gentlemen,' which will, of course, make first-class actors and actresses of them at once. The 'ladies,' we presume, will all take 'Pauline,' 'Juliet,' and 'Camille' degrees, while the 'gentlemen,' on their side, will have for the titles of their baccalaureate, 'Romeo,' 'Armand,' and 'Claude Melnotte.' There will hereafter, thanks to Mr. Fiske, be none of that dearth of talent which all the newspapers so painfully deplore, and 'Society' will fairly swarm with 'ladies' and 'gentlemen' competent and more than willing to go on and play a 'responsible' part at a moment's notice. Seriously, was ever a more absurd scheme more audaciously presented to the consideration of the public? Its simple meaning, if Mr. Fiske's glittering generalities have any meaning, is this: Mr. Fiske not only intends to pay no salaries to his company, but, on the other hand, intends to make his company pay him for the privilege of appearing on his stage. Competent professional actors will be replaced by a lot of ambitious novices, out of whom Mr. Fiske will, under the pretense of 'educating' them, extort considerable fees."

Di Murska has told her matrimonial story to a reporter of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, prefacing it with the assertion that she is of noble birth, and that her success in Europe was wonderful. A French Count followed her for years, but she spurned his offer of marriage, and he in desperation shot himself. She says as to her first husband: "To our troupe was a young Scotchman, Anderson, well educated, and an excellent pianist. I supposed that his brilliant complexion was the result of health, but it was only the indication of heart disease. I liked him very well, but never dreamed of anything more, though he showed me much attention. In New Zealand, one evening, he fell from the piano-stool insensible. I had him carried to my apartments, and the doctor said it was a terrible attack of heart disease. To move him, the physicians said, would be fatal. I therefore gave up my apartments and took others, and shared with my maid in nursing him. I was roused from my compassion to hear that people were saying bad things of me because I was taking care of a sick man in my own house. He heard of it, and begged me to marry him, as he had only a few days to live. I was foolish enough to do so. He lingered for six weeks, and managed in that time to draw a large sum of my money from the bank, which he sent to his own family." Three months afterward she married Mr. Hill.

Clara Louise Kellogg's favorite "cuss word" is "By chawder." Myron W. Whitney's is "Crotch all broom-sticks." Minnie Hauck's is "Holy St. Jerome," and Annie Louise Cary always says "Great juniper ginger" when her boot-lace breaks.

After Howells, Bayard Taylor will be Lawrence Barrett's next sensation in the way of a native American playwright. Taylor's play, however, is said to be simply a translation, and not to claim any decided originality in the way of treatment.

EXCURSION TICKETS TO MONTEREY.

On Saturday last the Southern Pacific Railroad Company commenced the sale of round-trip excursion tickets to Monterey at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be sold on Saturdays ONLY, from the 8.30 A. M. and the 3.30 P. M. trains. The run of the latter train will be extended to Salinas on Saturdays to accommodate this travel, the Monterey and Salinas Valley Railroad making close connection with this train for Monterey. Tickets good for return on the following Monday, arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M. and 3.40 P. M.

DRESSMAKING OR PLAIN SEWING.

A lady, in need of employment, and a first-class cutter, fitter, and dressmaker, wishes engagements in private families, or would take work at home. Terms reasonable. Address Mrs. M. A. W., ARGONAUT office.

THE BEST OF TESTS.

New York, May 24, 1873.

Messrs. Steiway & Sons:—Gentlemen—On the eve of returning to Europe, I deem it my pleasant duty to express to you my most heartfelt thanks for all the kindness and courtesy you have shown me during my stay in the United States; but also, and above all, for your unrivaled Piano-fortes, which, once more, have done full justice to their world-wide reputation, both for excellence and capacity of enduring the severest trials. For, during all my long and difficult journeys all over America, in a very inclement season, I used and have been enabled to use your Pianos exclusively in my two hundred and fifteen concerts, and also in private, with the most eminent satisfaction and effect. Yours, very truly,
ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

Attention is respectfully called to the display of watches, diamonds, jewelry, and silverware at Anderson & Randolph's Clock Tower Building, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The attention of travelers desiring to make the Bodie trip is specially directed to card on this page as to the shortest and cheapest route.

PERSONS ADDICTED TO THE USE OF OPIUM are informed that a regular physician is prepared to receive a few such as patients in his own family, in the country, upon reasonable terms. Entire privacy, and cure guaranteed. Address P. O. Box 87, Alameda.

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SATURDAY.....JULY 20
MATINEE AT 2; EVENING AT 8.

FROM SINGAPORE TO SUEZ.

Sunday, July 28, Last Performance of

FROM SINGAPORE TO SUEZ.

Monday, July 29, first appearance of the great character actor, Mr. J. H. STODDARD, in his celebrated part of "Money-penny," in

THE LONG STRIKE.

In preparation, an English adaptation of the great success at the "Francais," in Paris,

LES FOURCHAMBAULT.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
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MONDAY, July 29th, and every evening during the week, and at Saturday Matinee.

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Crowded Nightly with Audiences composed of our Best Families.

This (Saturday), July 27th, and Saturday Matinee, Special Novelty Programme No. 3 of

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Fans, dolls, toys, and articles de vertu thoroughly repaired with GIANT CEMENT. Sold by all druggists, and at 417 Washington Street.

CHURCH NOTICE.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6½ P. M.

DRAMATIC INSTRUCTION

MR. A. D. BRADLEY (late Stage Manager Grand Opera House) gives practical instruction in ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART. Rehearsals and Amateur Performances superintended. Lessons given at residences if desired. Address care BOHEMIAN CLUB.

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RESUMES LESSONS ON ORGAN and PIANO, Monday, July 22d.

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HARRY N. MORSE,

(EX-SHERIFF ALAMEDA COUNTY.)

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AGENCY, Safe Deposit Building, 248 Montgomery Street, Room No. 12, third floor, San Francisco. This agency is prepared to do all LEGITIMATE detective business entrusted to its care. It does not operate for contingent rewards, and is independent of government or municipal control.

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BANCROFT'S
721 MARKET ST. S.F.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. E. corner Montgomery and Post Streets, San Francisco, July 24, 1878.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend, at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, was declared on all deposits for the six months ending July 21st, 1878, payable from and after this date, and free from Federal tax.
EDWARD MARTIN, Secretary.

DECKER BROS

S. P. R. R.

(NORTHERN DIVISION.)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, JULY 27th, 1878.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be sold by this Company from

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN JOSE AND OTHER POINTS AND RETURN.

(Tickets to San Jose good for return by either the Southern or Central Pacific Railroad.)
These Tickets will be sold ONLY on SATURDAYS and SUNDAY MORNINGS.

The Return Trip Ticket will not be good for passage after the MONDAY following the date of purchase.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets; Valencia Street Station. A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH, Superintendent. Asst. Passenger and Ticket Agt.

NOTICE.—SAN JOSE Excursion Tickets (via C. P. R. R.) can be purchased at the offices of the Central Pacific Railroad, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco; also, at the several Ticket Offices in Oakland.

SAN FRANCISCO AND
NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, July 29th, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco (Washington Street Wharf), as follows:

3.30 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the GEYSERS. Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10.15 A. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, via Donahue, for Cloverdale and way stations. Fares for the round trip: Donahue, \$1; Petaluma, \$1 50; Santa Rosa, \$2; Healdsburg, \$3; Cloverdale, \$4. Connection made at Fulton for Laguna, Forestville, Korbels, Guerneville, the Russian River, and Big Trees. Fares for round trip: Fulton and Laguna, \$2 50; Forestville, Korbels, and Guerneville, \$3. (Arrive at San Francisco 6.55 P. M.) Freight received from 7 A. M. to 3.00 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Supt. P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

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APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, K. S. EGERT AITKEN, wife of Charles H. Aitken, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 2d of September, A. D. 1878, the same being the first day of the September term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, to own and run a lodging-house, to buy and sell mining stocks, personal and real property, to lend and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to act as spirit and test medium, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business, and each of them.
MRS. K. S. EGERT AITKEN.
San Francisco, Cal., July 16th, A. D. 1878.
WM. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

San Francisco, Cal., July 16th, A. D. 1878.
WM. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

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THE ABOVE FAIR OF THE STATE

Agricultural Society will commence at Sacramento on MONDAY, Sept. 16, 1878, and will continue to and include Saturday, Sept. 21. The attention of exhibitors is called to the Premium List, which is the most liberal ever issued in the State, presenting very attractive features. Every accommodation will be provided for exhibitors of all kinds. An abundance of motive power will be furnished, and every attention paid to the requirements of those desiring to exhibit products of their own handwork or otherwise. The artisans, artists, manufacturers, and mechanics of San Francisco, and all others interested in the development of the State, are particularly invited to display the result of their labors at the Fair. Every facility will be offered by the Central Pacific Railroad Company for free transportation of goods and articles to and from the Fair. Any further information can be obtained at the office of the President of the Society, Room No. 17, Phoenix Building, S. W. corner Jackson and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, or from Robert Beck, Secretary, at the Pavilion, Sacramento.
M. D. BORUCK, President.
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Friday, August 16. Tuesday, Sept. 17 Wednesday,
Saturday, Nov. 16. Tuesday, Dec. 17 October 16.

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BEST KOHLER & CHASE
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THE STORY OF DEACON BROWN.

Have you heard the story of Deacon Brown—
How he came near losing his sauntly crown
By uttering language so profane?
But it wasn't his fault, as I maintain;
Listen, Maria, and you will see
How it might have happened to you or me.

A worthy man was Deacon Brown
As ever lived in Clovertown;
Bland of manner and soft of speech,
With a smile for all and a word for each.
There's odds in deacons," as I've heard tell;
But one who had known him for quite a spell
Has often told me that Brown stood well,
Not only in church, but among his neighbors,
Esteemed and loved for his life and labors.
Not a man in the town at Brown would frown,
There wasn't a stain on his fair renown;
His soul was white though his name was Brown.

One morning the deacon started down
To purchase some goods at the store in town;
Sugar and salt and a calico gown,
And a pair of shoes for the youngest Brown,
And other things which he noted down;
A good provider was Deacon Brown.
His guileless heart was light as a feather,
As he rode along in the sweet May weather,
Till he came at length to the garden gate
Of the widow Simpson, and there did wait
For a moment's chat with the pious dame
Who, years ago, was the deacon's flame.

The widow Simpson was meek and mild,
With a heart as pure as an innocent child;
She dwelt in a cottage, small and neat,
A little way back from the village street;
And now, in sun-bonnet, with trowel in hand,
She was tilling the soil of her garden land.

The widow looked up and said, "Du tell!
Is that you, deacon? I hope you're well."
And the deacon replied to the gentle dame:
"Quite well, I thank you; I hope you're the same."
Then they talked of the crops and the late spring storms,
Of the sparrowgrass and the currant worms;
And she asked the deacon what she should do
For the varmints that riddled her bushes through.

The deacon, scratching his head, said, "Well,
If I were you I would give them hell!"
He bore too hard on the fence as he spoke,
When suddenly, swiftly, down it broke;
And prostrate there, at the widow's feet,
Lay the fence, and the deacon pale as a sheet!

The deacon's pride was sadly humbled;
His teeth dropped out and he wildly mumbled,
As blindly there in the dirt he fumbled;
And the widow's faith as suddenly crumbled
When she saw how her good friend Brown had stumbled.
And her beautiful fence to the ground had tumbled,
While it seemed to her that an earthquake rumbled.
In fact, as you see, things were generally jumbled.
The widow turned pale, and well she might,
As she looked at the ruin with womanly fright;
But her pious soul was shocked still more,
As she thought 'twas an oath the deacon swore!

The deacon, too, in his grief intense,
Was afraid he had given the widow offense.
He looked around in a vague surprise,
While he tried to dam the tears that would rise
(Of pain and shame) in his dust-filled eyes.
But when he recovered his teeth and sense
He borrowed a hammer and fixed the fence,
And endeavored with meekness to explain
His late remark, which was cut in twain
By the fall of the fence and his own sad fall;
No man could say he ever swore!
He was only speaking of *hell*—
As she could buy at *What's-his-name's* store,
To kill the bugs which her bushes bore.
I can not tell all that the deacon said,
But he started home with an aching head,
And a heavy heart that could not rest;
For a guilty feeling was in his breast
Which he couldn't get out, though he tried his best.

And the widow, she was ill at ease,
In spite of the deacon's apologies.
She left the garden, went up the stair,
Threw herself into her rocking-chair,
And rocked and rocked, till the soothing lull
Of the breeze and the sunshine made her calm,
Then she searched the scriptures to find a text
That should somewhat ease her mind perplex;
For her righteous soul was sorely vexed,
And she wondered, "Whatever will happen next!"
And she thinks to this day, as I've heard her say,
Brown shouldn't have spoken in just that way.
But as for myself, I question whether
If he'd just put his syllables nearer together,
There had been the least trouble of scandal. But then,
Such mistakes will occur with the wisest of men.

In viewing such things with our moral eyes,
There's a lesson, Maria, always to be learned;
And this is the moral I offer for all:
When you think you are standing take heed lest you fall!

—Boston Commonwealth.

Shylock to Antonio.

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In der Rialto you have abused me
About mine monies, and said do!
I took more interest in a year
Than you principal was come to!
Still half I borne all dose mit
A patient shrug;
For, vat you call it? sufferance?—
Vas der badge uv all our tribe;
You call me bad names—
Mistakever, cut-throat, son ov a gun,
Cheep Shon, and so on.
Vell, den, it vas now appeared
Dat you need mine help!
You come to me and you said,
Mister Shylock, old poy, I would
Like to borrow dree thousand ducats
Till next Saturday! You said so?
You dat haf booted me
Two, dree, six, several dimes,
Und spurn'd me from your threshold
Like a tog! Monies is your suit, den?
By goodness, you haf more cheek
As a book agent! Should I not said:
Haf a dog money?
Do a son uv a gun
Keep a pank ackoin?
Didn't it been impossibility
Dat a eur should haf a yon
Dree dousand ducats? Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
Mit bared breath und whispered humbleness
Said this:
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me on Thursday,
On Friday you told me to vipe off
Mine shio off;
Anudder dime you call me
Old Stick-in-der-mud;
Ud, now, for dose dings
I lend you—a five-hund nickel
Und took a mortgage
On your old pald head! Don't it?
—Oil City Derrick.

"What we want is work, and pay for doing it,"
said the tramp. "What kind of work?" said a by-
stander. "Unloading schooners," replied the incip-
ient communist, "beer schooners."

Young Ladies' Seminary,
BENICIA.

MRS. MARY ATKINS LYNCH,
Principal. The next term will open July 31, 1878.
The Principal (Miss Atkins) desires to inform her friends and
former patrons that she will resume her old position in Ben-
icia with a full corps of competent teachers, at the opening
of the next term.

NAPA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
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FIRST-CLASS BOARDING SCHOOL,
Fall term will open July 31, 1878.
A. E. LASHER, A. M., Principal.

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The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the
University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the
interests of higher education, and in opposition to the
cramming system of the small colleges and military acad-
emies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th.
Examination of candidates for admission July 22d and 23d.
By request, instructions have been provided during the sum-
mer months for students preparing for the August examina-
tions of the University. For catalogue or particulars, ad-
dress

JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organiza-
tion of our Grammar Department, separate from the Aca-
demic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians
of small boys.

GOLDEN GATE ACADEMY



AND CADET SCHOOL.

Next year will commence July 30, 1878.
For circulars, address

D. P. SACKETT, A. M., Principal,
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Sufficient files of the ARGONAUT have been pre-
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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS
AND LOAN SOCIETY, 619 Clay Street.—At a
meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend
free of Federal tax, of seven and one-half (7½) per cent.
per annum, was declared, on all deposits, for the term end-
ing June 29, 1878, payable on and after July 15, 1878.
CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-
MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—At a
meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend
free of Federal tax, of seven and one-half (7½) per cent.
per annum, was declared, on all deposits, for the term end-
ing June 29, 1878, payable on and after July 15, 1878.
GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRAN-
CISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street,
corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with 30th June,
1878, a dividend has been declared at the rate of eight (8)
per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and six and two-
thirds (6⅔) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free
of Federal tax, payable on and after Tuesday, July 16th,
1878. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

APPLICATION TO BECOME A
SOLE TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I,
BESSIE RIPPET, wife of Wesley C. Rippey, of the city
and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply
to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid,
on MONDAY, the 5th day of August, A. D. 1878, the
same being a day of the July term of said County Court, for
the judgment and decree of said Court authorizing and
permitting me to act as sole trader, and as such to buy and
conduct in my own name, in said city and county and
State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchan-
dise, to keep a grocery and fancy goods store, to buy and
sell personal and real property, to carry on a farm, to lend
and borrow money on mortgages and otherwise, and to do
and perform all acts incident to said independent branches of
business and each of them.
BESSIE RIPPET.
June 26th, A. D. 1878.
Wm. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgom-
ery Street.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1878, an assess-
ment (No. 15) of one dollar per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
Company, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Fran-
cisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the twentieth (20th) day of August, 1878, will be
delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and
unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY,
the tenth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent as-
essment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Fran-
cisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of July, 1878, an assess-
ment (No. 3) of fifty cents per share, was levied
on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419
California Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the twenty-second (22d) day of August, 1878, will
be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction,
and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY,
the twelfth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent as-
essment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California
Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—FRENCH
Savings and Loan Society, 411 Bush Street.—For the
half year ending June 30, 1878, the French Savings and
Loan Society has declared a dividend of 7½ per cent. per
annum, free of Federal tax, payable on and after July 17,
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3 HOUSES north side Washington, between Webster and Fillmore—10 rooms and bath.
4 HOUSES north side Clinton Park, between Guerrero and Dolores, Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets—6 rooms and bath.
1 HOUSE northwest corner Twenty-first and Jessie sts.—10 rooms and bath.
3 HOUSES south side Clay street, between Jones and Leavenworth—10 rooms and bath.
2 HOUSES north side Washington street, between Fillmore and Steiner—8 rooms and bath.
1 HOUSE west side Stevenson street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first—7 rooms.
1 HOUSE south side Liberty street, between Valencia and Guerrero—8 rooms and bath.
3 HOUSES west side Webster street, between Jackson and Washington—6 rooms and bath.
1 HOUSE south side Post street, between Webster and Fillmore—8 rooms and bath.
1 HOUSE east side of York street, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth—6 rooms and bath.
2 HOUSES west side Pierce street, between O'Farrell and Ellis—6 rooms and bath.
2 HOUSES south side Clinton Park, between Guerrero, Dolores, Market, and Fourteenth sts.—7 rooms and bath.
2 HOUSES south side Twenty-first street, between Valencia and Mission—6 rooms and bath.
1 HOUSE west side Yerba Buena street, between Clay and Sacramento, Mason and Taylor—13 rooms and bath.
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THIRTY DOLLARS GOLD COIN.
The work to be placed on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair this coming Fall, and premiums to be awarded by a committee of three ladies to be chosen at the time. At the close of the Fair all work to be returned to owner. No work to be washed, but to be placed on exhibition just as it comes from machine. Ladies taking part in this matter will not be known personally, as work will be designated by the number placed upon it. No Sewing Machine or ex-sewing Machine Teacher allowed to compete. Fair opens August 6, 1878. All parties taking an interest in this matter not only have the benefit of their own work, but stand a chance of winning one of the prizes. Any further information can be obtained at our office.
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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.
Thirteenth Industrial Exhibition,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1878.
THE MANAGERS HAVE THE
honor to announce to the public that the THIRTEENTH GRAND EXHIBITION OF SCIENCE, ART, AND INDUSTRY, given under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, will open at the Pavilion, on Market, Eighth, and Mission Sts., on Tuesday, August 13th. Great and unusual attractions will be presented to visitors. Mining, Agricultural, and other machinery will be in motion. Pacific Coast Manufactures, Minerals, and Products of the Soil will be fully represented, besides many new novelties never before exhibited on this coast. The Art Department will be under the supervision of the San Francisco Art Association, a guarantee for excellence and completeness. Local Art will be especially represented, as also works of noted foreign artists, selected from the private galleries of this city. The Horticultural Garden, so popular heretofore, will be made still more attractive this year by the addition of many new features. The Music—Each afternoon and evening a first-class instrumental Concert will be given by the best soloists and accomplished musicians of this city, with a daily change of programme of the most popular music. No expense or pains will be spared by the management that will add to the comfort or convenience of visitors. Applications for space or information can be obtained from the Secretary, at the office, 27 Post Street. **IRVING M. SCOTT, President.**
J. H. GILMORE, Superintendent.
J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

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NEW SCALE PIANO
GRAND AVERAGE, 95 1-2, OUT OF A POSSIBLE 96.

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BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 3, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

WHY SHOULD THE CHINESE GO?

A Pertinent Inquiry from a Mandarin High in Authority.

PALACE HOTEL, August 2, 1878.

TO THE ARGONAUT:—You will doubtless gather from the superscription and general appearance of this letter that I am what Europeans, in the abundance of their vanity, would be very likely to regard as an anomaly—an educated Chinaman. In a word, I speak and write your language, as I believe, correctly. And it is because of this slight accomplishment that my general unworthiness has been overlooked by my countrymen residing in California, and I have been selected by them to communicate to the public the Chinese side of the Chinese question. The ARGONAUT has been especially preferred as the medium for the promulgation of these views on account of its reputed fairness to all.

The cry is here that the Chinese must go. I say that they should not go; that they can not go; will not go. More than this, that, were it conceivable that they went, your State would be ruined; in a word, that the Chinese population of the Pacific Coast have become indispensable to its continued prosperity, and that you cannot afford to part with them upon any consideration.

If this be true—and I believe I can demonstrate it even to your satisfaction—the truth is an important one. It concerns every element of the future social life of California; it lies at the basis of your industries; it is bound to subvert that demagogism by which your politics, as you call it, have been degraded to a level scarcely higher than iceodiarism, pillage, and murder.

Before I begin, let me describe the spirit in which I propose to discuss this subject. In the first place I intend to be just; to differ from you honestly; to be influenced by neither prejudice, hatred, nor resentment; to employ no specious arguments; to set up no weak issue, the easier to demolish it; to employ respectful language; to advance no facts which are not either well known to history or established in the course of the discussion itself.

Clothed in this dignity of discourse, I enter the lists without fear. I am upon your soil; I am surrounded at the best by unsympathetic spectators; my only buckler is the truth; my only weapon your language, the peculiarities of which can never be wholly mastered by a foreigner. Far from complaining of any disadvantage in these respects, I am free to own that no soil is freer, no assemblage more noble, no regulations more just, than those which claim the proud title of American.

And now let the heralds be heard and my grievance stated. Hear, oh, ye just and valiant men, ye beauteous and compassionate women, the plait of Kwang Chang Ling, a *literale* of the first class, a warrior and noble, a leader of the Chinese and a representative by authority.

The first intercourse in modern times between Europe and China took place in the early part of the thirteenth century, when Genghis Khan, our first Mongol emperor, carried an imperial army and the cause of Deism, or, as you now call it, Unitarianism (I use the word advisedly), through idolatrous Russia. In 1235, Oktai, son of Genghis, dispatched his nephew, Batu Khan, with 500,000 men, who, in the same cause, conquered Russia, Poland, and Silesia, including the strongly fortified cities of Cracow and Lublin. This prince met and overthrew in battle, Prince George II., of Prussia; Henry, Duke of Breslau; and Bela IV., of Hungary; only resting his victorious army after he had encamped in Dalmatia and floated the ensign of China above the Venetian sea.

In 1240, and while still occupied in that religious regeneration of Eastern Europe which had been commenced by the illustrious Genghis, Prince Batu died, leaving command of the army of occupation to Prince Barkah. In 1245, after news had reached Europe of the conquest of Jerusalem by the Khazirians and the treacherous massacre of the Knights Templar and other Christian inhabitants, the Seventh Crusade was proclaimed, and Pope Innocent IV., of Rome, and Louis IX., of France, united in an entreaty to the Chinese prince to combine with them in chastising the Moslem. This request he was inclined to grant for two reasons: First, the Chinese sympathized with Christianity, which had been tolerated and allowed to be preached in China since the advent of the Nestorian Olopwen in 636; second, at the time of Prince Batu's death he was preparing a force to conquer Turkey and uproot Mohammedanism. But, insurrection breaking out in Russia, Barkah was compelled to march thither and forego the pleasure of uniting his forces with those of the Christian monarchs. When, at a later period, Pope Boniface VIII. sent a number of Catholic missionaries to our country, they were received with kindness and permitted to preach their doctrines without molestation.

So much for the first intercourse between China and modern Europe. To you, Genghis Khan was a cruel marauder at the head of an army of robbers and murderers, who overran Eastern Europe for spoil. To us, he was a great religious leader, who sought to uproot idolatry and establish a pure and simple deism in its place. The idea of leaving a rich country like China to find spoil upon the desolate steppes of Russia, or amongst the wretched peasants of Prussia or Hungary, is absurd. If our generals had been after spoil, they would have marched into Western Europe for it. There was no physical obstacle to stop them. They had more men-at-arms equipped and encamped in Dalmatia than all Europe could have raised in a year. But there was a moral obstacle in the way. Western Europe was a Christian country, and with the religion of Christ the Chinese leaders had no quarrel. And so, from the confines of Christendom, within whose borders they never entered, these half a million of warriors, with whom Prince Barkah had crossed the Danube, were marched back over five thousand miles, chiefly of arid wastes, to the Flowery Kingdom and their homes.

If you have anything in the history of your civilization to match the magnitude of these expeditions, the distances they traversed, the grand-

eur of their mission, and the sublime restraint they exercised toward Christian Europe, we Chinamen would be glad to hear of it. I am sure you will not find it in the expeditions of Cortes or Pizarro, who, between them and in the name of your religion, butchered several millions of the peaceful and inoffensive inhabitants of Mexico and Peru, and reduced the remainder to the cruel slavery of the mines. Nor is it to be found in the annals of the Thirty Years War, nor in the records of the Inquisition.

But it is not to invite such comparisons that these episodes of history have been introduced. My object is a higher one. This is to compare the military power and resources of Chioa and Western Europe at three critical periods of their intercourse—at the period of the Chinese invasions of the thirteenth century, at the opening of maritime commerce by Europeans in the sixteenth century, and at the present time.

When the hosts of Batu Khan overlooked the Adriatic Sea, they were clad in steel armor and mounted upon fleet horses. Their arms consisted of the sword, battle-ax, mace, bow-gun, and culverin. With the exception of the pieces used by the Arabs in Spain, who had obtained a knowledge of gunpowder from China, through commercial channels, these culverins were the only artillery in Europe. In a word, the arms and accoutrements of the Chinese were at that period vastly superior to those employed throughout Europe generally; the numbers of their armies were far greater, and their discipline was perfect; and, as to their prowess, this is attested by their conquests, and still more by the almost entire silence of European history concerning them.

At this period, save in Mohammedan Spain, Western Europe was steeped in poverty, ignorance, and despair. Its civilization had been long decaying; its population had dwindled from sixty millions, in the time of the Antonines, to thirty millions when the Inquisition was established. Society had become so debased that in the eleventh century human beings were employed as a circulating medium in Britain, and the price of a man was less than that of a hawk.

In the twelfth century, and as a sign of his superiority, Pope Celestine III. kicked the crown off the head of the Emperor, Henry VI. Kings then lived in huts, and peasants in holes in the ground, where they slept with the pigs. The common garment was a sheepskin, which was worn through life. That of Thomas a' Becket had to be peeled from off his back after he died. Woolen garments were worn at a later date, and at first only by the feudal lords and their principal retainers. As for undergarments, these were only known to the Arabs.

The continent was divided into a great number of petty kingdoms—in France alone there were twenty-nine, each with its own dynasty and history—and each kingdom into an infinite number of feudatories. The kings were mere figure-heads; the real power lay locally with the feudal lords, and continentally with the Pope. Indulgences were bought and sold in open day; the grossest sensuality prevailed, and every tendency toward progression was smothered in the folds of a sordid ecclesiasticism and a profligate aristocracy.

In a word, in the thirteenth century, China stood at the height of her power and magnificence; Europe at the lowest point of her decadence. Magna Charta was not written until 1215, and had to be confirmed above fifty times during three centuries before its reforms were assured. Coal—that illimitable reservoir of mechanical force, which has subverted the relations and revolutionized the history of races—was not discovered in Newcastle until 1239, nor made an article of traffic until 1381. The Crusades, the inventions of gunpowder and printing—both obtained from Chioa—the discovery of America, the reformation; in short, all of those causes or influences to which the civilization of Modern Europe has been variously ascribed, had yet to occur. When these did occur Europe rose to power, whilst at the same time, China, from causes which I need not enter into here, fell into decay. We have seen how China behaved toward Europe when the latter was at her mercy. We have next to trace the attitude of Europe toward China upon the opening of Oriental commerce and since that time—that is to say, ever since Europe has become the stronger. This exchange of conditions had partly occurred before the Portuguese rounded the Cape of Good Hope. At this period China was in a decaying and feudal condition, while the causes referred to were soon to infuse fresh life, vigor, and resources into Europe. It was the Europeans who were now the better armed and equipped. Their ships, their artillery, their small arms, were all better than ours. We shall presently see what use they made of them.

Meanwhile, let us rapidly glance at the condition of the Celestial Empire. It was, as I have stated, in a feudal condition, and so, in great measure, it continues to this day. Although the just pride of the Emperor will not permit him to admit the fact, his power over the numerous provinces, islands, and vassal and tributary states, which compose his dominions, is far from complete.

Europeans do not appear to understand this condition of affairs; yet it has had much to do with their misunderstandings of my countrymen. The foreigners who have at various times sought and obtained imperial permission to trade at certain ports of China supposed, perhaps, when this permission was obtained, that they had a complete right to trade. But this by no means followed. There remained to be obtained the permission of the feudatory or local authorities of the territory in which the trading was to be done. This permission was not always sought after, and forcible attempts were made to trade without it—attempts that invariably gave rise to further misunderstandings.

As feudalism of the type now existing in China has been long since extinguished in Europe, it is difficult to illustrate the injustice of these attempts by reference to any governmental arrangements that now exist in the Western World. The best simile I can think of would be furnished by an effort on the part of foreigners to lay a railroad through the United States under a charter from the Federal Government, and without obtaining permission from the States. But, after all, the resemblance

between feudalism and federalism is very faint. Happily for Americans the Federal Government possesses sufficient military strength to keep the States in subordination, and the States sufficient respect for the Federal Constitution not to defy its authority; but such is not the case in China, nor has it been for several centuries. The great vassals of the empire divide much of its power between them; sometimes they even create the Emperor.

It was in the year 1498 that the Portuguese, under Vasco de Gama, made their way around the Cape. In 1510, under Albuquerque, they treacherously seized the East Indian city of Goa, and leaving a garrison in it, sailed away to Malacca, which they had seen and coveted in 1508. This great city they treacherously and piratically captured. The superiority of their arms will be understood when it is stated that this act was committed by only eight Portuguese, assisted by two hundred Malabar natives. They plundered Malacca of "a booty so enormous that the quinto, or fifth, of the King of Portugal amounted to 200,000 gold cruzadoes, a sum equivalent to \$5,000,000," exclusive of ships, naval stores, artillery, and other property. Malacca was at that time a vassal state of the Chinese Empire, and our first acquaintance with maritime Europe was, therefore, begun on its part by the greatest act of piracy the world has ever witnessed. Pizarro's plundering of Peru, committed a few years later, was nothing compared with it. Hearing of Malacca of the great Chinese cities to the northeast, and hoping no doubt to pillage them as his companions had pillaged Goa and Malacca, one of the Portuguese, Raphael Perestralo, sailed away in a junk to view our coast. Finding the Chinese better prepared for pirates than he expected, he returned to Malacca.

The result of this reconnoissance was that a pretended "embassy" was dispatched from Lisbon in 1518, under Ferdinand Andrada, to treat with the Emperor of China for permission to trade. Andrada, the first European to land at a seaport of China, appeared off the harbor of Canton in the same year, and was allowed to disembark and to send an envoy to the Emperor at Peking. This envoy, whose name was Thomas Perez, was kindly received, loaded with presents, and accorded the favors he sought. He at once visited all the sea-coast towns, and after a rapid survey of them returned to Canton and joined his colleague Andrada. Meanwhile, Andrada's brother Simon appeared off the coast in command of a piratical squadron, pillaging the inhabitants and seizing young women. He then built a fort on the Island of Taywan and extorted money from every vessel bound to or from Canton; not supposing but that his brother Ferdinand was on board of his own ship and safe from Chinese reprisal. Thus it appeared that this band of "ambassadors" were nothing but a lot of adventurers and cut-throats, whose sole object was plunder and rapine. So soon as their doings became known, Perez and Andrada were seized in Canton, tried, and condemned to pay a fine, and to leave the country—a mild punishment for their great offenses. Pending the payment of this fine a subject of the Sultan of Malacca arrived at Peking, and related the story of the pillage of that town by the Portuguese. The true character of these scoundrels was now clear beyond a doubt. They were again seized, this time on charges of high treason, and condemned to death; their lives being offered them on condition of restoring Malacca. Failing to do this, they were all executed in 1523.

I have related the particulars of this our first transaction with natives of maritime Europe because it is a type of all the others that followed from that time until the opium war of 1842. The naval commanders of the sixteenth century were little more than pirates, and so long as they succeeded in filling the royal treasuries of Europe with gold and silver, their sovereigns were quite ready to close their eyes to the means by which this wealth was acquired. Such was the character of Albuquerque, Andrada, Cortes, Pizarro, Sir John Hawkios, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Henry Morgan, and numerous others. The Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English came to China as the Spaniards had visited Mexico and Peru, and as the English afterward visited the West India Islands, the Spanish Main, and the East Indies—to plunder it. At first we did not suspect them of such designs, and being especially a peaceful and commercial people, we listened to their proposals of trade, and threw the whole country open to them. It was only after repeated evidences had convinced us that they designed to treat China as they had treated Spanish America and Hindostan that we adopted that policy of restriction which afterward came to be looked upon, however erroneously, as essentially Chinese. The real fact of the matter is that we desired to trade even more strongly than you did, only, observing that your guns were heavier and your men stronger than ours, that your traders were little better than bandits, and your naval commanders a parcel of swash-bucklers, we deemed it prudent to conduct this trade solely at Macao and Canton, where, confined to limited districts and to the management of the Hongts, it might not be used as a means of gaining entrance to the country, and of tampering with our vassal states, as had been done in Mexico, Peru, and Hindostan.

Perhaps you may think that the Chinese question in California has little to do with all this. Well, we shall see. The trouble about the Chinese question is, that it has hitherto been viewed from too low and narrow a standpoint. It has been forgotten that nations have histories, and that their relations toward one another are not to be determined altogether by present or local considerations. This may not be perceptible to my friends of the sand-lot, who, as workmen, inspire my respect, while as historians and logicians they excite only my amusement. But it will be perceived the moment it comes to be practically decided, and it may then be too late to discuss the matter. For this reason, and because a peaceful solution of this question is desirable, both for your people and ours, I prefer, with your honorable permission, to discuss it now.

KWANG CHAI

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A WASTED LIFE.

The Story of an Oregon Clergyman.

The Young Men's Debating Club of Portland, Oregon, had become deeply interested on the subject of intemperance in the use of spirituous liquors.

A debate between some of the more prominent members of the association had taken place, in which various arguments relating to the question had been brought forward. Of course temperance principles triumphed, as they generally do on such occasions.

The president of the club, the Rev. John Belden, in awarding the victory to the temperance people, took occasion to say: The arguments brought forward by the different speakers this evening are, to a certain extent, true. I feel certain that the use of intoxicating liquors is the direct cause of a vast amount of misery and unhappiness. But, while conceding this, I am not prepared to admit the truthfulness of the statement made by several gentlemen this evening, that alcohol has been the ruin of all the dissipated sots, whose lives have been shown up to us. I consider that many of these unfortunate men have been ruined by other weaknesses. I have a case in my mind at the present moment which supports this supposition, and the story is both romantic and interesting:

I came to Oregon several years ago for the purpose of filling the position of Presiding Elder of a certain district of our church. My circuit ranged over a large extent of country, mostly uninhabited, the part that was inhabited being filled with a crowd of rough, rude men. I must acknowledge that the life was distasteful to me, but I conscientiously strove to fill the position and do my duty.

After quite a long time, I received notice that I was to be transferred to a more congenial field of labor, and to proceed on a farewell trip over my circuit. On this trip I first became acquainted with the principal character in this narrative.

It was nearing dusk of an April day. I had been riding from early in the morning and felt fatigued, and I noticed that my horse traveled as though he, too, was jaded. Under the circumstances I considered it about time to rest. The nearest house, however, on the trail which I was following was several miles away. I had heard, however, on one of my previous trips, of a ranch situated a short distance from where I was, to the right of the main trail. There I determined to go. I took a bridle-path over a grassy ridge, and, after a few minutes rapid traveling, I saw the rancher's house, nestling on the nearer bank of a small, narrow river, about half a mile below me.

As I jogged down the hill, I observed that there was a small patch of cultivated land adjoining the house. Here was an incipient orchard—a few young trees—apple and peach and plum, a few rows of strawberry vines, some gooseberry bushes, and the balance of the land taken up by corn and potatoes.

The house itself was built of logs, in genuine pioneer style, the chinks between the logs being plastered with mud. I passed through a large corral, rode up to the door, and, in the custom of the day and country, shouted out:

"Hello, house!"

A young man answered my call, in a clear, ringing voice, with the cheering words:

"Hello, yourself! 'Light, stranger, and come in."

I dismounted, and, after giving my horse into the care of the rancher, entered the house.

The house consisted of two rooms; the front one, in which I now found myself, was of fair size; the wall was papered, and pendent from nails, tacked here and there, were a few gaudy pictures. This room was separated from the kitchen by a board partition, in the middle portion of which was a door which was partly open.

Glancing through the half-open door I saw a squaw busily engaged preparing the evening meal. She was a big, fat, clumsy creature, of whom the only noticeable feature was the three straight, blue lines tattooed on the chin. While observing these facts, the young man returned from the barn.

"Stranger," he said, as he stirred up the back-log in the fire-place with the small fire-shovel, "my name's Campton, what might be yours?"

I mentioned mine, without stating my occupation.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Belden," he cried, "and I guess you will be glad to meet a square meal after being in the saddle all day. Come, let us dispose of this grub."

We sat down before a table on which fried venison was the principal dish, and began a vigorous attack on the well-cooked viands. The squaw was standing by the stove watching us.

"Come, Susan," he said, in an authoritative tone, "sit down and eat." Then turning to me he said: "Mr. Belden, this is my wife."

At that day and in that section, it was no uncommon thing for white men to live with squaws. But nearly all of these "squaw-men" (as they were called), with whom I had become acquainted, were men of maturer years, who had come to the country when it was more unsettled, and who had taken squaws because of the scarcity of white women. But here was a young man, who, despite his slangy ways, evidently possessed a fair intellect and a lively disposition; one from whom much better things might have been expected. My surprise was extreme, and the squaw, who appeared well pleased with her situation, grinned at the look of astonishment which I could not conceal.

Campton was a genial host. That evening we seated ourselves in the front room around the fire-place, from which a huge back-log threw out a genial heat; and I passed the time listening to his recital of interesting incidents of the rude life in that backwoods country. But, notwithstanding the humorous nature of the narratives, and the happy way in which he told them, they were garnished with oaths of so mean a character and of so great a variety that I was often-times inexpressibly shocked.

The following morning I left early. Campton refused pay for my lodging, and cordially invited me to call should I ever happen to be in that section again. My interest in him being excited, I felt anxious to know what train of events had led so young, so handsome a man to live with that coarse, "squaw"—one of the most hideously ugly squaws I had seen.

The duties of my position, however, compelled me to take a direction in which he was but little known; and in the excitement of travel and new scenes, all thoughts of him passed from my mind not to be again revived until some five years had elapsed.

I was about to start on a long-contemplated trip to the old world. On my way to Portland I reached a small town upon a Saturday evening, and remained there over the Sabbath. I accepted an invitation extended by the resident minister to preach a sermon in the little church belonging to our sect, and delivered one which I have since been told was eloquent. Whether it was or not, it most certainly came from the heart, and should have been effective. It was an appeal to all poor sinners, and I remembered that I entreated them, one and all, to do their duty and trust in God.

After the services a few of the parishioners remained for the purpose of speaking with me, among them was a young lady, a school-teacher, of well known religious tendencies, whose beauty was extreme. I have not seen her since, but now, after the lapse of years, I can clearly recall the pale, delicate features, the blue eyes, and the dark hair that fell in ringlets over her shoulders.

There was an expression of peace on the face that is indescribable; there was a pleading look in the eyes that would have induced me, had I been a young man, to do some very disagreeable things to please its possessor.

Her face was but the index to her mind, her thoughts were pure, her disposition kind, her behavior modest. I spoke a few words of ordinary civility to her, which she gracefully answered, and then introduced me to the gentleman accompanying her—a Mr. Hubert Campton.

In the few seconds spent in murmuring the usual compliments my thoughts flew quickly back to the "squaw man" I had met five years before, and, as our eyes met, I thought I could trace a strong resemblance between the features of the quiet, self-possessed gentleman standing before me and those of my profane friend of the hills. His actions proved to me that I was not mistaken, for he gave me a look—I may say an appealing look—and said in a very low tone of voice:

"Mr. Belden, I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you before. I should like to see you this afternoon, if you have the time to spare, for a short talk."

I muttered an assent to this proposition, and, accompanied by the young lady, he passed down the aisle, and, in the departing throng, were soon lost from sight.

That afternoon he called upon me at my rooms in the hotel.

On entering he advanced across the room, and when I arose to greet him he grasped my outstretched hand and shook it warmly, saying at the same time:

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Belden, and I thank you for the sermon which I listened to to-day. It has done me a world of good. But it is not of that I come to speak; I am here on different business."

I had placed a chair for him by the window while he was uttering these words and motioned him to a seat. I made no verbal reply to his compliment, though I assure you I appreciated it, and could not but favorably contrast his appearance and manner at the present time to what they had been when I last saw him. He seated himself by the open window and gazed out upon the people passing on the street below.

It was a pleasant day. The sky was blue, the weather warm, the atmosphere delicious. For a time the quiet beauty of the scene kept us both silent. Finally he spoke, saying:

"Mr. Belden, I came here to-day to explain to you why you see me here, and to request you to refrain from any mention of the peculiar circumstances connected with my past life, with which you are acquainted. In doing this, I intend to confide my life's past history to you, so that you will see that I am acting honestly with you and others."

"To begin at the beginning, I come of good but ignorant parents. I myself received a fair education during my early years. In my nineteenth, I came to Oregon. I settled upon a piece of land—the same that you saw five years ago. I was not of age at the time. But as I was strong, well built, and quite old-looking, this caused me no trouble."

"After living on the place for about a year and a half, I began to grow tired. The life became monotonous. I desired a release from it, and I particularly longed for the society of woman; but I dared not leave the place, as the land was unsurveyed—and you are probably aware that on unsurveyed government land it is necessary for the settler to be on his claim at least once in thirty days. In my letters home, I, of course, mentioned these facts; and I received several letters from my parents, commiserating my lonely condition. Finally I received a letter from home, in which even more than the usual sympathy was expressed, and I was asked, in a hinting sort of a way, if I remembered a certain young lady, who, in younger, happier years, had been a playmate. 'If you do,' the letter went on to say, 'she is single; she is a mighty nice woman, and as good a cook as you ever laid eyes on. Of course, she ain't over-brite, but she's powerful handy to half around.'"

"Those are the very words, as they were written in that letter, in my father's cramped hand, with his very peculiar spelling. I thought over this thing seriously. I must acknowledge that I was somewhat inclined to be sentimental. I had on divers occasions allowed my mind to be filled with captivating thoughts of a possible future, in which a tender, loving woman and myself should play a leading part. And from such pleasant dreams I was invited to descend to the end that I might marry a girl 'who is not over-brite, but powerful handy to half around.'"

"I remembered the girl well; but the remembrance brought no pleasing fancies. A pretty, light-hearted creature, winning enough, to be sure, but yet lacking that indefinable something for which I was looking—that magnetic charm which produces love. It was repugnant to my feelings to marry her, and I do not think I would have done so had it not been for the fact that on a certain warm summer's night, after a hard day's work, I returned home wearied out; I looked around the cabin: I saw the half-cooked grub, the sodden bread, the dirty coffee—and my resolution was formed."

"I sat down and wrote a letter to Miss Florence Jones, frankly stating my position, and inviting her to leave the world and cleave to me, for better, for worse, etc."

"There was no foolish sentimentality about it. It was a purely business transaction, done in a purely business manner; and I sometimes think that if there had been a greater show of affection, it would have been better for us both."

He stopped speaking while he lit a cigar, after first offering me one, which, of course, I declined.

He paced up and down the room for a few moments, his hands clasped behind his back, and then continued:

"Well, she accepted the offer. The preliminaries, consisting of a draft for two hundred dollars to defray expenses and a few smaller trifles, were soon arranged. Then came a trip on the cars to New York for Miss Jones; an ocean voyage to San Francisco, *via* Panama, for the same young lady; then Portland; the Hills; a quick wedding; roast turkey; some cake; and the wedding tour was ended, 'store' clothes laid aside, and the hard realities of every-day life began."

Again he paused. He went to the window and looked out. There was an expression of sadness on his face which I could not help noticing, though I could not imagine the cause. I felt interested in his story, and I felt charmed with him. Soon he turned towards me and again continued:

"I purposely condense this statement as much as possible. Of course my own feelings and affections have but little interest for you."

I assured him that I was very much interested, and desired him to take his time and tell his story in his own way.

"Thank you," he answered, bowing. "My wife and I lived quite happily, after a fashion. There was no love lost between us, but we did very well; and I really supposed I was happy and felt certain she was, until, after two years of wedded life, there came a night which I will remember to my dying day. A stormy night; a night of heavy rain and blustering wind; a gloomy night for the mind; one of those dismal nights on which the darker side of our nature comes to the surface and remains with us to render us sour and crabbed while it lasts; precisely the sort of night that I should select for a dark, bad deed."

"On that night the wife of my bosom left me, taking with her our child—the sole pledge of our married life—and accompanied by one whom I had, up to that moment, considered my dearest friend."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands, as though he would hide the evidences of passion that shone so clearly in his every feature. I sympathized with him, but I considered it best to say nothing, and so I waited. He arose once more, and paced up and down the room while he continued:

"I can tell this to you quite coolly now; but then—I was—well, what matter words—mad, crazy, out of my mind. I followed her and her partner in crime—unsuccessfully. Had I overtaken them, it would have been the worse for one or both, for I had the ancient injunction in my mind, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' I returned home. My heart was full of the most deadly hatred for all womankind. I took that squaw whom you saw from the Indian with whom she had been living; I made her the mistress of my house. I wished to show my utter contempt for her faithless white sister, and that was my way of doing so. I gave myself up to dissipation. I am told that I made my name a terror to the quiet people in our neighborhood; for this I am sorry."

"A few months ago I met the lady in whose company you saw me to-day. I saw in her the ideal of my youth. I felt that she could lift me to a higher, nobler life, and I have learned to love her with all the strength of my nature. I believe she reciprocates this passion. But she knows nothing of my past life, and believes me to be all that is good and true."

Again he stopped for a moment, as if in thought, and then turning to me, he said:

"Now, Mr. Belden, I intend to tell her all these things, and I desire the information to come from me. For this reason, I ask as a favor that, for a few days, you will say nothing of these troubles of my past life. Perhaps her love for me will enable her to forgive my errors, to forget my past." He stopped speaking.

I was powerfully affected by his romantic story. I felt that the man was honest and sincere, I felt that he truly desired that one dark blot of his life to be effaced, I felt that he needed encouragement, and taking his hand, I said to him:

"Mr. Campton, you have my sympathy. All I can say to you is to assure you that I will be silent, and to repeat to you those stereotyped words, so easy to utter, so hard to live up to, 'Do your duty.' Your duty at the present time," I added, "is to inform Miss Ruddock of these facts. Though you have fallen, still it is possible for you again to rise. You may succeed; perhaps you may fail. In either case remember those words of Schiller's:

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple duties with which each day is life;
Yea, with thy might,
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Shall life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live though dead."

I believe I threw some feeling into these lines. I know that I wished to do so, and I am vain enough to believe that I succeeded. He listened attentively, and when I ceased he cried:

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Belden; those words are sufficient. They give me new courage, and now I will leave you. Good-bye." After a few more words we parted.

The following day I left for San Francisco. I went to Europe. I saw the Holy Land, the Eternal City. Art, with its priceless treasures, detained me in Italy; reverence for the past, in Palestine; admiration for the bustling activity of the present, in England. Month succeeded month, until twenty-four had slipped away, and I sighed for home.

I returned. What joy it was to meet my friends once more! How bright, how cheerful all seemed. After a short rest in Portland I took a trip into the country. On a summer's day I once more drove down into the little town where I had last seen Campton, and the memory of the past came back.

That afternoon I accompanied my friend, the Rev. Mr. Strong, in a walk through the neighboring fields that were now a waving mass of grain. Grains of all kinds were growing near us, their slender blades blowing here and there in consonance with the light breeze that brushed so daintily by.

We talked of many things. My friend, of course desired to hear tales of the strange land from which I had but just returned, and in the description of the interesting scenes through which I had passed I, for the time, forgot my friend Campton.

We strolled along until taking a sudden turn in the trail we came in sight of the village cemetery, situated on a little hill above the winding river. A feeling of awe involuntarily came over me.

The cities of the dead always have a solemnity for me which I find it hard to explain. We walked along more silently until we reached a grave, over which daisies were growing in wild luxuriance. Mr. Strong stopped and, pointing to the grave, said:

"That is the grave of one universally beloved, but whose life was very unhappy. I firmly believe she is now an angel in heaven, for while on earth she was kind to the suffering, good to all."

"Her name?"

"Alice Ruddock."

"What! Not the lady to whom a Mr. Campton was paying his attentions?" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"The same," was the answer. "Campton subsequently became engaged to her, but a few days before the one fixed for the wedding facts came to light which justified her in breaking off the match."

"It appears that several years before coming to our village he had, in a fit of desperation caused by his wife running away with another man, killed an Indian who had objected to having his squaw taken from him. With this squaw he had afterward lived. More than this, he had not even attempted to get a divorce from his former wife. He was a man of the most abandoned character, and yet possessed a manner that pleased all. I myself believed firmly in his honesty, truthfulness, manliness, and nobility of character, until indubitable evidence compelled me to change my mind. These charges that I speak of were kept quiet for a time, but they at last leaked out. At first he denied, but finally acknowledged their truthfulness."

"She was thunderstruck. She had believed him to be all that was good and true, and you can imagine what a shock his crime and subsequent duplicity would be to one of her disposition."

"She loved him fondly, but detested his crimes. No sophistry could make her see them in any but their true light—that of open immorality, cruel, unprovoked murder, and the worst of duplicity to herself. She told him to leave her, and he finally did her bidding. Her physique, never very strong, became more delicate; her mind was preyed upon by brooding thoughts, conflicting feelings—but she never complained. Within that fragile body was an unbending will. There seemed to be but little change in her for a few months; then her health gave way; all that science could do was done; all that money could procure was at her service. But the wisest leech could not cure so subtle a disease; the wealth of the Rothschilds could not procure healing balm for a broken heart. And she died, with a serene smile on her lips and that old peaceful expression in her face—looking, for all the world, as though Heaven, in all its beauty, was before her. She was buried, and the school children planted these flowers on the grave of that teacher who, in her happy days, had been so kind to them."

"What became of Campton I know not. He has not been here since the day when she ordered him from her presence. I do not know that I can say more."

My friend ceased. I then told him of my acquaintance with Campton's history; of his visit to me; and we discussed his reason for making that visit. For my part, I believed then, and I believe now, that he was in earnest at that time. I think he was more weak than wicked. I think he was one of that large class of men who have a yearning for a better life, but who have not the self-control to curb their passions. Notwithstanding this, however, I have always regretted that I did not tell the young lady the little I knew of his story. It might have turned her thoughts from him and saved much misery to both.

"Now, young gentlemen, members of this association, in the course of your debate on intemperance, some of you instanced the case of a well known sot called 'Whisky Bill' as an example of a bright mind, a fertile genius, wrecked through the demoralizing power of alcoholic drink."

"My young friends, Whisky Bill was stranded in Life's voyage before he ever indulged in the fascinating demon of drink. That, certainly, was one vice which he had not."

"Whisky Bill—the drunkard, the bummer, the sneak thief—is none other than he whom I knew as Hubert Campton. His own evil passions have been his ruin, whisky being but an accessory to the act."

"I think this supports my theory, that many men are ruined by other weaknesses, become drunkards, and the world says: 'See what whisky has done!'"

SAN FRANCISCO, August 2, 1878.

The Cincinnati *Saturday Night* has found a solution of the Chinese problem as follows: "It is conceded that the Chinamen who come to our shores do not come to stay. Their intention always is to return to China when they have gained a certain amount of money. We think we discover in this a solution of that puzzling Chinese question. Find out the lowest amount of money that will induce John to streak it back to the Celestial Empire, then pay him to leave at once. The money can be raised by subscription, or voted by Congress. Then pass a law to permit no more Chinamen to come here. This plan is somewhat expensive, to be sure, but it is better than revolution, such as is threatened in California, or a bloody war of extermination. How much cheaper it would have been to have bought up the slaves of the South and given them their freedom than to have carried on a four years' war for their emancipation."

We have arrived at the third milestone of the second century in our journey through life as a nation.—*Boston Globe*. Yes, and a nice-looking tramp we are.—*Courier-Journal*.

When a bridegroom finds all the clothes he owns in the world hung, one over the other, on a hook behind the pantry door, he realizes for the first time that the honeymoon is over.

CLEAR LAKE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Believing that there must be a haven somewhere for lawyers, beyond the reach of business memories, where the nervous client and loquacious witness never come; where there are no calendars and law-days; where telegraph wires won't reach; and where they may find rest from the pest of demurrers, motions, and time extensions; somewhere beyond the jurisdiction of courts—where there are no statutes overriding law, and no codes in conflict with common sense—I left San Francisco tired, weary, heart-sore, and head aching to find rest, peace, and quiet. One party of friends kindly invited me to Bear Valley, where accommodating deer were waiting to be shot; another suggested the Summit, with grouse and mountain quail as provender for powder; and a third so fired my imagination with the fish and game of Cloud river, that I actually enlisted for a ten days' cruise, near the mountain peaks of Shasta; but the bustle of preparation, the anticipation of fatigue, and the dread that wit and repartee might entail mental exertion, decided me to abandon all these allurements, and seek repose beside what a nautical friend designated as the "stagnant pool of Clear Lake." I was tired, and sought rest; overworked, and longed for indolence—pure and unadulterated. I had lived in the tropics, and knew that heat was favorable to the one, and begot the other. So when I heard that the climate of Tophet was a freezing atmosphere compared to Lakeport, I at once took boat and in two hours reached Donahue, where the cars were in waiting, and in due time whirled us to Cloverdale (terminus of stages), from whence radiated the four-in-hands to every conceivable place, with springs of every conceivable character, flavored with every conceivable nausea, and warranted to cure every conceivable ache, pain, complaint, ailment, or disease. The population of this thriving city is of a very fluctuating character, and its number of congressional representatives would materially depend upon what hour of the day its census was taken; as the influx of passengers, rattling of stages, prancing of horses, pitching round of baggage, squabbling for seats, and scrambling to get them, the rushing about of irrepressible females and fussy masculines, ringing of dinner bells, and recurring shout of "all aboard," would, at one o'clock, convey an idea of population that is in startling contrast with the deserted streets and unbroken quiet of an hour later. Seated in a comfortable wagon, open at the sides, we again sped along, at first up, up, up, until we reached an altitude where the view of distant valleys and the lazy, slumbering lake, with its shimmer of light and glassy surface, presented a panorama of mingling colors, lights, and shadows that Tavernier or Keith might have coveted; then down, down, down, with short angles and abrupt turns that presented kaleidoscopic changes of scenery, mingled with a startling recognition of our road as, miles in advance, it frisks from one precipice to another, clinging to the mountain side as if suspended there, and hanging over chasms, where the breaking of a bolt or the loss of a wheel would prove to all an avenue to eternity. At eight o'clock we reached Kelseyville (another terminus of stages, on a smaller scale), the distributing point for Bassett's, Bartlett's, Soda Bay, Highland Springs, Lakeport, etc. Then, after the usual detention for whisky and the mail bags, we took another stage and reached Soda Bay at nine. But tired, sleepy, and hungry, I had little desire that night to investigate surroundings, to which I bore the relation of "a cat in a strange garret;" but, the next morning, I was delighted with its picturesque surroundings. In a forest of mammoth oaks, that reached the water's edge, the house and its cottages, like a planet and its satellites, clustered amid the green of its foliage. Shaded by the towering mountain that adjoins this forest—dark, shadowy, and frowning in its grandeur, as it rises 2,500 feet to the clouds' embrace—and cooled by the breath of the broad-bosomed lake, that sparkled in the glint of the rising sun, I realized the sought-for haven, cried "Eureka!" and anchored my furlough here.

The first immigrants to this region were Missourians, and, with the utilitarian spirit of their fathers (just as they cut down oak trees to plant beans), substituted Clear Lake for Kalula (bridal sheet), and swept away Kanocti—the Indian name of this monolith temple, with its clustering memories, of which God was the architect, and a now nearly extinct race the chroniclers—and substituted "Uncle Sam," with tales of silver, cinnabar, and sulphur as legends of its summit. But call it what you will, like ruined Coriolanus, its dignity is ineffaceable, and its patent of royalty bears the autograph of its Creator.

Grand Kanocti! The signal-ground of a now buried nation, from whose apex the beacon's blaze or curling smoke roused the war-whoop, and summoned to blood and strife the savage hearts of seven tribes. Proud Kanocti! whose sacred summit, with its legendary deities, formed the Mecca of the red man's worship, and in whose shadow the red man's God listened to plaint and prayer.

Traditional romance, too, bears its part, and tells of the captured White Dove, who, true to her plighted love, fled from the wigwam of the fierce Waquonekwhat, and, like Andromeda, was bound to a rock to expiate her sin; but no Perseus came to the rescue of the Spanish maiden, and her moans are yet heard in echo on Kanocti's height, craving drink from the unheeding lake, whose water in revenge has ever since been turbid; and it is said that even now a shellful dipped from the lake, and left upon the summit, insures success to sighing swains and despondent lovers.

At Soda Bay, beneath spreading oaks, with cigar and book, I realized "the lazy man paradise." Too warm for exertion, and too cool for discomfort, I dreamed away a week, uninterrupted by the din of crowds, and free from the presence of shoddy fashion, with its vulgar display of wealth, rudeness, and bad grammar. The guests were a few over-worked brokers, collegemen, and lawyers, with their wives and daughters. Thank God! there were no sick people, with querulous tempers and whining complaints—all were healthy, good-natured, full of fun, and redolent with spirits; hammocks swung on every piazza, and loungers rocked in every hammock; seats beneath the trees, and idlers on every seat. The morning hours were devoted to croquet and ten-pins; midday to boat sailing and siestas and repose; afternoon to boating and bathing, and the evening to hilliards, promenades, and gossip.

Clear Lake, of which Soda Bay is an arm, was an indispensable factor in the comfort, convenience, and enjoyment

of my quarters. With a cool breeze rippling its surface, it forms a pleasant highway to Lakeport, Sulphur Banks, Floyd's Landing, Lower Lake, etc., and the beautiful little steamer that traverses its waters is indefatigable in her rounds, making each landing at least four times a day. There are yachts, sail and row boats innumerable, to be had, and relying upon the assurance of my *nautical friend*, that Clear Lake was "a stagnant pool," I hired Captain Bundy and his yacht to take myself and party for a day's sail, but, as the sequel shows, mine was a misplaced confidence. We left at seven, and under the influence of a gentle breeze (which, by the way, mild or strong, *always* blows from the west), we reached Sulphur Banks, where the kind attentions of Messrs. Lightner and Tucker, the superintendents, enabled us to visit and satisfactorily inspect the largest quicksilver mine in America, with its vast machinery and reduction works, and the pleasure of this visit was very much enhanced by the presence of Professor Rising, of the University, whose modest but intelligent explanations were an interesting lesson on cinnabar in particular, and geology in general.

After a picnic lunch, and a three-mile walk to visit Borax Lake, which we finally saw from a high mountain, with probably as little satisfaction as the children of Israel did the Promised Land, the problem of return now became a serious question, for the gentle zephyr had become a respectable tornado, and "the stagnant pool" wore the white-capped aspect of our bay under the spur of a full-grown norther. However, as Bundy was captain and oracle, and he said "go," I overruled the timidity of the ladies, and we cast off; but five minutes buffeting brought to my recollection the courageous bovine that butted a locomotive, and as we keeled over, and scudded on our side, I knew that I was entitled to respect for neither courage nor discretion; however, to make a long story short, we rushed in among the tules, then worked our way to the lee of an island, and finally got ashore, thoroughly wet, and with a settled conviction that yacting is a fraud. We returned to Sulphur Bank, where a warm fire, dinner at the hotel, beds, and breakfast restored us to a sense of self-respect, and abandoning Captain Bundy and his yacht, we took the steamer and reached home in time for lunch. We here visited an encampment of twenty-five or thirty Indian lodges, with a council-house in the middle; the people were dirty and squalid, but with an abundance of food, consisting of wild oats and dried fish, both of which are plentiful—indeed, the lake is so overstocked with black-fish that they are scooped up with the paddles, and the shores are lined with the dried or decayed carcasses of millions.

Clear Lake is thirty-eight miles long and of varying width, with a succession of peninsulas that gives it the appearance of what it probably is, three or four continuous lakes broken into one, which collectively present a larger water area than Tahoe. Its name is a shocking misnomer; the water looks dirty, and tastes abominably; no one drinks it who can possibly get spring or well water, and yet some speculators had the impudence last year to offer its supply to San Francisco, and actually got the Water Commissioners to incur the expense of an inspection.

Opposite Soda Bay is the palatial dwelling and ornamented grounds of Captain Floyd (one of Lic's trustees). At a very large outlay the Captain has erected here one of the most elegant summer residences in America. With delicious water from a mountain stream, his grounds and gardens are made to bloom in beautiful forgetfulness of drought and summer heats. At the Captain's invitation I visited his "Villa on the Lake," and was entertained with that hospitality which is peculiarly indicative of the combined qualities of the gentleman, the sailor, and the sportsman. I here inspected the finest collection of firearms and bladed weapons that it has ever been my good fortune to see. Moorish daggers and Spanish poignards, Turkish scimitar and Russian sabre, Saxon scaxe, Scotch claymore, Japanese harikari, Malay crease, anlace, Lochaber axe, and swords of every shape, weight and size; dueling pistols innumerable, each labeled with its victims, one or more; rifles of every make, and shotguns of every pattern, from the match-lock to the breech-loader; Indian spears, Chinese knives, and non-descripts that were nameless, but looked wicked. To a genial kindness the Captain adds flashes of practical humor that are very amusing. For instance, every city masculine that visits that neighborhood has an idea that he may shoot a deer, and though they never breast mountain or forest for that purpose, yet the rifle is their frequent companion on lake or shore, as if they expected to find water deer. Well, for the accommodation of these gentry, he has erected near his house, on the mountain side, a full-sized prong-horned buck of wood, which looks so life-like that city Nimrods are forever banging at it, and, as the employees of the steamer are in the joke, they rather encourage deer shooting from her deck, which elicits roars of laughter at the would-be hunter's expense—and as each victim is initiated, he keeps the secret, and passes on the joke.

Before closing, I must refer to one of the peculiarities of this section of country. The most persevering, persistent, and never-let-up system of lying seems to have been adopted along the entire routes from Cloverdale to Calistoga, as to distances. Cloverdale is from twenty-seven to thirty miles from Kelseyville, and takes seven hours staging, but the drivers, hotel-keepers, and in fact every body along the line, say that it is only nineteen. Calistoga is forty-five miles from Kelseyville, and takes eight hours, but they declare it is only thirty. Bassett's is twenty-one miles from Soda Bay, but they vow it is fourteen; and Soda Bay six from Kelseyville, but they call it four, and so on. The real object is not lying for the mere love of lying, but a hope that shortening the distance will benefit his, her, or their particular interests; for every one in this region owns a spring of some sort, soda, borax, iron, sulphur, or salts of one kind or another—cold, tepid, or hot—and which they designate as medical, medicated, medicinal, mineral or mercurial, as their fancy or intelligence dictates. Of course they are *all* highly curative and of great value—some are special cures, and others are panaceas, but everybody expects to make his, her, or their fortune from his, her, or their particular spring; so, he, she, and they are actively lying it into shorter distances as rapidly as they can; and I hope that they will all succeed in finding sanitariums, hygienes, and water-cures, keep their skin clean and grow rich off gout, gravel, and all other ailments. Diet, lazy habits, and liquor-drinking begets.

DOINGS OF THE LAST LEGISLATURE.

BY ASSEMBLYMAN W. F. ANDERSON.

The last Legislature, or the Legislature which last convened in this State, has been the subject of more than common denunciation, not only at the hands of those opposed to its composition, in a partisan sense, but as well by those of the same political affiliation. It was a Democratic Legislature. It was overwhelmingly Democratic. For its acts and doings that party must be held responsible. The people will unquestionably hold the party so responsible, as they ought; for the sins of officials must and do, inevitably, in a popular government, fall upon the heads of the sect or organization which placed them in power. So let it be with this.

I have patiently sat down under the odium which has been cast upon the bodies which finished their labors on the first of April of this year, and when, superadded to the abuse heaped upon them by the journals Republican and journals Independent, came the fierce philippics of the only Democratic paper, arrainging them for a depth of iniquity never reached by any former Legislature, even those bearing the horrid front of what it would dominate Radical-Republican, I have, in common with my associates from country and city, exclaimed, what is it that we did, or omitted to do, which calls for this condemnation even from the judgment-seat of our friends? I find in your columns of the past week that a gentleman fresh and raw from England's nether world of Australia, signing himself "Anglo-Australian," in presenting for imitation in the formation of our coming Constitution the archetype of England's colonial governments, must even take a shy at California's parliamentarians, and join his voice to the howl of opprobrium which the press had raised with such unwonted harmony. And yet to do this Anglo-Australian justice, I am free to say, that I believe he had equally as well considered, as charitably and circumspectly examined, and as intelligently weighed the acts and doings of the one hundred and twenty citizens, gathered from the body of the people, who sat as their representatives at Sacramento during the last session, as had any of that daily press, whose office it should be to resort to the best sources of information, and to give the public for facts only that which is truth, for opinion and speculation only that which is just and rational.

Having possessed my soul in patience thus long, and having a little leisure which I do not know how else to employ profitably, it occurs to me just to collate brief memoranda of the more prominent legislative acts which emanated from the session referred to. Before commencing this synopsis, however, I venture this bold paradox, as it will doubtless appear to many; that is to say:

The last Legislature was the most economical which has assembled in California for years; perhaps the most so of any that ever convened within the State.

This I venture, although it has been denounced as the most prodigal and the most lavish in its expenditures. There is a very simple and inexorable mode of trial by which this question of economy or extravagance may be tested and determined, and that is by the record, the history of appropriation and taxation by the several Legislatures, embracing this, and those also which were its predecessors. The truth is that it carried economy to excess, as was evidenced by its refusal to continue the pension to Marshall, the discoverer of gold, which had been granted for a number of years by former Legislatures, and also that to General John A. Sutter—donations perhaps well merited. Nor do I believe that it can be justly retorted that in this they "gagged at a gnat and swallowed a camel;" nor is any other like wise saw in order in my judgment. At least I take the liberty of challenging a refutation of my assertion of exactness in economy by asking a specification of acts of extravagance.

I call attention to the following brief table of appropriations for State purposes, made by the last three Legislatures, with the rates of taxation resulting therefrom, in order that a correct estimate may be formed by comparison:

Fiscal Years.	Total Amount Raised.	State Tax on \$100.
Twenty-sixth, 1874-75.....	\$3,234,000	64.9 cts.
Twenty-seventh, 1875-76.....	3,066,000	60.5 cts.
Twenty-eighth, 1876-77.....	3,736,000	73.5 cts.
Twenty-ninth, 1877-78.....	3,223,000	63. cts.
Thirtieth, 1878-79.....	2,835,000	54. cts.
Thirty-first, 1879-80.....	3,015,000	55. cts.

From the above, it will be seen that in 1874-75 and 1875-76, the last two years of Governor Pacheco's administration, the aggregate appropriations (to say nothing of deficiency bills thrown upon Governor Irwin) were \$6,300,000, giving an average annual tax of 62.7 cents on the \$100 of taxable property; that for the first two years of Governor Irwin's, viz: 1876-77 and 1877-78, the total appropriations were \$6,959,000, necessitating an annual tax of 68.2 cents on each \$100 of taxable property; while the appropriations for the two years provided for by the last Legislature only aggregated \$5,850,000, requiring a tax of only 54½ cents on the \$100 of taxable property of the State.

This is the record. When it is borne in mind that this Legislature was burdened as none other has ever been, with \$150,000 to pay for the extraordinary expenditure required for the Constitutional Convention, and that it made other unusual appropriations, such as that of \$120,000 for Branch State Prison at Folsom, and \$100,000 for a general reconnaissance and survey of the State, with reference to a general system of irrigation—where is there, it may be asked, a foundation for the charge of profligacy of expenditure and waste of the public treasure?

Bad legislation, evil legislation, ignorant legislation, have also been imputed to the same bodies by the voice of the press, irrespective of party predilections. To this I give an answer also from the record, as before intimated, and challenge a fair comparison with the work of its predecessor, and a specification as to which of the series should be wiped from our statute book.

It enacted a law by which a deserted wife may compel her husband to provide for her support and the maintenance of their children, without compelling her to bring an action for divorce. (Amendment to Section 137 of the Civil Code.)

An act to exempt for the benefit of the survivor a life policy, wherever the company may be situated in which it is held, whereas heretofore it was only exempt in case the policy was issued by a California company. (See amendment Section 690 Code of Civil Procedure.)

It passed the best election laws that California has ever had, under which we are probably to be spared in future those frauds which from the beginning of our State have been a matter of reproach, and probably in several epochs the criminal cause of disorder and bloodshed.

It passed laws to suppress those prolific institutions known as "piece clubs," by which the honest were shocked and precluded from being candidates for office, to the great advantage of the unscrupulous and depraved.

It passed laws by which the crafty work of the low politician will hereafter be defeated, and the intent and purpose of the honest voter will be secured against the imposture of bogus and spurious election tickets.

It passed laws for the regulation of the Fire Department, pronounced by the Underwriters, and by all fair citizens who have examined it, to be the best ever enacted in this or any other State; by which, above all things, the Department is, as far as practicable, protected against the dangers and intrigues of politics.

It passed laws for the increase of the police, as demanded by popular sentiment, and embraced in the bill therefor a system of regulations very far in advance of any former legislation, by which the discipline and morals of the force must necessarily be greatly improved, besides removing it as far as possible from the sphere of politics.

It passed laws to regulate the fares on street railroads in San Francisco, and reducing the rate to five cents, to the great benefit of the masses of our citizens, and especially to the poorer classes.

It passed laws to regulate the price and quality of gas in San Francisco, and reducing absolutely the price therefor to the extent of twenty per cent. on their former rates—that is, from \$3.75 to \$3 per thousand—and empowering the Board of Supervisors, upon the report of the Gas Commissioner, if found to be justified, to cut down the price still further. The act to go into operation in six months.

It passed laws providing for checking frauds in banking by many regulations, and an act to prevent savings banks from purchasing or loaning money on mining stocks and other dangerous securities.

It passed laws to check fraud on the part of those engaged in life and fire insurance, and to secure the ability of companies to respond to all losses and in all events contemplated by the policy to the assured.

It corrected the legislation by which the expenses of the Supreme Court, held in San Francisco, were imposed upon our city, and placed it where it properly belongs, upon the State.

It passed an act so amending the Civil Code, that the legal rate of interest is reduced from ten to seven per cent. per annum, in the absence of special contract.

It passed laws greatly reducing the rate of business licenses of our mercantile and commercial classes, by what is known as the Broderick bill, as may be demonstrated by comparing the act, on page 442 of Session Laws, with Sections 3376 to 3387 of the Political Code.

And here I may remark that the anathemas against the last Legislature of the gentlemen who held meetings to resist the suits commenced by Mr. Sinton, the Tax Collector, were based in entire ignorance of the subject upon which they spoke. It will be seen, upon examination, that the law, to enable the Tax Collectors to bring suit, was put in the original Code in 1872, and that the last Legislature's only offense was that they cut down the license taxes on an average fully fifty per cent.

Such are some of the enactments emanating from the last Legislature occurring most readily to my mind. Upon a close scrutiny of the Session Laws, a number of valuable statutes of equal merit would unquestionably be developed, which after the lapse of months escape my recollection. It may perhaps be well in future to extend the catalogue. In the meantime, I would suggest that whosoever believes that the last Legislature is deserving of censure will with frankness disclose some ground for his belief, and enlighten the world by particularizing the evil deeds, the acts, and enactments by which he is offended.

By some, the law-makers have been bitterly arraigned because of the passage of the Act known as the "incendiary," or "gag" law; while others, equally vindictive toward them, applaud that legislation as wise and salutary. It is sufficient to say of it, that the law is general and discriminates in favor of no person or class of persons. It restrains equally the orator of the sand-lot, the minister in the pulpit, the lawyer in the courts, the lecturer of whatever persuasion or of whatever degree. It regards, as good laws should, every citizen equally and is no respecter of persons. While common charity would certainly make allowances, and treat with more lenity, the ravings of the ignorant than of the cultured, the law must know all alike, and punish those who preach violence, sedition, and insurrection, without regard to wealth or station. This law was made for all; and, since its passage, all men have enjoyed the same liberty of speech which the founders of our government aimed to secure to themselves and to their posterity. Some have, since its passage, exercised a very large liberty in this respect without rendering themselves amenable to its provisions or penalties. The singular thing is, that those who have exercised and enjoyed the greatest amount of liberty and license are the only men who complain of the law, or who think they have not got enough of freedom for their tongues. All of which but shows that the love of talking, like some few other appetites, does not fatigue by indulgence, but that excess only invigorates to greater excesses.

Amongst the omissions and commissions complained of by many, was the action of the Legislature with reference to the subject of the water question rates and supply of this metropolis. If no bill was passed, it was rather the fault or merit of a gentleman who is now far from California. A bill passed in both houses, and an immaterial amendment made by the Senate, in which the Assembly stood ready in an instant to concur, which would have ripened the measure into a most excellent law—a law much better than the extreme radical measure proposed and advocated by him—was taken off and condemned to defeat by the original author, because a majority of obstinate men in the Senate and House would not follow his peculiar philosophy on water. That philosophy was, that there is no property in water, and, therefore, that water works are not protected by sanctions of the Constitution of our State, which declares that private property shall not be taken for public use without due compensation,

and that no person shall be deprived of his property without due process of law. The gentleman to whom I refer, and for whom I certainly entertain a very great respect, being absent in a foreign land, I am restrained from those criticisms upon his philosophy, his conduct, and his motives, in which I should otherwise feel myself at liberty to indulge. A history of the attempted legislation upon this subject, fairly and squarely put, is, however, demanded by considerations of justice to the representatives from San Francisco, and I may find time to afflict you with a full and extended account thereof.

One other matter has doubtless contributed to the course of popular animadversion upon the Legislature, and is certainly as much misunderstood as any with which it was called upon to deal. I refer to the subject of the control by legislation of railroads, embracing a great variety of topics, such as freights and fares, eminent domain, etc. It may, perhaps, be interesting to review this subject of periodical agitation and alarm, and give a brief exegesis of it as of some "hydra or chimera dire."

Our hearts are stirred by daily narratives of the struggling poor. More deeply moved by the stories of those who have seen better days; who struggle with their pride against a disclosure of their wants; women well born, well reared, too virtuous to sin, too proud to beg, and who in their heart-broken despondency and shame know not what to do. There is a time when in the transition period from wealth to poverty that the refined, delicate, and cultured lady suffers pangs more inexpressibly painful than comes from hunger. To such it is a relief when the depth is reached and the possibilities of poverty are fully fathomed. We know of a case, and would not write of it if our purse was as deep as our sympathy. We write in hope that it will move generous and wealthy people to interpret the stories that are written in the sad eyes and hopeless despair of face of those who will not, unquestioned, speak of their poverty. We knew her as a young girl, the wife of a prosperous gentleman, the mother of a promising boy, the petted leader of fashionable society, a welcome guest at the homes of the highest social class, cultured, refined, and elegant. Adversity came, and the husband lost courage, and was lost. The wife and boy struggled on in a small room poorly furnished. Gifts, jewels, dress, went slowly out for rent and food. The lad obtained employment, sinned, fell, and died. It was not a crime—it was a struggle to help his mother. The angel will record the effort in the Lamb's book of life. She begged, pleaded, and cried, and the wronged employer condoned the offense. Then she struggled on for days and weeks. She was hungry. At midnight she picked up sticks to cook her food. Wearied, she sat upon the door-steps of luxurious homes where she had been a welcome guest, and whose owners (let it be hoped) would have helped her if she had had the courage to make her desolation known. This is not a romance; it is not an exaggeration; it is true. It is not the only case. Christian ladies, you of happy homes, you loved and honored wives, you who visit summer resorts, you who indulge in dress and equipage; gentlemen, you men of affairs, of wealth, of millions, you generous, chivalrous men; Christians, you who think the sentiment an inspired one that declares that of all the virtues the greatest is charity, look around you, organize a relief for the proud poor. Do it secretly, delicately; and if there is a reward for generous deeds, you will receive it; if there is a heaven, you will attain it.

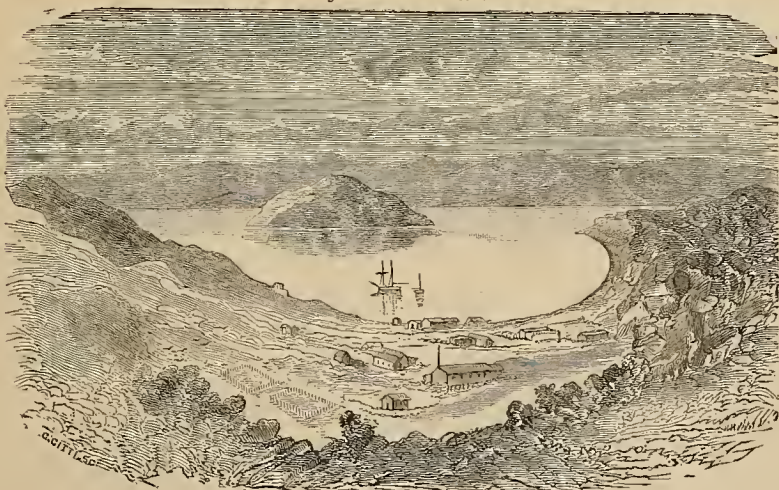
A man forty years of age came into our office this week seeking employment. His story is this: Native-born, married, no children, wife can sew, make dresses, cut, and fit. He has been in the boot and shoe trade, is sober, industrious, intelligent, and willing to work; can not work on a farm; does not know how; is not strong enough to labor in the forest, nor in a quarry, nor in the mines; lost in stocks; is flat broke; no money, no furniture, nothing—nothing left but a wife and an appetite. We suggested a shoe store. His answer was, no money for rent, fixtures, stock, or start. We inquired concerning him, and found his story a true one. Now, if he was a Jew his co-religionists would take care of him. They would make a pool for him; club together, raise him a hundred dollars, and establish for him a credit. He would pull through, pay back the money, escape shame, beggary, and the poor-house. This man honestly wants work, and can not obtain it; his wife wants employment, and can not get it. He is desperate. Christians and Americans are a thoughtless, heartless, selfish class. They are not as good as the Jews in this respect. The Jews exhibit more sense, more business instinct, more humanity, than do Christians. They help their poor to take care of themselves. We wish somebody would organize a secret benevolent society to aid Americans who have seen better days; to lend them a little money to start them in some trade or employment; help them tide over hard times. We say secret, in order that it may not be imposed upon by the worthless. There are plenty of men and women to whom a little aid would give heart. A little advice and encouragement would afford assistance better than money. It is not charity nor alms that such people want. It is advice, encouragement, and a temporary loan. If the right persons will move in this matter, money will be abundant. Wealthy men would be glad to aid such an organization; but they are begged at, cried at, talked at, and bothered by professional adventurers and mendicants, till they weary of listening. They are imposed upon by frauds and tramps until they are callous to the stories of honest poverty, and shut their ears and purses to the deserving poor. This secret aid society for deserving American poor who have seen better days must have no paid officials. It ought to have a directory of wealthy and generous ladies, and its stockholders should be millionaires and moneyed men who are willing to pay assessments. Its active agents and almoners should be men of benevolence, wealth, and business sense, who will give their time in aid of those who have been less fortunate than themselves.

"Thou shalt not lend on usury to thy brother."—Deuteronomy, xxiii, 19.

"Thou oughtst therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own, with usury."—Matthew, xxv, 27.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN EARLY CALIFORNIAN.

BY JAMES C. WARD.

YERBA BUENA, OR SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1847. VIEW OF COVE, WITH GOAT ISLAND BEYOND.
(FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.)

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30, 1847.—We cast anchor before this town, called by the Spaniards Yerba Buena, on the 26th March, at 5 P.M. The *Independence*, *Cyane*, and *Lexington*, vessels of war, were near us, besides several merchantmen. I slept that night at the Portsmouth House, on the Plaza, kept by a man named Brown, where I met the Alcalde, Leidesdorff, late American Vice-Consul, Dr. Robert Semple, a six-footer in buckskin, one of the bear-flag party and editor of the *Californian*, other residents, and several navy officers—our old friend, Frank Conover, among them. As six months, to a day, had passed since we left New York, I sat up till the small hours listening to the news. From all accounts, Stockton and Fremont have disturbed rather than quieted the people of the country, who were favorably disposed toward us at the time Commodore Sloat raised our flag at Monterey. Everything seeming peaceful, he went home soon after, leaving Stockton in command of the squadron. About the same time, a lieutenant of marines, named Gillespie, arrived here, and proceeded north with dispatches for Fremont—probably letters from Senator Benton, informing him of the intentions of our government. Fremont was on his road to Oregon when Gillespie overtook him. He turned back, and, reinforcing his band with a party of emigrants who had raised the bear-flag, seized horses from the rancheros to mount them, and cattle to feed them, and marched toward Monterey. At Sonoma, some of our best friends—General Vallejo, his brother, his brother-in-law, Mr. Leese, an American, and a Colonel Prudhon—were made prisoners. At this place, where Stockton was received with honors—procession, dinner, etc.—numerous Californians assisting, he informed them that he and his army would wade ankle-deep in blood, if necessary, to conquer the country. The officers of the army, and of the navy outside of Stockton's own ship, believe the late troubles have been caused mainly by those who wanted to make history for themselves. They say there is no question as to Stockton's bravery; but that he was disappointed in not having the glory of taking possession, and "spoiled for a fight" afterward. Our government seems to have acted cautiously in the matter, and the proceeding of Sloat, watched as he was, must have taken Admiral Seymour quite aback. While the Commodore and he were at Mazatlan, they were on the pleasantest of terms, entertaining each other, apparently with little thought for the morrow. One morning, after leaving the Admiral's ship, the Commodore had just touched his own quarter-deck, when the anchors were shipped, and the *Congress* was on her way to Monterey. Seymour followed only soon enough to see the stars and stripes waving over the Plaza. I hear he sent the Commodore word that he would return his salute, but he must not ask him to salute the flag on shore. He undoubtedly intended to hoist the British flag there. The *Independence* and *Cyane* left here the early part of the month. We do not know their destination, but suppose they are to blockade Acapulco or Mazatlan. I have dined on board the *Cyane*, and have called upon Commodore Shubrick to whom letters of introduction for us were sent by Commodore Bolton. Last Sunday I rode to the Mission of Dolores, three miles from here, in company with Leidesdorff, Captain and Mrs. —, etc., etc.—eight in all. The priest, Padre Santilan, is an Indian. He was assisted in the service by several boys clothed in priestly garments. A numerous congregation of well dressed Californians were kneeling as we entered the church door. The interior was decorated with pearl shells and many gilt and tinsel ornaments, and illuminated with candles. As the women were dressed in rich colored silks and satins, with colored mantillas or *rebozos* drooping from their heads, and the men in blue jackets and *calzoneros* with silver buttons, and red and blue *serapes* on their shoulders—the effect was beautiful. The priest's voice was grating, so was the music. We did not remain through the service, but walked about to examine the Mission buildings. They formed three sides of a hollow square, and were all built of adobe; some of the garden walls are composed of bullocks skulls and horns piled up and stuck together with adobe—all in ruins, with the exception of those near the church. A corral shows where the bull fights are commenced. I hear the animal is not confined to it, but often rushes through the plaza; not being selected for his ferocity, and having the points of his horns sawed off, he is not formidable. As there are but few of us resident here we are very intimate, meeting at each other's houses unceremoniously, often inviting ourselves to breakfast, dine, or sup, as we happen to fall. Besides Americans—principally New Englanders—there are a Dane, two Russians, a Swiss, and a Sandwich Islander in our little circle. Of an evening we congregate accidentally here and there; have music from S—s guitar, or Don A—s piano. Both sing. Their comic songs draw tears from our eyes; and they are capital actors, too. Sometimes Dr. Pow-

ell, surgeon of the —, drops in, and we have his stories and ventriloquism—which is wonderfully perfect—to amuse us. He was at our house last evening, when W. H. Davis came in with a bottle in his hand—one of a dozen found during the day under the floor of his store, which was being repaired; the box must have been there several years, and came from Los Angeles; the wine had as much body as port, resembling it in taste and color. Very often whist and *vingt-et-un* and poker are played—the latter limited by general understanding. Lately M—, from the Islands, has broken into this good rule. Whereas, the lovers of the game here played for amusement and with great consideration for each other's means, he seemed inclined to make money, and carried it so far that he received a lesson. One night G— had lost an unusually large amount to him; other players had dropped off, and the game was left between the two. Both, at last, either had good hands or were bluffing most courageously; when M— had up an amount sufficient to cover G—'s losses he called him. Both were very cool and quiet, though it was a more serious matter for G— than for M—. The latter could have lost without inconvenience. "Well," said M—, smiling patronizingly, as he took his cigar from his mouth, "What can beat four kings?" G— paused a moment—looked at him seriously—laid down his cigarrito and answered, "Nothing—but four aces." M—'s smile faded, and his eyes in "wonder grew," as he realized his defeat. "Now," said G—, "the time has come to inform you that we play here for the pleasure of the game—not for profit. I find by my little memorandum that I am, at last, even with you. You know I could have led you very far. If I had won from you, I should have been obliged to play with you again; at present, I am free to say that I never will." M— was never afterward invited to take a hand. He was also of the kind that never takes offense; so things have returned to the "even tenor of their way." Next door to the hotel lives Don Juan Vioget, a native of Switzerland, at one time a lieutenant in the Brazilian navy. He speaks four or five languages, draws skillfully, and has surveyed and made the plans of this Pueblo of Yerba Buena. The ceilings of his parlors have been painted by him in tasteful designs; and a panoramic view of the Bay and City of Rio Janeiro, in pen and ink, exceeds anything of the kind I have ever seen. He is very entertaining and hospitable, and his house a great resort; a hearty welcome and a cup of delicious coffee await his visitors at any hour. There is only one garden in the place—Leidesdorff's—which has been made by scraping the decayed leaves from under the scrub oaks and forming flower-beds of the loam. His Scotch gardener has succeeded wonderfully in this enterprise. You must know that the land hereabouts is covered with sand, excepting in the heart of the town. At the Presidio, and about the Mission, where the winds have full sweep—a northwest gale blowing daily during the summer from 11 A. M. till sundown—the sand hills are thickly covered with scrub-oak woods, which lean away from the winds as though they would avoid them.

MAY 31, 1847.—This letter will be brought to you by General Kearney's party. Every one regrets his leaving. He has the esteem of all who inhabit this country, Californians as well as foreigners. Fremont is with him under arrest. Colonel Mason is, of course, left in command. News of the taking of Vera Cruz by General Scott, and of General Taylor's great victory over Santa Ana, sent by the British Minister at Mexico, has come to us from Mazatlan. We celebrated here with the greatest enthusiasm by illuminating the town, firing salutes, burning tar-barrels, etc. If military successes, such as any army might be proud of, fill your soul with joy, think of the effect they produced upon us, children of the republic, in an unfriendly territory, and so far separated from it. But for all this glory, how much we shall rejoice in peace—a peace that adds California to the Union. If it is restored to Mexico, you may depend upon it that we shall fight for it upon our own hook, for wherever an emigrant has obtained a piece of land he will defend it till death. There are many in the country, and as the current is this way there is not power enough in California to turn it back. Farms of the Spaniards, lands that have never been cultivated before, are worked on joint account, and will eventually be in their possession. The Californians work but little, and receiving large incomes from their growing farms, are enabled to lead easy lives. Bob gave a fandango at the Mission of Dolores last week. There were some thirty señoritas present besides the Mormonitas; three of them were quite pretty, and one of whom was married to a man named Andrews, of Salem, Massachusetts. Two of her brothers were shot by Fremont's party after being made prisoners, it is said. Notwithstanding their gracious manners I could not help thinking they hated us for our American blood; and who could blame them? The dancing com-

menced at nine o'clock, and we left them still at it at five in the morning. Some of them waltz well, always the slow Spanish waltz, but they pride themselves particularly upon their execution of the *son*, *jarabe*, and *gola*, the steps of which are not easily acquired by foreigners. The music was from guitars, accompanying songs often improvised and complimentary to the belles of the evening. Although drinking and card-playing were among the diversions of the occasion, every one behaved well. Indeed, good manners are common to all, and a large portion of those who appear so well, and converse and sing so wittily, can neither read nor write. We ride on horseback almost every day, each resident having a cavallada of from two to a dozen horses, cared for by a vaquero. On the few days when the fog will allow us to catch sight of them the views from the road to the Presidio are very fine and varied. At one moment you are picking your way through the thickest scrub-oak shrubbery, and the next galloping over a beautiful plain; your path through the woods in the early morning before the northwester has set in, and while the sun is unveiled by fog, is overrun with rabbits and quail, and if you choose you may give chase to the coyote, who jogs along unconcernedly not very far ahead of you. Wild flowers are scattered far and wide over the plain, brilliant in color, and beautiful enough for the choicest garden; and *madules* (strawberries), just ripe, are waiting to be picked here and there, and all along the road. Of a clear day the beauty of the Bay of San Francisco, and of the hills and mountains which encompass it, are beyond my powers of description. Our rides extend to an old fort near the entrance to the Bay, but on our return we always call upon the officers at the Presidio to tell the news or to listen to one of Captain Lippitt's stories.

SONOMA, June 29, 1847.—Last evening I was introduced to Commodore Stockton, at General Vallejo's. He has just purchased a large and valuable estate near Santa Clara, and is on his way home over the mountains. Commodore Bidle, his commanding officer, says he has not granted him leave of absence, nor has he deigned to ask it. Major X— of his suite I have met often. He will call on you and give you news of us and of the country. You must remember, however, that his story is different from General Kearney's, and that the latter has the support and confidence of the largest and best portion of our community, including military and naval officers. We have heard of the capitulation of San Juan d'Ulloa, and of our army being within one day's march of the City of Mexico. Where will you find laurels sufficient to cover the victors? We have had glory enough; send us peace. Business is dull. Land speculations occupy every one's attention at present. Think of fifty vara lots (one hundred and thirty and a half feet square) in San Francisco being sold for seven hundred and fifty dollars! It seems like 1837 on a small scale. I expect to ride from forty to fifty miles to-day to reach either San Rafael or Saucelito.

NORTH BEACH, 1847. HOUSE OF JUANA BRIONES TO THE LEFT.
(CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

Sitting Bull has made overtures to this Government for permission to return and make his home with us once more, but it has been pointed out to him that race prejudices are pretty strong among the Palefaces, and for the present it would be better for him to remain across the border. To this he is understood to have replied that he and his constituents are no worse than Kearney and his merry-men—whom, with doubtful taste and imperfect respect, he describes as "Irishmen not taxed." The Red Man, although the sun is his father and the mountain his brother, should not bandy words with the Great Grandmother at Washington.

Estrangement.

Only a "something light as air,"
Which never words could tell,
Yet feel you that between your lives
A cloud has strangely fell;
Though never a change in look or tone,
A change your heart is grieving;
You sentiment feel the friend you love
Has deemed you are deceiving.

A promise rashly given has bound
Your lips the truth to screen, *never told*
The nameless something gathers fast
As mist the hills between;
You wrap you in your cloak of pride,
The words are never spoken
That might have thrown the portal wide,
And friendship's tie is broken.

SAN JOSE, August 2, 1878.

MADGE MORRIS.

A Chinaman up in Solano County declares that if he hears any more of this "Chinese must go" nonsense he will discharge every white man in his employ. Up to the present time he hasn't heard any more, and the man who keeps the corner grocery has hung a placard in his window reading: "The Sign Language Spoken Here."

It is deferentially suggested that mining presidents and superintendents have too long been permitted to conceal the actual condition of the mines with the veil of publicity. What is needed is a law making it felony to mystify the public by free access to the mines and permission to sample ores.

A Santa Clara County coroner's jury have found that the deceased was one hundred years old, and died from causes unknown. Perhaps it was neglected by its mother.

ECHOES FROM THE ESOTERIC CLUB.—VIII.



Interlocutors.—URSUS, POLYGLOT, VIVID, AGRESTIS, ATOM.

URSUS.—I agree with Polyglot, that discussion on the subject of the immortality of the soul—or, as I should prefer to state it, the possibility of a continuation of individual existence after physical dissolution—is altogether vain and unprofitable. To begin with, the question can never be determined. I don't see that the problem is a whit clearer, or that our knowledge in regard to it is greater, than it was when Cicero and his friends talked it over at his villa, or when Job dubiously asked: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Polyglot.—Nay, not dubiously. It is clear that he believed death to be the end. He longed for it as a dreamless sleep, a rest untroubled by consciousness. "For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest." "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." "For now shall I sleep in the dust; and thou shalt seek me in the morning; but I shall not be." "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness."

Vivid.—Those are weird and powerful strains. The author of them was assuredly one of the grandest of poets.

Polyglot.—It can not be gainsaid. But it is equally clear that he had no belief in the prolongation of individual existence beyond the grave.

Vivid.—To that I oppose an unhesitating *negatur*. The piece is a dramatic poem. Job, Zophar, Bildad, and Eliphaz are as truly *dramatis personae* as "Hamlet" and "Polonius," "Othello" and "Iago." It would be the height of absurdity to hold a dramatic author responsible for the sentiments he puts into the mouths of his characters. It is in the nature of things impossible that he should agree with all of them when they differ diametrically, as the interlocutors in the drama of Job do. Eliphaz attacks Job very much as our modern Doctors of Divinity have attacked Ingersoll. As King James' translators express it in their head lines, he "reproveh Job for want of religion." Bildad follows in a similar strain: "How long wilt thou speak such things? and how long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind?" As for Zophar, he waxes positively abusive: "Should not the multitude of words be answered, and should a man full of talk be justified? Should thy lies make men hold their peace, and when thou mockest shall no man make thee ashamed?" And Job's language, when the controversy waxes warm, is not a whit more parliamentary: "Ye are forgers of lies; ye are all physicians of no value."

Polyglot.—And the tone of the theological discussion does not appear to have perceptibly improved since Job's time. But to come back to the point: I said the author of Job had no belief in immortality, and cited the language of the chief character in the drama in proof of it. Vivid replies that the other interlocutors contradict the one whom I quoted. I rejoin that they do not contradict him *on that point*. There is nothing in the whole poem—no word uttered by any of the speakers—to indicate a belief in a future life.

Vivid.—Again I say, *Negatur*. What can you make of the famous and most wonderful passage in which Eliphaz speaks of his "vision of the night," but a clear intimation of spiritual existence?

URSUS.—I fail to see the relevancy of all this. If the book of Job is a dramatic poem, what value in this discussion is to be attached to the opinions put into the mouths of the characters? They have no weight except what they may possess intrinsically as arguments; and they are not arguments at all, any more than Cicero's rhapsody about the "glorious day when he shall depart to join the divine congregation of spirits." I don't remember the words of the original, and possibly my rendering is inexact.

Polyglot.—It is, as you say, a mere rhapsody: *O preclarum diem, cum ad id divinum concilium ceterumque animarum proficiscar!* What an overated fellow that same Cicero has been all these generations! A mere wind-bag, a dealer in words and phrases and high-sounding declamation. Demosthenes was eloquent. There is sense, and pith, and manly force in his orations. But the "eloquence" of the Roman was mere rhetoric, and his "philosophy" a feeble, diletant echo.

URSUS.—I always secretly regarded him as a verbose spouter, from the time my soul was first vexed by the attempt to construe: *Quousque Catalina abutere nostra patientia?* etc. But as I was not then the member of an esoteric club, I sagaciously kept that and other heresies to myself.

Agrestis.—Somehow, we do not seem to take hold of the question of the evening. All that has been said so far is purely discursive.

Polyglot.—Because there are no data for argument, and perhaps, also, because there is a general feeling that it is not "a live topic." For my part, I acknowledge that I take no interest in it. Wordsworth's "Recluse" very well describes my mental attitude on the subject:

"For I, without reluctance, could decline
All act of inquisition whence we rise,
And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become;
Here we are, in a bright and breathing world!
Our origin, what matters it?"

And I will further acknowledge that the idea of an unconscious rest at the termination of this life is more attractive to my mind, at least in most of its moods, than that other idea of continued consciousness under new conditions:

"If I must take my choice between the pair
That rule alternately the weary hours,
Night is than day more acceptable; sleep
Doth in my estimate of things appear
A better state than working; death than sleep.
Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
Though under covert of the wormy ground."

And I can moreover affirm, as a fact of my individual experience, that even in my earliest youth, a season when the ideas of death and annihilation are most dreadful and abhorrent—

"Those dark, impervious shades that hang
Upon the region whither we are bound
Never weighed so heavily upon my mood
As to exclude the power to enjoy
The vital beams of present sunshine."

Atom.—After the period of middle age, I think the majority of men do not shrink from the idea of ceasing to exist as a repulsive one. It then generally becomes, at worst,

"A thought which may be faced, though comfortless."

The old Pagans, a sound, healthy-minded set, did not bother themselves much about death and the hereafter. They enjoyed life, I fancy, much more keenly than we do:

"Were humbly thankful for the good
Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
Bestowed; were gladsome, and their moral sense
They fortified with reverence for the gods."

I know that Wordsworth says, "They had hopes that overstepped the grave," but if they had, such hopes had no very large part in their lives or feelings.

Polyglot.—Henry Ward Beecher says that Bryant's "Thanatopsis" is a Pagan poem. His language is: "A sweeter Pagan song was never sung." And then, by way of showing the superiority of Christian poetry, he reads Dr. Watts' hymn, "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!" Well, "Thanatopsis" is Pagan; nearly all the true poetry, the tender poetry, that has ever been written—to say nothing of the great poetry—is Pagan in the same sense. Burns, Beranger, and most of the sweet singers of modern times, are as thoroughly Pagan in their songs as Sappho or Anacreon. And it must be so in the nature of things. For to be wholesome-minded and human, without morbidness, is to be Pagan. Some one has said—and there is a volume of meaning in the apothegm: "Paganism is simply humanity unspoiled by Christianity." What a fine, pure Pagan feeling runs through Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter!" The old miller himself is a magnificent Pagan—though he doubtless never suspected it:

"I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkle round his eyes?
The slow, wise smile that round about
His dusty forehead dryly curled,
Seemed half within and half without
And full of dealings with the world."

Vivid.—I can see nothing distinctively Pagan in that. It is simply a graphic picture of a not-uncommon type of man.

Polyglot.—Wait a minute:

"In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old silver cup—
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
His memory scarce can make me sad."

That is intensely human, without a suggestion of morbidness, without a hint of any need, of any quality, or of any feeling that is not natural and earthly. Therefore, it is Pagan in Beecher's sense. Can you conceive of that miller as singing Dr. Watts' hymns? Can you conceive of him as "telling his religious experiences?" or as having any spiritual megrims? or as being distressed about "the state of his soul?" On the other hand, can you conceive of him as a hypocrite, or a sneak, or as doing a mean or unmanly thing? Of course you can't. His "soul" is

"So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,"

that even thoughts of death and the grave associated with his memory bring no sadness. That, I say, is distinctively Pagan.

Vivid.—You appear to me to have a peculiar idea of what constitutes Paganism. I fear it is only when viewed from a great distance and through a poetical haze that it will appear the charming thing you paint it. Your process is a most amazing one. You take all the fairest natural attributes of man as man, group them together, and glorify them as Pagan attributes. Then you segregate all the weaker and meaner characteristics of man—characteristics, mind you, which have belonged to all races of men in all ages, under all conditions of creed and culture—and by plain implication you call them Christian attributes. Paganism, I take it, is a deification of nature; and all crimes, and vices, and abominations are common to man in a state of nature unrestrained by religion. Talk about Pagan purity! You are a scholar and are familiar with Juvenal. Tell me if Paul's fearful picture of Pagan morality in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans is any stronger or more repulsive than that drawn in the Satires. You have read the history of the ancient nations. Tell me, if in any of them, under the "sound, and wholesome" Pagan beliefs, the masses were as virtuous as those of the most priest-ridden community in Christendom?

Polyglot.—This is not reasoning; it is declamation. You propound interrogatories, and afford no opportunity for reply.

Atom.—It is one of Vivid's "brilliant flashes of silence." This sounds like old times. You have waked him up at last. Don't you see, man, that he doesn't hear a word you say? You might as well try to dam Niagara as to stop him now.

Vivid.—What conception had the noblest and most elevated Pagans, equal in its effect for good on the human race, to the Christian conception of one God, the Father of the whole family of men, and of one law of universal love, transcending all bonds of country, tribe, or family?

Polyglot.—If you will allow me to squeeze in a word or two edgewise, I will tell you.

Vivid.—Can you tell me the origin of the idea of the moral brotherhood of man? Dare you deny that it is exclusively due to religious development? Is not modern humanitarianism, in all its manifold forms, with its vast outgrowth of benevolent institutions, its associations for ameliorating the condition of the human family, and even of the brute creation—is not all this the product of Christian civilization?

Polyglot.—It is the product of civilization; of the increase and diffusion of knowledge. It is humanitarian, not ecclesiastical. Crusades, inquisitions, *autos da fe*, religious wars, persecution, pilgrimages to holy shrines, winking and weeping virgins—you may legitimately claim these as the development of Christian ecclesiasticism.

Vivid.—There is no word for "home" in any but the Christian languages.

Polyglot.—What do you mean by "the Christian languages," I wonder? How would you translate *domum adire*, and *res angusta domi*?

Atom.—The last is not a good instance, most learned Polyglot. In the language of Touchstone, I demand "a more sounder instance." *Res angusta domi* is simply "poverty," as I have been taught; "straitened circumstances," whether at home or abroad.

Vivid.—Home! oh, precious name; redolent of all sweet and holy, all sacred and saving associations! The institution, as well as the name, was unknown to the Pagan world. It is unknown to-day outside of Christendom.

Atom.—He pauses for breath. Now's your chance, Polyglot.

Vivid.—And Paganism is so "sound and healthy!" And religious emotion is "morbid," forsooth! Alas! is it indeed so? Is the dissatisfaction that the best of us feel with what we are, the aspiration toward something higher and better than we attain; are contrition for the past, good resolves for the future, the consciousness of sin, the yearning for pardon, the recognition in Jesus of a higher ideal than has ever before or since found realization on earth, the love of man, the fear of God—are these the offspring of disease and hypochondria? Is the untroubled, purely objective life of the "happy brutes," the highest life for man? Is self-condemnation weakness, repentance a sickly quail, and conscience a "megrims?"

"Conscience, revered and obeyed,
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And his most perfect image in the world."

Agrestis.—All this is beside the question, which thus far has been scarcely approached. Our subject to-night was the immortality of the soul, not the relative merits of Christianity and Paganism. On the former question both Christians and Pagans have been divided, for there have been sects that hold the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked. All the talk to-night has been mere skirmishing at the outposts, and I am of opinion that the law under which this discussion was appointed has not been complied with. In order to secure a less desultory treatment of the subject, I will request Vivid, at the next meeting, to open the argument in favor of a future existence, and Polyglot to follow on the other side, after which the discussion will become general. This will tend to narrow the range of conversation.

Vivid.—I think Polyglot will agree with me that he should open the debate. The side assigned him is, in reality, the affirmative.

Polyglot.—I do agree with Vivid in that view of the matter, though for a reason probably different from that he would offer. That physical dissolution terminates individual existence is the natural, spontaneous belief of all who witness the phenomenon of death. No one ever yet looked upon the lineaments of a deceased friend without a fear, if not a conviction, that all conscious existence had ended forever. All the analogies point that way. It is the fair and obvious presumption. Therefore it is a natural affirmative. The contrary proposition is a violent one, and the difficulties in the way of maintaining it are such as to entitle its advocates to the advantages supposed to belong to the negative side in an argument.

Vivid.—It is true, I should claim the negative in the discussion upon a different ground from that stated. But, as we agree in the practical conclusion, I am content.

JAMES F. BOWMAN.

The City after Midnight.

'Twas past the noon of night, and the clanging monitors in yonder towers tolled off in brazen notes as tick by tick the minutes reached to hours. The ebony wings of darkness were folded. One by one lights disappeared, and save a glimmer here and there all were gone. The few remaining convey to thoughtful minds the curse we know, When death by sio crept in. Yon attic window speaks a tale of woe Where sorrow reigns and fading hope at last expires. Why hope? Why pray? Why all these fond desires? A spirit takes its flight and leaves the senseless clay; It soars away unseen from this dark sphere to brightest day. Yonder where revelry, and song, and senseless mirth, And ribald jests, and darker deeds have birth, The flaming jets and dazzling rays of crystal chandeliers Proclaim the tree of knowledge; and 'neath its branches there appears With ripened fruit Eve's daughters tempting men, While he, the first of human kind, a willing victim falls again. The loathsome deas from whence a few faint struggling rays Creep forth, like coward thieves, their import well convey. Like the life-long prisoner's gloomy, reeking cell, It proves that even here on earth mankind may make a hell. What more? What worse? And yet the pious bid us warning take, And shun the horrors of their self-made burning lake. The city sleeps, and the drowsy watchers hourly tell The wakeful listening few that "All is well!" Those restless spirits doomed to suffer thus by an all-chastening rod Neglect to help themselves and vainly call on God. He hears their impious prayer, but haply answers not, While the poor suffering wretch believes himself forgot. He sees in darkness, and the unuttered soul-felt prayer He answers—not literal, but by the sweet assurance He is there. Who keeps these slumbering thousands? Where now are they? True, their earthly bodies rest, but their spirits soar away. In sleep we forget all, and while we slumber on our bed, What more like death? We to all worldly things are dead. A city of the living dead, who in a few brief hours may Awake to life again, and waking greet the day. But a few more nights of darkness, a few more hours of pain, And we shall sleep—perchance never to wake again.

PHILMORE.

Hell hath no fury like "the sweet girl graduate" scorned—that is to say, ignored in a report of the commencement exercises.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON BEECHER.



How the Writer's Sister came near Dying of Ennui, and the Rude Method of her Cure.—A Question as to the disposition of the Door Money at Mr. Beecher's expected Lectures.—The Writer's Discouragements in the Pursuit of Instruction and Elevating Reading Matter.—A Literary Dog of Low Taste.—Grand Lecture by the Writer's Uncle Edward on what Not to Read in the Newspapers.—Billy takes the Liberty to Wink with Disastrous Effect, etc.

The other day we had et our lunch, crab sallid, but lobster is mity nice too, I can tell you, and my mother she lay onto the sofy a sleep, cos it was a warm day, and Uncle Ned he was readin a newspaper, and my father he was doin jest nothin at all, and Missy she was at that biznice too.

And bime by Missy she spoke up and yawned, and father he said:

"My gurl, dont you konaw its implete for to yon?"

And Missy said: "Yes, poppy, but you must forgif me, for lme jest sicken tired of evry thing in this world. Sech a stoopid world I never see, and I kno I shall die of ongwec this minnit!"

Jest then Uncle Ned, wich had the paper, he began to reed very lo an soft, like to hisself:

"The follern new facks a bout the Beecher's candle case is vovch for hy Mrs. Tiltling, and we—" but Uncle Ned didnt git no further, cos Missy she jumpt up and said:

"Wots that!" and snatch the paper for to reed the rest her own selluf, and mother she rose her hed from the sofy piller and rubbed her eys wild, and Bildad, thats the new dog, wich was lyin on the rug, set up and thumped his tail, and Mose, wich is the cat, wocked out from under the pian O.

Then Uncle Ned he laughst and said:

"Missy, if you shud die of ongwec fore you find that in the paper I hope you wil forgif me with yure last breth for sayin it was there, and disturbin yure peeceef end."

Then my father he spoke up and said: "O, thats ol rite, Edard, and the rockn chairs in this house wude thank you for doin it more frequent, but for hevins sake dont disturb the end wich talks."

Yesterday Misses Pitchel, thats the preachers wife, was to our house, and sed:

"Wot a blessn that the Lord is a goin to bring Mr. Beecher to Californy."

And Uncle Ned he said: "No mom, its Tom Maguire thats doin it."

But Missis Pitchel she said: "Mister Maguire is only the humble instment of the divine wil; its the Lord wich does it for the teecebin of the peeple."

Then Uncle Ned he said a other time:

"Wel, we got to pay a doller a hed for to be tot, but taint worth while to dispute a bout who gits the money."

Jest gimme a cirkis with a ephalant, and a calown, and a lady wich can take sight a long her back, and I dont want any teechin at all, and neither does Billy.

Billy he said: "Johnny, I kanow some thing wich you dont."

And I said: "Billy, wot is it, cos I kanow how many kits Missis Doppy's ole cats got, and I kanow were ole Gaffer Peterses hens nest is, wich is more than he does, and I kanow that the ephalant is the king of beests, and I kanow that George Whashington was the father of his country and the boy that stude on the burnin deck."

Then Billy he said: "I kanow wot it was wich Beecher done."

Then I sed: "Wot?"

But Billy he wank, and sed it wasent fit for to be tole to any body, I must read it in the papers, and I woud find out all a bout it in the *Cronicle* ten collums and some concludin remarks and a editorial.

But wen I ask my mother to give me the *Cronicle* reel quick, rite a way, cos I must reed a bout Beecher, she sed:

"I think youre father has took it a way for to shafe hisself, mebbly you better ask him."

So I got a ole *Alty* and carried it to my father, wich was a smokin in the garden, and ask him wude he shafe hisself with thatn, and gimme the other so I cude read a bout Mister Beecher.

My father he looked at me a wile, and then he tuke the pipe out his mouth, and he said, my father did:

"Johnny, the subjeck naterly divides its selfel into 2 beads; ferst, wil I shave myself with the *Alty*, and, seckend, wil I let you have the *Cronicle* for a stated purpess?"

"Regardin the former I wil only say, that if you kanew yure father like a wise chile ot you mite spared his feelins the painfulness of bein ast wether he wude shafe hisself with sech a paper as has ben mensioned, as long as it was opn to him to whipe his razer into his hair, ar on Moses tail, wich is the cat.

"To the latter question I repli yes, with al my hart, certinly, to be shure, wy not, cos it is readin wich makes fokes good and smart.

"But, Johnny, lme sorry to say yure mother has took awa the *Cronicle* for to rap up Franky, thats the baby in it."

Wen I seen thay was both in a fog I went to Uncle Ned

and ast him did he hav it, cos I wanted to read a bout Mister Beecher, so I wude be good and smart.

Uncle Ned thot a wile, and then he got up and didnt say nothin but went and looked in the cole skuttle and shaked his hed.

Then he looked be hine a picter on the wall and shaked his head a other time.

Then he went to the fire place and loked up the chimmy and shaked his head like be fore.

Bime by he said: "Wot a strorny thing, wot ever has went with that paper?"

Then Uncle Ned he went out of the rume, but pretty sune he come back a shakin his hed a other time, same way, like he was sorry, and he said:

"Johnny, its jest as I speckted, Mary, thats the house maid, she has gone an giv the paper to Bildad, thats the new dog, for him to read the pound-keepers vertisements, and that animel has devoured it all with an absorbin intrest, yes, Johnny, the wrasle has went and et it!"

Wen Uncle Ned see me bust out cryin he said: "Come, now, Johnny, me an Billy an you better go for a wock to see wether them nut megs has come up wich I giv Gaffer Peters for to plant."

Wile we was a wockin, me an him an Billy, he stopt, Uncle Ned did, and said ol to once:

"Now, luke here, you little fellers, and hark to a man wich has ben in Injy and evry were.

"Wen ever you take up a daly paper for to read and git wisdomed like you ot, of corse you dont want to read it evry little bit up, clear thru, but only wot is goud.

"Wel, wen you see a article wich is long like yure leg, and has got big black aphabet letters to the top, and the lines is far apart, and the words him and her is in it all thru, wy, dont you read it, cos its ded shure to be stoopid."

Then I spoke and said wot for did my mother read them stoopid things more than any other kind. And Uncle Ned he said:

"Johnny, my lad, lme glad you hev ast that conun drum, cos it givs me opportunity for to explain a delekit matter.

"It is ol rite for yure mother to read them things, for some thing ails her, but dont you tel any body, I aint wispered it to a soul but you boys.

"My lads, its a sad and sollem trooth that yure mother is affikted with the spirrit of inquiry!"

Then I busted out agin, but he said: "Dri yure eys, Johnny, mebbly she wil liv thru it, tho its mostly fadle, I con fess.

"But them rticles like we was speakn of in the papers: you see taint no use for you to read em cos thay aint made for to be under stood, lots of things in em wich no body dont kano wot means only jest the fellers wich rwote em.

"Billy, you notty boy, dont you know it is wicked for to wink?"

Then Billy he said: "Pleas Uncle Ned its a nat flue in my eye."

And jest then Bildad, thats the new dog, wich et the paper, and Mose, wich is the cat, thay come up, like to hear wot more Uncle Ned had got for to say, but a other nat got in Billy's eye and he wank so fast and fewrquis that the meetin was broke up in disorder!

A Flower for a Friend.

I can not give you roses,
Cream white or crimson hued,
With virgin love pale blushing,
Or passion's glow imbued;
The blind god, Cupid, keeps them still
For those that bend them to his will.

I can not give you lilies,
Too pure and cold are they;
Their stainless, fragrant whiteness
In dear dead hands we lay;
Emblems of faith and heaven, they bloom
By the dark doorway of the tomb.

No orange bloom I'll gather;
Another hand than mine
Shall crown you with its blossoms
And think you all divine.
Let that one flower be still untrod
Until we say, "God bless the bride!"

Forget-me-not is tender,
But touched with doubting pain;
Leave that for parting lovers
Who pray to meet again.
See! on the blue-eyed flower this dew,
Poor, wounded Love, it weeps for you.

I would not give you violets;
Each fragrant, purple leaf,
A sad and chastened spirit,
Breathes out its soul in grief.
Lay them upon the widow's heart,
For memories sweet, to ease its smart.

I do not bring you daisies;
Half hidden in the grass,
They romp with shine and shadow,
While warm winds kiss and pass.
Where in their leaves they play "ho-peep,"
Leave them for children's hands to reap.

I bring you only pansies,
Dark, dewy, as your eyes,
Hiding in all their beauties
Some ever fresh surprise;
But constant through the changing year,
In sun and rain—like you, my dear.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1878. FLORENCE SIDNEY SMITH.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, August 4, 1878.

Cantaloup.
Green Corn Soup.
Boiled Fresh Cod. Mashed Potatoes.
Beefsteak a la Bordelaise. Spring Beans. Cauliflower.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.
Cream Meringue.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Gages, Apricots, and Grapes.
To MAKE CREAM MERINGUE.—Put into a pint of sweet milk the thin rind of a lemon and five bitter almonds. Boil three minutes, and place where it will not be reduced, but will keep hot, until sufficiently flavored. Sweeten it with three ounces of lump sugar. When dissolved, strain and mix the milk with half a pint of cream; then stir the whole gradually to the well-beaten yolks of six fresh eggs, and thicken like boiled custard. Put when cold into a deep dish. Beat to a solid froth the whites of six eggs, mix them with five tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, and spread evenly over the custard. Set at once into a moderate oven, bake half an hour, and serve immediately.

A CALIFORNIAN GIRL AT THE PARIS FETE.



The day before the fête one was constantly running into people, whose eyes were fixed anxiously upon the clouds. I wonder if the Bonapartists wished for a storm. Their papers had sneered about the fête for weeks before, and they would have had a fine opportunity to display their wit and sarcasm had the day turned out badly. The malicious *Figaro* did try so very hard to find something to object to. The Bonapartists haven't had a very pleasant time of it so far. They predicted that there would be no fête, and said there was no day to commemorate which was not black with murder and bloodshed; but France arose superior to the difficulty, and chose a fair, clean, new day, that was an anniversary of nothing. They declared that the republic was too young and too poor to celebrate it properly, and last night, with its brilliant illuminations, its wild gayety and noisy patriotism, was a good answer to the controversy. The Tuileries gardens became fairyland. Arch after arch of gas-jets glittered away into dim prospective. At one place a red light would brighten the sky, giving a strange, unearthly glow to the trees, and people from all parts of the garden would run toward it, like needles to a magnet. Then it would die out, and a green light blaze forth somewhere else; away rushed the crowd, as if drawn by invisible strings. The Seine was beautiful. Its dark, calm surface was dotted with red and blue lights, which cast long, trembling reflections into the water. Long, narrow streets led away into the distance like torchlight processions. The towers of Notre Dame rose tall and grand against the sky, which looked cool and gray in contrast with the brilliant scene below. How different was this fête from any I have ever seen at home—no fights, no rows, no angry words, nothing but laughter and light-hearted merriment. The man who, in any other country, would become riotous and drunken, and find himself in charge of the government next morning, here took his wife and babies along with him, and was gayly, enthusiastically happy in a manner delightful to look upon. One poor tired fellow, staggering along under the weight of two happy wide-awake children, very naturally grumbled a little; his wife, a bright, chipper little body, was heard to exclaim cheerily: "Ah, we are amusing ourselves! We're not going home till one o'clock." Paterfamilias shook his head despondently, and staggered on. Another father led his little girl by the hand; she had lost her shoe, and was limping and crying pitifully; but the noise of the crowd and her father, loudly singing the Marseillaise, drowned her baby voice. Everybody seemed to be amusing themselves, from the great folks riding carriages to the little *gamins*, happy over a fire-cracker. A friend of mine passed one of the chambermaids of his hotel on the stairs, beaming with smiles and fluttering with anticipations and ribbons. "Ah," said she to him, in her pretty French, "there is no one like me for love of country; I shall see all the illuminations!" I asked our garçon, Jules, next day, how he enjoyed the fête? He sighed, saying, "I had but one hour of it, mademoiselle." Gayety reigned supreme in the Latin Quartier. I hardly believe there was a window, however near the clouds, that had not its lantern and flag, and very likely the owner went without his dinner to purchase them. One little garret window near here, that could not possibly be seen from any street, and looked out upon the roofs and back courts of other houses, sparkled brilliantly with lights and flags and evergreen—a shining star of patriotism. I saw a deformed girl, Saturday evening, limping cheerfully home, her pale face beaming with smiles, her weak arms filled with flags and lanterns. Perhaps that little window belongs to her, and her artistic fingers arranged the flags and hung the evergreen. Her father, brother, some one dear to her, may have lost his life for the republic, and she, in her garret window, lights a lantern to his memory. The happy-go-lucky students hung up their palettes, threw aside their scalpels, forgot their compasses and modeling tools, and entered heart and soul into the sport. They wore neckties of, and tricked out their hats with the national colors. They formed little processions, and carried lanterns hanging aloft on the ends of their canes. They sheltered their gayly dressed lady loves with umbrellas, from every point of which hung a lantern. They laughed and joked amongst each other, and sang the Marseillaise with fresh young hearty voices. Crowds of people sat around the little tables in front of the cafés, and clinked their glasses and clapped their hands, joining in the song. Omnibuses rattled by, fluttering with flags and fireworks spurring from the knife-boards; passengers caught up the air, singing as they passed. One place, where the crowd was dense, a rollicking fellow, overcome by patriotism and the generous wines of France, sang the Marseillaise loudly, and enthusiastically kept time upon his neighbor's back. I saw many a good-looking fellow with an American flag in his button-hole, and the dear old stars and stripes waved forth from many a window—a delicate compliment from a sister republic.

PARIS, July, 1878.

ISABEL OSBOURNE.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

On the fifth page we print the first of a series of articles from the pen of Mr. James C. Ward—being extracts from letters written in 1847-48, and illustrated by drawings made by Mr. Ward at the time. We think the narrative a most charming one, and intensely interesting, not only to those of our readers conversant with California in the olden times, but also to the more recent comers. The correspondence on the first page concerning the Chinese problem is something that should be carefully and dispassionately read.

Mr. Clitus Barbour is not altogether wrong when he declares that if an error of a word in the law that licenses bankers shall authorize them to avoid the payment of \$40,000 to the city treasury, and to that extent shirk the responsibility of government, the workmen will be justified in sending their own men to make laws, and to elect their own men as executive officers to enforce them. The discovery of this technical error is attributable to the astuteness and research of ex-Governor Burnett, President of the Pacific Bank. This gentleman has held the highest executive office in our State. He has been honored with places of emolument. God (as he believes) has blessed him with wealth. For thirty years at least, he has been well fed, well housed, well clad. He has escaped the primal curse of labor. In his luxurious bank parlor, on his cushioned easy chair, he hires out his money at usury. He is the head of a large and highly respectable family, whose welfare is involved in the preservation of order and good government. He is (we believe) the president and managing trustee of a corporation having under its control a million of money. His home and his bank are guarded by the police. His business controversies are settled in the courts. His children (if he is not too devout a Roman Catholic) are educated in the public schools. He is a humane man, and would not have our hospitals discontinued. He would have our sewers flushed, that his family may escape typhoid fevers. He would have our parks watered and improved, for there he drives his carriage. His bank and private residence are protected by our fire department. As a business man, he recognizes the necessity of revenue to support government. As a Christian gentleman, a man of honor, he knows that this duty devolves upon all according to their means. Yet he finds a technical excuse for the avoidance of his duty as a citizen, a gentleman, and a Christian. He refuses to pay a license for his bank, when he knows that the man who owns a horse and dray, or express wagon, must pay; and the toiling woman, who fights the wolf from her door with a sewing-machine, must also pay. It is just such conduct as this, on the part of the rich, that arouses the just resentment of the poor. If rich men, in defiance of duty, shall employ their money to avoid their share of the responsibilities and burdens of organized society, they must not be surprised that brute force will counsel with passion, and organize in a rude way to correct wrongs of which it alone feels the injustice. We hope our bankers are generous and magnanimous enough not to follow the example of the Pacific Bank in invoking a technical error to avoid the payment of a just municipal tax.

Wealth has its duties and its responsibilities. One duty is to live well, to spend money, to build palatial residences, to drive elegant equipages, to dress, dine, keep servants, go to operas, give balls and banquets, buy jewels, and distribute generously. The more money that is spent the better. Luxury and extravagance are only other names for charity and generosity. The rich man who builds a gorgeous house, fills it with servants, and keeps one or more expensive establishments, we admire. The rich man who is economical and prudent, who lives moderately, and does not spend his money, we rate as a miser and usurer, as a selfish being who

does no good. The more generous and extravagant rich man, who lives high, eats well, and drinks well, is more apt to die soon and distribute his wealth. This is good. The economical and prudent rich man is liable to live to an extravagant old age, and to cumber the earth for a long time with his vices of sobriety, temperance, economy, thrift, and accumulation. This is bad. Every rich man ought to keep fast horses and bet on them; ought to gamble in stocks; ought to get intoxicated every day at his own table. But these are not his only duties. There are other duties that he owes to organized society, and that he owes to his fellow-men. These duties are reciprocal. The man worth a million never sits upon a jury; he is never summoned in time of trouble upon the *posse comitatus*; he is never drafted in time of war; he is never chosen as judge or inspector of election; he never joins the volunteer militia; he never goes to the Legislature, or Board of Supervisors, or becomes a member of the Board of Education. These duties are performed by the great middle class of society. Still, he, more than any other individual, enjoys the protection of organized government; he has more property to protect, more rights to guard, and more lives to lose; hence, in our judgment, he should perform the duties of his station. He should charge himself with thinking for those who can not think; he should give employment to those who have not the brains to find it; he should manufacture, build, engage in industrial enterprises. In self-defense he should see that no honest worker is unemployed. There should be around him no empty stomachs if he can avoid it. He should educate the children of the poor; he should establish technic schools; he should administer his wealth—in part at least—as a trust; he should hedge himself round with a prosperous community; he should pay his taxes, and not seek to evade the responsibilities of his position; he should make his will and handsomely endow some institution for the public good, and then he should either die early, or, having relinquished his desire for accumulation, live a life of generous expenditure. As a matter of course, his sons and daughters will amount to but little, and this is well. The chances are that the sons of this rich man will become either profligates or milk-sops. They will grow up either without restraint or they will have too much. If they have too little they will be wild—spendthrifts and debauchees. If they are good and obedient they will be educated at home by private masters, abroad at Heidelberg or Oxford, and will, in idle worthlessness, enjoy their inherited estates. The daughters will be put up at lottery to other rich men's sons. We know the number of blanks and prizes in this game of matrimony. We of the middle class are holding the fort between the villeins of the sandlot and the barons of the hills. Upon the great, intelligent, middle class devolves the duty of maintaining government and social order. There are two vicious elements—two dangerous powers—in society. One is the very rich, and the other the vicious poor. The first is indifferent; the second is desperate. The first is above the law; the second sets it at defiance. The first shrinks its duties and shirks its responsibilities; the second transcends its rights, and in its insolence grasps at remedies that are revolutionary. The first will not vote; the second votes often. The first hides its money in cowardly fear of its loss; the second refuses to labor, and strikes for reduced time and higher wages. The first occupies our courts in settling its disputes, and subjects the community to heavy taxation to maintain the machinery to arbitrate concerning its wealth; the other demands the establishment of a costly police to keep it in subjection to the law. The first combines, and by hiring attorneys learned in the law, by technicalities and subtle subterfuges, evades the payment of taxes; the other has nothing to tax. Thus the burdens of government fall upon the middle class. It is ground between the upper and nether millstones—corporate wealth and selfish greed at the top; poverty, crime, and discontent at the bottom.

I live in the suburb of the city; have lived in the same house twenty-three years. My neighbors are, many of them, poor, industrious workmen, who would gladly toil for two dollars per day. They have families, wives, and children dependent upon their daily labor for their daily bread. Last winter I went to the Legislature and asked for an appropriation for Lobos Square, in order to give my neighbors work. The work is the shoveling and removal of sand. The delegation promptly acted, and \$30,000 was appropriated for it. Senator Rogers was especially active in passing the bill. After the act had passed I found that it was exceptional in this, viz: it took the whole control of the work away from the Board of Supervisors and gave it to the Superintendent of Streets. I came to San Francisco and urged Mr. Manzer to begin the work. My neighbors were pressing and anxious for employment. Again, and again, I interviewed the Street Superintendent, and urged him to diligence in setting the work on foot. I was met by excuses and delays. "The bill had not come down." "The survey had not been made." "The grade had not been established." "There was no money in the treasury." I offered to remove all these obstacles—the last by placing \$30,000 in the Bank of California to the credit of the work, and wait reimbursement by the city. Still the matter hung fire. The Legislature

adjourned, and then for the first time I found that Senator Rogers was to superintend the work. I urged him to begin, and he hung fire. In June a stable was constructed at the corner of Green and Octavia Streets. Rumor said it belonged to Senators Rogers and Nunan. Rumor said, also, that these two Senators were to handle this money. In July, from this stable there came horses and carts to do this work. I saw eight carts at work, with eleven men. There was no room for carts and horses. They were in each other's way, and unemployed. The labor could be better done by men and hand-carts. These horses and carts work eight hours per day. The pay is four dollars. The pay goes to horses that ought to go to men; money is expended for hay and oats that ought to go for bread and meat. The horses are owned, as I am informed, by two Senators—two legislators who passed the law—ex-Senator Rogers and ex-Senator Edward Nunan. My neighbors think the work is improperly and extravagantly done; that five thousand dollars honestly given to men with hand-carts and wheelbarrows, with ten hours labor, would move more sand than the \$15,000 that is to be expended this year. My neighbors think there is a job in this thing, and that there are two ex-Senators in it. My neighbors are indignant, and the poor laborers who need this work, and who think themselves more deserving than a politician's horse, have asked me to write about it, and I have done so, in the hope that this business is on the square, and, if not on the square, that some way will be found to arrest the crime before all the money is squandered on these ex-Senators' horses. My neighbors are very good people, and have never been guilty of incendiary speech or riotous conduct, and they despise those demagogues who would incite insurrection against the law; but they hate and denounce intriguing and heartless politicians who would steal the bread from the mouths of willing workers, that they may live in idleness and ease. I agree in opinions with my neighbors, that this matter should be inquired into. P.

A serious charge is that made under oath by Messrs. Spaulding, Pinney, and Crawford, against Mr. E. W. Burr, President of the Clay Street savings bank. Mr. Burr is an old resident of San Francisco, and is the executive officer of a bank holding some \$12,000,000 of the people's money in trust. The charge against him is that he loaned from the bank to certain navy contractors hundreds of thousands of dollars upon naval pay-certificates, which he was informed were worthless as security; that he knew the borrowers were engaged in mining stock speculations; and that, secretly and without the knowledge of his co-directors, he received from the borrowers five per cent., which he appropriated to his personal use. No more serious accusation can be brought against a person holding a fiduciary trust. If it is true, Mr. Burr is guilty of a most heinous crime; if it is untrue, he is the victim of a criminal conspiracy. That he loaned the money, we know; that he took navy pay-certificates as collateral, we know; that the bank lost \$240,000 we also know. Mr. Burr will, at his convenience—and that should be very soon—make a full explanation of this business. He owes it to his own good name; he owes it to depositors and stockholders in his bank; he owes it to the community in which he has lived for nearly thirty years, and which has honored him by its confidence as mayor and banker. Until he makes that explanation—if in reasonable time—it is proper that the public should suspend its opinion and that the press should be silent. The trial in the United States court in which this testimony was brought out resulted in the acquittal and honorable discharge of William B. Carr from any complicity with Mr. Pinney in these money transactions.

If the ARGONAUT had been Governor of California, and Mayor of San Francisco, and there had come to our shores from the Empire of China, on its way to our national capital, an accredited diplomatic commission, charged with representing an imperial dynasty 4,000 years old, a population numbering 400,000,000 of people, a civilization like that of the Chinese Empire, and a commerce as rich as that of Asia—a nation with whose officials we have serious questions to consider and determine—we should have paid it some marked and special attention. We should not fear to have compromised our personal dignity by polite and courteous attentions to the minister and suite of this barbaric power. We should have delighted to show to this heathen magnate the superior courtesy of our Christian training, and to have demonstrated to his darkened intellect the chivalrous and polite deportment that so eminently distinguishes us of the Western and higher civilization. But then we should not anticipate being a candidate for re-election to the office of Governor of California, or Mayor of San Francisco.

The "National," or Greenback, party is a growing power. Peter Cooper is its corner-stone. Its organ, *The Advocate*, has the largest circulation of any paper in America. Clubs are forming in every State. It will make a formidable contest at the next presidential election. National paper currency, and plenty of it, is the leading plank of its platform, and the panacea proposed for the hard times. The official designation of this new political organization is the "National Labor League."

PRATTLE.



We read of hot weather in the Mississippi Valley, performing drowsy purrs of satisfaction with our better climate. This comes of imperfect reflection. Did not the heat in St. Louis knock over a newspaper "humorist?" When

has our mild temperature done as much for us? Have we not newspaper "humorists" by companies and regiments, delivering ghastly grins and voluble cackles, baring snaggy teeth, agitating dirty shirt-fronts, and telling us this elaborate performance is wit? A few have been hanged, a few have gone to the State prison; but as a rule the "humorist" has too little respect for human life to die, and for the comforts of home to go abroad. Nothing can abate the gelid rigor of his effrontery but a climate that will drop him in his tracks.

Lo! "humor" penetrates the air,
As frost in regions polar,
To make us at each breath aware
Of every hollow molar.

Remark, good Satan, we entreat,
The freezing up of laughter;
Advance us ten degrees of heat,
Deducting them hereafter.

The "funny man" now rules the roast
In letters—pray thee take him,
And singe, and stew, and boil, and toast,
And fry, and grill, and bake him.

Speaking at the dinner given him by the Carlton Club, Lord Beaconsfield described Mr. Gladstone as a "sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination." This terrible indictment may not "live as long as the language," but it cannot be entirely forgotten while the affectation of polysyllabic volubility dominates the vituperative vocabulary determining the ambidextrous applicability of its characteristically convertible equivalents.

Dr. Shorb having resigned his commission as Surgeon-General of the State militia considerable public solicitude is felt for the warriors who may be disabled in the next parade. The chaplain of the forces piously suggests that they receive the prayers of the church, but the commander-in-chief, with the coarse, practical wisdom distinguishing the man of action, favors putting their heads under a pump. The effect of this heroic treatment would depend somewhat on the manner of man at the pump-handle; if he should be a person of sense and patriotism the prayers would be all the more necessary, for he would assuredly drown every mother's son of them.

Bismarck and Grant, in friendly chat,
Considered gravely this and that.
Each gave his own peculiar twist—
Republican or Monarchist—
To everything discussed, and bent,
To match his bias, each event.
Said Bismarck: "Things are looking dark
O'er there since Kearny made his mark."
"All bright o'er here, I hope, Herr Bismarck,"
Said Grant, "since Nobel made his mark."
Both laughed, and both resumed, as one:
"Tis plain there's nothing to be done
Save listen to these beggars' cries,
But kill the rascals if they rise."
What! Nothing? Why, we here discuss
The plan of letting them kill us!

One day last week a journalist of this city was severely beaten for something—I do not know what—that had appeared in a newspaper with which he is connected. As it is not my habit to discuss in print matters that are to receive judicial investigation, I find it entirely easy to accomplish a forbearance that others have failed to achieve. But without reference to this particular case I beg leave to state, in the character of an expert who has a practical acquaintance with both methods of redress, that it is more agreeable to a journalist to be shot than beaten. This serious objection to the former method is, it seems to me, more than counterbalanced by considerations of safety to the avenger, who is commonly an extremely prudent man; for if the victim of the fist or bludgeon choose to prosecute his assailant that gentlemen will almost certainly be sharply reprimanded, and if very wealthy may even be fined; whereas there is no recorded instance of punishment for shooting a newspaper man. The restrictions of the game-law do not apply to this class of game. The newspaper man is a bird that is always in season; sportsman and pot-hunter alike may with assured impunity crack his bones with a bullet, or fill his skin with buck-shot, compiling his carcass in a bag and exposing it for sale. Whether his female and young are protected by statute I do not know, but should suppose they would be considered sufficiently protected by the liberty to kill him.

I am quite serious in the statement that nobody in the United States has ever been hanged for killing a journalist; public opinion will not permit it, and if there is any one who is committed to that mangy-dogma, *vox populi vox Dei*, it is your journalist. I am myself but indifferently reverent of

public opinion, but in this particular I maintain its righteousness because it so accurately squares with my strongest propensity. I am sure I never saw a journalist without secretly wishing to kill him; equally sure I was never seen by any without him wishing to kill me. This kind of feeling between persons who so perfectly understand one another's merits and deserts can not be altogether wrong. Being natural, necessary, and intelligent, it must be altogether right. Moreover, it is universal, which is better. That it commonly exists as a mere tender sentiment, begetting no action, is nothing; so do some of the most radiant virtues that distinguish the good and great from the mean and base—as compassion for the poor and ambition to subdue a stage-robber.

After all, there is a certain rough justice tempering the terrors of even the cruellest practices. The bull in the arena, his shoulders gay with inserted flags, is permitted to add festoons of human entrail if he can; and although the American public will not deny itself the pleasing pageant of some blameless citizen accomplishing serpentine contortions under the editorial pen, neither will it inhibit the flight of the blithe bullet through the editorial body. It is a good-natured public, easily amused, or, if offended by the bloody blundering of some

"unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,"

quite as easily appeased. It were ungracious in us, "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," to complain of our "dreadful trade" and its hard conditions, when our fatal mistakes are as avidly relished and sincerely applauded as any shining conquest of our most consummate art.

I am almost ashamed to confess that my thesaurus of obituary poesy contains, this week, no gem of lustre superior to this:

"Softly the church bells were tolling
When dear little Sammy was born,
And as purely and calmly he left us;
Our darling, our pride, and our joy."

These are not lustrous lines; their penury of rhyme alone would condemn them. Compared with some of the crystals of the early Pickeringian period their luculence is as the ghostly glimmer of a dead fish in the moonlight to the beamy dazzle of a toper's noonday nose. I hope somebody will die next week whose decease will be so poignantly regretted as to inspire a more moving strain.

While on the subject of obituary literature—a theme that always brings out my tenderest emotions, like the appetizing odor of toasted cheese eliciting rats from their holes—I may mention with admiration, unmixt, I hope, with envy, that the *Bulletin* is the pioneer in a field of literary endeavor not hitherto explored, but promising romantic adventure and abundant profit. The discovery of the Political Obituary is indeed a feat rivaling in splendor and magnitude Raleigh's failure to find El Dorado, and Ponce de Leon's abandonment of the search for the Fountain of Youth. I venture reverently to quote: "Our departed friend was therefore from education a Democrat of the school of Jefferson, and never swerved from his political bias, although he was keen enough to realize, and frank enough to acknowledge, the great mistakes which have been committed by his party from time to time during the last thirty years." This is "improving the occasion" to "get a lick in" at the Democrats, certainly, but I hope those miscreants will be still more insufferably plagued by some such inscription as this, blazoned on "our departed friends'" headstone:

"Weep not, my friends, I'm freed from gross decay,
And, purged of error, bask in endless day:
Death laid a Democrat beneath this sod,
But gave a bright Republican to God."

Said the Moon to the Earth: "You're deluded—
Your swaggering Sun is a cheat;
When my shining bulk is obtruded
I quench all his splendor and heat."

"Your power," said Earth, "is conceded
Some beams of his love to keep back;
You're looking as big, too, as he did,
But looking disgustingly black."

Made visible out of his season
By smirching superior fame,
The dunce in the day of his treason
Exposes the night of his shame.

"As a dog returneth to its vomit," saith the Scripture with magnificent coarseness, "so a fool returneth to his folly." In the "fierce light" of this splendid simile it is difficult for feeble eyes to determine if the *Bulletin* is a dog or a fool, but in the spirit of compromise let us give it the benefit of the doubt, and consider it both; for as its writers appear to think as thriftily with their bellies as honestly with their brains, their deliveries have the double character of rejected food and discredited reason. More head-strong than strong-headed, this persistent journal repews its argument on the proposition that Congress has the right to set aside our treaty with China without the consent of that Power—that "a nation parts with no element of its sovereignty by treaty with another nation." It has, moreover, the boreal impudence to adduce the instance of the Winslow Extradition matter, in which the British Legislative power modified the

conditions of a treaty which the British Executive power had concluded with us. But it prudently suppresses the facts that our Government, incensed at the breach of faith, came near breaking off diplomatic relations in consequence, and that the British Government surrendered the point at issue with something like an apology, and, ignoring the act of Parliament which had caused the entire correspondence, asked us to conclude a new treaty. But there is no *suppressio veri* or *suggestio falsi* too base for an editor who has made up his cowardly mind to piously perform whatever abominable rite the rubric of public opinion worship may prescribe.

His foot-ball conscience, tossed among men's toes,
This way and that obediently goes;
To nowhere tending and at nothing sticking,
Though moved by kicks, indifferent to kicking.

If the President should deem it necessary to recommend that Congress legislate upon the terms of the Burlingame Treaty I have the honor to suggest that his message be written on the back of the official copy (from the archives of the State Department) of one of Mr. Fish's communications to the British Foreign Office during the controversy mentioned. After the document had served its second purpose it could be relegated to its pigeon-hole, and would have an added value as a beautiful and instructive record of national consistency.

It is to be noted that this offensive doctrine of the right of a nation to cancel with its left hand the solemn obligation that it signed with its right is, in America, of purely local and contemporary growth. Until within a year it was never heard of except as a device of "perfidious Albion" in the Winslow matter. True, Congress once did (as Mr. Horace Davis had the folly to "point out") declare (under "severe provocation," as the *Bulletin* has the stupidity to confess) that certain treaties with France "were no longer obligatory on the United States." It is not the only time that Congress has practically declared war, and the "legality" of so doing may be readily conceded without reading the learned decisions of the Supreme Court thereon. But we are claiming, here in California, the moral right and present expediency of repudiating a national obligation deliberately assumed and faithfully observed by the other signatory power. And this claim we base on the ground that that power might have known, and must be assumed to have known that admirable principle of our simple system whereby our Legislature may at its sweet will upset any arrangement which our Executive may have made with the implied advice and consent of one branch of that Legislature, and the actual advice and consent of the other; and this at the dictation of something known as a popular majority. In other words, in concluding a treaty with us a foreign nation must remember at its peril that we are fools by nature and rascals by impulse.

But it is *legal*, quoth 'a! That is the misleading word that has fastened our clumsy feet in this bog. In discussion of international obligations it has neither place nor meaning. International "law" is not law; there is no tribunal for its enforcement, no penalty for its violation. It is "legal" for a nation to do whatever it dares do; "legal" for it to abstain. Whether it shall observe its agreements with others is a question of honor; whether the others shall resent its failure to do so is a question of expediency. Singly to abrogate a treaty is to declare war; the aggrieved party may accept the defiance or not. If we repudiate an undertaking with the Akhoond of Swat, the decision of our courts that it was legal to do so is exactly as relevant and valuable as the decision of his Lord Wiper of the Ineffable Nose that it was not.

A whale with a cold harpoon standing in his vitals makes himself ridiculous; his pranks are dangerous to the men in the boats, laughable to those on the ship. Underneath the foam and fury there is a certain pathos. We are in our flurry; the Chinese iron has entered our very soul. To rid ourselves of these aliens we have left no stone unturned and few unflung. We have abraded our knees and torn our hands groveling and groping for the clue that is to conduct us out of this maze. "Catching at straws," "leaning on broken reeds," "building on shifting sands"—bah! the whole battered and thin-worn mintage of spielmark metaphor occurs for passage. In plain, coarse speech, we've done our level best to beat the Johns, and they've got away with us. Disappointed, chagrined, surly under the apathy of our Eastern brethren, or stung to madness by their sneers, we have now the misfortune to have lost both judgment and dignity, and are become dangerous to ourselves and ridiculous to others. Convinced that our material welfare is owing to the dogs, we petulantly fling our reason after it, and our conscience after that. I think, my friends, we can better afford to part with our property than with our honor, though the *Bulletin* is of a different opinion. Each is sincere, because selfish: for I have no property, and the *Bulletin* has no honor.

The Boston *Herald* is cold and unloving toward those "who are as bitter against the reaping machine as against the Chinaman, spending their talent in burning; one and abusing the other." Well, there *has* been too much abuse of the reaping machine, that's a fact.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

I know you will think me a sad gad-about, dear Em, but the fact is, our stores are—some of them—such delightful places to lounge in, and why shouldn't we women be allowed to loaf in our own way, as well as the "lords of creation?" I am sure we don't do half as much mischief, as a general thing, and we get quite as much fun out of it, *n'est ce pas vrai?* Louise came in yesterday morning, bound for a day's shopping, and nothing would do but I must leave everything and go with her, and when I found that it was to include a visit to Chadbourne's, in search of furniture, I was ready enough, for I had been longing for some good excuse to go through their new place. Well, my dear, it was just charming. We began at the first floor, and went on by easy stages—on the elevator—clear to the very top, five floors, where we saw, among other things, Mr. C.'s designing young man at work on those to-be-famous lambréquins of Mrs.—well, I won't tell you the name, because I am going to tell you the price, which is to be a cool thousand a window. They are of blue satin, with flowers of satin and velvet in applique and silk embroidery, and ever so much lovely lace-work in between. Louise is refurbishing entirely this fall, and very wisely, I think, has decided on having a variety of styles instead of confining herself to one. Mr. Michaels, who is a model *elecrone*, pointed out all the newest things, and helped us wonderfully in their selection. He discourses of furniture *con amore*, and, I assure you, I felt quite wise before we left. The Eastlake, Queen Anne, and Gildowski are the three most popular styles, and one bed-room set of Queen Anne, in French walnut inlaid with marquetry, captivated me completely. The Eastlake you are familiar with, of course. I fancy Eastlake himself must look something like the fashion he has inaugurated—very square in build, somewhat stern, and full of character. The Gildowski is later than either of the others, and is best suited to ample rooms and high ceilings, for it is massive, literally as well as figuratively—a single set weighing a thousand pounds. It is a specialty with this firm. But the quaintest, prettiest thing in the way of chamber furniture is what is called the ladies' toilet chamber sets, the bureau of which has a square, hanging glass, with side stands and drawers, quite high up on both sides. In ornamentation, there seems to be a decided tendency toward marquetry, the handsomest articles, such as work-tables, buffets, bookcases, and desks, being extensively inlaid; and one of the choicest bits of imported work there was a desk of ebony and this style of finishing. A work-table of ebony, marquetry, and inlaid work of different woods, is another gem: but the loveliest thing there is a closed music-stand of ebony, with figures in bronze relief. I tried to select a desk, but, with twenty varieties to choose from, I became so bewildered I finally gave up in despair. I think things in this world ought to be so arranged that one could furnish every three or four months say, or every time anything new strikes one's fancy. There is a sense of power in the mere fact of choosing beautiful things and saying, "You may send this, and this, and this, if you please," that nine women out of ten prefer to any amount of political power. Why is this so? Give it up? So do I. There is nothing new, and there can be hardly anything richer, in the way of upholstery goods than the Turkish and Persian tapestries, and as Mr. C. always has plenty on hand already made up, it is no trouble to choose. Eastlake rockers—sensible man! no horrid points to tumble over, but the easiest of springs instead; lounges, easy-chairs, to lose yourself in after dinner, with the last new magazine or novel; divans, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The parlor set in Turkish goods and ruby velvet that stands in the window this week is for Frank Stewart, President of the First National Gold Bank of Sacramento, and displays excellent taste. Oh, yes; there is something new—the "Valley Flower," it is called. It is a satin brocade goods, in ashes of roses, with sprigs and sprays of wild flowers. The parlor set being made for Mrs. Mackintosh is one of the loveliest things you ever saw. Each piece is finished with puffings of crimson velvet, and it will be as elegant as it is costly. Mr. Michaels says they find plenty to do to keep forty workmen always busy, and then there is the house at Portland, Oregon, doing a thriving business, so it is no wonder there is never anything but smiles and good temper there, for success is a great beautifier and—well, both Mr. Chadbourne and his-chief-of-staff are as round and as rosy as winter apples. Miss Stauffer, of San José, you know, is to be married on the 5th of September to Judge Gilfoy, of Salem, Oregon, and Samuels, of the Lace House, has had the importing of some of the wedding trousseau. Now, I know you are dying to hear all about it, so I will not keep you in suspense. The first-day reception dress—for she will be married in a traveling suit—is a combination costume of corn-colored silk, known as *grain poudre*, and white brocade gauze, from Worth's. The body is quite unique, being a corselet of the silk, cut square back and front, with very small ends at the back, and ornamented by a lined bow of the same, from which the high-necked waist of brocade rises as if from under a separate boddice. The latter is made surplice neck, and trimmed, as are the plain elbow sleeves, with puffings and very wide Valenciennes lace. The underskirt is of the silk edged with a narrow pleating of the same, over which falls a shell ruffle of the gauze finished with lace, and above that still another plain ruffle. The drapery is long and flowing in front, and caught back by shells of the silk. The bride-elect is, you know, a demi-brune, slender, and exceedingly graceful, and admirably suited to carry off an elaborate toilet. Another costume is of black brocade velvet, trimmed with narrow cord fringe and heavy Turkish tassels. It is an open-coat waist, Pompadour neck, filled in with a *plastron* of plain silk, and has the long ends of the basque at the back, gathered in and finished with tassels of chenille. The overdress, which covers one side only, being fastened high up on one hip, is in the "Turkish drapery" fashion, and falls in a long, graceful sweep low on the train of plain silk. Mademoiselle Trouffé showed me some elegant cloaks Mr. Samuels brought from Paris with him. They were made by Abel, the Worth of cloak-makers, who died suddenly the other day. Mr. Samuels, chancing to be the only San Francisco merchant on the spot, purchased the most of the stock. They are of camel's hair, or cashmere, and are all modifi-

cations of the Dolman (only Mademoiselle Trouffé says we must not say Dolman any more), and trimmed with lace, passementerie and beads. Abel was a genuine artist, and would draw a design for your cloak or mantle right before your eyes, while you were giving him your order; and, as he, like Shakspeare, never repeated himself, the consequence is that no two garments are ever exactly alike. An ermine cloak from Worth is something in the same form, and is lined with peach-colored plush and edged with quillings of silk of the same color; it may be worn either side out, and is only \$400. A white cashmere, lined and embroidered with blue, and trimmed with pearl-beaded lace and swan's down and feathers, is less expensive, but very handsome. I happened in just in time to assist at the opening of some new morning wrappers that were just too sweet for anything. Some were of ceru camel's hair with *jabots* of lace and cardinal bows; others of blue silk serge, made with the "Watteau" fold in the back, and ornamented with Torchon lace. To wear with them were the daintiest of breakfast caps, of every shape, color, and material—*crêpe lisse*, muslin, silk—and, prettiest among them, a Turkish silk of pale blue and gold arabesque design, and made exactly like a gentleman's smoking cap, only that instead of a tassel to hang at one side, there was a long end of the silk fringed out, and a bordering of *crêpe lisse* where it rested on the hair. The "Charlotte Corday" in print *bourelle* gauze, and the "Italian peasant" of white muslin, are very pretty also. You have heard of the rainbow trimming that Worth is using so extensively, and that is to be the rage this coming season. It consists of a fine silk cord, in which, as in the beads to be used with it, the predominating color is golden, although every other color is combined, making a tint describable only by the term "rainbow." The cord is put on like braiding, the beads following every turn, so that the effect is of beaded embroidery. The most unique application of it is on the front of the corsage, which must be long and pointed, *à la Rubens'* portraits in the Louvre. *En passant*, the extreme of the mode in Paris will be, this winter, the looped-up over-skirt of the same period. But, if I run on at this rate, I shall leave myself no time to tell you of anything else; and, really, although the cry is "nothing new," everywhere I go I manage to find a good deal that is not only new but very pretty besides. Arthur is just getting into regular boys' clothes, and I took him down to Figel's for his first suit. You should see the airs he puts on! He does look too sweet for anything in it, too—a bottle-green cashmere, kilt-pleated at the back and plain in front, with the cutest little pockets. The nobbiest thing in trimmings, Mr. Bine tells me, will be the seaweed fringe. It has been used this past summer, but it comes now in a solid fringe, very full, and is an improvement on the first. Don't you wish you were a bold Briton, so you might have a hand in the grand presentation to be made to Lord Beaconsfield by his countrymen here? The description of the design—for, of course, it is only in embryo as yet—reads quite elaborately. It is to be a gold casket, with the Beaconsfield coat of arms in gold relief on top; cabinets, containing specimens of California ores, on each side; on one end, also, an Indian soldier grasping the band of a British ditto, with the motto, "Defense, not defiance," underneath; and on the other a British sailor, with the motto, "Ready, aye, ready." The rose, shamrock, and thistle will be on the centre of the front, and the arms of California on the back, while around the edges an endless cable indicates Britannia's boasted rulership of the seas. Inside the casket is a roller on which the address and the names of the givers will be photographed—the handle of the spring which works the roller being in the form of a crossed pen and sword, surmounted by the Earl's crest. Anderson & Randolph's design was the one chosen, and the value of the concern when finished will not fall far short of four thousand dollars. The address is to be gotten up in a somewhat novel manner, and is to be done by Mr. Sterndale. Hamilton and Jackson, the artists who made Rose Wood's picture I mentioned week before last, have a full-length of Maud Granger, in the California Theatre vestibule, even better, I think, than hers. They have a delightful studio in "St. Ann's Rest" building, corner of Powell Street, and opposite the side entrance of the Baldwin. Crayons are their specialty, although they do a great deal of fine work in other lines, and they do all of Houseworth's orders, many from the other leading photographers, as well as direct orders. When you come home you shall see one of "Yours truly," now just begun. You asked in your last letter for some suggestions as to neck wear, so I stopped in at Chester's, on Montgomery Street, to hunt up any possible novelties for you, and found Mr. C. about to start for the East in a few days on a combined pleasure and business tour. Knowing your utter destitution (you must have left town two months ago, with no less than a dozen different styles, then quite new!), I made the case as urgent as possible; indeed, I must have been quite tragic, for he laughed heartily at my despair—hard-hearted wretch!—and said, "Tell your fair friend to possess her soul in patience, for there will surely be something new in a month from now. Meantime, here is a prophecy for her private ear: Deep round or square collars of satin and lace, or lace and *crêpe de chine*, with satin bows and loops, will be one of the new fancies, and square linen ones, edged with the hand-made lace, crocheted from the pearl braid, and of the same shapes as the lace ones, are to be worn with morning costumes. The *bouquetiere fichu*, made of white silk grenadine with embroidered wreaths of wild flowers in natural colors, and mossy foliage for a background, the edge finished with a fall of Mechlin lace, put on without gathers, and, the *bouquetiere cravat*, in the same style, but in form like a tie, will probably come in the fall stock, as well as a variety of the Irish lace cuffs and fichus, and the more expensive laces in the same shapes." If there is any one thing I like more than another it is a man who can speak with authority on these momentous subjects. That's the secret of business success, to know not only what has been and is, but what will be, as well, and I think Mr. Chester has learned it completely. Ever your own, LILIAS DUBOIS.

Next to a cream-jug, the favorite resort of a fly is a bed-room where the clothes are not long enough to cover both ends of the sleeper simultaneously.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, which we ascribe to heaven.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XXXIX.—Measuring the Baby.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage-wall;
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebird whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells,
His mouth like a flower unblown,
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
While as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon:
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

XL. Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memories of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot is to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—aye, they died—and we things that are now—
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode—
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still followed each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? KNOX.

Among the Zulus, a nation of the Caffres, according to etiquette, the mother-in-law can not face the son-in-law, but must hide, or pretend to hide, when she sees him. In this country it is reversed. It is the son-in-law who does the dodging.

An Eastern exchange says: "Every once in a while we hear of a California woman killing a bear. This is all right. But we challenge the world to ransack the pages of history and show us where a woman ever got away with a mouse."

INTAGLIOS.

Fickle Fortune.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEISEL.

Fortune is not won by wooing—
Fickle coquette from her birth—
Nor is caught by one pursuing,
Though he seek her round the earth.

Lying in the fragrant grasses,
Singing songlets to thyself,
Chanceh suddenly from heaven
Right beside thee falls the elf.

Then thou'lt seize and closely bind her,
And tell none thou hast the prize,
Lest at last she should escape thee
And regain her native skies.

N. W. TUNSTALL.

Wait.

For years we pray, but pray unheard;
For years we hope with hope deferred;
For years we yearn, but yearn in vain;
Yet pray, and hope, and yearn again.

The day comes when we pray no more,
When hope and yearning both are o'er;
When heart and soul we yield to doubt,
When faith in life has faded out.

Then lo! within our easy grasp,
Unwilling to elude our clasp,
The joy for which we long have cried
Stands, all unsummoned, at our side.

B. E. W.

If You and I.

If you and I, birds,
And in some nook there was a downy nest,
Just made for two,
Would you fly heedless by, all uncared,
Because my rippling song lacked words,
To tell the careless world I cared for you?

If you were some sweet rose,
And I a butterfly—would you at dawn
Unfold for me,
Or take the dewy jewels of the morn,
And all your winsome petals close,
To wait till fickle suns should smile on thee?

If you and I were dreams—
Of Heaven you, and I of Earth—would you
When tender love
In some poetic mind should link the two,
Be raptured skies to murmurous streams
Or stay still far, so scornfully, above?

If you were laughing Day,
And I the mourning Night; when vesper hour
Drew gently near,
Would you entrance me with your magic power—
Or shroud yourself in sullen gray,
And keep your kisses for another's tear?

And if you were the sea
Beloved by gorgeous, tropic isles, and I
The dreary Pole,
Would you grief passioned arms where I should lie,
And lift the icy reach from me—
Or keep the wealth of warmth within your soul?

And O, if you and I—
Mere man and woman—just by chance should meet
In some dear place,
Would you turn from me then—ah, would you, sweet?
Or never say the same good-bye,
But welcome gladly back the olden grace!

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

What of That?

Tired! Well, what of that!
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some may be lonely; 'tis not need to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own;
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

No help? Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh—
Who feeds the ravens, hears his children's cry;
He's near thee, where'er thy footsteps roam,
And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

Dead Love.

All other griefs may find a voice for song.
Love dead is dead beyond the reach of prayer.
The tender flower your careless feet have crushed
May bloom again, nursed by the summer air.
Above the broken sod, where sleep your dead,
Whom tender watching could not wrest from death
Some hope of hope may shine through all your tears,
And loving prayers ascend with every breath.
For faith divine sees through the darkness cloud
The glorious reflex of eternal light,
The promise that beyond the valley dim
Arches the glory of the Infinite.

But love, dead love, the saddest death of all,
Leaves not the shadow of a hope behind;
Torn from its native soil by tempest shock,
Its tendrils scattered by the cruel wind.

No after summers with their breath of balm
Can win back that which perished in an hour;
For love, alas! there is no risen Christ
With promise of the resurrection power.

D. M. JORDAN.

Gone in Rage.

Oh, God! how bitter are the wrongs of love!
Life has no other sorrow half so acute;
For love is made of every fine emotion,
Of generous impulses and noble thoughts;
It looks up to the stars and dreams of heaven;
It nestles 'mid the flowers and sweetens earth.
Love is aspiring, yet humble too;
It doth exalt another o'er itself.
With sweet heart-homage, which delights to raise
That which it worships, yet is fain to win
The idol to its lone and lowly home
Of deep affection. 'Tis an utter wreck
When such hopes perish. From that moment, life
Has in its depths a healing of bitterness
For which there is no healing. L. E. LANDON.

Music.

Hear what, now loud, now low, the pining flute complains,
Without tongue, yellow-cheeked, full of winds that
Wail and sigh, saying, "Sweetheart, the old mystery re-
mains
If I am I, thou thou, or thou art I."

FROM THE PERSIAN POET HILALI.

THE MYSTERIOUS GONDOLIER.

The clocks of Venice had just struck the midnight hour.

An old man and a youth were standing on one of the wharves, engaged in a low conversation and in looking earnestly toward the Lido.

"One spirit has been repeatedly seen, Paulo," pursued the old man, "and I can give you the proofs. No longer ago than last evening a veracious friend of mine, the Count Bertram, was in the vicinity of the Lido a little after midnight, but by a mere chance, and not with the intention of investigating the matter. He affirms that he saw the spirit, the night being clear, and that his gondola passed within a few rods of that in which she was silently floating over the waters."

"Padre mio," responded the youth, "do you think this mysterious being is really a spirit?"

"I have no doubt of it whatever. But why?" said he, characteristically, taking the youth by the button-hole. "Firstly, because I know that spirits can communicate with mortals in the flesh. Secondly, because spirits, having the power of communicating with mortals in the flesh, have also the power of revealing themselves to mortals in the flesh. Thirdly, because I have seen spirits myself. Fourthly, and lastly, because the reality of communications of this kind has been established by the wise and good of all nations."

The listener smiled, the while he looked thoughtfully at a gondolier, a few paces distant, who was waiting for a fare. He then looked at the moon, marking the exquisite loveliness of the night, coughed audibly, and finally said:

"I thank you, Padre mio, for the kindness with which you have responded to my queries. I wish you good-night."

"Stay, my dear Count. As an old friend of your late father, I must give you a little advice. Young blood is rash, and particularly when beauty and mystery are concerned. Nothing good can ever come of attempting to raise the veil by which this hapless maiden is enshrouded. I confess to you, in this private way, that I have a way of explaining the matter to my own satisfaction."

"Will you give me the explanation?"

"With pleasure, if you promise to keep it secret. The daughter of the Duke de Montellani, as you are aware, disappeared suddenly, five weeks since, without leaving a single clue behind her to the mystery of her disappearance. Every possible investigation has been instituted by her father, but with no result. Many theories and suspicions have been broached, and received with more or less respect, and some of them, by an occasional person, with credence. My suspicion is this, that the Countess of Montellani was seized by a ruffian whom she had offended, subjected to indescribable outrages, and drowned in the vicinity of the Lido!"

"Terrible!"

"Hence it is that her unhappy spirit is seen in that vicinity. Take my advice, my dear Count; do not trust yourself on those accursed waters. That is my parting counsel. Good-night."

As the old man walked away the Count of Lontano looked searchingly around. A few persons were perceivable here and there, but a profound silence—such a silence as is unknown in every other city of the world—reigned around him.

The Count was on the eve of embarking in the gondola he had previously noticed, when a party of three persons appeared on the threshold of a palatial-looking mansion behind him—one of them an elderly gentleman of pleasing exterior, the second his wife, and the third a young and gloriously beautiful maiden of seventeen summers. The Count started as if shot the instant his eyes rested upon the maiden's features.

"The Countess of Montellani!" he muttered.

"There is a mystery in this affair worthy of a solution!"

The Countess entered a gondola and seated herself within the canopy. The gondolier, disguised from head to foot, placed himself at the oars. The elderly gentleman and his wife placed themselves in a second gondola and took the lead toward Lido. The party had advanced but a few rods ere the Count, snugly ensconced in a third gondola, was silently following in their wake.

"Perhaps," said he to the gondolier; "perhaps I shall annoy the Countess and her friends. If you detect any signs of such a circumstance you will return to the city."

But, as the Count soon discovered, there was no occasion for attention to be directed to his solitary vessel, the sea being covered with gondolas, advancing from all quarters to the Lido in silence.

"The mystery has been circulated in the city," whispered the Count's boatman, "and hence this assemblage of the curious."

"I had an idea, as soon as I saw the Countess of Montellani, that she could give us an explanation, but it seems that I was mistaken."

"O, she is not the spirit," was the reply. "The story of her disappearance—but perhaps, my lord, you have heard only a single version of the affair. The Countess eloped, leaving a note for her father, which contained all necessary information on the subject; but, by some chance or other, he failed to receive it, and hence the fearful stories resulting from her absence. When her father found that she had married a man so obnoxious to him (by reason of an old family feud) as the Count de Varre, he did not care to contradict the story which had gone abroad respecting the drowning of his daughter by some ruffians in the Lido."

"And the Count de Varre?"

"Is very ill at his residence. This gentleman and lady attending the Countess are a very respectable couple, who have long been intimate with the Varres."

"And what are they all doing here?"

"The same as we are doing," replied the gondolier, with a smile.

"The attraction of the mystery?"

"That is it, without doubt."

"But do you think we will make any discovery with regard to the identity of the spirit?"

"I do not. Spirits, my lord, do not ever appear in the midst of such a concourse as is now assembled hereabouts; and if, as some are bold enough to declare, the reputed spirit is a young woman of our city, she will not be very likely to exhibit herself to such a promiscuous crowd as has been attracted hither."

A large assemblage of boats had now arrived in the vicinity of the Lido, taking up their positions around the supposed locale of the mysterious disappearance, in such a manner as to leave an open space in the form of a circle, and half a mile in diameter, as the centre upon which all eyes were fixed.

"There has been a small collection here for several evenings," said the Count's gondolier, "in expecta-

tion of seeing the spirit, but their curiosity has not been gratified. In fact, the spirit has not appeared within a fortnight, and not at all since the attention of the public was directed to the affair."

As the gondolier ceased speaking, the Count of Lontano saw that a great deal of attention was being bestowed upon a gondola advancing from the direction of the city. He was not able, on account of the intervening boats, to discover the exact occasion of the excitement, which began to go the rounds of the circle, the more especially as not a word was uttered aloud.

It was not long, however, ere that portion of the circle of boats which was on the side next the city parted in twain, leaving an open space between them, by which the approaching gondola might advance to the centre of said circle.

A few minutes later, the cause of the excitement was apparent to all observers.

"It is the spirit!" said the gondolier of the Count of Lontano, in a whisper. "Its appearance agrees with all the reliable information I have gathered on the subject."

The reputed spirit of the Lido was alone in an uncovered gondola, which she herself slowly sculled through the water, keeping her eyes fixed in the direction of the spot where the tyrants of Venice have drowned so many of the noblest of men. She wore a long and flowing garment of snowy whiteness, and her unbound hair floated in wavy ringlets around a neck and shoulders of exquisite beauty.

"Good heavens! is it possible?" cried the Count of Lontano, after gazing long and earnestly upon the mysterious being. "I could swear, without any scruples, that I am gazing on the face and figure of Signora Ludovico, my own betrothed, whom I have not seen for two months," he added to the gondolier, "having been absent from the city!"

"Does the lady walk in her sleep, my lord?"

The Count started—arose to his feet with considerable excitement—continued gazing, rubbing alternately his eyes and his glass—then sat down with a smile upon his features.

"Mera's grandfather was drowned by the government in the Lido," he muttered, "and that must be the reason of her visits!"

The gondola of the reputed spirit was now resting motionless in the centre of the encircling boats, while she herself remained silent and motionless therein, her arms folded upon her bosom, and her eyes turned toward heaven.

It was not long ere a strange feature was given to the scene.

The gondola and the mysterious being therein, while all eyes were fixed so intently upon it, suddenly disappeared beneath the surface of the sea. But few of those who witnessed the event could realize its actuality, ere the closing waters were as placid above the sunken gondola and its burden as the brow of a smiling babe.

There arose from all those spectators a wild cry of horror and astonishment, not unmixed with fear and superstition, while boat after boat shot forward in the direction of the spot.

"Hasten, hasten!" cried the Count of Lontano to his gondolier. "I was probably mistaken in thinking I knew the lady; but it is my duty and privilege to make some effort to save the mysterious and unfortunate being!"

The gondolier regarded the Count fixedly, without touching the oars, while a singular smile rested upon his features.

"That is not a woman, my lord!" said he, with a quietness peculiar to himself.

"Not a woman?" cried the Count. "Would you attempt to make me believe it was a spirit?"

"It was not a spirit!"

"What! Would you have me distrust that I have seen any woman or gondola at all?"

The boatman repeated his earnest scrutiny of the Count's features, and replied to his question by asking another.

"Can your lordship keep an important secret?"

"Certainly," responded the Count, in much wonder and curiosity, again assuring himself by a glance that the other gondolas were doing all that could be done for the rescue of the mysterious being.

"Do you pledge yourself to keep the revelation I make an inviolable secret?"

"I do!"

"Know then, my lord, that the gondola and woman is—an automaton of my own manufacture!"

The Count was too much astonished to reply. The gondolier resumed his oars and commenced rowing toward the city.

"Wonderful man!" exclaimed the Count, at last, "it is a pity that such a piece of skill should be forever lost!"

"Have no anxiety upon that point, my lord," was the reply; "in about three hours that boat and woman will return to the surface, and I shall be on the spot to receive it."

"I do not see," said the Count, musingly, "why I mistook the figure for Signora Ludovico."

"It is because the figure is a perfect likeness of that lady."

The Count started to his feet, motioning to the gondolier to cease rowing. He then extended his hand.

"You are not only a wonderful genius," said he, "but I perceive you are a friend to me and mine!"

"Your father, my lord," responded the boatman, "saved my father from an ignominious death. Moreover, as another reason of my attachment to your lordship, my betrothed is in the service of Signora Ludovico. Perhaps"—headed suggestively—"perhaps, when your lordship weds your ladyship—"

"You and the bride you have chosen shall not be forgotten!" interrupted the Count, again pressing the hand of the boatman.

In conclusion, we have only to say that the Count Lontano and the Countess are living in elegant style upon the grand canal of Venice. Each has a faithful and confidential servant.

As to the mystery of the "Spirit of the Lido," to the generality of the Venetians it is as dark as ever. A few of them, however, have gained an idea de plus by seeing the automaton gondolier in the Vatican, where you may see it at your leisure, the next time you visit the Eternal City.

They were standing at a window. "In looking out doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting. "Yes, sir." "Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright sweet face with tender interest. "Because ma has cleaned house and you see out better," she said. The elderly gentleman sat down.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 1, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—When Jack and I dropped into Baldwin's the other night to see *The Long Strike*, the outlook for an enjoyable evening was not delusively brilliant. All the best names were out of the bill, and all the best members of the company were variously disposed about the auditorium. Rose Wood was having a rest, and so were Mackay, and Mrs. Faren, and pretty little Kate Coreoran, and James O'Neill. When you take the leading man and leading lady out of a company, together with the best character actor, one of the nicest of old ladies, and the pretty juvenile, what is left is like the Bismarckian Turkey after diplomatic dissection. Mackay, O'Neill, Coreoran! Have you ever observed, Madge, since some people began the sensible custom of playing under their own names, how extremely Celtic in character the list of a company becomes? Then we have Sullivan, McCullough, Dargon; or to descend a peg, Emerson, Dougherty, Murphy. Truly, the green isle has contributed generously to pleasure-making. There was a time when the California Theatre Company was a Johnny Bull conclave, with the Patemans, Harry Edwards, Jennie Lee, and for a period a long succession of English stars. But they have changed all that, and all the companies are wonderfully cosmopolitan. Mr. Stoddart, the new star at Baldwin's—ah, have I come back to Baldwin's?—is a Scotchman. They do not send us many actors from the land of Bruce. After having seen Mr. Stoddart, I am not surprised. Such tremendous reaction from the traditional phlegm and cold gravity of the Scottish character would soon wear the population out, yet Mr. Stoddart is as unmistakably Scotch as when his foot first pressed the heather, and the accent hangs upon his lips in all its round richness. I suppose I ought to tell you that he is a wonderfully fine actor. Every one says he is; in fact, they call him an artist. Gustave Doré is the first artist of the age, though his every line is grotesquely long. I will do Mr. Stoddart the honor to place his name in close juxtaposition to Gustave Doré's in this scrawl, and say that his lines are grotesquely broad. Perhaps, in this instance, they were broader than usual. I fancy he stood at the wings during the two tame acts which preceded his entrance and gauged the temper of the audience. I can not say that it was a spirited audience. People lounged gloomily back in their seats with that listlessness which a thin house and dull action are sure to bring about. Mr. Stoddart saw that it was necessary to startle them into interest, and he did so. He came in as if he were shot in, and when he got in I assure you, my dear Madge, he did not permit the action to flag. I heard people talking about his school—every actor is supposed to have a school nowadays. Jack suggested that he belonged to the boisterous school, where antics and gyrations are important items in the course of study. Mr. Stoddart really is a clever contortionist. He can collapse into a heap, sprawl over more stage, drop himself down and pick himself up again quicker than any one I ever saw outside the ring. The people were wild with infantile delight. They screamed with laughter, they stormed applause, they called him before the curtain again and again. And the more they laughed and applauded, the more he rolled his eyes and tumbled into a little heap, and straightened up into a string, and bolted in and out, like a violently propelled shuttlecock. You will be astonished after all this, Madge, when I tell you that he was playing the part of a crusty, irascible, tetchy old lawyer, one of those old fellows, you know, whom we always find in fiction and never in fact, with a heart bubbling over with goodness, and an aspect as stern as the laws of the Medes and Persians. I must say, that in the midst of all his extravagance of action—and anything more wildly absurd I can not imagine—that he managed to convey the idea of such a man perfectly. His conception was artistic, even though his acting outraged the natural. It is difficult to reconcile two such extremes, but in this case they were reconciled. He is no clown, careening wildly about, however whimsical his antics; no buffoon, however tumultuous the delight he excites in the gallery. His picture is in good drawing, though the lines are too strong; and his colors are true, though too loud and too lavish. I suppose the fact that he is professing an eccentric character actor must account for his deepest plunges into the improbable. Eccentric is a most comprehensive word. In fact, Madge, I fear eccentricity covers a greater multitude of sins than charity does. It is my practical experience that when people become insufferably ill-natured and disagreeable, or mildly insane, they are called eccentric. On the

stage, when they transgress all reasonable bounds, they are called eccentric character actors. Once, all plays were either comedies, tragedies, or farces; all actors were either comedians, tragedians, or clowns. They are so thoroughly classified nowadays that no man, however original the bent of his genius, can fail to fall in some niche. I was much struck by Mr. Herne's "Noah Leroyd," in the *Long Strike*. For once he disposed of the incipient apoplexy which frequently distinguishes him, and which was more marked than usual in his nondescript "Col. Colpepper" last week. As "Noah Leroyd," his make-up was really as complete as a *genre* painting. He was earnest and really impressive, and his dialect was better than fair. The other's dialects reminded me of the dahlias at a flower show. You know what long lines of them they have in glass bottles at the Mechanics' Fairs, each one different from its neighbor in some subtlety of hue, size, and shape. The dialectic variations lasted as long as the dialectic cast did, and only ceased when it became necessary to double up for the court scene. And what a farce was this court scene, Madge, in a theatre where they have picked up such a high reputation for thoroughness in their settings! Jack mildly intimated that they looked like a lot of amateurs on a lark in the wardrobe room. Mr. Stoddart had a bit of wig about the size of a small lamp-mat perched gracefully on one eyebrow, and the dignity of the entire scene concerted harmoniously with the position of this wig. I need hardly say that it was not a *face simile* of an English court. The hedge scene was very prettily gotten up, and its picturesqueness heightened by a distant view of the mills. The mills in both scenes looked like the Palace Hotel isolated on a heath and illuminated for the Chinese Embassy. The resemblance, it is but fair to say, is the fault rather of the architect of the Palace than of the scenic artist. The run of *Diplomacy* comes to an end on Saturday night. I am sorry to part with it. Take it for all in all, we shall not look upon its like again—that is to say, very soon. I presume some one will eventually brush up his wits and get up another good play somewhere within the present cycle, but the prospect is not enlivening. There was either war or rumors of war up at the California early in the week, and it was whispered on Monday that the gentle Zicka had been slightly infuriated in real earnest, for some reason or other, and refused to play the strategic "Comtesse." Here was a dilemma, for *Diplomacy* in this city, without Jeffreys-Lewis would be like England without Disraeli. Who could take her place? Not pretty Eleanor Carey, who has lost her spoiled baby ways since she went to New York, and who sometimes does better than one expects. What a pretty throat she has, by the way, and how rare a beauty it is. But fancy her as "Zicka"—"Zicka," who is a pantheress, but who would in such hands become simply an angry kitten. Rose Wood might have filled the breach, and how the little woman would have reveled in the part. I am almost sorry she could not have had a chance just for one night. I should like to have seen her bend her best energies to it, and I'll engage she would have managed to make a hit of it somehow or other if she had been obliged to make a new departure and remould the high-strung "Zi. ka." Luck did not favor her, however. Jeffreys-Lewis came off her pedestal of untimely wrath, and played with more spirit, perhaps, than ever. I believe they are going to give us a new bill on Monday night—*False Shame*; perhaps another but a milder Wallackian success. We are spoiled for anything but a superior actor; but of course I must see it and tell you all about it.

Yours, always, BETSY B.

Shakespeare gives an admirable description of the commonwealth of bees as the type of a well-ordered State:

For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Concreting in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continued motion;
To which is fixed, as aim or goal,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed Justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone.

Max Strakosch, is in Vienna, Kellogg in Paris, Janauschek in Kissingen, Alice Oates in Paris, Mary Anderson in Paris, Modjeska in Warsaw, John McCullough at Long Branch, J. C. Williamson at Stamford, with Steele Mackaye; Eben Plympton at the White Mountains, Eliza Weathersby, Nat Goodwin, Dan Harkins, Steve Fiske, James Lewis, Sydney Cowell, George Giddens, at Larchmont; Madame Ponisi at Milford, Pa.; Maggie Mitchell, W. R. Floyd, O. D. Byron, Manager Henderson, Matt Canning, Frank Chanfrau, Mrs. Chanfrau, Minnie Palmer, at Long Branch; Theodore Moss and family at Saratoga; John Gilbert, Edward Green, Joseph Proctor, Mrs. Bowers, Mr. McCulloch, Agnes Booth, at Manchester, Mass.; Lawrence Barrett at Cohasset; the Lingards have gone to H—alifax.

WAR OF THE CYCLOPÆDIAS.

A Statement and a Challenge.

The California State Board of Education, at its last meeting, with but one dissenting vote, declared that *Johnson's Cyclopædia* was not sectarian. This action was taken by the Board in the face of the fact that the agent of D. Appleton & Co. had deluged the Board with communications from prominent Catholic clergymen and laymen, editorials from the *Monitor*, and legal opinions from their paid attorneys, in all of which the allegations were freely made that certain articles in *Johnson's Cyclopædia* were sectarian, and unfair to the Catholic Church in their treatment of its dogmas and history. The same Board, at the same meeting, on motion of Professor Allen, who openly declared *Johnson's* to be the better work of the two under consideration, voted to rescind a resolution passed at a previous meeting of the Board, recommending *Johnson's Cyclopædia* as the best obtainable book of reference for the Public Schools of the State. This strangely inconsistent action of the Board can only be attributed to the persistent importunity of Appleton's canvassers, and to want of backbone on the part of members of the Board, who are more anxious to secure political preferment than to maintain their consistency. This action of the State Board strikes the last prop from under the falling fortunes of Appleton's blighted and doomed Cyclopædia. D. Appleton & Co. have for months been endeavoring to prove that *Johnson's Cyclopædia* is sectarian. This was their last ditch, and the State Board has effectually buried them in it. I dare them to bring this question before the courts for their decision.

H. D. WATSON.

All who are interested in knowing which cyclopædia is the best will read the following challenge to D. Appleton & Co., or their agents on the coast, which, if accepted (of which there is no probability), will permanently settle the question as to the value of a work which can now only be kept afloat by Catholic patronage. Let Appleton's people choose three scholars of well known, varied ability on the coast; I will choose three; the six to choose three more; and if this committee decide that Appleton's Cyclopædia is the best, I will pay \$500 to any charitable institution the committee will designate, and publish their decision in all the papers in San Francisco at my own expense. If the decision is the other way, and *Johnson's* is declared the best, I require of the Appletons, or their hirelings, exactly the same conditions. If those interested in this ancient cyclopædia (ancient as compared to *Johnson's*) wish to trust their work to such a comparative examination as I propose, let them so state it in next Saturday's edition of this paper, or forever keep quiet about the superiority of a work of reference which I can furnish, bound in sheep, sixteen volumes, for \$60, and make money, while its prices from the agents is \$96; and I wish to say right here to every man or woman who is thinking of purchasing a cyclopædia, and likely to be enticed into buying either of the Appleton's cyclopædias by unscrupulous agents, that I will furnish the *Condensed American Cyclopædia*, a work in four volumes, selling by the agents for \$35 in sheep, for \$19 in the same binding. This is the work which D. Appleton & Co. hoped to head off *Johnson's Cyclopædia*, which had by its unprecedentedly low price and great excellence ruined the sale of their "Revised American." This condensed fraud was principally used to swindle teachers, and was sold to them for \$5 down and \$3 per month for eleven months. Easy terms, but two-thirds of all the teachers who subscribed for it repudiated their subscription to it upon finding out the character of the work; and I have in my possession several insulting letters from the agents of D. Appleton & Co. to refined ladies in this city, teachers in our public schools, who labor hard for their money, because they would not consent to be swindled. These letters I will publish when called upon. Please recollect now, all who read this, and tell your friends, that I will furnish Appleton's "Revised American Cyclopædia," in sixteen volumes, sheep, for \$60; and see to it that you pay the agents no more, for both this work and Appleton's "Condensed American" are a drug in the East, as is evident by the prices at which I offer them to the public. Remember, that *Johnson's Cyclopædia* is now the standard work of reference for the schools of this city, and that the Classification Committee of the Board of Education were, after months of investigation and comparison, unanimously of the opinion that *Johnson's* was the best, and what little opposition the work received in the Board was entirely on the ground that the Catholics objected to the work. Please bear in mind also, that the Board of Education of our fair sister city across the bay have also adopted *Johnson's* work as the standard for the schools of their city, and that they were unanimous in this vote, as well as in the other ordering the "*Appleton's* now in use in our schools sold off, and *Johnson's* substituted." *Johnson's Cyclopædia* is bound in eight as well as in four volumes, and is sold from \$43 a set, upwards.

H. D. WATSON.

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Mason Street.

A CARD.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I hereby deny explicitly the statements made by the witnesses in the case of the United States vs. W. B. Carr, accusing me of demanding and receiving commissions for loans made to G. M. Pinney upon certificates issued by R. C. Spaulding as Navy Paymaster and referred to by said witnesses. I further say, that I never received, directly or indirectly, any commission or compensation whatever for making the loans referred to by said witnesses, and that I never demanded or requested any such to be paid to me.

E. W. BURR.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this
1st day of August, 1878.

SAM'L S. MURFEY,
Notary Public.

[SEAL]

CHURCH NOTICE.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6½ P. M.

A COMPLIMENT.

Pray tell Mr. Steinway that his splendid Upright Piano shone to brilliant advantage at the Festival performance at the Wartburg, where last Tuesday it served under my fingers vice orchestra, exciting general admiration. FRANZ LISZT.

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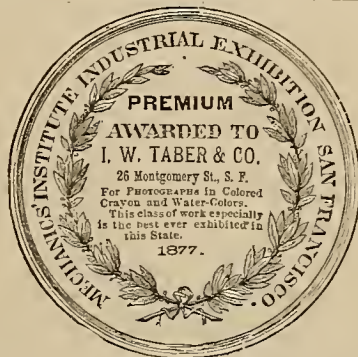
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DINAH AND THE TELEPHONE.

Is bin talkin' wid de sperrit,
An' I heard ole Gabriel's horn—
An' I nebber seed sich doins,
Nebber sence ole Dinah's born:
Now, you niggahs, don't say nuffin,
Jes' yer wait an' heah me froo,
Fur de tale I hab ter tell yer
Beats de debbil—yas it do.

When I seed de crowd a-standin'
Roun' dat box in Mars' Jim's sto',
I jes' know'd dat sumpin wuz comin',
An' it did come, sartan an' sho';
Dey wuz askin' all sorts ob questions,
Wid der moufs close ter dat box,
An' de answers—de Lor' hab musy—
Nebbah did I heah sich talk.

By itsef de box wuz nuffin,
But it had a string dat run—
Well I seed it go away ober
De house-tops toward de sun—
An' de tings I heah a-tricklin'
Thru dat box wuz mighty queer,
An' I know'd befo' dey tole me
Dat de sperrits wuz pow'ful near.

Mars' Jim he ax'd sum questions,
Jes' fur me, about de cran,
An' how long befo' ole Dinah
In de grave wud hab ter drap;
An' de answer wuz de wuest—
All de summer's gwine be dry,
An' befo' annuder season
Po' ole Dinah's got ter die.

Arter dat de sweeties' moosic
Quiver'd thru dat cotton string,
An' Mars' Jim he said de tootin'
Wuz ole Gabriel on de wing;
An' wid dat I let' it lit out,
An' I use hyar—but not fur long—
I use jes' waitin' fur de angels—
Waitin' till dey sound de gong.

Wha' dat, Pomp—no use in wakin',
Arter what de sperrits said?
Ver lary niggah, git de hoe, sah,
An' erprove dat collard bed;
Wha' de sperrits sez is one ting,
An' de collards am annuder—
Dat's er troo er Pomp's a niggah,
An' dat I is Pompey's mudder!"

"Gif der Gheese a Vair Cbance."

The man swaggered into a tidy lunch house over the Rhine, flopped into a chair, slapped his feet upon the table, shoved his hat on the back of his head, and called for beer, bread, and Limburger. The proprietor hustled around and filled the order himself.

The man picked up a bit of the cheese on a fork and smelled of it derisively.

"Take that away," he said, "and bring me some decent cheese. It's Limburger I want—this is no good."

"What's de matter mit dot gbeese, mine frinde? Vas id doo sdrong? I haff zoom dot vas vresher," said the German, anxious to please.

"Strong! Naw! That's what I want. This cheese is no 'count at all. I want something I can smell clear across the room. Trot it out, and be lively. This don't stink a bit—fetch in the rankest you've got. I've got a Dutch stomach, if I was born in America," and the man smelled at the cheese again, and threw it down in disgust.

The proprietor bowed over the table, and also sniffed a few times. He then turned an injured look on the capacious customer and persuasively said:

"Dot was not fair, mine frinde; dook down dem oots off der dable und gif de gheese a vair chance."

—Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

St. Louis Longings.—110 in the Shade.

Oh, for a lodge in the garden of cucumbers!
Oh, for an iceberg or two at control!
Oh, for a vale which at midday the dew cucumbers!
Oh, for a pleasure-trip up to the Pole!

Oh, for a little one-story thermometer,
With nothing but zeros all ranged in a row!
Oh, for a big double-barreled hydrometer,
To measure this moisture that rolls from my brow!

Oh, that this cold world were twenty times colder!
(That's irony red hot it seemeth to me).
Oh, for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!
Oh, what a comfort an ague would be!

Oh, for a grotto to typify heaven,
Scooped in a rock under cataract vast!
Oh, for a winter of discontent even,
Oh, for wet blankets judiciously cast!

Oh, for a soda fount spouting up boldly
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!
Oh, for a proud maiden to look on me coldly,
Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Iced Tea.

At twilight the other evening a thirsty citizen entered a new restaurant on Gratiot Avenue and inquired for iced tea. He was handed a glass of liquid which tasted like tea, but was almost warm enough or the table.

"I inquired for iced tea," he said, as he put down his glass.

"And you've got it," was the reply.

"Do you call this tea cold?" indignantly exclaimed the citizen.

The man tasted, smacked his lips, tasted again, and said:

"Well, it isn't very cold, but I can't afford to ice my tea every fifteen minutes, can I? I melted up at least ten pounds of ice and poured it into that jar at noon, and I don't see what ails it. Stand back and let me fan the tumbler with my hat!"—Detroit Free Press.

This little dog has chased the mouse
Around the sugar bowl,
But, fortunately for the mouse,
He safely reached a hole.

The mouse, within his snug abode,
Doth wink in sweet content,
While the little dog pretends
He doesn't care a cent.

Upon the green sward, with my most adored
I sat, and we whispered our love,
While the sweet little birds repeated our words
In the great drooping willow above.

A modest surprise beamed out of our eyes
As I pressed her dear form to my breast—
When dropped from the willer a big caterpillar
Down her neck—just imagine the rest!

M. W. B.

Young Ladies' Seminary,
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MRS. MARY ATKINS LYNCH,
Principal. The next term will open July 31, 1878. The Principal (Miss Atkins) desires to inform her friends and former patrons that she will resume her old position in Benicia with a full corps of competent teachers, at the opening of the next term.

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JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL,
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TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL FAIR
AT SACRAMENTO,
MONDAY.....SEPTEMBER 16, 1878.

THE ABOVE FAIR OF THE STATE
Agricultural Society will commence at Sacramento on MONDAY, Sept. 16, 1878, and will continue to and include Saturday, Sept. 21. The attention of exhibitors is called to the Premium List, which is the most liberal ever issued in the State, presenting very attractive features. Every accommodation will be provided for exhibitors of all kind. An abundance of motive power will be furnished, and every attention paid to the requirements of those desiring to exhibit products of their own handwork or otherwise. The artisans, artists, manufacturers, and mechanics of San Francisco, and all others interested in the development of the State, are particularly invited to display the result of their labors at the Fair. Every facility will be offered by the Central Pacific Railroad Company for free transportation of goods and articles to and from the Fair. Any further information can be obtained at the office of the President of the Society, Room No. 17, Phoenix Building, S. W. corner Jackson and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, or from Robert Beck, Secretary, at the Pavilion, Sacramento.

M. D. BORUCK, President.
ROBERT BECK, Secretary.

GEO. W. PRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

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J. M. WALKER, JENNINGS S. COX, ALEX. AUSTIN.
J. M. WALKER & CO.
STOCK BROKERS, N. W. CORNER
Montgomery and Pine Streets.

CHAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG.
FOX & KELLOGG,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS
AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.
Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

W. E. HALE. R. FACHS.
HALE & PACHECO,
STOCK AND COMMISSION BRO-
kers, 317 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco
W. W. DODGE & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,
FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—
INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000
Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:
A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, K. S. EGGER, AITKEN, wife of Charles H. Aitken, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 2d of September, A. D. 1878, the same being the first day of the September term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, to own and run a lodging-house, to buy and sell mining stocks, personal and real property, to lend and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to act as spirit and test medium, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business, and each of them.

MRS. K. S. EGGER, AITKEN.
San Francisco, Cal., July 16th, A. D. 1878.
WM. H. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. E.
corner Montgomery and Post Streets, San Francisco, July 24, 1878.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend, at the rate of 7 1/2 per cent. per annum, was declared on all deposits for the six months ending July 21st, 1878, payable from and after this date, and free from Federal tax.

EDWARD MARTIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 619 Clay Street.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend free of Federal tax, of seven and one-half (7 1/2) per cent. per annum, was declared, on all deposits, for the term ending June 29, 1878, payable on and after July 15, 1878.

CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

APPLICATION TO BECOME A

SOLE TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, **BESSIE RIPPET,** wife of Wesley C. Rippey, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 1st day of August, A. D. 1878, the same being a day of the July term of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court authorizing and permitting me to act as a sole trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, to keep a grocery and fancy goods store, to buy and sell personal and real property, to carry on a farm, to lend and borrow money on mortgages and otherwise, and to do and perform all acts incident to said different branches of business and each of them.

BESSIE RIPPET.
June 26th, A. D. 1878.
WM. H. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 15) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth (20th) day of August, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the tenth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second (22d) day of August, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twelfth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—FRENCH

Savings and Loan Society, 411 Bush Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1878, the French Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend of 7 1/2 per cent. per annum, free of Federal tax, payable on and after July 17, 1878. By order

GUSTAVE MAHE, Director.

H. J. PLOMTEAUX,
DENTIST,
HAS REMOVED HIS DENTAL

Rooms from the N. E. corner of Broadway and Tenth Streets to the N. E. corner of Broadway and Twelfth Streets, over the Oakland Bank of Savings.
Oakland, June 1st, 1878.

PASTURAGE.

GENTLEMEN SEEKING SUMMER
pasturage for valuable Horses will find the best of feed and the best of care at Cose Madiera. Inquire at the ARGONAUT office. Terms, \$5 per month.



COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. Stage connections made with this train. PARLOR CAR attached to this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and Way Stations. Stage connection made with this train at SANTA CLARA for Pacific Congress Springs.

On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train at Pajaro for Aptos and Santa Cruz. RETURNING, passengers leave Santa Cruz at 4.30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE—On SATURDAYS only the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Monterey MONDAYS (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Meola Park and Way Stations.

SUNDAYS AN EXTRA TRAIN will leave for San Jose and Way Stations at 9.30 A. M. Returning, will leave San Jose at 6.00 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and other points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following MONDAY, inclusive.

Also, Excursion Tickets to Monterey—good from Saturday until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at GOSHEN for Summer, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, and YUMA.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after Monday, August 5th, 1878, the two new, fast, and elegant steamers SAN RAFAEL and SAULITO will run between San Francisco and San Rafael as follows:

WEEK DAYS.

Leave SAN FRANCISCO (From San Quentin Ferry, Market Street).	Leave SAN RAFAEL (Via San Quentin Ferry.)
7.15 A. M. for San Rafael.	6.30 A. M. for San Francisco.
8.15 " " " " " "	8.00 " " " " " "
9.40 " " " " " "	9.00 " " " " " "
1.45 P. M. " " " " " "	11.00 " " " " " "
4.10 " " " " " "	3.30 P. M. " " " " " "
6.10 " " " " " "	4.45 " " " " " "
	5.45 " " " " " "

(From Saucelito Ferry, Market Street.)
5.30 P. M. for all points between Saucelito and San Rafael.
7.00 A. M. for San Francisco.

1.45 P. M. Through train for Duncan Mills and waystations. Stage connections made daily, except Monday, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAYS.

Leave SAN FRANCISCO (From San Quentin Ferry, Market Street).	Leave SAN RAFAEL (Via San Quentin Ferry.)
10.00 A. M. for San Rafael.	8.35 A. M. for San Francisco.
12.30 P. M. " " " " " "	11.15 " " " " " "
3.15 " " " " " "	1.45 P. M. " " " " " "
5.45 " " " " " "	4.30 " " " " " "

(From Saucelito Ferry, Market Street.)
8.00 A. M. Excursion train, connecting at Junction with train for San Rafael.
6.45 P. M. for San Francisco.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Round Trip Tickets between San Francisco and San Rafael have been reduced as follows: Week days, 75 cents; Sundays, 50 cents.

W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.
JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, July 29th, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco (Washington Street Wharf), as follows:

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted.
Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the GEYSERS. Stage connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10.15 A. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, via Donahue. Fares for the round trip: Donahue, \$1; Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2; Healdsburg, \$3; Cloverdale, \$4. Connection made at Fulton for Laguna, Forestville, Korbels, Guerneville, the Russian River, and Big Trees. Fares for the round trip: Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the GEYSERS, Korbels, and Guerneville, \$3. (Arrive at San Francisco 6.55 P. M.) Freight received from 7 A. M. to 3.00 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.
ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't. P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Nos. 2, 3, and 4 SHERMAN'S BUILDING,
Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco (P. O. Box 707.)

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING WEDNESDAY,
July 10, 1878, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS

WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland, Williams, and Knight's Landing. (Arrive San Francisco 8.55 P. M.)

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at 1.00 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco 5.35 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY
Special train via Oakland Ferry, arrives at Martinez 10.15 A. M. Returning, leaves Martinez 4.10 P. M., arrives San Francisco 6.00 P. M.

9.30 A. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Northern Railway Accommodation Train (via Oakland Ferry) to Martinez. (Arrive San Francisco 3.35 P. M.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.30 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.30 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M. DAILY, EXPRESS
Train (via Oakland Ferry) for Lathrop, and Stockton, Merced, Visalia, Sunner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura), and Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 6.55 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.40 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only, for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River; also, taking the Third Class Overland Passengers to connect with train leaving Sacramento at 9.00 A. M. daily. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.30 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Lathrop and Mojave, arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 7.30 A. M.)

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To Alameda.	To East Oakland.	To East Bay.	To San Leandro.	To Hayward.	To Niles.	To Berkeley.	To Del Norte.
Oakland.								
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	6.10	8.00	7.30	8.30	8.00	6.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	7.30	10.30	10.30	9.30	10.00	
7.30	1.30	9.00	8.30	11.30	11.30	10.30	11.00	
8.00	2.00	10.00	9.30	12.30	12.30	11.30	12.00	
8.30	3.00	11.00	10.30	1.00	1.00	12.30	1.00	
9.00	3.30	12.00	11.30	2.00	2.00	1.00	1.30	
9.30	4.00	1.00	12.30	3.00	3.00	1.30	2.00	
10.00	4.30	1.30	1.00	3.30	3.30	2.00	2.30	
10.30	5.00	2.00	1.30	4.00	4.00	2.30	3.00	
11.00	5.30	2.30	2.00	4.30	4.30	3.00	3.30	
11.30	6.00	3.00	2.30	5.00	5.00	3.30	4.00	
12.00	6.30	3.30	3.00	5.30	5.30	4.00	4.30	
12.30	7.00	4.00	3.30	6.00	6.00	4.30	5.00	
.....	8.10	5.00	4.00	7.00	7.00	5.00	5.30	
.....	9.20	6.10	5.10	8.10	8.10	6.00	6.30	
.....	10.30	7.20	6.20	9.20	9.20	7.00	7.30	
.....	11.45	8.30	7.30	10.30	10.30	8.00	8.30	
.....	12.15	9.00	8.00	11.00	11.00	9.00	9.30	

B—Sundays excepted. C—Sundays only.
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.
To Fernside, except Sundays, 7.00, 9.00, 10.00 A. M., 5.00 P. M.
To San Jose, daily, 10.30 A. M., 3.00, 4.00 P. M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From	From Alameda.	From East Oakland.	From East Bay.	From San Leandro.	From Hayward.	From Niles.	From Berkeley.	From Del Norte.
Oakland.								
A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
6.30	5.40	6.50	6.15	7.08	6.50	7.50	7.20	6.30
8.00	7.30	8.40	7.55	8.48	8.30	9.30	9.00	8.10
10.00	9.30	10.40	10.05	11.00	10.40	11.40	11.10	10.20
12.00	11.30	12.40	12.05	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
2.00	1.30	2.40	2.05	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
4.00	3.30	4.40	4.05	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00
6.00	5.30	6.40	6.05	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00
8.00	7.30	8.40	8.05	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00
10.00	9.30	10.40	10.05	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00
12.00	11.30	12.40	12.05	12.00	12.00	12.00	12.00	12.00
2.00	1.30	2.40	2.05	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
4.00	3.30	4.40	4.05	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00
6.00	5.30	6.40	6.05	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00
8.00	7.30	8.40	8.05	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00
10.00	9.30	10.40	10.05	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00
12.00	11.30	12.40	12.05	12.00	12.00	12.00	12.00	12.00

B—Sundays excepted.
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.
From Fernside, except Sundays, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00 A. M. 6.00 P. M.
From San Jose, daily, 7.05, 8.10 A. M.

CREEK ROUTE

From SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—6.30—8.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M.—12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Daily—6.20—8.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M.—12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M.
B—Daily, Sundays excepted.

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.
A. N. TOWNE, T. H. GOODMAN, General Sup't. Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 BUSH STREET, ABOVE KEARNEY, SAN FRANCISCO.

G. MAHE, Director.

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,

No. 6 POST ST., MASONIC TEMPLE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Term and Ordinary Deposits received. Dividends paid in July and January of each year. Loans made on approved securities.
H. T. GRAVES, Secretary.

S. P. C. R. R.—(NARROW GAUGE).

NEW ROUTE TO ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE AND SANTA CRUZ.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1878.

Commencing Saturday, June 1, 1878, and until further notice, trains and boats will leave San Francisco, at the new Ferry Landing, Market St.:

5.00 A. M., via Alameda Ferry, daily,
for Alameda, West San Leandro, West San Lorenzo, Mount Eden, Alvarado, Hall's, Newark, Mowry's, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, San Jose, Lovelady's, Los Gatos, and Alma.

9.20 A. M., via Alameda Ferry, daily,
for Alameda, Newark, Alviso, Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Alma, and all way stations, connecting at Los Gatos with Colgrove's stages for Oil Wells, Patchen, Mountain Charley's, Martin's Ranch, Scott's Valley, and Santa Cruz; or via Wright's Summit, Hotel de Redwood, Comstock's Mill, Mason's Grove, Sequel, to SANTA CRUZ. Also, connecting at Los Gatos with Blabon's stages for Saratoga and CONGRESS SPRINGS. (Dinner at Los Gatos.)

4.20 P. M., via Alameda Ferry, daily,
for Alameda, Newark, Santa Clara, San Jose, Alma, and all way stations.

On Saturdays only stages will connect with the 4.20 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Santa Cruz and Saratoga. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4 A. M. Monday (breakfast at Los Gatos), arriving in San Francisco at 10.15 A. M.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS

Will run as follows:

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO DAILY.

A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.00	6.40	9.20	10.30	4.20	6.20

LEAVE HIGH STREET (ALAMEDA) DAILY.

A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.40	7.30	9.26	3.00	4.26	7.00

* Sundays only.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. GEO. H. WAGGONER, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ, SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents.

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU,
June 10, July 8, Aug. 5, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR HONOLULU,
April 27th, and every four weeks thereafter.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents,
Corner First and Brannan Streets.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—
JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

Saturday, May 18. Tuesday, June 18. Thursday, Aug. 1. Friday, August 16. Tuesday, Sept. 17. Wednesday, Saturday, Nov. 16. Tuesday, Dec. 17. October 16.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

DAVID D. COLTON, President.

SAUCELITO FERRY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Sunday, April 7th, 1877, a swift and commodious steamer will leave as follows:
San Francisco, foot of Davis Street—8.45 A. M.; 11.00 A. M.; 3.30 P. M.; 5.30 P. M.—R. R.
Saucelito—7.55 A. M.—R. R.; 9.30 A. M.; 1 P. M.; 4.30 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

San Francisco—8.00 A. M.—R. R.; 10.00 A. M.; 12 M.; 2.00 P. M.; 4.30 P. M.; 6.30 P. M.
Saucelito—9.00 A. M.; 11.00 A. M.; 1.00 P. M.; 3.30 P. M.; 5.45 P. M.; 7.45 P. M.—R. R.

On MONDAY an extra trip from San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. On SATURDAY extra trip from Saucelito at 6.15 P. M. * This trip at 2 P. M. on Saturday.

LANDS FOR SALE

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,
31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.
ELEGANT PIANOS.
L. K. HAMMER,
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.
Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.



MUSIC

KNABE PIANOS,
IRVING PIANOS, ROGERS' UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Prince Organs, Waters' Organs, Sheet Music.
BANCROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,
733 MARKET STREET.

PIANOS

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.
Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street, San Francisco.

HOME INDUSTRY
UPRIGHT THE LONG PRICES LOW
FIRST CLASS HEMME & LONG
COR. SUTTER & MONTGOMERY STS. S.F.

H. P. WAKELEE & CO.,
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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 10, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

WHY SHOULD THE CHINESE GO?—II.

A Pertinent Inquiry from a Mandarin High in Authority.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

PALACE HOTEL, August 2, 1878.

TO THE ARGONAUT:—In my last communication I showed that when, in the thirteenth century, China was superior to Europe in population, civilization, and arms, and that although she was able to, and did, march half a million of well equipped men to the shores of the Adriatic, she paused there out of respect for Christianity and the social progress of mankind, and led her vast hosts back to their distant homes without molesting the West. I showed, also, when, in the sixteenth century, these conditions of strength had become reversed—when China had become the weaker and Europe the stronger—what bad use the latter made of its superiority, and how nothing short of rigorous exclusiveness on our part could have saved our country from being desolated by European arms and enslaved by European adventurers.

It will not do for you to claim that you Europeans had no intentions of this sort; for history would belie you. What was Columbus' objective point when he sailed to the West? Cathay, that far famed China, whose riches had been portrayed in the glowing pages of Marco Polo. To his dying day the great Captain supposed the shores of Hispaniola were those of Cathay, and that he had only to explore farther in order to reach the civilized portion of that vast empire. What land did the Spaniards suppose they were upon when they ravaged the Mexican Empire? China. It was always China of which you were in search, and had you found it there can be no doubt that you would have despoiled it as you despoiled the lands which you mistook for it.

Nor will it do for you Americans to claim exemption from reproach on the ground that these atrocious transactions were the work of other nations than your own. You are all as one nation in your attitude toward China. When one of you obtains a concession from the Imperial Government, no matter how unjustly—witness the treaties after the wars of 1842 and 1858—the others are sure to demand similar concessions.

When one of you gains an advantage from us, the others are certain to claim a similar advantage. Because the Portuguese obtained a footing at Macao, the British must have the Island of Hongkong. When any misfortune happens to us, you are all so eager to profit by it that you stand by one another as a single body. Thus, when the Taiping rebellion threatened to subvert the Empire, your war-ships all swung coldly at their anchorages in our harbors, like so many vultures waiting for their prey to expire; and so far from offering to help us, you helped the rebels. More than this, you took advantage of the occasion to make war upon us. I do not blame you; I merely state a fact. You are united by the bonds of a religion which you fancy to be the source of your greatness, and to be filled with the promise of more. The Spanish conquistadores used to carry the symbol of this faith in front of their armies; modern Europe more discreetly smuggles it into the "most favored nation" clause of its treaties with China.

The inferiority of our arms to yours at the period of our early maritime intercourse is evinced, not only by the easy fall of Malacca, but also by the fact that, chief among the goods we used to purchase of you, were European muskets. It is also proved during the bombardment of our ports in the opium war, when the British found our batteries to contain only cast-iron three-pounders, and sometimes only representations of guns painted on canvases.

When we came to acquire a knowledge of European arms, and the way to make them, the fear of invasion and subjection became lessened; but it has never wholly passed away, nor can it pass away until China wholly emerges from that feudal condition in which she still lingers. This condition is one of great peril to her imperial autonomy. The efforts of the central government have to be continually exercised to keep the great feudatories in subjection. When I state that there are lords in China who own greater domains, and are more wealthy, than any individual in Christendom, whilst the people are extremely poor, you will understand me. For instance, when Prince Keshen was condemned in 1841 for having suffered defeat in the opium war, there was confiscated of his property \$7,500,000 in gold, \$2,667,000 in silver, and other goods worth still more—in all about \$25,000,000 worth. A country whose lords are thus rich is easily subdued. Her millions of soldiers count for nothing, because they belong to the feudatories, and these may be easily divided by a crafty foe. Witness the operations of Cortes in Mexico and Clive in India.

From these facts and considerations, and from the absence on our part of hostility toward European civilization, as evinced by our forbearance toward you when, in the thirteenth century, we were the stronger; from the existence on your part of hostility toward our civilization, as evinced by the bad use you made of your superiority when, in the sixteenth century, you had become the stronger; from the feudal condition of our empire and the fear entertained by our government even now, when our weapons are the same as yours, that China may be conquered and reduced by you as have been Mexico, Peru, and India—from these facts and considerations, I say, we would much prefer to have no dealings you; we would rather close our ports and maintain a policy of entire isolation from the European world.

The trouble with Europe, however, is that such a policy would not suit its interests. You desire to possess every conceivable privilege of trade, residence, religion, etc., for Americans in China, whilst you would deny all of them to Chinamen in America. And this brings us directly to the Chinese question in California.

Let it be fully understood at the outset that we Chinese have never sought to obtain leave for our people to live in your countries, except as a counterpoise to a similar permission first sought on your part,

Nearly two thousand years before a Chinaman ever settled in Europe, Europeans settled in China. Not only this—they were protected in their persons, their property, and their religion. Furthermore, the Emperor, Tienpan, went so far as to build a Christian church for Olophen and order it to be supported out of the public coffers. And this was five hundred years before Christianity was introduced even into some parts of Europe—for example, Russia.

When the elder Polos visited us, we treated them well. They remained with us for more than fifteen years, and then departed freely, carrying away great wealth. When Marco Polo came, he was similarly treated. He remained twenty years, and when he departed, which he did at his own request, he was loaded with presents and other favors. During all this time we sent none of our people to Europe. It was you always that sought permission to dwell with us, whilst we never came to you. And observe what you gained by it. You took from us the inventions of the mariners' compass, sails for ships, rudders, gunpowder, paper, printing, and many other useful things. All these came to you from China, either by the hands of the Arabs, or, later on, with the expeditions of Genghis Khan or Batu Kahn, or through the Polos; for these inventions were not known to Europe in the Middle Ages, while they had been long used in our country.

When, at a later period, the western nations made their way to our ports, it was they who came to us and sought permission for their merchants and artisans to dwell among us, not we who desired to send colonists to you. The whole burden of the negotiations sought by European nations with the Imperial Court has been—permission to live in China. In these negotiations, Americans have ever been foremost. You sent Mr. Caleb Cushing to us in 1844, Mr. Reed in 1858, and Mr. Burlingame in 1867. When the last-named gentleman resigned from your diplomatic service to enter ours, and effected the treaty that goes by his name, he was rewarded by you for his part in the transaction with the highest encomiums and the warmest welcome.

Let me read you two or three clauses from this treaty. Article VI. guarantees every privilege and complete protection to Americans in China, and this is carried so far that Article I. forbids the employment of the foreign establishments on the coast of China—for example, the Portuguese establishment at Macao, the British island of Hongkong, etc.—as a means of aggression against the United States, in case of a war between that country and Portugal, or Great Britain, etc.

Article IV. grants entire freedom of religion, protection of sepulture, etc. And Article VII. the right to establish their own schools, etc. to Americans in China.

Article VI. confers equal rights upon Chinamen in the United States. Under these articles a numerous body of your citizens have established themselves in China, possessed themselves of the coasting trade, and many other branches of navigation and traffic, and thus deprived thousands of Chinamen of employment. The complaints of these poor people are not conveyed to you; because our government has too much respect for its treaty obligations to permit you to be annoyed with any expression of regret concerning the working of its compacts with you. On the other hand, while the profits of which the Chinese coast and river junk trade have been deprived, by American steamers, go to swell the dividends of your navigation companies and afford employment to your maritime classes, your shipbuilders, and your machinists, your newspapers are filled and your halls of legislation resound, with outcries against Chinese labor in America.

Thus it appears that the United States maintains precisely the same position in respect to China as the other European nations do. You all desire to possess advantages in China, which, at the same time, you would deny to Chinamen in America. You have bombarded our ports and forced us into an unwilling commerce with you, which now you desire shall be entirely one-sided. Your reason for this unfairness is not a sordid one. You are clear-headed enough to perceive that the benefit to commercial intercourse cannot be unilateral. But you fancy that the advantages of social intercourse may be monopolized by one party. You will not permit us to shut ourselves up. You demand every privilege for Americans in China, but you would deny the same privileges to Chinamen in America, because, in your opinion, the presence of the Chinese amongst us is a menace to your civilization. You shrink from contact with us, not because you regard us as mentally or bodily inferior—for neither fact nor argument will support you here—but rather because our religious code appears to be different from yours, and because we are deemed to be more abstemious in food, clothing, and shelter.

If our religious forms, our daily bill of fare, and our demands for wages were the same as yours, it would be difficult to see what grievance, either real or fanciful, you would have to complain about. Since you profess in your political constitution, your pulpit declamations, and, more than all, in your manner of living, that you are not bigoted and care nothing for religious forms, the menace to your civilization appears to resolve itself into a fear of losing your accustomed roast beef, white shirt-collars, and carpeted houses. It is a menace to the sensual indulgences to which you have been accustomed during the last three centuries—that is to say, since the opening of sea trade to the Orient.

There is a coincidence in this coincidence, to which, in another place I shall have occasion to allude more fully. Meanwhile, let us agree upon the grounds of your hostility to the Chinese in California. I say it is chiefly the fear of having to descend (as you would regard it) to your notion of the Chinese level of subsistence—rice, one suit of clothes, and bare walls. This is the substance of your 1300-page Report of the Joint Special Committee to investigate Chinese Emigration. If it is anything else, I shall be glad to shift the issue with you.

Treating this as the essence of the Chinese question, let us see what there is in it. Substantially, Asia desires seclusion from the European

world; substantially, Europe desires commerce with Asia. In India this commerce is carried on by force. In China and Japan, because you cannot employ force, you desire to so arrange it that, while the commercial benefits may be mutual, the social advantages, as you regard them, may all be on your side. You insist upon trade with China, but you want no contact with her people, for fear of their pagan influence and their economical mode of living. Can you be gratified in both respects? Impossible.

The same God that made you, made us; the same inexorable laws of nature that govern you, govern us. Foremost among these laws is that of gravitation. When a substance falls to the earth, the earth rises at the same time to the substance. All action and reaction are reciprocal. This law holds good throughout the physical world; it also holds good throughout the moral and political world. Nature forbids one-sided arrangements. If you must trade with China, you must come in contact with Chinamen and be subjected to the influence of Chinese morality and Chinese civilization. The influence may be small, may be remote, may be inappreciable—as is the rise of the earth toward falling substances—but it must take place, and neither you nor we can help it. You may drive us out of California, but we shall influence your social affairs all the same. The goods that we now manufacture in San Francisco will be fabricated in Canton; and, no matter how high you may raise your tariff, you will walk in Canton shoes, wear Canton shirts, smoke Canton cigars, and shoot each other with Canton revolvers and gunpowder; for we can make all of them cheaper than you can.

If you have debauched us with opium, we have got even with you by acquiring your mechanical arts; and henceforth, unless Europe and Asia shall fall back upon a now impossible scheme of strict non-intercourse, their fortunes must go together. If, as you believe, your civilization is superior to ours, it will have to fall a little in order that ours may rise a great deal; and this must take place whether the few Chinese now in California shall remain or not. It is God's law, and can not be averted. It is the means by which He has and will continue to slowly knit together the diverse threads of all human life.

In my next and final letter I propose to show how mistaken you are in regarding your civilization as, on the whole, superior to ours; and, on the contrary, how much your civilization owes to ours, and how rapidly it would decay without the support which our civilization affords it, even at the present time. After this I will endeavor to draw a picture of what California would be were the Chinese driven from it, and to justify this delineation will refer to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain and the Chinese from Manila. And when I shall have done this, I will rest my case.

Let me in this place, however, endeavor to correct one great misapprehension in respect to the Chinaman. You are continually objecting to his morality. Your travelers say he is depraved; your missionaries call him ungodly; your commissioners call him uncleanly; and your *sans culottes* call him everything that is vile. Yet your housewives permit him to wait upon them at table; they admit him to their bed-chambers; they confide to him their garments and jewels; and even trust their lives to him, by awarding him their supreme control over their kitchens and the preparation of their food. There is a glaring contradiction here.

The plain truth is, that what you have regarded as evidences of immorality and depravity are simply evidences of indigence and misery. China is in a feudal condition. Her nobles are enormously rich and powerful; her peasants are extremely poor and wretched. The unpleasant things which your travelers and missionaries have observed in China, are not common to Chinamen. They have never been observed in connection with rich Chinamen. They are peculiar only to poverty. They belong to the miserable—to the miserable of all countries. What Mr. Griffis, in his recent chapter on the "Heart of Japan," says of that country, is true also of China: the peasantry are very poor. The nakedness of the towns, of the houses, of the people, their scant fare, their degradation—which were only to be fully perceived when he reached the interior of the country—made him exclaim, with disappointment: "I began to realize the utter poverty and wretchedness of the people and the country of Japan" (p. 415). Yet everywhere he found some education and abundance of good nature (p. 420).

It is the same in China. The nobles are the richest in the world; the peasants are the poorest. What little of the latter's habits and surroundings has proved repulsive to Occidental eyes, is the result, not of inferior morality, but of inferior wealth. The European peasant was in the same condition three centuries ago, and in some countries—for example, Russia, Eastern Germany, Roumania, Ireland, and parts of Italy and Portugal—he is very nearly in a similar condition to-day. Yet you not only tolerate him in America, you share with him your political privileges; you admit him to social communion; he is your brother; while the poor Chinaman you would drive away with blows and contumely. What if it should appear that, after all, there was nothing defensible beneath your hatred of Chinamen but ignorance and religious bigotry? Where would then stand the bases of your vaunted civilization?

The slender fare of rice and the other economical habits of the peasant class, which are so objectionable to your lower orders and the demagogues who trumpet their clamors, are not the result of choice to Chinamen; they follow poverty. The hard-working, patient, servants you have about you to-day, love good fare as well as other men, but they are engaged in a work far higher than the gratification of self-indulgence; they are working to liberate their parents in China from the thralldom of feudal villinage, and so long as their labor continues to strike off the fetters from their beloved ones will they continue to practice their noble self-abnegation. When this emancipation is complete, you will find the Chinaman as prone as any human creature to fill his belly and cover his back with good things. KWANG CHAI LING.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

JACK AND JILL.

Adapted for the Argonaut, from Mother Goose, without Permission.

"It's the very thing," cried Jill, exultantly.

And while she is leaning back in her own easy rocking-chair, building any amount of lofty air-castles, let me tell you just how it was.

Jack and Jill lived in a charming little house in a lovely location, not too far out of town—just right, in fact. And they lived in a delightfully comfortable way—which means that they were not rich. They went to all the places of amusement, and had nice little suppers and charming drives in Jill's own trim phaeton.

And they had a good many pleasant friends. What more could anybody ask? But Jill was an ambitious little woman, and Jack—well, Jack was led mildly around, without feeling the thread which pulled him this way or that. Men are such moles, aren't they?

His mother lived with them. She was a person whom Mr. Sparkler would have immediately identified as "a doctored fine woman, with no nonsense about her." She accepted her son's alienation, her daughter's ambition, and their combined, careless, selfish affection, with the God-given patience mothers have.

It is a bitter law of Nature that bids the children we have nourished and trained push us aside as soon as their wings have been tried, with much the indifference of the insect toward the chrysalis-shell from which it has just emerged. And yet I presume it would be unorthodox to say that the selfish animal instinct overbalances the soul-power when it comes to life questions and life struggles.

Jack's mother accepted the inevitable, shouldering the dependent, unsatisfactory existence which was, after all, Hobson's choice with her, and shipping from Jill's plump shoulders to her own all the cares of the household.

For, as I have said before, Jill was ambitious, and as Jack crept slowly up the business ladder she looked longingly at the social stairway whose highest step is the *ultima thule* of every feminine aspiration.

Almost imperceptibly their modest little house enlarged and beautified, and "gentle folked," as poor old Jo Gargery would say, and the occupants kept pace with the progress. But, after all, their society was not society with a big S.

Jill's "evenings" had not blossomed into "receptions" and "kettle-drums," and had no place in the "social gossip" column of the newspapers. She knew well enough who were our "best people"—what they did, where they went, and what they wore.

She had friends who had friends who were within the charmed circle. She saw women not so clever or well-to-do in the world as she, who moved side by side with bonanza kings and queens, and her heart grew bitter within her. Jack, too, began to feel a small thrill of discontent. He was proud of his pretty wife, his comfortable home, and his self-won success. The spread-eagle doctrine began to permeate his mental system.

"I'm as good as anybody, now that I'm rich."

That's about the way it reads, I believe. So it was easy for Jill to go on with her plans for conquest, and she drew them up like a skillful general. But soldier and diplomatist must bend alike to the power cycled Mrs. Grundy: and so this small woman found to her cost.

After all, it was impossible to enter the magic gate without a passport, and that passport Jill had not quite money enough to buy.

She cultivated everybody she thought would be able to help her. She even fished for invitations. She courted introductions to great folk: but still found herself outside. Mrs. Carbuncle had not called, Mrs. Hye Tyde had not bidden her to one of her feasts, and poor Jill was ready to cry her eyes out with vexation.

She had become a monomaniac on the subject. She was growing pale and anxious. She laid awake all night, and plotted, and planned; three tiny wrinkles crept into her smooth forehead. It was laughable, and yet it was pitiful. If you think I exaggerate, go into almost any of our middle-class homes and you will find Jill's counterpart, in ambition at least.

It is one of the curses of our country and age, this desire to creep, or push, or beg a way into a circle a little higher. Not that we may be improved or refined thereby—for the world of letters is a *terra incognita* to most of our true society people—but because—well, who can say? It's a sort of conundrum, you see—and I, for one, gave it up long ago.

Jack's mother looked on at this little comedy of errors with silent disapproval. Once or twice she *did* venture a mild remonstrance, but pough! who ever followed a mother-in-law's advice?

Jack and Jill had started on their journey, and "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not turn them back. For just as Jill was beginning to be discouraged there came a letter from old Aunt Penryn. Don't tell me it was chance, for I know better.

Aunt Penryn was the Grand Panjandrum of the family—a sort of female Midas who turned everything she touched to gold, but, unlike that narrow-headed hero of mythology, she did not have it turned back again.

She was a selfish, penurious, withered old sinner, who looked on poor people with the indifference of one born in the purple. She had always snubbed Jack's mother, and alternately petted and patronized Jack, and when that young gentleman got married she sent him a weak-legged pair of sugar-tongs and her blessing. I hesitate to say which was worth the most.

But there was always a feeling of awe in the family when her name was mentioned. Secretly, Jill was certain she would leave all her money to Jack, but she never confessed this hope to him.

Now, however, Aunt Penryn had absolutely written to say that she was coming to town for a few days, and would be pleased to have them call on her. Then it was that Jill uttered the mysterious sentence which begins my story. Then it was a project so brilliant flashed into her mind it almost took her breath. Perhaps Aunt Pen. intended her letter to produce that result. At any rate, Jill resolved to ask her to make their house her home during her stay in the city, etc. We all know what a nice little letter Jill can write when she chooses, for she reasoned in this way:

"If she comes here all her friends will call, and they will ask to see me, and Jack and I will be included in her invitations," and with that she gave her head a toss. Do you remember the story of the milk-maid, my friends? It was in "Webster's Spelling Book," and was a very pretty story indeed. But the time had not yet come for the upsetting of the pail, so Jill went on with her meditations unchecked.

Jack laughed when she made known her plans to him, and said: "Well, do you like. Aunt Pen. is a pretty tough customer, though. I'm afraid you'll repent before her visit is over." Jack's mother only looked a little troubled. "If you can manage it, no doubt it will be very pleasant for you." Well, all this was not exactly condemning her plans, and yet Jill felt that she must shoulder the responsibility alone. Perhaps her invitation would not be accepted. At any rate, it was only right they should be civil to the poor old lady. So she talked to herself.

You know how we all put our consciences away on the upper shelf of the darkest closet sometimes. But the very next day came a letter from Aunt Pen. saying she would be "very happy." So the plunge was made. Then Jill began to think the furniture in the blue room rather *passé*, and lest Aunt Pen. might think they were not able to afford new she had stupid upholsterer's men tramping in and out for a week doing much more damage than good. Really, the house was in apple-pie order before, but now there must be an extra cleaning, lest Aunt Pen. might think her a poor housekeeper. And Jack's mother submitted even to this. We, who know all about it, know that she watched over the whole household, made the puddings Jack liked, mended and stitched, and saw that everything came out even, for these good people were not so rich but that willful waste might make woeful want.

But those who take to themselves the credit of good deeds generally get the praise. "Set down your value at your own high rate, the world will pay it." Certainly it was so in the house that Jack built. Well, the eventful day at last arrived. Aunt Penryn came, was welcomed, and installed in her comfortable quarters.

Jill was agreeably disappointed: in fact, she quite felt in love with the old lady, for Aunt Pen. was delighted with everything, and admired everything, from the Maltese cat up to the weather-vane. A disinterested observer would have said she was *too* enthusiastic, but Jill was too happy in the receipt of such praise to be critical, and it all turned out just as she had anticipated.

She shone in Aunt Pen's reflected glory; she went out shopping in carriages which Jack hired—for Aunt Pen. could not, or would not ride on the street cars, and said so many contemptuous things of the people who did that, Jill was ashamed to confess herself of the mob. Mrs. Hye Tyde had sent in cards to her as well as to Aunt Pen., and given them all invitations for her next "Thursday."

All, did I say? Well, all but Jack's mother. Of course, she didn't care to go any way, though she was younger and oh, ever so much prettier than Aunt Pen., but Mrs. Hye Tyde didn't know she existed and Jill forgot to tell her; we won't say she was ashamed, that would sound too bad.

Jill had to have her wardrobe replenished to enter properly into all these gayeties, and Aunt Pen's caprices, whose other name was legion, doubled up the monthly expenses frightfully, but still it was very pleasant to meet all these stately swans and to feel that she was sailing in the same pond with them—in fact, was quite one of them. Of course, she wasn't one really, she was only a silly little goose, but she arched her neck and stretched it out so that it did pretty well.

Her old neighbors and friends were not quite forgotten; indeed, I think her chief pleasure arose from the recital of her successes and the pangs of envy which she knew she created.

But her patronizing airs were really quite ridiculous, and as her visiting list gained names at one end it lost at the other. Her former acquaintance seemed to rival each other in praising her to her face and abusing her behind her back, and her new friends patronized, and snubbed, and forgot her by turns, but still were gracious enough to warrant her clinging to them.

Patronizing, and snubbing, and forgetting have been reduced to fine arts by fine people.

The thick-skinned adventurers who make their living from their patrons don't seem to mind; but Jill was not thick-skinned, and she quivered and winced under these needle thrusts; but the Spartan boy was a humbug to this small, but plucky, woman, and—she smiled and held on.

Meanwhile Aunt Penryn was having "lots of fun and nothing to pay"—as the street *gamins* would say—and that was very pleasant.

In the beginning of her visit Jill had opened all her heart to her. "Aunt Pen. was so sympathetic, and it was so nice to be with some one who understood you." She even indulged in some very ill-natured remarks about Jack's mother. at which Aunt Pen. laughed wickedly, and that incited her to do the same thing again. Her conscience was shut up so tight now that it could not even kick, so everything went on merrily. But by and by Jill found that Aunt Pen. would forget to listen when she told some neat little story, or would break ruthlessly in and interrupt. The same indomitable old lady would also disarrange the whole household with some plan for visiting or sightseeing, and then forget to start, or conclude to do something else.

She flattered Jill by wanting to have clothes, jewelry, or furniture like hers. "I must really get a wrap just like yours, to-morrow," she would cry, but before the purchase was made would see some other style and make that her model. So Jill began slowly to understand what Jack meant when he said his aunt was a "tough old visitor," but the worst of all was that Jill began to fear her trouble would be unrewarded.

She was quick enough to see that her "carriage acquaintance" would be pretty apt to drop her entirely when her guest was gone unless she made herself more conspicuous. Sometimes notoriety will accomplish what patience fails to secure. So, after much laborious thinking, and many consultations with Jack, she resolved to give a party—not a "musical," or a "kettle-drum," but a real "crush ball."

Perhaps you never gave one, so you don't know what it means. It meant, in Jack's house, that a temporary dancing-room had to be built on, and the furniture taken out of one room and put into another. Everybody was made uncomfortable for a week beforehand; it was worse than a moving. The place was thronged with trades people of all sorts.

Strange servants had to be brought in, who smashed furniture and fine china with charming alacrity, but whose accomplishments evidently went no further.

Jill had seized the time for her "crush" when Jack's mother was on a visit to some country friends, because she felt a little uncomfortable in the knowledge of that good woman's disapproval.

Now she missed the house-mother sadly. She had taken so little care heretofore, that it came with added weight in this emergency. The excitement and anxiety unstrung her nerves, and the regrets of several of the most distinguished guests finished the business.

When the night of the party came she was almost crazy with a furious sick headache. In the old days she would have gone to bed and been soothed by tender hands, but now she must keep up, come what might.

She had lost her self-possession early in the day, and had given up everything to the restaurateur and his myrmidons, to the florist and all the rest of the aids to such a hospitality; but they hunted her down and wanted this or that unprocureable thing until she was almost wild.

Aunt Pen. had left the house with the first symptoms of chaos. She "could not be disturbed by such confusion," so she pleaded an engagement to Mrs. Goldnote and turned her back on the preparations in her honor.

The dressmaker did not send Jill's dress until the last minute, and then it was so ill-fitting that it could not be worn, and she had to put on an old one. The hairdresser experimented, and produced a result more startling than becoming, while half a dozen hair-pins stuck straight into the poor, aching head all the evening.

Jill had found, when she made out her list, that her fashionable acquaintance would by no means fill her house, so she took the upper stratum of her old friends and sandwiched them in, with many misgivings, it is true, but trusting to good-fortune and her own tact to make things pass off smoothly. The result may be anticipated.

To be sure, the dancing people did their duty, but there was no mixing such discordant elements. One might have supposed that a league had been formed to crush any interchange of civilities.

Poor Jill, with her head splitting and a very white face, went around smiling, and tried to do her duty, but her efforts were unavailing.

Mrs. Hye Tyde went home before supper. That was the bitterest draught.

And the supper—well, the less said of it the better. It was a pity that Jill had taken a streak of economy when it came to that part of the programme; but she had, being impelled thereto by Jack's growls of discontent. Well, there had been a little tiff with the all-potent French gentleman who was king of the cuisine, and the result was easy to foresee again. Revenge was easy, and revenge was sweet.

The supper was unduly delayed, to begin with, and was all insufficient, to end with. Jack and Jill heard various murmurs of dissatisfaction, and saw motions of scarcely concealed contempt; but the liquors were profuse, and good—of their kind. Jack had attended to that. And the gay young gentlemen, making up for the lack of solids, grew gayer as the night wore on. Some, in fact, were a little boisterous, and had to be smuggled out at side-doors.

Jill was ready to die with mortification. She began to hate them all. Would they never go? Of course, even the last lingerer dropped away after a while. Everybody came up and simpered:

"Good-night; we've had such a *delightful* evening."

And poor Jill smiled a ghastly smile, and murmured:

"Going?—so *soon*?"

And finally they were all really and truly gone, and then Jill crept up stairs, and went into hysterics for the first—and last—time in her life.

She could not come down stairs that day, nor the next, nor the next, nor for a week.

In the meantime old Aunt Penryn sent for her trunks and came one day, ostensibly to say good-bye, but I don't believe she said it after all, for she spent the whole time telling Jill all the disagreeable things she had heard said, supplemented by all the disagreeable things she could think of herself, winding up with a little advice.

"It's positively no use for you to try to go into good society; not yet awhile at any rate, unless Jack should get very wealthy, and that's not possible while you're so extravagant. You might get along with fewer servants. I *did* think of putting Jack in charge of those mills of mine up country, but am afraid he's growing reckless. Mr. Garnet tells me he has been speculating deeply in stocks, and *that* won't do you know. I only tell you this for your own good," she went on, piously, while poor Jill withered under the tongue-lashing. She was conscience-stricken, else she would have given the old lady a Roland for her Oliver.

And by and by the servants came to tell her that one of her new hall statues, bought at the instigation of Aunt Pen. and Mrs. Comstock, had been thrown down and shattered by a too energetic dancer.

Well, Jack's mother came home and straightened out the household tangle and waited on Jill, and—*never said a word*, but that was only an aggravation.

Jack came and went, and tried to be jolly, but it was easy to see that he was driven hard. He was getting irritable and impatient, too.

Aunt Pen's visit set Jill back another week. She was not seriously ill, only weak and good-for-nothing. It was the reaction from her gayeties. She had got to the top of the hill and had drawn the coveted pail of water, but when she tumbled down it splashed all over her, and washed away her heart-burning, and envy, and ambition. She had time to think it all over lying there so long.

Jack's mother drew the story of all his embarrassments from him in some mysterious way that only mothers know.

It was worse than they thought; but by and by, when they had all talked it over together, it seemed to grow lighter, as burdens shared always do. And Jill herself proposed to sell their house and live any way for a little while until they could do better; though it was a cross to give up everything—not at first, perhaps; it is so easy to plunge into a big sacrifice, but the little stings of mortified pride, and the loss of daily conveniences, the *small hurts* were hard to bear.

But by the time summer came, as Jill was still weak, they went off with half a dozen good friends down the coast, camping. A few months before Jill would have scorned such

a plebeian pleasure-trip; indeed, she *had* planned to go to White Sulphur, where she could bask in the halo of the social planets; and she even ventured to think of herself as a very pretty little satellite; but that was all over now. I confess that, as she grew stronger, she felt pangs of worldliness occasionally. "When the devil was sick"—you know the rest.

But she had long, serious conversations with the trees, and the hills, and the sea, and they all told her the same story of something better than fine feathers and fine cages. She was getting frightened about Jack. Aunt Pen. told the truth. He was growing reckless. And when they went home—like the good girl that she was—she set herself to work undoing all she had done; and, in trying to help Jack, did herself much good.

This sounds highly moral and—improbable; but, once in a century or so, a stray reformer does manage to turn over a new leaf which is not quite like the old. It was hard work; but, as I have said before, Jill had a good deal of what people vaguely call "character;" so she worked out her own salvation, and Jack's too, in slow but resolute fashion.

Perhaps you've already surmised that Aunt Pen. has never left them any money; in fact, I don't think she will ever die; but they don't care much now, and have ceased to speculate on the amount of her fortune.

And Jack's mother stays on and on, and takes care of the children as they come, and is truly thankful, poor soul, for what she receives in the way of stray kindnesses and "daily bread." And—that's all, I believe, except that Jill had her broken statuette pieced together again, and keeps it as a sort of mortification to the flesh whenever she feels a longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and as a reminder of her struggles up the hill of "Good Society."

Q. T.

BELMONT, August 4, 1878.

More of Special Education.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I perused, with much interest, an article in a late number of the ARGONAUT, commending the action of the Board of School Directors, dropping some of the special teachers of language, whereby the city will henceforth be saved an annual expenditure of \$7,000. I concur most heartily with you in your ideas with reference to these matters. I protest against the instruction of accomplishments in our public schools, upon the ground that three-fourths of the pupils are children of poor parents, and necessity compels them to leave school at an early age. This is particularly the case with our boys, many of whom are obliged to enter the lists and begin the battle of life before having completed a grammar school course. What utter folly it is then to waste their precious time in the study of empty accomplishments, whose value to them in after years is simply infinitesimal! How much more sensible it were to instruct them thoroughly in such branches which will be of material assistance to them in their efforts to gain a livelihood, instead of frittering away hour upon hour, and having nothing in the end but a smattering of foreign languages, drawing and music, and still less knowledge of the common rudiments of an English education. Now that the directors have begun the good work of reform and economy, let them not stop until they have dispensed with more of these unnecessary evils, these special teachers, who are drawing heavily upon the tax-payers' money, and who in return are giving little or no service. In connection with this subject allow me to call your attention, Mr. Editor, to a few facts in regard to the music supposed to be taught entirely by special teachers, whose salaries amount annually to over \$10,000. In the first place, a Principal of Music is employed at \$200 per month, whose duty is to superintend the instruction of that accomplishment, in order to do which he must visit the different schools, not *occasionally*, but *frequently*, to discover whether the work is being carried on properly and efficiently. Such being the case, the following query is pertinent: Why does he confine all his time and attention to some schools in particular, to the complete neglect of others? One of the largest schools in this city has not been visited by this man for more than a year, but has been left entirely to the mercy of his assistants; and oh, Mr. Editor, such assistants. One whom I now recall, and who evidently hails from the Green Isle, in his fruitless efforts to instill the rudiments of music into the youthful mind, addresses the pupils in a brogue so utterly unintelligible at times that one is at a loss to determine whether he is instructing in his native Irish or not. In the study of a foreign language a *good* accent is certainly a most essential requirement, and is one of the first things to be acquired, but I fancy that parents are not particularly desirous of having their children learn to *sing* with a *brogue*. Another assistant is employed, whose position was never bestowed upon her because of her ability to sing, neither for her tact in imparting the extremely small amount of knowledge she possesses of the branch she pretends to teach, and for which overwhelming (?) labor she is remunerated with the very handsome salary of \$125 per month. Shall I term it *instruction* or merely repetition when some of the lower grades under the supervision of this *special teacher* have not been taught by her anything in the shape of a little song for months and months past? Children grow weary of *repetition*; it becomes monotonous and uninteresting, and they are ever on the *qui vive* for some novelty. Mr. Editor, in our primary schools the regular teacher does the work, and I do most emphatically assert that, without her continued efforts, the pupils would gain little or no knowledge of music. If *music* must be taught, our class teachers are able and willing to do so in the future as they have ever done in the past. The *special teacher*, who receives \$1,500 per annum, is regarded merely as a visitor (and a very intrusive one sometimes), who calls occasionally to listen, and to comment, upon the work accomplished by the *class teacher*, who is paid, in some instances, but half the salary of the more favored *special*. School directors, do not weary with well doing; investigate these matters, and you will find that you can easily dispense with some of these special teachers, without any loss whatever to the children, and with considerable gain to your funds. But enough of the *music* question at present.

Yours, truly,

R. G. D.

The "Ceramic" bathing suit is the latest. It is made of gayly figured cloth, and makes the bather look like a collection of foreign postage stamps.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are—dead.

ON SHADOW LAKE.

BY MAY N. HAWLEY.

Nestled among Sierra's minarets,
Blue, ragged peaks, and breezy wooded slopes,
Where the wind whispers to the pines in tropes
Of musical despair—alternate hopes—
A long blue line of lake shines through the line of nets
Of inflated branches on its wild, steep shore.
All day the restless aspen shakes before
The cool, fresh wind; the tamaracks fling plumes
Of dark, rich fragrance downward to the spumes
From foam-crests flecking the incoming sweep
Of plangent waves against their feet; the steep,
Grim, granite mountains throw the shores in shade,
Save when the sun sails in high majesty
Through the broad track of noon. Then shadows fade
And melt into the cool, dark wood, till day
Softly from Shadow Lake is chased away.

Deep in the fragrant wood, in days of old,
Before the land was stricken in the quest
For the rich treasure of its hidden gold,
There dwelt two roving princes of the west—
Princes, in that they twain might have possessed
The princeliest realm of the Sierra's land;
And, undisputed then, their claims might stand,
Since they alone had cared to claim the vast
Pure-templed wood in those days of the past.

They came together on the lone lake's shore—
Glancing with questant eyes each other o'er,
Unused to meeting strangers in the wood.
One dark, the other fair; both of proud blood—
Castilian—strong, unfettered, unrestrained,
The fairest smiled. "Friend," said he, "I have gained
This spot by chance. If thou with solitude
Prefer to share, I leave to thee this wood."
"Nay," said the other, frankly, "we will be
Two princes of one royal family,
And share the throne between us. I am he
Men call De Castro. Who art thou, O Prince?"
The fair one answered, merrily: "Ay, since
Thy whim is for a title, mine shall be
The Prince Delgado. Surely, royalty
Ne'er had less cares of state than thine and mine.
Thy hand, O Prince! and this lake holds the wine
Spilled on our coronation"—stooping down
To lift the water in his hollowed hand
And shower it, diamond-like, upon them both.
Then, clasping hands an instant—nothing loth,
They wandered up the green aisles of the wood,
And left the blue lake to its solitude.

Thereafter, sounded through the mystic pines,
Through groves of cottonwood and tamarack,
The whirr of startled wings and the sharp crack
Of death-aimed guns; the rabbit, at such times,
Pausing one palpitant instant to look back,
Laid slender ears against his neck and flew
With light leaps through the wood. The startled deer,
With heads upflung, moist from the streamlet clear
Beneath their muzzles, heard the sound and knew
Death-warrant's future seal, and trembling fled
Deeper within the forest. Through the night
The broad red glare from the camp-fire was shed
Out on the black flood of the lake, where stars
With lustrous fire shivered into light;
And the pale moon-beams crossed the lake in bars
Between the pines dark stems. Delgado wrought,
Fleetly and skilled, a graceful, slender boat,
Rounded and shapen with an art which sought
To make most perfect work. It lay afloat
Upon the bosom of the lake at last,
Fitted with oars and one tall slender mast,
To which a sail hung, fluttering in the wind—
Bought from some Indians straying through the land.
The light thing answered to Delgado's hand,
And through rich days in dreaminess of mind
They floated with the breeze, or idly tried
To count the pebbles in some shallow, where
The speckled trout unfeigningly would glide
Beneath the sunlit waters heaving there.

There came one day to that secluded shore
One whom Delgado named Princess Inore;
Her friends attendant begged the right to stay
For rest from travel by the lake a day;
It might be more, for they had come from far
And were weary. So Delgado said,
Kindly and courteously, with bended head:
"Most welcome, friends! All that we have is thine!"
De Castro silent stood and made no sign—
Save when Inore thanked his friend graciously,
Pleased with his fair face and his courtesy.

The day of rest was lengthened into two,
Those two into a week, and the week grew
Into the semblance of a month, and still
Inore had lingered by the lake until
The sweet midsummer threatened to be gone.
The days with magic splendor, one by one,
Rose from beyond the line of dim blue hills,
Filled to the doming sky, failed to the west,
And slipped from sight as twilight, from its rest,
Flung to the breeze the essence night distills.

Through the cool woods De Castro and Inore
Wandered in golden afternoons; she knew
His passionate regard led him to woo
And win her, distant from the blue lake's shore
Where his fair rival waited their return.
Vain was his care; love never can unlearn
The spells it caught in weaving subtle nets
To snare the human heart. De Castro brought
Wild flowers to deck her flowing midnight hair,
Strings of red berries for her round arms and her bare
Brown throat and bosom; eagerly he sought
The richest treasures of the wood to find,
And poured them at her feet; he could not bind
To his her gentle heart, yet that she feared
To rouse the evil in his breast she said
No word by which he deemed himself endeared,
Nor any word lest he had wished her dead.

At eventide she floated on the lake
In the white boat steered by Delgado's hand,
The while De Castro watched them from the land
With sullen brows and folded arms. What time
The silver waters parted in the wake
Of the swift boat her light laugh floated out,
And all her heart was buoyant as with wine.
The fair, frank Prince Delgado had no doubt
To mar their pleasure. Nay, he even felt
A sorrow through his generous bosom stir
At thought of his dark rival's agony,
And said low to himself, "For wounding her
I can not do it; for myself I cry,
Take her, O friend; and I would you could make
Her happiness beside the light of thine!
If this be not, then do I claim her mine."

Lightly one night the boat returned, and lay
White in the fire-light from the shore which shone
With fitful gleams upon the waves; the moan
Of waving pines rolled downward to the bay,
And spread with hollow echoes on the shore.
De Castro woke from troubled sleep before
The last red gleam had faded from the night,
And saw the light boat tossing on the wave.
Some subtle purpose fired his soul; he gave
A swift, exultant glance around; no sight
Of living thing rewarded his keen eye.
In the night silence not a soul was nigh
Save the sleep-chained Delgado in the boat,
As tilted by the waves it lay afloat.

It was Delgado's habit oft to sleep
In swinging slumber on the silver waves;
He said their lapping made his slumbers deep,
And the slow ripple washing shoreward lulled
The lesser murmurs of the night to rest.
Upon the shore there stood a great tree, culled
By dark De Castro from them all as best
And fittest for his purpose. Strong and tall—
A gnarled old cedar stretching out mute limbs
Rigid through pain. De Castro marked its fall
One day in evil mood, and how there lay
The white boat in the shadow of its arms.
So when the camp was lonely one fair day,
And brooding silence woke not to alarms
Of stranger sounds, De Castro cut the tree,
But let it stand defying scrutiny.
Wedging it carefully till but a sweep
Of western wind had blown it from its hold
Headlong upon the bosom of the deep
Blue lake, whereon the white boat gently rolled.

De Castro caught a club, and cautiously
With Indian cunning crept toward the tree;
At one strong blow the wedge flew, and the sound
Falling among the hollow hills inwound
With the death groan the tree gave as it fell.
A jet of flame rose from the smouldering fire,
Flinging a weird light out upon the lake;
Some prescient spirit bade the sleeper wake—
And starting up with hands outflung, the spire
Of pale flame threw its lance upon the boat
And showed the slender figure of Inore!

O then a wild cry thrilled along the shore,
And in the instant ere the great tree fell
De Castro sprang into the lake! The rush
Of writhing branches bore them down; the swell
Of the lashed water surged upon the beach,
And with a hiss the camp-fire died. Then hush
Of night and silence dwelt there evermore.

* * * * *
Delgado's spirit haunts the blue lake still,
The Indians say. Like Aedon of old,
He pined through grief until his fate was told,
And as a lonely bird is heard his note
Beneath the dusk of evening from the hill;
Ever alone the stricken echoes float,
Meeting no answering echoes, and the night
Leans to his sad complaint with tender breast
And gives him hearing for his grief's unrest,
But hushes him to silence with the light.

By day the sun-waves ripple o'er the spot,
And in their brightness this tale is forgot—
But underneath the waters one may see
Even now the skeleton of memory.
For the long shape of the white boat starts up,
Startling, distinct, from its unquiet bed,
To the keen watcher sailing overhead;
And through the quivering waters one may see
The clasping branches of the cedar tree
Across its slight white shape impressing
With iron arms the old-time dainty thing
Which rode the waves with ease; around it play
Scaled silver-fish, and all the summer day
The fearful aspen shudders on the shore
And the pines moan and murmur evermore.

NORTH COLUMBIA, CAL., July 27, 1878.

The Mother's Prayer.

A winter's night—the wind was blowing wild
Around a home where want and sorrow dwelt,
And by the bedside of a dying child
In tears and prayers a widowed mother knelt.

And lo! an angel bright stood by her side,
To whom the mother: "Wherefore do you come?"
And tenderly the shining one replied:
"To take your darling to a happier home."

The mother spoke: "'Tis cruel and unkind
To take my child and let me linger still."
The angel: "Mother, if you were not blind,
You would bow down in reverence to His will."

The mother said, "Much sorrow I have seen;
Filled to the brim with care and misery
My cup of life for many years has been;
Then do not take my only joy from me."

The angel answered: "If a mother's tears
Might change the ruling of the God above,
And if your son might live to manhood's years,
No blessing, but a curse, the change would prove."

"I care not what his lot in life may be,"
The mother sobbed, "but leave my little dear."
"You care not," said the angel; "list to me,
And from his life one passage you will hear:

"Your son will woo a maiden fair and good,
And win her from her home and country life,
And she will barter truth and maidenhood
To be to him his everything but wife."

"And he will fire of the poor girl at last,
And on a night like this, of storm and sleet,
With baby in her arms, she shall be cast
Out of her home to perish in the street."

The mother rose. "My prayer I do recall,
Take him. A single tear I will not shed.
If by his living one poor soul might fall,
I would a thousand times that he were dead."

The angel spoke: "A mother's love is true.
I take your little one, but he will wait,
Sinless and beautiful, to welcome you,
When life is o'er, beside the Jasper gate."

And saying this, he vanished from the place,
And as the mother knelt beside the bed,
She kissed her little infant's pallid face,
And spoke: "I thank Thee, God, that he

SAN FRANCISCO, August 3, 1878.



At his country residence—Belmont—on Thursday evening, Senator Sharon gave an entertainment to nearly a thousand guests; the occasion being the *entrée* into society of his youngest daughter, Miss Flora. The Belmont mansion is the former residence of Mr. Ralston, famous for its hospitalities and the character of its receptions during Mr. Ralston's career, where every distinguished stranger that visited our coast was made a welcome guest. Mr. Sharon has succeeded, not only to Mr. Ralston's mansion, but to his hospitable disposition, in throwing open his house to people who move in good society. In recalling the splendid wedding festivities at his town house on Sutter Street, at the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Frank Newlands, we ought not to hint that Senator Sharon has entered upon a new life in removing to a new house. The wedding to which we refer was the social event of the year in which it occurred; the entertainment given at the Belmont mansion to the Earl and Countess of Dufferin was the event of its season, as the splendid festivities of Thursday evening is likely to be the crowning event of this year's social campaign. The rendezvous at the Southern Pacific depot was prompt, responsive to the following simple invitation:

The Hon. WM. SHARON
Requests the pleasure of your company,
at Belmont,

Thursday evening, August 8th.

Cars leave corner Third and Townsend Streets, at 8 o'clock.
R. S. V. P.

Soon after the appointed hour full fifteen car-loads of ladies and gentlemen were *en route* for San Mateo. All the vehicles of the county seemed in waiting at Belmont, and in a short time the guests were being driven through the elegant grounds and illuminated groves that environ the spacious mansion of the Senator. It was a brilliant affair. All that wealth and generous intent could accomplish was done for the entertainment and pleasure of his numerous guests. Good society was in its best dress and on its best behavior. That it was a most agreeable affair it is only necessary to say that nearly a thousand pleasure-seeking people were thrown together in a spacious and elegant mansion, brilliant with light, adorned with flowers, filled with servants, provided with music, and a banquet of all the luxuries, and invited to enjoy themselves, as most assuredly they did, till the morning dawn dimmed the thousand glimmering lights that had adorned the grounds. It would seem invidious to describe a score, or even a hundred, of the very costly and elegant toilets of the ladies, where all were exceptionally and fashionably clad. It would seem to us inappropriate to mark for special notice jewels and fabrics which wealth can produce, and omit a description of the graces and beauties, the deportment and elegance, which belong to culture, birth, and breeding. Among the invited guests we mention the following:

Mr. and Mrs. A. Ahner,
Mayor Alvord,
General Alexander,
Mr. and Mrs. Avery,
Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames,
Mr. F. Atherton,
Miss Adams,
Miss Anna Alexander,
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin,
Miss Allen,
Mr. and Mrs. Atcheson,
Misses Ashe,
Mr. Bradford,
Dr. Bowie,
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bryant,
Mr. and Mrs. Brumagem,
Wm. Lane Booker,
Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Blanchard,
Mr. and Mrs. Boardman,
Mr. and Mrs. Blanding,
Mr. and Mrs. Breckenridge,
Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Badlam,
Mr. Brown,
Miss Dollie Brown,
Mr. and Mrs. Barroilhet,
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bromley,
Mr. and Mrs. H. Belloc,
Mr. and Mrs. James Burling,
Judge and Mrs. Jeremiah Black,
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barron,
Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bacon,
Dr. and Mrs. Bailey,
Dr. and Mrs. Bucknall,
Captain and Mrs. J. H. Beard,
Colonel and Mrs. Baker,
Colonel and Mrs. Bradley,
Charles Wolcott Brooks,
Newton Booth,
Miss Banks,
Mr. and Mrs. Bixler,
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnes,
Mr. and Mrs. Bishop,
Miss Bishop,
William T. Babcock,
Mr. and Mrs. I. Bishop,
Miss Brenham,
Jules Burling,
Mr. and Mrs. Miss Beaver,
Dr. Brigham,
Mr. George Bonny,
Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Barron,
Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Baldwin,
Miss Mary Bates,
General and Mrs. Cobb,
Judge and Miss Currey,
Lieutenant Cheney,
Mr. and Mrs. Corning,
Judge and Mrs. Crockett,
Misses Crockett,
Mr. and Mrs. Coey,
Senator and Mrs. Cole,
Miss Cole,
Misses Coleman,
Senator and Mrs. Casserly,
Mr. and Mrs. Coleman,
Mr. Chevassus,
Mr. and Mrs. M. Castle,
Mr. and Mrs. F. Castle,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker,
Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Colton,
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Coit,
Mr. Crittenden,
Miss Crittenden,
Miss Marian Cushing,
Dr. and Mrs. Cushing,
Miss Coffey,
Misses Chamberlain,
Mr. and Mrs. Jennings S. Cox,
Miss Coggeshall,
Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseman,
Mr. and Mrs. Clement,
Mr. and Miss Cogbill,
Fred. Crocker,
Miss Chadwick,

Mr. and Mrs. Crafts,
Judge and Mrs. Campbell,
Frank X. Cicott,
P. H. Canavan,
Mr. and Mrs. Donahue,
Miss Donahue,
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Davis,
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis,
Judge and Mrs. Daingerfield,
Mr. W. N. Diggle,
Mr. Eugene Dewey,
Charles Dungan,
General and Mrs. Dodge,
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Doyle,
Lieutenant and Mrs. Delahanty,
Mr. and Mrs. Decker,
Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Del Mar,
Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Deane,
Misses Dennis,
Misses Dearborn,
Mr. and Mrs. Delmas,
Miss Ida Davis,
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Dwinelle,
Miss Ida Davis,
Captain and Mrs. Eldridge,
Miss Eldridge,
Mr. and Mrs. Emilio,
Mrs. and Miss Elam,
Mr. and Mrs. John Earle,
Dr. and Mrs. Eckel,
Misses Eckel,
Mrs. Henry Edgerton,
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Evans,
Mrs. and Miss Easton,
Mr. Estudillo,
Mr. and Mrs. Freeborn,
Judge and Mrs. Stephen J. Field,
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Forbes,
Colonel and Mrs. Fry,
Edward Fry,
Mr. and Mrs. Fall,
Miss Fall,
Mrs. J. B. Felton,
Charles Felton,
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fair,
Mr. and Mrs. James C. Flood,
Miss Flood,
Mrs. Foster,
General and Mrs. French,
Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Forbes,
Misses Forbes,
Captain and Mrs. Field,
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Finley,
Henry S. Fitch,
Mr. Franklin,
Lieutenant Greenough,
Mr. and Mrs. Gould,
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graves,
Dr. and Mrs. Gwin,
Miss Gwin,
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Garnett,
Mr. and Mrs. Goodman,
Mr. and Mrs. Gilman,
Miss Gordon,
Mr. and Mrs. Greathouse,
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gould,
Colonel and Mrs. Grannis,
Mr. and Mrs. Gashwiler,
Commander Glass,
Lieutenant and Mrs. Geary,
Col. and Mrs. Geo. Gray,
Miss Gray,
Misses Garnett,
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin,
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haggin,
Mr. Heydenfeldt,
Judge Hastings and sons,
Miss Huntington,
Ben Holladay, Jr.,
Judge and Mrs. Hager,
Judge Hope,
Dr. and Mrs. Hitchcock,
R. V. Hayne,
Mrs. Hugerson,
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Howard,
Mr. and Mrs. Hallett,
Major R. P. Hammond and sons,
Judge Ogden Hoffman,
Horace L. Hill,
Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Hermann,
Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Hay,
Mr. and Mrs. Hall,
R. C. Hall,
Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson,
Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill,
Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins,
Edward Hooper,
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Holt,
Miss Julia Holt,
Governor and Mrs. Haight,
Mr. and Mrs. Huntsman,
Chancellor Howard,
Horace L. Hill,
Sol. Heydenfeldt, Jr.,
Mr. and Mrs. Head,
Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones,
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Janin,
Mr. Henry Janin,
Mr. and Mrs. Jenks,
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson,
Mr. and Mrs. Rosevelt Jones,
Miss Rosevelt Jones,
"The Only Jones,"
Mr. and Mrs. Jarboe,
Lieut.-Gov. and Mrs. Johnson,
Miss Ada Johnson,
Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey,
T. Kearney,
General and Mrs. Kautz,
Dr. and Mrs. Keeney,
General and Mrs. E. D. Keyes,
Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Kendig,
General and Mrs. Kelton,
Major Keeler,
Mr. and Mrs. Kittle,
J. G. Kellogg,
Mr. and Mrs. C. Adolphe Low,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Low,
Judge and Mrs. Lake,
Mr. and Mrs. Lawson,
Governor and Mrs. Low,
H. Logan,
Misses Lohse,
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Lent,
Milton S. Latham,
Nicholas Luning,
Reuben Lloyd,
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Lawton,
Miss Lathrop,
Mr. and Mrs. Lightner,
Edward LeBreton,
Mr. and Mrs. Livermore,

Orlando Lawton,
Misses Lake,
Miss Lawton,
Captain and Mrs. Maury,
Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris,
Mr. and Mrs. Macondray,
Mr. Madden,
Judge and Mrs. McKinstry,
Mr. and Mrs. John Maynard,
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morrow,
General and Mrs. McDowell,
Misses McDowell,
General and Mrs. Miller,
Miss Dora Miller,
Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister,
Misses McAllister,
G. T. Marrye,
Dr. Maxwell,
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills,
Mr. and Mrs. McMullen,
Mr. and Mrs. Jasper McDonald,
Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonald,
Misses Maynard,
Mrs. Lafayette Maynard,
H. Mitchell,
Miss Majilton,
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Merrill,
Mr. and Mrs. Miss E. Martin,
Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin,
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McLane,
Colonel and Mrs. Mendell,
Charles Mayne,
B. M. Maynard,
Mr. and Mrs. Miss Masters,
Frederick Mason,
Mr. and Mrs. Morse,
Commodore McDougal,
Miss Opie McDougal,
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McLaughlin,
Dr. and Mrs. Meares,
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Norris,
Mr. and Mrs. James Newlands,
Miss Jessie Newlands,
Robert Nutall,
H. M. Naglee,
Mrs. and Miss Neville,
Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Ogden,
Mrs. James Otis,
D. J. Oliver,
Miss Oliver,
Mrs. and Miss O'Brien,
J. W. Prather,
Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley,
Miss Katie Plume,
Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Plume,
Mrs. Theodore Payne,
Warren and Theodore Payne,
Mr. and Mrs. Jules Parrott,
Tiburcio Parrott,
Governor and Mrs. Pacheco,
General and Mrs. Potter,
General and Mrs. Prince,
Mrs. Patten,
Miss Poett,
Misses Parrott,
Mr. and Mrs. Prescott,
Miss Peters,
Miss Perry,
Julian Rix,
Mr. Edmund Randolph,
Miss Randolph,
Mr. and Mrs. Requa,
John Roman,
Mr. and Mrs. Redington,
R. C. Rogers,
Robert Roy,
Mr. and Mrs. Robinson,
Judge and Mrs. Rhodes,
Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Reis,
Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Ralston,
Mr. L. L. Robinson,
Miss Ransome,
Mrs. De Russey,
Miss Raynor,
Misses Redington,
J. A. Robinson,
Governor and Mrs. Stanford,
Commodore and Mrs. Spotts,
Miss Lizzie Spotts,
Dr. Shorb,
Mrs. M. D. L. Simpson,
Miss Bessie Simpson,
Mrs. and Miss Swearingen,
Judge and Mrs. Sunderland,
Senator and Mrs. Sargent,
Mr. and Mrs. Skae,
Senator and Mrs. W. M. Stewart,
Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding,
Mr. and Mrs. T. Selby,
Miss Sterling,
Eugene Sullivan,
Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve,
Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick,
Mrs. B. F. Sherwood,
Colonel and Mrs. Stewart,
Mr. and Mrs. Irving Scott,
Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Seward,
Mr. Stoutenborough,
Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Smith,
Judge L. Sawyer,
Misses Stevenson,
Miss Bessie Sedgwick,
Governor Safford,
Mr. and Mrs. Selfridge,
Mrs. Henley Smith,
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith,
Waverly Sterley,
Judge and Mrs. Sanderson,
N. B. Stone,
Temple Spotts,
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Sillim,
Mr. and Mrs. Tallant,
Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Taylor,
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis,
Wm. Neely Thompson,
Mr. and Miss Thibault,
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Thornton,
Mr. and Mrs. C. Thornton,
Mr. and Mrs. R. Tobin,
Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins,
A. S. Tubbs,
Mrs. Bessie Thornton,
Miss Tibbitts,
Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle,
Miss Tompkins,
Miss Thompson,
Miss Thresher,
Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs,
Mr. and Mrs. Tilden,
Miss Trowbridge,
Mr. and Mrs. W. Turnbull,
Mr. and Mrs. Underhill,

Miss Van Reyneboom,
Mr. Venue,
Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensalaer,
Mr. and Mrs. Vassault,
Misses Vassault,
Mrs. and Miss Van Voorhees,
Judge and Mrs. Wright,
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson,
Mr. Willetsky,
John Weller,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weller,
Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Weaver,
Miss Maria Wood,
Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler,
Judge and Mrs. Wallace,

Mr. and Miss Wood,
Mr. and Mrs. Miss White,
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Watkins,
Mr. and Mrs. Miss Wooster,
Lieutenant and Mrs. Woodruff,
John and Bertha Washington,
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wiggins,
Dr. and Mrs. Wood,
Mr. and Mrs. Whitney,
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wakelee,
Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth,
H. Weil,
Mr. and Mrs. Yost,
Mr. and Mrs. Yerrington,

The *cartes de menu* were in red impression on white and tinted satin—those for the ladies being edged with white lace, and reading:

Souper.—Meau,
BELMONT, le 8 Aout 1878.

CHAUD,
Hultres à la Poquette.
Bouchées de Clovis. Hultres frites.
Terrapin à la Maryland.

ENTREES FROIDES.

Filets de volaille en chautroix.
Foie gras de Strasbourg en bordures.
Cotelettes de chevreuil à la Dorsey.
Salade de langoustes à la Bagration.
Salade de volaille à la moderne.

GROSSES PIÈCES FROIDES.

Le Fort Malakoff en pain de Gibier à la Saint Hubert.
Bastion rustique en galantine de cochon de lait.
Jambon de Virginie en damier.
Filets de bœuf à la Russe.
Galantine de dindes à la banquière.
Langues de bœuf à l'ecarlate.

DESSERT.

Charlotte à la Russe. Gelée à la Macedoine.
Gâteaux assortis. Bonbons en surprise.
Glaces grands moules à la Napolitaine.
Glaces en petits moules fantaisie.
Pièce de milien en nougat jardinière.
Pagoda chinoise à la moderne.
Fontaine pastillage à la Florentine.
Mosaïque à la Ninon.
Corne d'abondance à la Parisienne.

RAFRACHISSEMENTS.

Punch au Champagne.
Orangeade. Orgeat. Groseilles.
CHAUD.
Consommé de volaille en tasses.
Barvarroises. Au lait d'amandes et mexicaines.
Café. Vins.

It gives us pleasure to record the quiet but stylish marriage of Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, of the Twenty-first Infantry, and Miss Octavia Miller, on Thursday, the 6th inst., at Grace Church, by the Rev. Dr. Platt. The bride and groom are both favorites in society, well known, and highly appreciated—she, for her piquancy, freshness, and style; he, for his elegance, intelligence, and fine appearance. Miss Miller is the daughter of James A. Miller, Esq., from the "blue glass" region, and is a happy representative of Kentucky's lovely daughters. The quiet and tasteful manner in which the affair was conducted is indicative of the very good sense of the young couple. The lovely bridesmaid, Miss Susie Coffee, attended by the gallant and popular young officer, Major Keeler, completed the bouquet of beauty at the chancel.

Dr. J. Clarence Cutter, of Warren, Massachusetts, and Dr. George A. Leland, of Boston, are guests of friends in the city, the two gentlemen being *en route* to Japan under Government appointment. Dr. Cutter goes to Sapporo, as Professor of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy and Consulting Physician of the Government Hospital, while Dr. Leland will be located at Tokio. The party sail in the *Gaelic* on the 16th instant.

Among the celebrated poets whose genius was manifested at an early age, the following are remarkable examples: Tasso wrote his "Lines" to his mother at the age of nine years; Cowley completed the "Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe" when ten years old; Pope was only twelve when he wrote his beautiful "Ode to Solitude," and Chatterton wrote the "Hymn for Christmas Day" at the same age; Keats wrote many of his finest minor poems before he reached twenty; Gray wrote Latin poems while a school-boy; Bryant composed poetry at the age of thirteen, and his best poem, "Thanatopsis," was written at the early age of eighteen.

The Convention to revise the Constitution should have for its clerk a gentleman, a good reader, and one conversant with the peculiar duties of such a position. He must not only be competent, but must be entirely reliable. Believing that Mr. Marcus D. Boruck possesses all these qualifications, we shall be glad if he receives the appointment.

Love and Flowers.

O sweet the red June rose to see,
The yellow-banded honey-bee,
The clustered mignonette;
But my love's lips are sweeter far
Than any perfumed flowers are,
Than ever rose was yet!

O joy, the rippling brook to hear,
The music of its waters clear,
The glamor of its voice;
But my dear love's faint softest word
Is music's self—nor ever heard
Was music half so choice!

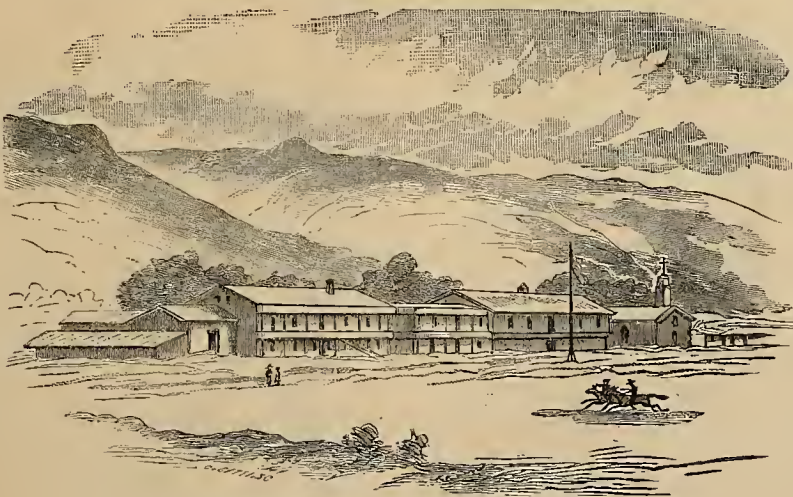
O bright the rising dawn in May,
The slow-unfolding flush of day,
The splendor of its hues;
But my dear love's enchanting smile
Could night herself to shine beguile,
And day with night confound!

FRANCIS H. HENRY.

Une cour sans femmes, disait François I., cest une année sans printemps, un printemps sans fleurs, une fleur sans parfum.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN EARLY CALIFORNIAN.—II.

BY JAMES C. WARD.



GENERAL VALLEJO'S HOUSE, SONOMA, 1848.—BARRACKS.—MISSION CHURCH.

(FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.)

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1847.—Since I wrote you I have taken two jaunts to the other side of the bay. The first was to Sonoma, where we have a military post. A beautiful plain is stretched out in front of the town and reaches to the bay, a distance of some three miles; considerable of it is covered with trees—mostly oaks of fine proportions, and growing somewhat apart—which gives it the appearance of a park. The ground is covered with wild oats. In riding over it with Captain Brackett, who commands the post, we came upon a herd of antelope, about thirty in number, and most beautiful to look at. As we were well mounted we gave chase, but it was impossible to overtake them; indeed, they would get far away and then stop to gaze at us until we came almost within pistol shot, and again they were off with the "wings of the wind." Though the lands appear fertile the Captain says they cannot be cultivated, owing to dry seasons and grasshoppers which devour the vegetation. I visited, not far from the town, the farm of Don Andreas Hoepner, the Russian gentleman of whom I wrote in a former letter as playing so delightfully on the piano. It is a league square, given him by General Vallejo for instructing his children in music. A charming spot. The house just built, standing on an eminence, is surrounded by large trees; and a stream of water, which is in some places deep enough to swim a horse, runs through a great part of the property, often hidden by the bushes and trees upon its banks. About an eighth of a mile from the house is a hot spring of a temperature of 120 degrees, which he intends conducting into baths. Hoepner is a man of taste; if he carries out his plans it will become a paradise. He told me that the portion of the place nearest the hills was covered mornings and evenings with deer. General Vallejo, commandante of this portion of the country under Mexican rule, is said to be the most cultivated Californian in the country. He very kindly invited me to stay at his house, but I did not accept of his hospitality. The house seemed comfortably furnished, as was that of his brother, on whom I also called. I passed one night with their brother-in-law, Mr. Leese, an American, who with his wife gave us a cordial welcome. Their children were all beautiful and well bred, and my time was made to pass very agreeably. It was at their house that I smoked my first cigarrito, which was made, lighted, and presented in its delicate silver holder by the lady of the house. Having determined to return by land to Saucelito, which is but seven miles across the bay from San Francisco, I requested the General to send to his ranch for some government horses, which were wanted at Corte Madera, near Saucelito, where the Quartermaster has a saw mill in operation. I started at five o'clock in the evening, with a volunteer for a guide; when about four miles from Sonoma I stopped to lengthen my stirrup-leather, letting him go on, as he was driving two horses ahead of him. He was out of sight when I started again; and, as the roads now turned into the mountains, I missed the right one and continued on for some three miles, as I suppose, without seeing anything of my man. At last, feeling convinced that I had made a mistake, I put spurs to my horse and galloped back; when I reached the plain again, I discovered another road turning off to the right; I followed it for about four miles, and met my guide returning for me. He had left the horses at Petaluma, about five miles off, where General Vallejo owns many leagues of land, and where he has built an immensely large house. It was never finished, and is now partly in ruins. The scene now before us was very gloomy, with scarcely anything to disturb its monotony, and not a soul in sight but the General's Indians. It began to get dark before we had crossed the marsh at Petaluma, and a cloudy, windy night set in and continued until we alighted at nine o'clock at the door of a Señor Pacheco—fourteen leagues from Sonoma. We were on a full gallop most of the way. The Señor was in bed, but he threw on his *serape* to receive us, and by his orders we soon had a supper before us. After telling the Don as much of the news as my poor Spanish would admit of I asked to be shown to bed. The bed-room was flooded, and in it were four beds. Mine I found had just been cleanly sheeted, and the pillow-case was ruffled. It is the pride of Californians to offer their guests good beds. One of the other beds was occupied by the señor, and another I discovered by their voices to be occupied by women, but it was curtailed. Bear in mind that the rooms have no doors, and that the room we ate in had its floor covered with sleeping Indians, male and female. At six next morning we arose and went our way, and passing through the Mission of San Rafael reached Corte Madera at breakfast time. The red-wood trees cut here are of the largest and tallest kind, some being two hundred feet high. There have been some of the same kind cut farther south at Santa Cruz, which measured fifteen feet in diameter. The saw-mill is

placed on the side of a hill fronting a small plain, and surrounded by grand old mountains. I slept pretty much all the balance of the day, and the next morning started for Saucelito. I came near (!) shooting a buck on the way with one of my pistols, which was all that occurred, excepting that I met a man called Four-fingered Jack at the widow Reed's ranch. This man is said to have been engaged in the massacre of some Americans just before Fremont made his raid upon San Rafael, who were tied and cut to pieces, if rumor can be believed. I had met Jack on the road before without knowing who he was. I found him very civil, and only upon my bidding him *adios* and shaking hands did I discover that he had lost a thumb. On arriving at Captain Richardson's, Saucelito, I found that there was no launch going to San Francisco that day, so I determined to go on board the *Columbus*, being acquainted with her officers, and wait for an opportunity. I was kindly received in the ward-room, and borrowing what I was most in need of—a change of underclothes—soon slipped into them, after a refreshing bath. The next morning I arrived at San Francisco after a week's absence. On the 5th of July we gave a ball at the hotel, the *Congress* lending us her band. Everybody seemed to have a pleasant time, and "danced all night till broad daylight." Last Saturday, being obliged to go again to Corte Madera on business, I stayed part of the time at the Mission of San Rafael with Don Timoteo Murphy. Mr. Murphy having lost many cattle lately, killed by bears, at one of his ranches called the Gallinas, he determined to destroy the latter by means of a *cacastre*—a sort of fort made by digging a pit in the ground six feet square by four or five deep, at the corner of which strong posts are sunk, and to them spars secured. The top is then covered with spars firmly fastened except on one side, which is to be fastened from within by three well-armed men who enter it. The bears are to be enticed to this spot by a dead horse or cow, which is dragged over the grounds near their lairs, and then buried near the *cacastre*. They invariably come at night and dig up the dead animal, and are easily shot by those on watch in the fort. I went with him to superintend the building of one. The spot was six miles from the Mission; the ride to it through a beautiful valley. We were followed by Mr. Murphy's grayhounds, thirteen in number, and on our return started two hares, to which we gave chase. One of them took to the hills, and the other was lost in the bushes. Mr. Murphy is an Irishman, and fond of sporting, but I am not sure that he is very successful with his pack. The excitement was very agreeable, however, although the run was so short. As we neared home we stopped at one of the Mission buildings to see a dying man. I did not wish to enter the room, but they thought I had better do so. It seemed to me that I had never seen a person suffer more than the old man appeared to. His young wife sat on one side of his bed (which was almost on the floor) and his son on the other, a large woman was squatting near his feet, and every few minutes they moved him to render his position more comfortable. They did not seem to be affected by his pain, or by the approach of death. Although I could not make out all they said, they smiled and laughed several times while we were there, and smoked their cigarritos as coldly as though he was in a gentle sleep. He died the next morning, and was buried the day after without benefit of clergy, the priest being absent.

October 15, 1847.—Governor Mason paid us a visit about three weeks ago, which he said he enjoyed much. We did our best to entertain him. Dinner parties were given him every day of his sojourn, and a ball, which surpassed any before given, enabled him to see collected together "our best society." Poor Jackson was in great demand. He, with the glass and china, were borrowed every day, and the ball supper was under his special supervision. We sent all around the hay for Spanish ladies, and had quite a fine collection of them, including Doña Dolores, the belle of the Contra Costa. I have just returned from a visit to Monterey, having been obliged to go there suddenly on business with officers of the squadron. I left San Francisco at two o'clock in the afternoon, intending to reach Santa Clara that night. Have I described the riding-dress usually worn here? A Spanish *sombrero* of vicuña covered with oil silk, secured to the head by a broad ribbon which passes under the chin; a blue cloth jacket, with metal buttons; satin vest, with ditto; blue *calzoneras*, with silver buttons all down the sides, but open from below the knees; under *calzoneras* leather *bottas* bound about the calves, with knife tucked into the top of the right one; over the shoulders a Mexican *serape* (water proof); spurs with large rowels and steel pendants, inlaid with silver, jingling like sleigh-bells from the heels; holster pistols hanging from the horn of the saddle, the most

valuable part of which, the tree—strapped very firmly on to the horse, costs about three times as much, but lasts forever—is covered by two or more housings or *machillos*, which are generally embroidered, and in camping out are spread lengthwise on the ground. Of course this costume is modified by the *gringo*, but much of it is necessarily adopted. I was mounted on a good horse, and was followed by an Indian vaquero who drove three more. The road from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores is only four miles long. Being sandy, and through scrub oaks which entirely shut out the view, it is a tedious and hard road to travel. Fortunately, I had a companion in a young Spanish-Russ named Bolcoff, just married to one of the prettiest girls of the neighborhood, whom he intended to join at the Mission and take with him to the ranch of her father, six leagues off. On reaching the church, however, he found that the parents of the young lady were there, standing godfather and godmother to a little negrita (brunette), and as it began to rain he concluded to pass the night at Padre Santillan's house. I determined to push on in spite of the rain, and was passing rather a gloomy time of it among the hills, when a couple of my acquaintances overtook me—a Frenchman and his brother-in-law, a Señor —. They were to stop at Sanchez' for horses, and while we waited for them to be brought the rain began to fall in good earnest, which decided us to remain there and pass the night. The Sanchez family consider themselves, and are considered, the aristocracy of the neighborhood. But as they are known to be inimical to our flag, they are not popular with Americans. I, however, can not too highly speak of the kindness and hospitality of our host. There are few of the Californians who sit at table with you during meals. He stood and waited upon us. Nor could I induce him to be seated. While a prisoner on board the *Savannah* during the troubles, his roof had been blown away by a storm, and wife and children took shelter with the neighbors. The place was much exposed, and three times had the same accident happened, costing him seven hundred dollars for repairs. I showed him how easily it could be secured by our method; but I suppose nothing will ever supply the place of the hide ropes by which it is fastened to the adobe walls. I remarked to him that his house being right on the road, and the only shelter between Santa Clara and San Francisco, he must be greatly inconvenienced by visitors. He answered that to be sure many stopped there, but he was glad to receive them; and, besides, his father, on his death-bed, had enjoined his children never to deny shelter to those that asked it. Such hospitality is universal. And so it happens that those he looked upon as enemies are every day too glad to lay themselves under obligation to Señor Sanchez for hospitalities, which can never be fully reciprocated. We started next morning at five, after a sound night's rest, and were in the Pueblo of San José at half past eleven. Parts of the road were very beautiful, particularly that between the Mission of Santa Clara and the Pueblo, the whole of which is through an avenue planted by the Franciscan fathers. We saw several deer near the road, and coyotes (prairie wolves), even so tame that now and then one would jog along before us like a dog. Ground squirrels abound, and in the environs of the Mission and Pueblo the roads have been injured by their holes as to be dangerous at night. Many are thrown from their saddles in consequence of their horses stepping into them. In the Pueblo I found a most comfortable stopping place at the house of Peter Davidson, with whom we have business. Peter has opened an inn which would do credit to any of our country towns. The rooms are so pleasant, and everything about them so tidy, that I would have been glad to pass a week or two with him. I should have gone on toward Monterey the same afternoon but I had promised Purser Price of the *Cyane* that I would wait until the next morning for him. This town contains about a thousand inhabitants, principally Spanish. The houses, being of adobe and out of repair, do not improve its appearance. The men are allowed to be the most unruly in Northern California. Horse thieving is not uncommon, and gambling almost universal among them. Two days before my arrival a Californian, somewhat intoxicated, boasted to one of his companions, that he would flog with his *macarte* (hair rope) the first American he met. It happened that four of our countrymen, a moment afterward, were passing by on the opposite side of the road, and were pointed out to him. Upon his saying that he could not put his threat into execution for want of a horse, one was immediately offered to him. He mounted and rushing up to the strangers struck one of them, who, it seems had just risen from a bed of sickness, several blows upon the back. Whereupon one of his friends picked up a stout stick with which to defend him, when the Spaniard wheeled his horse round upon him and raised his *macarte* to strike him also. The man was too quick for him, however; he dodged the rope, and with one blow from the stick felled him to the ground. The Californian died next day, partly owing to bad medical treatment it was said. The American gave himself up to the Alcalde, but was soon acquitted, upon the testimony of the Californians and Americans who witnessed the assault. It was thought that the affair would excite revengeful feelings, and it was rumored that the dead man's friends had vowed to take the lives of five Americans as an offset. Determining to leave the horses I had with me at a livery stable, and hire fresh ones for the next day's journey, Señor Juan Bernal obliged me with four, for which I agreed to pay \$40 on condition of their bringing me safely back to the Pueblo again—a large sum, when it is considered that the price for horses ranged from \$15 to \$25, and that mares could be bought for much less. After an early breakfast, and a precaution taken to stow away in the saddle-bags (which the vaquero's horse carried) a bottle of claret and some eatables, I mounted and rode over to join the Purser, who had arrived at nine o'clock on the previous night. I found him waiting for horses, so had to start without him, he and his party promising to overtake me, if possible, or to meet me at San Juan, forty miles from Monterey, that night. When I told them I should be in Monterey at that time, if my horses could carry me there, they laughed at my presumption. When well out of the Pueblo, however, I told Bruno, in the best Spanish I could command, that I wanted to be in Monterey that night. He replied, shaking his head, "*no es posible, señor, con estos caballos*" (it is impossible with these horses, sir). So I supposed I should be compelled to accept the alternative, and remain for the night at San Juan.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

Is it really so very wrong, dear Em, to want pretty things that don't belong to you, provided you don't try to possess yourself of them unlawfully? If it is, then do I most grievously offend every time I pass Ackerman's windows. What perfect kaleidoscopes they are. No two days the same. One time a most appetizing dinner set, arranged with the most artistic taste; another, ornamental chinaware, figures in *bisque*, bronze, terra cotta, or crystals dainty enough for the queen of the fairies' own use. Yesterday it was the most charming groups and single figures in marble, each under a glass case, that stopped every one as they passed down Sutter Street. There was "The Death of the Stag," and "The Terriers," both new and exceedingly fine; "War and Peace," "Cupid Caught," "Eve," in all her pristine loveliness, and my pet, the "Greek Slave." The *bisque* statuettes, although not new, are constantly coming up in new forms, the prettiest being always companion pieces a man and a woman, either in the extremes of the court mode or a picturesque peasant couple. In each you will see that the type of face is marked plebeian or patrician, according to the subject, so there could be no mistaking either were the dresses reversed. That's the idealization of art, of course, for have you never noticed how exceedingly unpatrician are many of the regal faces of Europe, and what glimpses of true royalty one often gets in faces that are surrounded by rags and tatters in the every-day crowds we meet? I have come to the conclusion, my friend, that in this, as in everything else in this world, things are sadly mixed. *Mais revenons*. Something new is the *terra cuite* ware. It is the natural orange color of the clay, and the designs are quaint and original. One, for example, is a French peasant from Normandy, with an old-fashioned spindle in her hand. Some ten or twelve inches in height, they are a pretty size for the mantel. Another novelty is marked "Pêche Coquettes." The pair represents a man and a woman, in *terra cuite*, each seated in a sea-shell, the man with his hand to his face as though calling to the woman, who takes no notice of his advances. The combination of silver and bronze is novel, too, and makes up charmingly in candlesticks, vases, and such half-useful, half-ornamental things. But something you have not yet seen, I know, is the opal glassware, as it is called. It is the plain flint glass, but the beauty of it consists in the coloring, which combines every tint of the rainbow, and trembles and shimmers, and changes from azure to crimson, then back again to purple, gold, and green while you look; or, for a more homely but still better descriptive simile, a soap bubble, when the sunlight shines through it. The coloring is a revival of one of the "lost arts," so Mr. Ackerman says. The Swiss department, in the Kearny Street side of the store, is a small exposition in itself. There is the pretty cottage that the Swiss workman is so fond of repeating, in a hundred different situations at least, for it is his one idea of home; and there is the short-skirted peasant-wife in the open door with the youngsters in her arms, and one hand shading her eyes that are looking out through the gathering twilight for some one who is coming. The goats gambol on the neighboring crags; here and there is seen a straggling cow coming leisurely home. One can almost hear the echo of the distant "yodel" as it floats across the valley on the crisp evening air. And how all the most beautiful forms of womanly art are making themselves industrial necessities nowadays. Here is one of the latest applications of it in silk embroidery on the creamiest and softest of kid, for the backs of photograph albums and glove boxes; on another is an exquisite hand-painting on the same material. The most complete of albums I have seen, however, is one of Russia leather, heavily bound and ornamented with designs in silver, a porcelain painting set in the back of one cover, and inside the places for pictures are—on one side of the page for large ones, one on a side; on the other, spaces for four small ones. The book is supported on a massive rotary stand of ebony and silver. These are some few of the pretty things I have seen since I last wrote; but don't fancy, please, that they are even a tenth part of what I found there. I have only skimmed lightly over the surface, for it would be far easier for me to tell you what Ackerman has not than what he has in his delightful collection. The invisible threads of fate seemed to draw me, the other day, to Anderson & Randolph's. I told you last week of the Beaconsfield testimonial to be made there. Helen B.—had been in to see me, and could do nothing but rave over the diamonds she had just seen there, so I went in to see for myself; and certainly they were worth the seeing, especially that splendid pair of twelve-carat unset stones—just two quivering drops of light, as it were, lying on the paper; but they are marvels of perfect cutting, and worth \$5,000. Did you know that color does not diminish the value of diamonds, provided the transparency is not affected? It seems that there are stones of all the different colors—the "Hope" diamond, supposed to be a fragment of the blue crown diamond of France stolen in 1792, under the *régime* of Robespierre; the emerald green diamond in the royal treasury at Dresden, a bright pink one belonging to the Marquis de Dree, and the celebrated dwarf diamond, the shade of tobacco juice, that has just been sold to a wealthy American by the Paris firm of Basset & Lemonnier, the jewelers who have most frequently done the setting of the French crown jewels, besides several others equally famous; but we rarely see such outside of old collections. I should be quite content, though, with a few plain white ones for everyday wear, wouldn't you? One of the most unique designs there was a diamond hair ornament in the form of the "dipper" in Ursa Major. "For further particulars," as the advertisements say, consult your astronomical atlas. You know my passion for cameos; there is something so real and living about them. And you can imagine with what interest I examined a whole trayful of unset specimens. It is marvelous with what precision the most minute figures are cut; the head of Shakspeare, on a pink stone just large enough for a lady's ring, being as perfect a likeness as the largest engraving. "The Seasons," "Spring," a mother and child, and any number of the familiar mythological and mediæval subjects you see on chinaware and other ornamental work, are reduced to a suitable size for lockets, rings, and pins. The goldsmith's art is probably the best preserved from antiquity,

and yet how the present is every day improving on even the exquisite relics of the past that busy hands are constantly unearthing for us. What could be more beautiful, and at the same time new, than the medallion paintings on gold, with here and there a diamond, like a stray dew-drop, set in on the surface of the picture? These are done in Paris, but come unset, to be made up in any form desired. They are charming when mounted with a heavy open-work gold bordering, a single one for the top of a bracelet. Do you recollect the life-size statue in bronze of Augustus Caesar that Mr. Johnson brought from Rome some time ago? It cost \$7,000, and stands now, I think, in the front hall of the house on Sutter Street. It was made by Bochetti, the most famous of living bronze-work artists. Mr. Randolph showed me an exact duplicate of it, though much smaller, and made by the same artist. It is as finely finished as the most precious piece of gold work would be; the breast-plate alone is a study. There suddenly comes into my treacherous memory a promise I made you, so long ago, to find out the special makes of gloves at our stores. I redeem a part of it at least, at once, by telling you how much I like the Balsez-Preville—a make I acknowledge quite new to me until I found them at the *Ville de Paris*, and finding them there, knew them to be good, even before I looked at them. They are the softest, most elastic kid I have ever worn, and have the pretty scoloped tops I like so much. They are marked, too, as shoes are, with a letter as well as a number, to indicate differences too slight to constitute a full size, as extra length, or slenderness of finger and so on, so that it is impossible to get anything but perfect fits. Do try them, and I am sure you will agree with me that they are perfection. Do you care as much for candies as ever? I dare say you do, and I mean to send you down a box of "assorted" from a new place on Kearny Street, the "Clarendon," near Sutter. Caramels are their specialty, and particularly the new vanilla caramel; but there is everything else that "a sweet tooth" like yours can wish for. I can vouch for the purity of them all, for I have been through the factory and seen them made; and for their deliciousness, for I feasted on them all one evening this week while at pretty Rachel Lowenthal's concert. I have just been thinking of the various absurd theories about "spheres"—men's and women's, I mean—and the perpetual squabbling that is going on over them, when I came across two or three little items like these: "Descriptions of dresses and costumes, by Walter Crane, the English artist;" "artistic dress designs, by William Morris, poet and upholsterer for the wife of a Royal Academician." When male poets and artists will vie with the dressmaker in decorating the female form, it is about time to respectfully consider the question whether the industrial world may not be divided into aptitudes rather than sexes after all. Perhaps you would like to hear how the wife of the said academician was dressed by the poet? The underdress was of changeable green satin, slightly shirred in the front breadth; the overdress, which was of a clinging oriental goods, half silk, half wool, of pale green and silver, in delicate flowers, fitted closely in front and on the sides; but the back consisted of three loose pieces buttoning over each other irregularly, and ending in a long, square train lined with white satin and lace frills. A loosely tied *fichu* of old lace, fastened by a bunch of yellow roses, was the only ornament worn. Was it not charming? From London, too, we shall soon have the prettiest *fichu* yet worn, a fine India muslin, edged with a narrow plaited frill of the same, and with a deep, square cut collar laid over it, similarly frilled, and finished by two loops of white satin ribbon, one end of which is caught by a flower to the left side of the belt. It is an exact reproduction of the one worn by Miss Terry in the "Vicar of Wakefield,"—running at one of the London theatres under the title of "Olivia." In fancy work there are very pretty doilies to be made for finger bowls, out of the peasant linen, which are to be embroidered in "outline" stitch in black silk or Pyrenes wool. Subjects from Mother Goose are favorites, and a line of the poem illustrated is embroidered under the picture. The Point Russe stitches are newer than the Kensington crewel work, and prettier for working on felt for curtain, table, and mantel covers. "Mummy cloth," described as a sort of "crinkly linen material," is said to be a fresh fancy for curtains and hangings. I shall try to find some for you at Mrs. Koerner's, as she gets everything as soon as it is out. Speaking of crewel work just now reminds me that I heard of some very pretty linen suits that have lately created a sensation. They are of linen and worked in crewels with belts to match, probably after the present styles at Newport. They are hand-worked, of course. Have you seen any of them? You would hardly believe the extraordinary prices Fratering & Noll are selling their cloaks and dolmans at, and bathing and boating suits as well. Kilt skirts of Victoria lawn, for morning wear, and other light suits, in proportion. They are such pleasant people to deal with, too, that it would be a treat to go there, even if there were not half as many things to see as there are. Here is a pretty compliment paid to one of our leading tourists the other day—you can't pass down Sutter Street from Kearny to Montgomery without seeing their window: a standing basket had been supplied from their store for a late wedding over in Oakland, which was such a model of beauty that the recipients had it photographed. Messrs. Wehlspiel & Mayrenholtz were the first, I believe, to introduce to San Francisco the style of making up bouquets now so popular at the East; that is, the flowers lightly put together instead of the old-fashioned tight bunch that was so horribly inartistic, and the lighter and more delicate blossoms allowed to stand gracefully out from the main bunch. Two of the prettiest dresses at the Sharon ball, on Thursday night, were Mrs. Field's and Miss Mathews'. The former was of pale green silk with a Russian lace tunic and garnitures of cardinal flowers; and the latter a white satin, draped from the shoulder with *crêpe lisse* embroidered with cut pearl beads. I came very near forgetting to tell you that Aunt Clarissa writes from the South that she is still enjoying the recollection of her visit here, and is daily showering blessings on your humble servant for having persuaded her into buying one of those new style refrigerators of Montague's. Funny how long it has taken inventors to apply the simple fact that cold air is the heavier and necessarily falls, to the construction of coolers of all kinds. Some one has done it at last though, and the result is that this one has the ice chamber above instead of below, and there is nothing now left to be improved upon.

Yours affectionately,

LILLIAS DUBOIS.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XLI.—A Dead Letter.

"A cœur blessé—l'ombre et le silence."—H. de Balzac.

I.

I drew it from its china tomb;
It came out feebly scented
With some thin ghost of past perfume
That dust and days had lent it—
An old stained letter, folded still.
To read with due composure
I sought the sunlit window-sill
Above the gray inclosure,
That, glimmering in the sultry haze,
Faint flowered, dimly shaded,
Slumbered, like Goldsmith's Madam Blaize,
Bedizened and broadened.
A queer old place! You'd surely say
Some tea-board garden maker
Had planned it in Dutch William's day
To please some florist Quaker,
So trim it was. The wry tree still,
With pious care perverted,
Grew in the same grim shape; and still
The lipless dolphin spirted;
Still in his wonted state abode
The broken-nosed Apollo;
And still the cypress arbor showed
The same umbrageous hollow—
Only, as fresh young Beauty gleams
From coffee-colored laces,
So peeped from its old-fashioned dreams
Its fresher modern traces:
For idle mallet, hoop, and ball
Upon the lawn were lying;
A magazine, a tumbled shawl,
Round which the swifts were flying;
And tossed beside the guilder rose
A heap of rainbow knitting,
Where, blinking in her sweet repose,
A Persian cat was sitting.
A place to love in—live—for aye,
If we, too, like Tithonus,
Could find some god to stretch the gray
Scant life the fates have thrown us.
But now by steam we run the race
With buttoned heart and pocket—
Our Love's a gilded, surplus grace,
Just like an empty locket.
"The time is out of joint," Who will
May strive to make it better;
For me, this warm old window-sill,
And this old dusty letter.

II.

Dear John (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,
For Father's gone to Chorley Fair with Sam,
And Mother's storing apples—Prue and me
Up to our Elbows making Danson Jam;
But we shall meet before a Week is gone—
'Tis a long Lane that has no Turning, John!

Only till Sunday next—and then you'll wait
Behind the White Thorn, by the broken stile;
We can go round and catch them by the Gate—
All to ourselves for nearly one long mile.
Dear Prue won't look, and Father he'll go on,
And Sam's two eyes are all for Cissy, John!

John, she's so smart—with every ribbon new,
Flame-colored Saccue and Crimson Paduasoy;
As proud as proud, and has the Vapors, too,
Just like a Lady—calls poor Sam a boy,
And vows no Sweet-Heart's worth the thinking on
Till he's past Thirty—I know better, John!

My dear, I don't think I thought of much
Before we knew each other, I and you;
And now, why, John, your least, least Finger-touch
Gives me enough to think a Summer through.
See, for I send you Something! There, 'tis gone!
Look in this corner—mind you find it, John!

III.

This was the matter of the note—
A long forgot deposit,
Dropped in a Chelsea Dragon's throat
Deep in a fragrant closet,
Piled with a modish Dresden world,
Beaux, beauties, prayers, and poses,
Bronzes with squat legs under-curved,
And great jars filled with roses.
Ah, heart that wrote! Ah, lips that kissed!
You had no thought or presage
Into what keeping you dismissed
Your simple old-world message!
A reverent one. Though we to-day
Distrust beliefs and powers,
The artless, ageless things you sell
Are fresh as God's own flowers,
Starring some pure primeval spring,
Ere Gold had grown despotic—
Ere Life was yet a selfish thing,
Or Love a mere exotic.
I kneel to you! Of those you were
Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,
Whose fair old faces grow more fair
As Point and Flanders Yellow;
Whom some old store of garnered grief,
Their placid temples shading,
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf
With tender tints of fading,
Peace to your soul. You died unweid
Despite this loving letter.
And what of John? Of John he said
The less, I think, the better.
—All the Year Round.

XLII.—The Daisy.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.
For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?
Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within?
And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God?
JOHN MASON GOOD.

FALLEN LEAVES.

From Little Johnny's Diary.



JUNE 22th.—Sassidges for breckfais, you ot to seen me an Billy et em. If we was let we wude et lots more than we was giv, but I like readin good books, too.

One time there was a little boy wich had ben giv some money, and he went to Mister Brily, the butcher, and bot so much sassidge like he wude bust, and he was sick a bed. So his father he said :

"He make him not likem anny mor, seef I dont."

So his father said : "Sammy," cos that was his name, "doo yu know wot sassidges is made out of?"

And Sammy said he didnt. Then his father said : "Babies!"

And Sammy said : "How crewel!" and his father said : "Offle!"

Then Sammy he thot a wile reel hard, like he wude go to sleep, and then he said :

"How much sassidges wude our baby make, and wude it make a mile? Cos wen I git wel I mite go to the restyrant and say, 'I can git a mile of sassidges, and if yule cook em reel brown you may bav a bite, I aint stingy.'"

I hav herd fokes say that cats is put in to sassidges, but taint so, its jest the other way, but cats eats rats, too.

Once a rat was eetin some bugs wich it had foun drowned, and a cat see him doin it. And wen the rat had et em evry little bit up the cat she et the rat, and wocked a way a shakin her hed like sayin :

"There, that wil teeche you better than to eat sech disgustin food, you nassy thing, it makes me sick to my stumack ake for to think of it!"

Uncle Ned says that reminds him of a nigger wich he see in Africy. The nigger had kil a other nigger in a fite, and had brot the boddie home, and Uncle Ned ast him was he a goin to eat it. The nigger he was ofile mad, and he said, the nigger did :

"Do you think Ime a disgustin cannible? Ime a goin to giv him to my dog, for to make the dog fat."

Then Uncle Ned said : "O thats how it is, but wot in the wirl do you keep dogs for?"

And the nigger he said : "Wot do I keep dogs for? I I never see sech a fool. Wot does any body keep dogs for but to eat em?"

Billy he got a lickin to day for throne rocks at a Chiny man, serve him rite, puddin for dinner, and Franky is gittin a other tooth, and mother is dlited like it was a other leg!

* * * * *

JULY the 15th.—I was made wosh in ice water cos I didnt git up wen I was tole, but you ot to seen wot a little tiny drop was anuf. Looked like it wude rain, but after it had straind a wile it giv it up.

Wen I ast my father did he think it wude rain, so I could make a sno man out of mud, he didnt say any thing for a long wile, but pretty soon he looked at my mother and smild and he said, my father did :

"If it wude rain lots, wife, Johnny cude have a piller of salt."

But my mother she said :

"You must be crazy; do you think Ide let him sleep on sech a thing as that?"

There was a feller wich was silly, and he was a standin in the rode bear heded, and his brother looked out the windo and sed :

"Wy dont you come in the house, dont you see its goin for to rain?"

Then the silly feller he said :

"You hav al ways call me a fool, bot wich is the fool now Ide like for to kano, do you spose if I was to com in the house it wudent rain all the same?"

This mornig we had eggs and ham for breckfess and my sister for dinner. She didnt seem to feel nice, and I ast her how she liked bein marrid to her young man, and livin in a other hous,* and she didnt say nothin, but looked like she was a goin to bust out bawlin. Then my mother she spoke up and said wasent it a brass band, but it wasent cos I ran out for to see. Wen I cum back my sister she had shet herself up in a bed room up stairs, now Ide like to know wots up, if that yung man has ben lickin her he better not, no indeed, cos he wil have to go to the bad place wen he dise, and the ole black feller wil say :

"Yure so fond of lickin may be you better lick this red hot griddle nex 2 or 3 million years wile I mix up some batter for to make me a cake, cns I aint had any breckfiss yet."

Once there was a man lickin his wife, and a little boy cetched him at it, and he said, the little boy did :

"Wot do you mean by like that, you notty man, if you dont stop this minnit there will be litenin!"

But the man done it agin, and the little boy he pull off his jacket and said : "Now Ile giv it to yu, good!" and dubble up his fists, but the man he kep on a lickin his wife like he never expectked to have a other.

* Only last week this audacious chronicler represented that estimable young woman, his sister, as being still a spinster, living under the paternal roof.—EDITOR.

Then the little boy he got up in a apple tree and said : "You wicked feller, if I was down out of this tree it wude be pizen times for you!"

Then the man he went away to hav a quiet smoke, and wen the woman wich was licked she see the little boy gitin down out the tree she cetched him and giv him a ofile lickin his ownself, and said :

"Thattle be good for yure tung, you sassy brat!"

I spose my father he thot of that this after noon wen I herd him tell my mother it wasent no use to enter fearin tween a man and his wife, let em make it up their own sellfuss. But Ide like to kano wots come of Uncle Ned.

JULY the 16d.—This mornin I went strate to Uncle Ned soon as ever I got up and I said :

"Uncle Ned, taint no use us havin secrits from each other or we cant live together anny more."

Then Uncle Ned he said : "Johnny, I dont want to gather anny more, I gethered one yesterday, and Ide like to get rid of thatn."

Then I said : "Wy dont yu tel it to me then; I no that yung man has ben lickin Missy, cos if he aint wot for didnt she go home las nite, but stade to our house?"

Uncle Ned he said twassent so, she went home bout 3 Oh clock this mornin, cos he went with her, it was all rite and I mussent say no more about it, so I wont.

Chickin for dinner and lots of stuffin, pertickler by me.

But I know he licked her.

Mary, thats the house maid, has got a new frock made out of my mother's ole dress, Franky, thats the baby, said "La, la, la, la," you never see sech a smart baby!

I know were there is a baby wich is a heap older than ourn, but not moren halef so big, and it cant wock, and it cant tock, but it can jist discount anny body a lookin out of its eyes. It is in a store windo, and is made out of whax.

Fore my sister was married to her yung man, and went to liv in her uthor hous and be licked, me and her used to pas that windo, and I was for stoppin, but she wude pul me a long and say :

"Wy, its ben there ever since I was little, only some times its close is change, wot can you see to like in that thing, I think thay better wash the nasty black spots off its nose."

But the other day we was goin past agin, and she stopt and looked a long wile, and then she said :

"O, you darlin, wee sweet, if you was a live I woud bi yu and jest eat you evry mite up, wot dear little freckles onto its funny nosie!"

Now wot do you think of that?

JULY the 17.—I was to my sisters hous to day; and wile I was into her werk bascuit I foun a letter wich was rote her by her yung man wile she was over to our hous, time he licked her, and I coppid it in my diry wile she was out. Here it is, xcuse spellin :

My Precious Sweetest, Come home with your Uncle Edward. I have told him all, and he says we were neither of us to blame. He will hand you this note and I beg you will come back with me to your own home. LOVE DOWIE.

P. S.—Uncle Edward, fortunately, had some fruit in his pocket, which he happened to lay on the table, and I must confess that that table cover is orange, as you contended, and not yellow as was suggested by me. So it was all my fault and I freely forgive you, and we'll never have another dispute while we live. L. D.

There! I new he licked her. Sammon for dinner today.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Qu'est-ce qui rend les amitiés si tièdes et si peu durables entre les femmes? Ce sont les intérêts de l'amour, c'est la jalousie des conquêtes.—J. F. Rousseau.

L'amour, quand il est seul, n'est qu'un feu passager, il est tout désir, tout passion, il faut que l'amitié s'y mêle, et ce n'est que de ce sentiment qu'il reçoit la plénitude et la durée de son existence.

Peu de gens savent ce que c'est que l'amour et parmi ceux qui le savent, il en est bien peu qui le disent.—Mme. Guizot.

Un femme dont la grande beauté éclipsé celle des autres est vue avec des yeux différents par autant de personnes qu'elle est regardée: les jolies femmes la voient avec envie, les laides avec dépit, les vieillards avec regret, les jeunes gens avec transport.—Marquis d'Argens.

Le sommeil est, après la mort, ce qu'il y a de meilleur dans la vie.—Th. Gautier.

La flatterie est comme la fausse monnaie, elle appauvrit celui qui la recoit.

La femme est une charmante créature qui retire aussi facilement ses gants que son cœur.—Balzac.

CONFIDENCE.

Mon cœur soupire dès l'aurore,
Le jour, un rien me fait rougir,
Le soir, mon cœur soupire encore,
Je sens du mal et du plaisir.

Je rêve à toi quand je sommeille,
Ton nom m'agite, il me saisit,
Je pense à toi quand je m'éveille,
Partout ton image me suit.

Quand tu parles ta voix touchante
Dans mes sens porte le plaisir,
Ton aspect me trouble et m'enchanté,
Je te cherche et je voudrais te faire.

Oui, tout à mon cœur te rappelle,
Je jouis cent fois de mon bonheur,
Ah! dis-moi comment on appelle,
Ce qui se passe dans mon cœur.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, August 11, 1878.

Muskmelon.
Vegetable soup.
Baked Red-fish.

Lamb Chops.
Succotash.
Roast Ducks, Apple Sauce.

Cucumber Salad.
Lemon Cream.

Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Gages, Apples, and Grapes.

TO MAKE LEMON CREAM.—Boil the thin rind of two lemons in a pint of cream; strain and thicken with the well-beaten yolks of three and whites of four eggs; sweeten with pulverized sugar; stir until nearly cold, and put in glasses.

TO BAKE RED-FISH.—Prepare a rich dressing of bread, onions, parsley, and part of a clove of garlic very finely minced. Fill the fish, lay on the top three or four thin slices of fat pork, put into the pan enough soup stock to make sufficient gravy. When partly cooked, add four tablepoonsful of tomato catsup, and one of Nabob sauce. Thicken with a little flour, and baste continually.

LEGENDARY FALL OF THE FIRST PINE.

It was a dreamy, quiet night in early June.

The earth had laid aside her dainty spring garment, and had clad herself in the fresh, sweet beauty of early summer. Evening had enhanced and made perfect this beauty, for over it she had scattered myriads of pure dew-drops that were turned by the bright light of the morn into sparkling crystals.

The silence which had been uninterrupted, except by the plaintive chirp of some restless little bird, was now broken by the low murmurings and whisperings of the pines as they swayed to and fro, and bowed one to the other.

Presently there was a hush, as Somnus, god of sleep, passed through the forest, gently closing as she went the eyes of the wakeful birds. Then followed the dream-god, Morpheus, flying slowly, and scattering his queer fancies to right and to left.

As soon as they had passed on the whisperings were resumed, and this time the tones were louder and more distinct.

Grand old pines! they had much to say.

For centuries they had stood together; they had battled the fiercest storms, and up to that day they had been unbent.

To-night their king, the tallest, noblest one among them, lay stretched out at their feet dead.

Not killed by nature, but cut down by the hard, keen axe of a woodman, the first that had entered the forest.

How their hearts had thrilled with agony when they saw the cruel blade descending, each time burying itself more and more deeply into the heart of the true old tree.

This pine had been their idol, and not only theirs, but also that of the little birds, which had known and loved it best of all, and had sung their gayest, sweetest songs in its branches; and the rabbits, squirrels, and soft-eyed deer, they, too, had loved it well.

There was also a little stream that curved around its trunk, and chattered and sang to it the live-long day.

The old pine had loved this little stream, and had nurtured and cared for her from the time she came out of the ground a tiny spring.

So when the little spring had burst away from her bed, she first curved around her dear old friend.

Often in the beginning of her journey she was touched by the sharp rocks in her path, and would gurgle, and cry, and complain.

Then how kindly would the old tree soothe and comfort the little pilgrim.

Now she must battle alone; her friend had suddenly and strangely fallen. It lay right across her path, blocking it as the sharp rocks and stones had never done.

The little stream! she softly caressed her lost friend, she poured her waters over the bruised branches, and murmured to it her grief and love, but it would not answer her; it lay still and helpless in its bright robes, still green and sparkling with dew.

That was the saddest night the forest ever knew; happening, too, in the brightest season.

In the time when the flowers were all blooming, and everything rejoicing.

Previously on such June nights the pines had been full of gladness, had laughed and told wonderful stories of the moon, stars, brooks, and birds, and of the time when the Indian warrior Hiawatha, and the lovely Minnehaha, had passed through the forest on their bridal journey homeward from the land of the Dakotahs.

But all this bright June night they rocked and moaned, and never since have they ceased their murmurings, though many have shared the same fate.

Go into the forest and listen to the whisperings of the pines; still they tell the same tale over and over—tell of that dreadful night when the fall of the first pine caused the earth to shake, and the frightened birds to fly away.

Tell how the little stream continued to grieve and weep, until her waters were turned to salt tears, how at length she buried herself and traveled for many miles in the dark ground, and at last reappeared in a desert land as a great salt lake. KISMET.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1878.

An Optical Delusion.

The Colonel, a rigid martinet, is sitting at the window of his room, when looking out he sees a Captain crossing the barrack-yard toward the gate. Looking at him closely he is shocked to observe that, the rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the Captain does not carry a sword.

"Captain!" he calls from the window; "Hi, Captain; step up to my room for a moment, will you?"

The Captain obeys promptly, borrows a sword from the officer of the guard, the guard-room being at the foot of the stairs, and presents himself to the Colonel in irreproachable tenue.

The Colonel is somewhat surprised to see the sword in its place and, having to invent some pretext for calling his subordinate back, says, with some confusion, "I beg your pardon, Captain, but really I've forgotten what it was I wanted to speak to you about. However, it can't have been anything very important; it'll keep. Good morning."

The Captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and is making off across the barrack-yard, when he again comes within the Colonel's vision.

The Colonel rubs his eyes, stares, says softly to himself, "How in thunder is this? Dem it, he hasn't a sword to his waist;" then called aloud, "Captain! oh, Captain, one moment please."

The scene is re-enacted.

The Captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner, and makes for the gate. As he crosses the barrack-yard the Colonel calls his wife to his side and says: "See that officer out there? Has he got a sword on?"

The Colonel's wife adjusts her eye-glass upon him, scans him keenly and says: "He hasn't a taste of a sword."

The Colonel—"That's just where you fool you—elf. He has!"—Paris Figaro.

There is even a happiness that makes the heart

NOTICE.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, }

Editors.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

An agreeable surprise has been experienced by our citizens of San Francisco this last week in the telegraphic announcement from Bavaria of the death of Michael Reese. Michael was a wealthy Israelite of somewhat eccentric habits, of vast wealth, and marked individuality of character, who has lived among us these many years. His most pronounced quality of mind is expressed in his own almost pathetic confession "that avarice was with him a disease." With a clear head and subtle mind for business; with habits of industry that sought no recreation; with an energy that was untiring; with habits of personal economy verging upon painful self-denial of dress and even food; with a sharp instinct of business policy that taught him that honesty would pay and that an honorable regard for his word was a wise discretion; with a reputable record in business transactions, he accumulated a large fortune. He became rich, and nothing more. The keenest pang he ever experienced was that younger men with better luck made more money, and distanced him in the pursuit of wealth. Out of his vast accumulations he leaves to San Francisco charities a mere pittance. The will prepared for him by his attorney and friend, John B. Felton, gave six hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the University of California, and other thousands to charity; but no sooner had the generous heart of Felton been silenced in death than Michael, true to his instinct, withdrew the deposit he had made in heaven, and gave it to his relatives in Chicago. These charitable pittances are but a partial restoration to the public of what he has somewhat rudely gathered from it. One of the curious incidents of Michael's death is in the gushing notices he has received from the press, under the impression that he had left more than a million in public charities. "Noble," "unselfish," "generous," "self-denying gentleman," are some of the expressions employed, and his little parsimonious eccentricities of life were by the San Francisco press condoned, excused, and interpreted in the light of "self-denial." "Not living for himself," explained the *Bulletin*. "Agent in his life for benevolent institutions," echoed a press that during his long and not dishonorable business career had omitted no opportunity to wound and insult him. If they take any other San Francisco journals in the spirit land than the ARGONAUT, how Michael and his friends will enjoy reading them. The merry laugh of our genial friend Felton will ring out above the music of the golden harps and angel chorus as he appreciates the joke. If Michael Reese was as the *Bulletin* avers but "the agent of benevolent institutions," we respectfully suggest that five per cent. is not a fair accounting of his trust, and should he be summoned at the bar of that high court of chancery to marshal his assets and make a showing of his accounts. He will most assuredly be mulcted in damages, unless Felton is there with his logic and his eloquence to help his friend Michael win his last suit at the highest court of ultimate appeal. To us the life and example of Michael Reese are not altogether lovely. From the *Chronicle* we take the salient points: Born in Bavaria; poor; an immigrant to America when young; a tanner's apprentice; a peddler; a merchant; a bankrupt; a negro slave-trader; an army contractor; a speculator; a money-lender; a broker; a bachelor; occupying meanly furnished apartments; moving to San Mateo to escape taxation; and to his intimate friends admitting that "avarice was a disease with him." Without record so far as we ever heard of a generous act or a charitable deed saving to his relations, he passes from an unloved life to an unregretted death, leaving "a well conditioned estate variously estimated at from five to ten millions." What a feeble foot-print has this rich man left in the sands of time. The first wave washes it out, and the memory of Michael

Reese will be forgotten and his name alone will be preserved in marble over an obscure grave in the little village of Wallerstein, in Bavaria, and yet with his great fortune, and his keen, active, subtle brain, what a magnificent monument he might have reared here in this city that has been so generous to him! What a noble practical and splendid charity he could have endowed, and with it associated his memory for all generations and all time to come! Old barber Time is now calling for the "next gentleman."

The Constitution of this State provides that taxation shall be equal; but it is not, and it has never been. There seems to be great difficulty in organizing any system of collecting revenue that equalizes the burden of government. This difficulty is not only experienced in California—a new State—in the United States, a Republic; but in the oldest, best organized, and best governed countries of Europe the same difficulty exists. The inequality of taxation is especially observable in the city of San Francisco. The owners of personal property resort to every possible device to hide their possessions from the assessor, and the result is that the burden falls upon real property. There is in round numbers only about \$50,000,000 of personal property in this city subject to taxation. Yet we have two firms, each composed of four individuals, that are worth more than \$50,000,000. Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, and the Hopkins estate are worth, independent of the railroad property—also owned and controlled by them—more than \$50,000,000. Messrs. Flood, Mackay, Fair, and the O'Brien estate are worth more than \$50,000,000, independent of their mines, forests, roads, and mills in Nevada. The Spring Valley Water Company is valued at \$12,000,000. The City Gas franchise is selling in the market at \$10,000,000. We have a hundred gentlemen doing business and resident in this city who are millionaires. In addition to those we have named are several individuals whose wealth varies from five to ten millions, and a score who are worth more than two millions. If to these tremendous fortunes we estimate the aggregate of thousands of prosperous and wealthy citizens, the immense sums represented by bank, mining, railway, and other corporations, our immense stocks of goods in warehouses and stores—the sum total would swell to an incredible amount. Foreign bankers, insurance men, and merchants succeed in contributing almost nothing to the maintenance of our government. Corporations boldly claim that their capital is exempt from taxation; that notes, mortgages, bonds, and legal obligations are only evidences of value, and not property subject to taxation; that franchises, rights, and privileges—no matter how valuable, or how large may be the income therefrom—are not taxable. There is a very specious and subtle line of argument sustaining this view of the laws that it is difficult to answer. Our corporations and men of wealth spare no exertions to avoid taxation. They employ counsel; they interpose the law's delay; they drive our courts to extremes of nicest interpretation of statutes to avoid bearing their just burdens. It is to this point that we desire to call the attention of our wealthy fellow-citizens, and to appeal to them to do their duty. Not less than \$200,000,000 of wealth avoids taxation in San Francisco. If all were equally and fairly taxed, we should scarcely feel the burdens of government; and if to this there could be an economical and honest administration, our burdens would be light indeed. Real estate can not hide; it must therefore almost alone support a municipal and State government. The farmers throughout the State, the homestead and small real estate owners of the towns, are intelligent. They understand this condition of things. They are indignant, and they resent the wrong put upon them. And hence it is—and most natural, too—that when passion and violence organize upon the sand-lots in opposition to wealth and wealthy corporations, the great conservative, thinking mass of real property owners looks with complacent indifference to the threats of agitators, and even votes with them. Now, this Convention to reorganize the Constitution is virtually in the hands of the great corporations. Most of the delegates were chosen by them, and the Convention will be under the control of the moneyed interests. We mean by this that the guiding influences that will surround and direct the deliberations of the Convention will come from the wealthy class. Hence we appeal to that class to do its duty honestly, and give to the people of California equal taxation—first, because it is right; and, second, because it is politic and wise. Property and wealth have no protection nor safety under a republican form of government, except so far as just laws shall be honestly administered by the people. Wealth is always in the minority; and whenever the time shall come that the majority—to wit, the not wealthy class—shall feel that it is being imposed upon by unjust laws, made and administered in the interest of a moneyed or social class, at that moment our government will begin to decay, and wealth will turn to ashes. So we say to this Convention, give us laws taxing all property equally. The people will not be content with any specious reasoning, that says to the farmer who has land worth ten thousand dollars—upon which the village bank has a mortgage of five thousand dollars—that he must pay all the taxes. The citizen of the town will not be satisfied with the reasoning that makes him pay a tax of \$250 on

\$10,000 worth of real estate, while his neighbor pays nothing on \$10,000 worth of gas stock. If a water company is only mains and hydrants; a gas company only pipes, holders, and old iron; a railway only ties, rails, cars, cables, and horses—then a building is only second-hand lumber, and old nails, brick, stones, laths, slack-lime, and sand. We know all about the argument that declares that only things should be taxed; but we declare that it is our conviction that all rights, privileges, and franchises that produce money should be taxed. Everything is property that earns. Everything is property that produces. Let us illustrate by a printing office. The ARGONAUT is taxed upon a valuation of \$2,500. It earns more money every month than any brick building worth \$50,000; it ought to be taxed for \$50,000. The morning *Call* is worth \$300,000. Mr. Pickering would not take that amount of money for it. It would bring that in the market. It earns an income on that valuation, yet it is taxed on a valuation of say \$7,000—its type, presses, and office furniture. A property in houses and lands worth \$300,000, after paying street assessments, insurance, and other expenses incident to real property, would pay this year a tax of \$7,500, while Mr. Pickering would pay a tax of \$17.50. This is illogical, unjust, and insupportable. It is an unfair discrimination against one kind of property in favor of another. It is unequal taxation. If Mr. Pickering should reply to this argument—he will not, because the *great* dailies never notice the ARGONAUT—he will answer "the argument of an obscure weekly cotemporary" by saying that \$293,000 of the *Call* property is "good will," and not therefore taxable as property. Our reply is, call it what you please, "good will," or a franchise as common carrier of small advertisements, it earns an income upon a value of \$300,000, is worth \$300,000, and ought to pay a tax upon that amount; and that there is no argument, in conscience or good morals, that can avoid the logic of this conclusion. Bank stock, insurance stock, and stock of every corporation, should be taxed the full market value. If all would pay, it would be an easy burden to carry; if all shirk this duty, and the motto of our classes rich in personal property shall be, "The devil and the tax-collector catch all who can not hide," then communism and agrarianism will not seem such portentous evils to those who have too much real estate and too little personal property. Our whole scheme of taxation is an imposition upon real property. This tax must be paid. The official grasps it with an iron hand. To-day the tax on real estate is due; to-morrow it is delinquent, with a penalty of five per cent. added; the next day it is sold, and the buyer may demand fifty per cent. for its redemption. If by accident or inability the tax remains unpaid, the sovereign authority declares the certificate *prima facie* evidence of title. If through a broken sidewalk a drunken fool breaks his worthless neck, the damage is a lien on the lot. The street contractor plots its improvement, and the owner is forced to submit to the cost of printing, surveying, superintending, and stealing, and the swindling aggregate of stealings becomes a lien upon the property "improved," bearing interest at one per cent. per month, against which the statute of limitations does not run. Real property is the goose that lays the golden egg, and there is an army of politicians and contractors conspiring and confederating to kill the goose. An organization should be perfected to guard this property from depredation—a real estate self-defense society. The true rule of assessing, say the water company, is to fix its value according to the market cash value of its stock, and then exempt all the things that go to make up the corporate value. Assess the gas company at say \$8,000,000, and exempt from taxation its lands, houses, holders, furnaces, coal, coke, pipes, etc., that are owned by it. Assess the *Call* at \$300,000, and exempt its type, presses, and office furniture. This, it is said, is taxing brains. All right, then tax brains. We admit that it is a high valuation to put upon the contents of Mr. Pickering's hat, but if that brain can produce earnings upon a valuation of \$297,000, it ought to pay the tax. The product of brain and luck ought not to be exempt from taxation any more than muscle. A cow is taxed that gives milk, a sheep that yields a fleece, why not a brain that through the medium of small advertisements and small editorials can earn money? We call the attention of Constitutional delegates to this line of reflection.

Kearney is the wild clamor of an undefined discontent. His is a crazy but earnest protest against wrongs the causes of which he does not understand and the remedies for which he cannot prescribe. Kearney is a hound on the scent. His is not a musical, but it is an honest bark; and we know the beast is there. Kearney is a voice crying in the wilderness of Massachusetts, "Prepare ye the way for Ben Butler to be Governor, and make his path straight to the Presidential chair." If there had been no Chinese in California, there had been no Kearney. Kearneys will multiply in the nation till reforms begin.

We apologize to Senator Nunan for our editorial last week. He is not in anywise connected with the expenditure of moneys upon Lobos Square. A street contractor named Nunan is engaged with Senator Rogers in doing this work; hence our mistake.

PRATTLE.



It is hardly fair for General Grant's "plutic friends" to so vehemently protest against his evident intention of again being a candidate for the Presidency. In former struggles for that exalted position he has twice won the

country's respect by success. It is natural that he should wish to regain his own by defeat.

The declaration of Servian independence is to be made on the twenty-second day of the current month. This is impudent! Does Serbia suppose these United States will submit to have the Fourth of July shuffled about in the calendar at the caprice of a petty principality?

It is suggested that Servia's Declaration of Independence begin with the following glittering generality: "When in the course of European diplomacy it becomes necessary for one people to let another dissolve the political bands which have connected them with a third, and to assume among the powers of the earth the desperate and unequal station to which the will of an International Congress condemns them, a decent respect to the cannon of their protectors requires that they should say nothing about the causes which compel them to accept the situation."

Mr. Foster, who has been nominated for Congress by an Ohio Republican convention, declares that the President has alienated the sympathies of his party. Do not wholly condemn him: he has done it without enlisting the sympathies of the other party.

In explanation of his interview with Kearney, Ben. Butler states that it is his habit to call on any gentleman of prominence coming to Boston to whom he thinks his visit would be agreeable. Hope he does not make any mistakes in this matter; it would be extremely embarrassing if he should some day call upon a gentleman of prominence who had just pocketed a lot of silver ware from the hotel table, and had not had time to lock it up.

The sons of toil are beginning to impose their horny hands on labor-saving machinery; the eastern skies are luminous o' nights with an auroral glow of consuming reapers, and the smoke of the mower's burning ascendeth up forever and ever. The agricultural laborer of the period, with his muscles of tireless steel, his simple wants and his no vote, is become a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and those chosen people, the tramps, emancipated from the Egyptian bondage of labor to possess the promised land of indolence,

"Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light."

Contemporaneously there sits in Washington a committee of Congress gravely considering the "labor question"—whatever that may mean—respectfully listening to arguments against machinery, and endeavoring in all sincerity to hit upon a practicable method of "engrafting" upon this Government the ten thousand times discredited function of providing for the able-bodied poor. And this is only the eleventh decade of "Government by the people for the people." There is a lower deep of political degradation than this, but it is occupied by Mexico.

For the people indeed! Let me ask you, reader, what is meant by that expression, "the people," when employed in its political sense? "Obviously the entire population of this country"—so you will be likely to reply if you speak without reflection. Scrutinize the mental conception and you will find it does not embrace either the wealthy or the educated classes. Nor does it include those who hold office—"servants of the people" as they humbly designate themselves. Whenever in the discussions of the last thirty years a politician has said "the people" he has implied antagonism and menace, forecasting the present attitude of the thing he has meant; for the poor and ignorant majority to whom he has given the name has at last justified his hinted threat and is in veiled rebellion against property and intelligence. You may dispute this assertion; also you may tie up your head in a bag and swear the sun is a pansy-colored hippopotamus in a fantail coat with piebald buttons.

"Remember, my son, in whose honor you're named—
The holy St. Stephen, in martyrdom famed.
His fate in your memory, child, do you keep?"
"Yes; they rocked him to sleep, mother, rocked him to sleep."

My good friend Barbarossa, the gastronome, had done the late Mr. Michael Reese a service, and the latter invited him to dinner, asking him to designate a suitable restaurant for that religious rite. Naturally Barbarossa bethought him of a friend of his, a *pauvre diable* of a Frenchman, who, catering not wisely but too well, had brought himself to the dizzy brink of ruin; and to his place they went, Mr. Reese begging his guest to order the dinner. Delighted with the double

opportunity to serve his needy friend and himself, Barbarossa nominated the most costly comestibles in savage profusion, while the rarest wines of the sad-eyed *chef* poured in copious tides, till the two were belled like tuns, and the great blonde beard of the guest was dripping drunk in its every hair, the close-handed capitalist, as if dominated by some mad caprice of prodigality, ever inciting him to new extravagance. The feast being at an end the two passed into the street, Mr. Reese not even deigning to look at the waiting *restaurateur*, much less settle his stupendous bill. Barbarossa ventured to remonstrate: "The man knows us both—he'll send the bill to me." "Don't bay it," was the reassuring reply; "he's a denant of mine, but he gif me nod my rent. I eats ope his account und owet he goes."

According to the dismal statistics of the coroner, there have been in this city, during the last sixteen years, 687 known cases of successful suicide, of which number 103 were accomplished within the last twelve months. These figures represent a ratio of suicides to population about three times greater than any other city in the world can honestly claim; although the proportion of women is here considerably smaller than elsewhere. If our laws for the discouragement of murder were more stringently enforced we should, no doubt, be able to make an even better showing than we do; it being an apparently unanswerable objection to that form of offense that in many cases the man who (not unnaturally, it must be confessed) prefers to take the life of another would, if restrained by fear of the death penalty, take his own instead—an arrangement preferable in many respects to his victim. Insanity, too, draws off many whose rightful place is in the ghastly ranks of suicide; and many "self-murders" that ought to occur are at least postponed by marriage, a not uncommon expedient of desperate youth. Of course, murder, insanity, and marriage are rife, also, in other cities, but—excepting the last—not in such unreasonable excess.

I hope it is plain enough from the foregoing remarks that I flatly disapprove of murder, and do not favor insanity—except in poets. Of marriage I prefer to say nothing; it is thought by many to be excusable, and some have even extolled it. The morality of suicide each must determine for himself; its expedience is largely a question of method. It is seldom advisable to commit it with whisky, and never, I think, with gin. In any case, I would counsel the victim of mental depression to try the consolation of wealth before taking with his eyes open a step which he will find it difficult to retrace with them closed.

In writing (reluctantly) of suicide I am reminded of the fate of a negro minstrel, related in a recent press telegram. This unfortunate cut his throat just before his time to go upon the stage. The melancholy event occurred, I have reason to believe, in this way. In sabling his visage with burnt cork the deceased had inadvertently neglected to "leave a mouth," and was testily, perhaps harshly, informed by the stage manager that he must not appear without one. There was no water handy, time pressed, a razor lay suggestively near, and—in short, the regulation "mouth" being unattainable the poor fellow made the best imitation he knew how.

Observe the end-man's end! Scene
He lies beneath these stones.
His life he lived as Tambourine,
Yet, at the last, he's Bones.

A correspondent of the *Chronicle* mentions a freezing day in New York when his champagne was nearly "Frippi." What a cold "spell."

The Kearney meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston (alas that the Cradle of Liberty should have been defiled by this mis-born manikin of a nobody's darling!) voided a sequence of resolutions whose sanguinary articulations resembled links of blood sausage. In the first of these "dread resolves" it is asserted that this Republic "saps the blood of the National industries, so that it can be lapped up by the vampires of capital." This is stronger than honey and sweeter than a lion. It stimulates the sentiments and tightens the understanding. In its power upon the imagination it exceeds the sun-saluting carol of a dawn-wandering idiot, the low, luxurious drone of a dozing dunce, or the wild, weird ululation of a hill-top fool in the gloaming.

During his Faneuil Hall speech Mr. Kearney was repeatedly interrupted by irrelevant exclamations and flat contradictions, as if a multitude of "political opponents" were clamoring at him from obscure corners. Vainly the orator affected to ignore the unmannerly conspiracy; the voices drowned his own discourse, and as each hesitating sentence prematurely expired upon his lips there succeeded the spacious volubility of some noble sentiment filling the conscious pause with sonorous good sense, or some rattling truth leapt like a thunderbolt athwart the suspended argument, severing it as a filament of flax is parted by flame, and blasting both the thought that went before and the thought that was to come. Angry, chagrined, and bereft of all patience, Mr. Kearney finally made an intemperate appeal to the police to "put them d— dirty blaggards out!" "Can't be did,"

gravely replied a civic functionary, toying thoughtfully with his idle baton, "them's the reg'lar echoes of this hall. They aint got the hang o' yer lingo, but they're givin' ye the best they got. You oughtn't to woke 'em." Kearney faintly asked the secretary of the meeting to read the resolutions, and a cobwebby niche responded with a malediction on George III.

Mr. Oettinger of this city is trying to compel Mr. Hoffman to pay him \$2,500 because he was bitten by Mr. Hoffman's dog. This is exorbitant; Mr. Hoffman might almost as well give him the dog!

I have before me a letter, inclosed in which one of my pleasant paragraphs returned to this office like the dove to the ark. It was an experimental paragraph, thrown off as a "feeler" for pro-coolie sympathies, but the flood of race antipathy has apparently not subsided; it found no rest for the sole of its foot, and couldn't hang on anywhere by its toe nails. So it returned, accompanied by a letter in which the popular side of the "burning question" is supported by the characteristic argument that the senior editor of this paper was once engaged in "robing widows and orphans in black male suits." I am sorry to say that from the meagre particulars of this amazing charge it does not clearly appear whether the culprit dissembled his guilt under the character of a philanthropist, a tailor, or an armorer; but through the bald abridgment of the accusation, and the dazing ambiguity of its spelling, his crimes "glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid;" and now that he has been pointed out to Justice I expect him to imitate "great Orion" by "sloping slowly to the west."

It is consolatory to reflect that should this malefactor escape to one of the South Sea Islands he will be unable to practice his questionable specialty in misdemeanor; for there the widows and "orphens" are already "robed" in black "sutes"—of male or female fashion according to the sex of the wearer. Need I add (*blushing*)—must I confess (*hiding my face*) that I allude to their—their skins?

In a letter to the *Bulletin*, descriptive of the city prison in which he had the sombre luck to be cast, "F."—presumably Dr. Favor—says:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft becomes familiar to our face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The charge of manslaughter against him being lightly dismissed by the prosecuting officer, Dr. Favor holds that his imprisonment was unjust; but it by no means, follows that because a man with so malevolent an endowment of capacity for misquotation has not as yet had a good opportunity to take life he should be permitted to run at large, while dogs that are seen to be full of the "promise and potency" of hydrophobia are hunted down and killed. Dr. Favor should be gently but firmly remanded to solitary confinement until he learn that literary malpractice is as bad as medical. I dare say he would take it as an affront to his profession if I should go to one of his headache patients and hack off a leg, or thrust a butcher's-knife into the thorax of a man with a ring-worm.

In Fresno, where the acorns all are blasted,
The pigs, to show their mourning, droop half-masted.

The Californian shepherd—by the way, what has the word "shepherd" done that it should have been kicked out of the vocabulary?—does not appear to have acquired the meeker virtues of the gentle animals over which he exercises a mild sway pointed by dog-bites. A party of these nomads recently visited a settlement which had been hastily abandoned by the Indian-fearing whites, and did most wickedly and calamitously pillage and despoil the same. They desolated that "outpost of civilization" with the frenzy of a Band of Hope raiding a rye-field, or a gang of callow geologists devastating a brick-yard. One of the settlers who ventured back to reconnoiter, was asked on his return to camp if the Bannacks had been there. "No," he said, reflectively, "no, I think they must have passed round to the north—considering all that is left. No, the Bannacks would have taken more things away." "Then things remain pretty much as we left them?" "Well, not quite—there have been changes. The latitude and longitude are there."

At a pigeon-shooting match at Hagerstown, Mr. Samuel Donohue had the misfortune to stand at the wrong end of a gun.

The sportsmen gathered round the spot
To sorrow for their dear dead shot;
And e'en the pigeons—such their love—
Became each one a mourning dove.
You don't believe? No more do I;
I'm civil, though, to men who die—
Of whom some good is rightly said,
To make them feel they're surely dead.

Professor Hughes, the microphone man, says his experiments with that instrument point to the conclusion that it is not through our ears but through our bones that we hear ourselves talk. How comes it, then, that Heaven has endowed with ears of such imperial magnitude the men who are most enamored of their own discourse?

ENGLAND, TURKEY, AND RUSSIA.

Some years ago the brilliant Spanish essayist, Castelar, likened Russia to a great octopus (devilish) reaching out its Briarean tentacles to grasp and suck into its maw the various nationalities of Europe and Asia. A few months ago this figure was more startlingly presented in the shape of a widely circulated cartoon. The cartoon, though increasing the fears of the other continental nations of Europe, failed to arouse them into forming an alliance with England to stay the Muscovite legions from conquering Turkey; and the English being divided among themselves, which prevented a single-handed earlier interference, that tottering empire was compelled to succumb. The great body of the English people, however, at length opened their eyes to the sagacious policy of their astute prime minister, and nearly all opposition was withdrawn to whatever bold and warlike policy he might choose to pursue in the premises—the more quickly impelled to this by reason of the world's hisses about the cowardice and waning influence of their country. Consequently, preparations for war against Russia were openly and vigorously proceeded with.

The latter, meantime, had extorted from prostrate Turkey, at the gates of her capital, a humiliating treaty, which left the conquering party arbiter of the situation. England declared that such treaty should not be carried into effect. This appeared to inevitably join the issue and precipitate an early conflict between these mighty powers. The *bon mot* of Bismarck, that it would be like a fight between a whale and an elephant—not amounting to much because neither could get at the other—was accepted as an acquiescence on the part of the continental nations to let the two animals go at each other as best they could. And Germany being regarded by the others as a sort of lesser octopus, and, therefore, friendly with its species, all eyes were turned toward England to learn her final determination.

For many weeks a trembling suspense was felt regarding the convening of a congress to adjust matters peaceably. The great Russian bear growled a fierce defiance. The old British lion shook his mane and roared back a savage response. It was thought by many the time had passed for such peaceful settlement, and that no congress would convene. But when from far off India was heard the concerting blood-cry of Britain's Bengal tigers, Russia consented to its assembling. When Schouvaloff essayed therein to arouse the fears of that Congress and of all Europe regarding the rise of another Tamerlane or Genghis Kahn, who would lead his countless hosts from Asia, armed with the best modern weapons, to overwhelm and conquer Christendom, it was seen, by the reflecting, that Russia was appalled at the potency of England and her dusky allies, and was prepared, unless the other Powers of Europe stood by her, to yield to England's demands. But these Powers not entering into the views of Schouvaloff, or dreading less the remote and problematical irruption of the Asian tigers to the immediate danger from the European octopus, refused to hearken to the wily Russian diplomat; and the great English premier, conscious of being master of the situation, told the Russian that that Congress had nothing to do with such questions.

To this must be supplemented England's vast wealth and facility for raising any amount of that important "sinew of war," money. At the same time her far-reaching statesmen brought their financial influence to bear upon the great money-lenders of Europe and prevented Russia obtaining a loan from them.

Thus was the octopus scotched, and thus did England's statesmen, confident of the force they could bring to bear to sustain their diplomacy, dictate the action of that Congress, dwarf the representatives of the other nations in council there assembled, and, simultaneously, enter into an important independent alliance with Turkey, by which this Power surrenders the island of Cyprus to England, and virtually becomes an appanage of this the grandest empire the world has known—an empire, compared with which Imperial Rome, in her palmiest day, appears insignificant.

Gladstone and his followers in Parliament denounce the Anglo-Turkish Convention on the ground that it leads to an inevitable conflict between England and Russia. This conflict was inevitable, at no distant day, whether such convention, with similar arrangements, had been held and made or not. The advantages accruing to England from the sagacious foresight and bold diplomacy of Beaconsfield and coeterie, is in giving to their country the vantage ground which Russia was stealthily seeking.

Potempkin, to please the eye of the Empress Catharine, on her visit to the Black Sea, a century ago, to emphasize the will of Peter the Great, and flatter the aspirations of the Russians, had inscribed on a southern gateway leading out from Moscow, with a finger pointer, "This is the road to Constantinople." Since then the Russian autocrats and statesmen, as well as people, have been constantly reading such inscriptions, and several times started with large armies along that thoroughfare, to plant the double-headed eagle standard upon the ramparts of Byzantium. But such inscription must now be erased. Russia will never reach that long-coveted goal of her ambition. The Congress of Berlin has interposed an impassable barrier, and Russia will not be permitted to acquire one foot more territory in Europe, and possibly not in Asia; but, rather, to lose some of what she has. England's Asian policy, with which the other European nations will act in concert—at least for their safety sanction—will estop further territorial expansion of the great Slavic Empire.

It being no longer necessary, except temporarily, to uphold Turkish rule in Europe to impede the encroachments of Russia, a few years hence will witness the departure of the crescent emblem across the Bosphorus, and the rechristening of the mosque of Omar with its ancient appellation, the church of St. Sophia.

The boundaries of the new kingdom of Roumania will then be extended south to the Balkan mountains, those of Greece up to and along that line to the Black Sea, excluding Constantinople, which with a strip of territory along the northern border of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles will be made a *free city*, under the joint protectorate of the nations of Europe. Austria has virtually secured, by the late Berlin decree, the incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and soon will absorb Servia.

Very shortly English capitalists, bonused and backed by

their government, will commence building a railroad from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, with a branch to some port upon the Levant near Cyprus; and, in time, a grand trunk road, to connect with this, passing through Persia and Afghanistan to the British Dependency of Hindostan, over which latter several thousand miles of such roads now run.

This bars Russia's design of cutting off England's communication with her Asiatic dominion, by dominating Armenia, Persia, and Afghanistan. But English supremacy in Hindostan is constantly jeopardized by the intrigues and aspirations of her great, jealous rival. Both seek to dominate Asia. To foment disaffection and insurrection among England's Hindoo subjects is the policy of Russia. England has good ground to dread this. All her writers upon English rule in Hindostan clearly admit it. Her statesmen constantly manifest it. This has impelled these statesmen to seek an ally in Asia, which having a common fear of the encroachments of Russia upon their respective territories, and having power to repel it, can be relied upon to make common cause against her. This ally is China.

During the past few years a vast change has taken place in British opinion and policy regarding the Chinese. From treating them as inferiors, and undertaking to dominate over and dictate to them, their sapient statesmen have sought to place the two nations upon a footing of equality; the Chinese, meantime, abating their arrogance and contemptuous treatment of the other races. In every way have they ingratiated themselves with these Mongol millions. The foreign commerce of China, not controlled by the Chinese, is almost wholly in English hands, or subordinated to it. At the court of Peking, their minister is almost alone harkened to among the diplomatic corps. The statesmen of England have been first to appreciate that Chinese statesmen are as subtle, sagacious, and comprehensive as themselves. Instead, therefore, of joining the false and foolish outcry, so prevalent in our country, about the Chinese and Japanese being narrow-minded and unprogressive, they recognize the fact that since the breaking down of their walls of exclusion by the Christian nations, thus enforcing a common world relation with them, they have become the most progressive people, in many respects, on earth. In fact, the Chinese, in consequence of their great numbers, have proven too progressive and aggressive to suit many of us. The outflowing of China's redundant population into British and American lands, and their rapid acquisition of so many of the money-making ideas and appliances of the "outside barbarians," which, added to their own, including their habits of industry, frugality, sobriety, and thrift, are so shoving aside the white race as to demand some interposition to stop the further influx of such overslaughting people to our shores.

Our Chinese minister, now in San Francisco, as well as one of the interviewed members of the recently arrived Chinese embassy, give it as their opinion that Chinese immigration to our shores, as well as others, will continue as long as they can make more money in such countries than at home. That is, the Mongol outflow, if left free, will spread over the world until labor rates everywhere shall be equalized with those in China.

British statesmen will seek to stay this Chinese deluging of their demesnes by opening an outlet for such migration into the less populous portions of Asia. To the north of China proper lies a vast and thinly-populated territory. Over this region, China, by virtue of her Tartar conquerors' rights, once held sway even to the north of the great River Amoor. It was their fatherland. This has been gradually encroached upon by Russia, and incorporated in that empire. Twenty years ago, during the war waged by England and France against China, Russia was solicited by these allies to participate, in order to compel the Chinese Government to come into proper treaty relations with the Christian Powers, and treat their subjects, trading with China, properly. Russia declined, but took advantage of the opportunity to press China into ceding to that Power all of the Mantchooria territory (300,000 square miles) lying south of the Amoor, nearly as far as the peninsula of Corea. China must be anxious to recover this territory, and a portion of the secret arrangement between the Chinese and the English Governments is doubtless an understanding that in the event of a rupture between England and Russia, China will become a participant in the war, as an ally of England, and thus regain Mantchooria, as well as better fortify her other long northern boundary between Russia, reaching to the centre of Asia.

And here in this centre of such continent is where the conflict between England and Russia will commence—a conflict that can not much longer be staved off.

Kashgaria, the furthest western limit of the Chinese Empire, was reconquered a few months ago, having fifteen years previously revolted and regained its independence. This borders on Turkistan, in which Russia has been recently making inroads, having conquered and annexed the Khanate of Khiva about five years ago, and is now concentrating armies there to make further conquests and secure a strong *point d'appui*, or commanding position, from whence to menace English India, whose northwestern boundary approximates such locality.

The great Himalaya range of mountains will be agreed upon between England and China as the natural and unchangeable boundary between their possessions, and their alliance will tend to forestall the machinations of Russia in stirring up the Hindoos to revolt against the mastery of the former.

When Schouvaloff, in the Berlin Congress, suggested that it would be well for Europe to prohibit the exportation from thence to China of arms of precision, he affected ignorance of the fact that Chinese and Japanese factories are turning out such arms of a quality equal to the best European, and in the event of a greater demand for them, such factories can be increased to any extent. It is folly to suppose that an ingenious and remarkably imitative race like these Mongols, who had invented and used gunpowder, fire-arms, the magnetic needle, printing, and other arts and sciences long before such were known in Europe, are now incapable of competing with these Europeans in such things. The Chinese are also building gunboats, and casting cannon of various calibre. They are indifferent to death, and savage fighters when aroused, and if well drilled and armed, led by European commanders of capacity and enranked with regiments of European soldiery, there is no question but they will prove formidable in battle against any foe.

Russia's late rapidly increasing influence in Europe has not only been stayed but backset. She has been foiled in her aggressive and annexing movements toward Constantinople, or any portion of European Turkey. She has, too, taken her last slice of Assyrian Turkey. It was a politic move of Beaconsfield not to oppose, as an ultimatum, her keeping the circumscribed area of Kars, with its little port of Batoum, since a railroad from Trebizond *via* Erzeroum to connect with the road leading from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf will neutralize Russia's commercial and military importance there. Moreover, in the event of a war with England the latter's fleet would soon render Batoum of no value to Russia as an army supply base. In fact, the Anglo-Turkish Convention was the most masterly diplomatic *coup* ever performed, and taken in connection with the action of the Berlin Congress, effectually forestalls all further progress of Russia southward to the west of the Caspian sea. The great question as to Russian and English policy to the east of that inland sea looms up in grand and startling proportions. To what extent their policy and interests may clash, and what forces each may be able to bring to bear, opens a vast field for speculation. Whilst England is more harmonious at home than she has been for several generations, the threatened internal convulsions in Russia must be taken in such consideration.

It is the interest of the Western Powers of Europe to uphold the policy of England in Asia, since it was the strength given to England by her Asian dependencies and her alliances, including Turkey and China, that enabled her to checkmate Russia, and relieve those nations of any dread of Russian domination. Germany, perhaps, may be an exception, and feel somewhat chagrined at the turn of affairs, since it has shorn this new Power of much of her recently acquired prestige and importance. Beaconsfield has eclipsed Bismarck as much as England has eclipsed Germany. The immense power capable of being wielded by England, by reason of her Asiatic alliances and resources, and protectorate of them against the aggressions of Russia and Germany, will induce the remainder of the European States to remain firm allies of that dominating Power of the globe. Austria's interests are now so interwoven with English policy as to insure that Empire's earnest alliance with her. France, likewise, will cooperate with such policy. She must be delighted at England's overshadowing Germany, and is all the more encouraged as to an early recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. American writers appear not to comprehend, and European ones who do are restrained from policy in stating fully the vast significance of this Berlin Congress settlement, and England's Turkish and other Asiatic alliances. The masterly moves of Beaconsfield have severed long-wavering Austria from all subservency to, or participation in, Russian schemes of aggrandizement, and released her from any dread of Germanic dictation. England, France, and Austria are now in full accord.

The bold and successful diplomacy of Beaconsfield and of the Cabinet who supported him, in opposition to that of Derby, Gladstone, Hartington, Bright, Fawcett, and others advocating their short-sighted and timid policy, marks the difference between genius and talent. Genius has prescience and clearly perceives victory through certain apparently reckless and defiant movements, where talent sees only danger, insurmountable obstacles, and disaster. Gladstone and Derby reprehended the daring project of Beaconsfield in bringing Indian troops to Europe and agreeing to a protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, without, too, first obtaining the assent of Parliament, and would, doubtless, have yielded to Gortschakoff's and Bismarck's proposition to totally dismember Turkey, England to receive Egypt as her share of the spoils. This would have left Russia master of the situation and endangered England's East Indian possessions and Asian supremacy.

There are times when men of genius should be placed at the head of affairs and given free scope to work out their plans. The English people appear to have appreciated that another such period in their history has now arrived, and will doubtless give to the Jew Disraeli the same *carte blanche* for action as that bestowed upon the younger Pitt. The world has knowledge of what he has accomplished; I have attempted to faintly outline what I deem to be his grand schemes for the future. He has placed England upon a lofty pinnacle of greatness. It is for him and worthy successors to securely pro and keep her there.

If not deemed irrelevant to the subject-matter of this essay, I would, in closing, query: Why is it that this composite of Angles, Saxons, Normans, and Celts composing the British people, whose homeland is but two islands of circumscribed extent, have now a government of such puissance, controlling an empire the mightiest far the world has ever witnessed; an empire prosperous and progressive; when we, their American descendants, made up of the same European races and possessing for our homeland a vast continent, containing unparalleled natural resources, are internally convulsed, have but just passed through a devastating, bloody struggle among ourselves, and are portentously threatened with a far worse one, with a currency deranged, commerce drying up or passing into foreign hands, all industries paralyzed, millions of idlers verging on starvation, individuals and the nation on the brink of bankruptcy, with every sound economic theory ignored by those who have the conduction of affairs, and a general destruction of the entire governmental fabric and social organism imminent? Wherefore this contrast? Is it not because England possesses a normal form of government, and we an abnormal one? The first calls to the helm of her affairs the best intellects to be found within her borders, whatever their class, race, or condition in society. She seeks out gentlemen, statesmen, and scholars, and places them in her public posts. We choose trafficking politicians and asses for ours. "The tree is known by its fruit."

SAN FRANCISCO, August 6, 1878.

C. E. P.

Nothing will harass a worthy man more than the comparatively trifling discovery that his wife has cut a corner lot out of his undershirt for a powder rag.

There are four women who have betrayed their country—Mrs. Jenks, Mrs. Tilton, Eliza Pinkston, and Mollie McCarthy.

He is rich enough who does not want.

THE TWO LIONS OF KER-FOOS.

A Thrilling Adventure in Central Africa.

In 1851 a grand missionary expedition was organized by the Marchioness de Fontainebleau, a fashionable zealot, who had come into an enormous fortune by the death of her husband, and who wished to expiate, by some extraordinary Christian effort, her sins in having shortened that husband's life some twenty years. I believe the Marchioness was by all odds the gayest devotee of which missionary records make any mention. But she was not only beautiful, fascinating, and light-hearted, but brave, reckless, and original to the last degree. The expedition that set out from Zanzibar included several of her admirers, and was accompanied by herself and several other reckless and beautiful friends of hers. The intention was, I believe, to found a missionary colony on Lake Tanganyika, under the celebrated Abbe St. Palm, but the expedition was diverted from the fine macadamized road, which Speke had made through that country, by the fierce opposition of the Hijiidis, and went up along the eastern shore of Lake Nyanza.

Probably no such caravan ever before set out at any time. The Dutch Governor of Zanzibar had provided a company of troops and a brass band in addition to which there were fifty well-mounted Boloch soldiers, and a large provision and mule train. The first six weeks of the journey resembled a continuous picnic—the Marchioness, with characteristic lightness, called it a movable feast. There were in her retinue twelve adventurous gentlemen, who played the parts of knights, lovers, and champions, and made the wilderness ring with their sports and songs. I presume all of us were perfectly willing to die in the service of the Marchioness. There is no denying it, she exerted some kind of charm over us that was irresistible. I believe she favored me a little, whether it was on account of my American recklessness and wild humor I do not know (alas! every one of the party believed she favored him), but she laughed at my jokes, and applauded my plantation songs when the ballads of Provence, sung by the Abbe St. Palm himself, did not rouse her, and the Duke of Elkonshire's wild stories sometimes seemed to bore her.

It is not my intention to describe that expedition, of which you have no doubt read a great many of the wild and romantic stories that have been printed. It is only necessary that you should understand its character in order to appreciate the incredible circumstance which happened to me. At the end of about eight weeks—which had passed like an Oriental tale—undisturbed by any other untoward incidents than the death of Count Ratiffa by the fever, and the loss of our milch cows by a couple of lions that followed us from Ilijiji to Ujiji, and which cut off our ice cream, We camped on the Plain of Custards, so called from the groves of custard trees which skirt it, and the Marchioness proceeded to found her colony. The party was here just three weeks, in which time it laid the corner-stone of the mission, put up three or four frame houses, and fairly planted what was to be the City of St. Jerome (Jerome was the name of the Marquis). During our stay at this place, I and the Duke of Elkonshire came near having an open rupture. We had all along looked upon each other as rival gallants, but had preserved all the amenities of chivalrous social intercourse. The Marchioness had a pavilion put where she could overlook the workmen, and here most of us were in the habit of congregating in the delicious tropical twilight; and while the natives played their rude games of croquet for us, we amused ourselves in singing and narrating our adventures. I, so far, had been the admitted favorite, on account of the wild witchery and novelty of my negro songs. Invariably, the queen of this conclave would call upon me to sing her one of the Folk songs of my native land, and as often, at her request, I have rolled the "Veetching Dina Crow," and "Downs Zupon Ze Svaunie Revare," accompanying myself upon the bones, and feeling amply repaid by the glance of astonishment and admiration which she bestowed upon me.

One evening, however, the Duke of Elkonshire made a sarcastic remark when it came my turn, and I resolved to do my best. I therefore selected what had always been a favorite air of hers. It was "Sing-Song-Polly-Won't-You-Ki-Me-O," which, in her delicious English, became "Tzing Polly Kime." On this occasion I did not please her. The Duke saw it. His triumph irritated me. I felt that he was in favor. We had some words and parted that night bad friends. The same evening an incident occurred which it is necessary to relate. We all had African servants; mine was Oke Koke, and the Duke's was known as Nigiji. They were always quarreling and stealing each other's blankets. Just before retiring that night my man came into my kraal and told me he had got one of the workmen to mark all my blankets with black paint, and, sure enough, he spread out one, and there was a great O. K. in the middle of it. But this was not the worst of it. The other native, not to be outdone, had gone and got the same workman to mark his blankets with white paint, and to distinguish Nigiji from Oke Koke he had painted N. G. on them.

Irritated as I was at this, I could not help laughing at the stupidity of it; and, telling Oke to get my traps together and wake me early, went to bed.

The next morning I got up early, before the camp was astir, and, with my servant, set out for a hunt. I was burning to do something to distinguish myself over the love-sick Duke. Before I left the encampment I wrote a slip and stuck it on my kraal door. It read thus: "I have taken to the field. I leave you to do the singing. I intend to do some of the killing."

I knew that the expedition would set out in a few days on the return, and, taking the route along the shore of Nyanza, would come up with me somewhere; and by that time, perhaps, her Majesty would be longing for my return. I also fancied that I could leave a few carcasses in their way as a reminder of my prowess. For I knew the Duke had been boasting of how he intended to kill the two lions that had hovered on our rear ever since we left Ilijiji.

Oke and myself were well armed; and we set out with light hearts, striking into a jungle which was almost impassable, save by following the rhinoceros paths, and soon left the camp far in the rear. Anything more uncomfortable to the pedestrian than one of these jungles it is impossible to conceive. The rhinoceros paths are the only sure footing; these the animals make themselves, by killing the old and useless of their own species and sinking them in the soft places; the bodies are covered with leaves and soil, and the stout ribs serve as a framework, which makes in places an almost continuous bridge, which, as one walks over it, sounds resonant enough. It is in the hollows of these decayed animals that the python makes its nest and rears its young. In the mornings, before the heavy exhalations rise from the jungles, the

strange animal crawls from its hiding-place and lies across the path, making it look like those corduroy roads that one sees in the West. The python is not, however, as dangerous to the traveler as the lasso snake, which grows fifty and sixty feet long. It ties itself into a slip noose, and then, holding on to the branch of a banyan tree, throws its body with fearful precision over its prey.

We finally emerged from this jungle upon a wooded plain, dotted all over with chow-chow trees and pepper bushes.

The native method of gathering the chow-chow is not unlike that of our people in collecting maple syrup. They tap the trees, put their gourds under the incision, and leave the thick chow-chow to flow. The stuff is then sent to the coast, where it is put up in open-mouth bottles. I never saw a pichilly tree farther south than Algeria.

Toward the end of our second day's journey we came across two of those mysterious animals called, by the negroes, Gobblechops. They are not unlike a jackal or American coyote in size and general appearance, but they are more vicious, and have a flexible jaw, not unlike the snout of a tapir. The dreaded beast is held in a sort of holy horror by the natives, who are at the mercy of its devastations, but are forbidden by their superstition to kill it. Its habit is to steal into a village at night, and, taking a bite out of the face of a sleeper, to disappear instantly, leaving him horribly disfigured for life. There is a tribe in Ukafongo, nearly every member of which has only one side to his face, owing to the persistent ravages of this animal.

In spite of Oke's protestations I managed to lodge a bullet in one of them, and he dropped with a loud scream. The native would not go near the carcass, but loudly lamented my act, declaring that every man who killed a gobblechop was sure to be eaten by a lion.

As I foolishly handled the beast in my examination, I found that its sickening odor clung to me all the next day, and coming across a limpid pool of water in a thicket of plantains, we drove the monkeys away and I proposed to Oke that we take a bath. He was pleased with the idea; so I divested myself of my nankeen trousers burmose, hung my shirt upon a branch, and we plunged in. It proved to be an ice cold mineral spring, that left an incrustation of salt all over our bodies. I was quite benumbed by the sudden change of temperature; but Oke, who was familiar with the situation, spread out a couple of blankets in the sun, to protect us from the jackass ant (a voracious insect that bites a piece out of you as big as a buck-shot), and bade me imitate his example, and lay on my back. The remedy was effectual. I was not only warmed, but the rays of the sun dissipated the salt entirely. But I noticed, as I was dressing, that Oke had two large letters, O. K., imprinted in white on his black hide; and, coming to look at my blanket, I found that it was similarly marked, only my label was N. G., and the salt made it ineradicable.

The rascal had stolen one of the Duke's blankets, and I had lain upon it.

We struck the Nyanza on the third day. A steep bluff, almost perpendicular, of blue clay and pudding-stone, forty feet high, runs along its eastern shore. But, between the bank and the lake, there is a space of fifty feet, level and smooth, covered with a fine yellow sand, said to contain gold dust.

In skirting along this bluff we found groves of chow-chow trees at regular intervals, growing so thick that we had to go around them. It was on the fourth day, and we were enjoying a morning repast on the edge of the cliff. I had shot a fine fat kangaroo, which Oke had broiled, and we were sitting at our meal, between a chow-chow tree and a custard bush, plunging our delicate morsels into the appetizing sauce that flowed at our feet, when I happened to turn, and saw standing on the yellow sand at the foot of the bluff a majestic lion with his tail in the air.

I dropped the morsel that I held in my hand, and seized my American rifle. Just as I did so, Oke caught my arm, drew me round, and pointing into the chow-chow bushes, said:

"Lookee! lookee!"

I did "lookee," and there, slowly approaching, his tawny head visible above the brush, was another lion in our rear.

"We are dead niggers," Oke cried. "It is the mate; we have killed the gobblechops, and lion cate black man and white."

I looked at my rifle. Heavens! it was not loaded. I had forgotten to attend to it when I killed the kangaroo.

But the brain of an experienced American hunter acts quickly.

"We're not dead niggers yet," I cried; "where are our blankets?"

They were down at the spring.

"Then," I said, "be quick—do as I do."

And I began to strip off my clothing, Oke imitating me.

I tore my shirt into strips, twisted it around, and, fastening one end to a chow-chow stump and the other to my wrist, lowered myself over the cliff. Oke followed my example, and in less than five minutes we were both hanging safe from either beast, unless one of them hauled us up with his teeth.

I was never before in such a predicament in my life, but I felt sure that we were safe, and that one or the other of the beasts would retire, and we could then drop down or pull ourselves up. The only immediate distress was caused by the beams of the hot sun, which seemed to be intensified by the black paint on my back. I could turn my head partly round, and could see the lion standing on the shore immovable, with his tail standing still in the air.

Oke was hanging about six feet from me, and never ceased groaning. I tried to cheer him as well as I could, but my sympathy and courage had very little effect upon him. He said the sun was eating his marrow. I told him to pull himself back, then, if he preferred it, and let the lion cat him. But he gave very little heed to what I said, keeping up a hideous howling, and in his writhing managing to swing his body so that he came against me with great violence, and I expected to have my brains knocked out momentarily.

Suddenly he cried out, with horror:

"Whanke-janke! whanke-janke!"

And looking up, I found that it was too true. The whanke, or jackass ant, had discovered us, and was already swarming upon the edge of the cliff, preparing to come down the bands by which we were suspended, and cover our bodies.

There was no possible escape from this. But the brain of an American hunter does not usually give out, even when hung up in an African sun to dry. I told Oke to listen to me and do as I bid him. I then explained to him that our only defense from the whanke-janke was to swing ourselves as violently as possible, and the collision of our bodies would knock off the insects.

Accordingly I set him the example. The infernal ants were advancing in a black mass upon us. In a little while I felt sure that the myriads of them would consume us, so I commenced to howl, and squirm, and sway my body as violently as I could, and every time that we came together, with a tremendous thwack, I shut my eyes and howled the louder. Oke did the same.

Our sufferings were now intense. The sun had reached the meridian, and its direct rays were blistering my back. To add to my agony, one of the chow-chow shrubs that bent over above us dripped its acrid juice directly upon the already palpitating flesh. I suppose, sir, that gods, let alone men, never witnessed such a spectacle as that of two human beings, duly labeled, hanging upon a bank, hundreds of miles from any help, writhing in the most preposterous manner, and howling at the top of their voices. But I noticed as I swung that the lion still stood upon the sand with his tail rigidly in the air. How long we suffered I can not tell. The accursed insects were too smart to venture upon our bodies to be knocked off; they remained upon our arms. It seemed an eternity.

When at last I told Oke that death at the merciful jaws of the lion were preferable to this, and that we had better crawl up, we found that we no longer had the strength to lift our own bodies. In the height of my agony, I pictured the patient beast with his tail in the air waiting for us. I even imagined the horrible humor of his soliloquy: "This is the most incomprehensible performance that that incomprehensible creature man ever got up for my entertainment. To think that he should first cook himself before falling into my clutches, is a politeness that I never would have dreamed of."

Suddenly Oke's deafening howls were intermitted a moment, and then he cried joyfully, "Jiggery-gimp-golly! Jiggery-gimp!"

I listened. There was a familiar and regular sound in the air. It was indeed the jiggery-gimp. I could hear the band of the Marchioness approaching. It was playing my own version of the "Tzing-Polly-Kime."

In an instant physical pain, danger, and all else were driven out of my mind by an overwhelming sense of indignation. The whole expedition was marching homeward along the shore of the lake, and there was I, hanging in the sun, and marked "N. G.," without a rag to my name, and unable to help myself. What will the Marchioness say? What will the Duke say? I queried, what in the name of heaven will I say myself? The lions will disappear as help approaches, and I shall never be able to prove that we were attacked by two ferocious beasts.

But the lion on the sand did not disappear. I could see that he was there with his tail in the air yet, and the troop was almost in sight. I could not understand it. I wanted to die. I tried to bite the linen rope through with my teeth, so that I could fall and be eaten before they arrived, but I had not the strength, and I got my mouth full of whanke-janke.

Presently the advance guard drew up on the sand. The drum-major of the band, I felt, was pointing at the stupendous spectacle with his staff.

Then the Marchioness, in her chariot, drove up, escorted by the Duke and her other gallants.

"Ah, it is ze *malfaiters*!" I heard the Marchioness say. "Ze creeminals. But how shall we interpret the N. G.?"

Then I distinctly heard the Duke say: "Oh, they are malefactors, as you have guessed, but the white man is marked N. G. because in his own country that stands for No Good. O. K., I presume, is to indicate that the other is a hardened villain—an Old Krow, perhaps."

At that moment Oke began a new series of kicks and yelps to let them know he was alive.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the Marchioness cried, "it is ze ex-pi-gation gymnastique! Ha-ha!" And I heard her clap her hands and call to her women that the wilderness had provided a *cirque*, and she intended to camp there and see it out. To my amazement she bade her servants *move the lion*—yes, move the lion, that she might get her chariot into better position—and I perceived that four black rascals picked the beast up and carried it out of the way, with its tail in the air.

Merciful Jove, it was *stuffed*!

When the Duke cried out to the niggers to be careful how they handled the skin—he didn't want the tail broken—the whole truth flashed upon me. The two lions I had seen were the two the Duke had shot. The Marchioness had ordered them stuffed for preservation, and they were carried ahead of the expedition.

When this awful fact broke fully upon me I determined, if I could not die, at least to simulate death, in hopes that the party would go on leave me hanging there.

But it was no use. The detachment on the cliff tied ropes to us, and lowered us down, and we were identified and covered up.

I have only this to say in conclusion, that in explanation of my conduct to the Marchioness, I told her that in despair of winning her favor, I had determined to commit suicide in the most painful way, and that my faithful servant had imitated me.

"Ah, fantasia superbe Amerique!" she cried. "It ees worthy of ze Vashington. But you shall explain on me ze superscription of ze N. G."

"That," I replied, after I had thought a moment, is easily explained. "In New York we have a corps militaire called the National Guard, to which all the young men of good blood ally themselves. Each member of this noble organization is compelled to take a fearful oath of loyalty, and to have N. G. tattooed on his back."

Whether this was credible or not never occurred to her. It was brilliant, and that is always enough for a Frenchwoman.—"Tricula," in *N. Y. Spirit of the Times*.

Extreme caution: I. Being at a café and desiring to pay for his beer, a guest gives the waiter a 20-franc piece. II. The waiter promptly returns with a 10-franc gold piece and silver for the rest. III. The guest gives him back the 10-franc piece, saying: "Give me two 5-franc pieces for that, please." IV. The waiter rings the gold coin on the table and says, apologetically: "You know there are so many counterfeiters out these times that we have to be on our guard."

The Equator Defined: Professor—"Define the equator." Student—"It is the place where the sun crosses the line." Professor—"What line?" Student—"I suppose it's the one referred to by Euclid, that has neither breadth nor thickness." Professor—"Next." Student No. 2—"There's no such line. It has been shown to be purely imaginary—a mere superstition of sailors. Columbus sailed across it, and it wasn't there."

INTAGLIOS.

Kissing.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this:
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss.
But there's danger in delaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it—
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this,
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss;
There's a royal way of kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning:
If you want a kiss, why take it.

Any fool may face a cannon—
Anybody wear a crown—
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have a golden apple,
You must find a tree and shake it;
If a thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it.

Who would burn upon a desert
With a forest growing by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a black and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,
And you can not, can not break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss and—take it.

An Alsace Legend.

Knowest thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in His garden
While the sun shines high.
In that garden there are roses,
Beautiful and bright,
And He gazes round delighted
With the lovely sight.

If He marks one gayly blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and gaze upon it,
Full of tender care.

And the beauteous rose He gathers
In His bosom lies;
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For the dear one dies.

L. S. COSTELLO.

Resignation.

If you were a princess and I a knight,
And this were the lawless, olden time,
When love was potent, and might was right,
And the sacking of castles was not a crime—
Or if I were a villain and you a fool,
And we both were selfish, reckless, and blind,
I'd scarcely remain so seemingly cool,
With this raging fire in my heart confined.
For my love is as fierce as the love of old,
And my spirit as brave to do and dare,
As a Knight of the Field of the Cloth of Gold,
Or any who've battled for lady fair;
And you are as beautiful, sweet, and good
As the fairest princess of romance
Who ever looked out on enchanted wood—
But you're not to be won with sword or lance.

There are tendrils of love, chains of pure gold,
Innocent child-hands that hold us apart;
The old love's a dream, a tale that is told,
A memory sweet hidden deep in the heart,
In vain the battle and clash of steel,
In vain the railing at what we call fate;
Peace may come with the turn of the wheel;
True to each other, we can but wait.

H.

A Song.

Kiss no one but me, my darling,
Love's kisses are fragile things,
And the stain of two common usage
To their dainty essence clings.
Kiss no one but me, kiss no one but me,
And I'll gather thy sweetness faithfully.

Kiss no one but me, my darling,
Lest out of the soil of each kiss
Should be lost the mystical love-charm
That wakens from slumber our bliss;
Kiss no one but me, kiss no one but me,
I vow, as I live, I'll kiss no one but thee.

And if years shall fade our red kisses,
We will fold them softly away
In memory's beautiful casket,
Pure for a heavenly day.
Kiss no one but me, kiss no one but me;
As an angel I'll woo thy kisses from thee.

MARIE LE BARON.

Love's Secret.

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart;
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears
Ah! she did depart.

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveler came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

BLAKE.

The Fulfillment of Craving.

If we, indeed, could surely gain
The end to which we toil and strain;
Could grasp the thing we deem most dear,
And hold it firm and keep it near;

Couldst say, "Behold, the good we sought
Unto our very eyes is brought!"
Ah! is it clear that we should be
In truth more favored or more free?

For while in vain we ply our task,
And Fate forbids the boon we ask,
Some greater good do we not find
When round our necks fond arms are twined,
And kind lips whisper words unfeigned,
"All is not lost! love he gained!"
All is not lost! Nay, rather say
That all is won, and ours to-day.

Upon the mountain's height we thought
To gain the prize for which we sought;
Ah! love, 'twas well we strove in vain;
Did we not meet, love, on the plain?

Love scorns degrees; the low he lifteth high,
The high he draweth down to that fair plain
Wherein, in his divine equality,
Two loving hearts may meet, nor me, in vain;
'Gainst such sweet leveling custom cries amain,
But o'er its harshness utterance one bland sigh,
Breathed passion-wise, doth mount heaven high,
For Love, earth's lord, must mount him.



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 8, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—Have you not often wondered what Mr. Henry J. Byron's reputation was made of? I have come to the conclusion that it is gotten up out of the same material as his plays—which is to say, nothing. The various stages of domestic insipidity are scarcely sufficiently thrilling within themselves to be called incidents. *Our Roy* when played by thorough artists is really a nice little play, but the most remarkable thing about it to me is its fabulous run. But I can not regard this run as any excuse for following it up with such an absolute pall of tedium as *Dearer than Life*. I have not the faintest idea, Madge, what was *dearer* than life. At first I thought it was the old woman, by which pretty name one of the party is affectionately alluded to. Then I thought it was the son or hero, and finally I agreed with myself to consider it a small box of coin which was locked up in the dresser drawer, where the knives and forks ought to have been. Eventually I decided that the phrase had a musical jingle in Mr. Byron's ear which made him adopt it as a title without rhyme or reason. I think I hit it then. To give you a specimen of its originality, Madge, I must tell you that we were occupied for about three-quarters of an hour in gazing upon that familiar scene, the threatened eviction of a tenant from an attic lodging. Jack took warning the moment the curtain went up. When he found the party up in the mansard with the heroine sewing by the light of a tallow-dip his prophetic soul anticipated the landlady. He seized his hat and incontinently fled. A gentleman sitting near who had the air of a theatre *habitué* hazarded the surmise that during a quarter of a century of play-going he had seen at last one thousand imate landladies expostulating with as many impoverished tenants. The traditional landlady cap-ribbons and flaunting curls was not wanting here. Of course the suffering heroine called her "woman" in tones of withering contempt—I have observed that a great deal of withering contempt is employed by these impecunious lodgers—and of course the landlady resented the epithet with spirit. Now, Madge, don't you think Byron might have let this poor old joker, which has lived a long and honorable life and has done arduous duty, die a peaceful death. I heard it remarked that there was some wit in the dialogue. I candidly confess that I was too obtuse to discover it. I can only excuse myself on the ground that I was ten thousand miles away from the scenes which gave these sayings significance. If Mr. Byron's plays fall into good hands it will generally be found that they contain one or two good character drawings; therefore, Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Mackay were provided for. Mr. Stoddard narrowly escaped being a genius, but he did escape. I know that by his "Lawyer Money-penny" of last week. I can see how very close to it he came by his "Michael Garner" this week. I do not see the justice of extensively billing him as a star in such a company. To my thinking he would need to be a luminary of very brilliant effulgence to shine them down, but he plays "Michael Garner" with an art which is beyond question. Some of his effects are due to his own personality, which is rather striking. He has an odd face which in a way is expressive, and he has a hasty ejaculatory style of speaking which is sometimes effective and sometimes decidedly unintelligible. Snapping his fingers is a favorite trick with him, not that it means anything in particular, unless, perhaps, impatience. It is a gesture which he uses *ad lib.*, as the music books say. They snap like a whip-lash until the theatre resounds with crackling bony significance. Mr. Stoddard's pathos is a little hollow. He can make people laugh more easily than he can make them weep. Mr. Mackay, not to be outdone by the New York star, devoted considerable care to his production of "Uncle Ben," a drunken old scoundrel of no particular value, either in his family circle or in the play. Mr. Byron drew a skeleton which Mackay filled in. The main filling was an asthmatic cough, which excited a mild hilarity. Encouraged by the success of his venture, the actor coughed too often and destroyed the illusion. To the cough he added an alcoholic huskiness. The huskiness was admirable, but it prevented our distinguishing one word. Perhaps that was why he made a hit. Poor Miss Sylvester! The stage manager seems determined to drown her in a pool of lachrymal parts. Weep, whine, and whimper; whimper, whine, and weep. That is all they have given her to do lately, and I don't say she does it with the pertinacity of a spoiled child. I always liked Miss Sylvester very much, but this is a thing on earth so tiresome as a woman

constantly in tears, and if the stage manager does not allow her to cheer up for a brief week or two the poor girl will become odious without being able to help herself. Miss Sylvester can not be called a dresser in the ordinary stage acceptance of the term, but she sometimes gives quite a tasteful touch to her toilets. In *Dearer than Life* she wore a little striped muslin, made in the old-fashioned way when ten or eleven yards made a dress pattern. My dear Madge, it is astonishing how well a woman can look in ten yards of dry goods. She did not wear the pretty little household apron which was the natural accompaniment of these plain, homely dresses, but she must have borne in upon many a mind the conviction that we carry from twenty-five to thirty extra yards of superfluous material in our daily walks. Besides Miss Sylvester's old-fashioned dress they gave an old-fashioned farce; but farces are entirely too old-fashioned. The comedy drama has put them completely out of date. So long as we have *Baby, Pink Dominoes*, and *Forbidden Fruit* to fill an entire evening, we do not need a little dessert of the old-time farce, even with Bishop in the cast. I do not know of anything more inane than a farce. I have found myself laughing at Jefferson as "Hugh de Brass," and I defy anyone to gaze with smileless, stony countenance at Bishop in *A Point of Honor*. But what stuff, what downright idiocy a farce is! Fancy Willie Seymour doing climbing gymnastics on a garden wall, and giving a spiritualistic seance in a sheet and pillow-case! Fancy Bishop trembling with terror before the man who sang "Baby Mine" at Harry Edwards' benefit and yet lingers in the country unharmed and faces an audiences unblushingly! Think of Miss Alma Saville playing leading lady! I think, for that matter, that her little speech was perhaps the funniest thing in the farce. It was more anaesthetic than a boarding-school exhibition. Possibly the girl herself is not to blame for taking her little opportunity when it comes; but with a large and expensive company rusting with disuse, the management are foolish to put inefficiency forward. They are to give us *Les Fourchambaults* in this theatre next week. There is enterprise for you; for this will be the first time it is presented in English. I hope it will be good English. I find that a great many people, like myself, suffered a severe disappointment when they went to see the minstrels on their return. Somehow those brilliantly illuminated posters—how well Haverly understands advertising!—caught the eye and stirred the fancy. Gus Williams, Sweatnam, and Dougherty! Those are good enough names to guarantee a lively entertainment. Either Hughey Dougherty suffers from imitators or he is not very original. Either Billy Rice copies him or he copies Billy Rice. Either he has a very bad cold or an excessively disagreeable voice. Where there are so many either, you can imagine that I was not delighted with Hughey Dougherty. He did one clever thing in the finale, which he calls "Gilmore at the Trocadero." Gilmore, who is the coolest, quietest, calmest, and most dignified of leaders, is mercilessly travestied; but it is very amusing. They are geniuses, after a fashion, some of these minstrels, and conjure up some very funny imaginings. I find that I quite miss Harry Richmond, who had the unusual quality of wearing well, aside from one tedious act, and who was cut upon rather a different pattern from the others. They used to say, when the minstrels were here before, that Thatcher copied Sweatnam, but they are both here together now, and we hear no more of that. Sweatnam, for some reason, has ingloriously suffered his laurels to wither. He has brought nothing new with him, and the old falls stale and flat. He had a reception warm enough for a Ristori, but I fear the gallery felt a little cheap over its demonstrations when he walked off to faint applause. After all, people are very patient with minstrelsy. It is only once in a very great while that a bit of novelty shines in it. They might at least furnish up the old stuff to make it presentable. Thatcher is always dry and droll; but I wish he would not play arithmetic with his mutilated fingers, as I wish that Dougherty would not jest with his voice if it is a permanent affliction instead of a temporary hoarseness. Thatcher sings a parody upon "Baby Mine," and is encored till his muse gives out. The quartet are as pleasant to listen to as ever, but the songs in the first part are not extraordinary. It is an immense company, for they have two or three yet in reserve. *Diplomacy* has remained unchanged, with the exception of a couple of new dresses. Jeffreys-Lewis flashed upon the bewildered vision last week in a silken robe of lively canary color, set off with ruby velvet; it looked better than such a startling combination reads. Maud Granger wore a new promenade toilette, in the last act, of *ceru* and *cerise*; the overdress was of *ceru* lace, through which the *cerise* was visible; a satin sash, of the brighter color, was transfixed by a huge steel buckle, at least half a foot long; bonnet to match. I am sorry to say this is their last week. We shall miss such a company very much I am sure, and I fear that what comes after will suffer by comparison. They could not depart without letting us know that they can play something else besides *Diplomacy*. For Mr. Montague's benefit, on Friday night, they produce *False Shame*; but on Saturday night we are to have a melange of the legitimate—"Romeo," "Armand," "Claude," "Juliet," "Pauline," and "Camille." I will tell you next time how they make the division, for it is too decidedly mixed to understand it from the playbills. This sort of en-

tertainment is always unsatisfactory, but, in this case, it will be interesting. I have never heard Jeffreys-Lewis in anything but the Daly drama till now, and I am curious to see how she will comport herself in the older plays. Maud Granger I know will make a lovely Juliet, although I should dread the fourth act for her should it be given in its entirety. I have been looking at Lotta's mignonette face and burnished locks in the boxes lately, and thought perhaps we were to have seen her in one of her new plays, but an enterprising interviewer has dashed my hopes. For my part I like the little Lotta extremely. I admire her for her modesty in not wishing to play lest they should think her presuming upon her own generosity, but I fear she over-estimated the delicate consideration of this community. They have never extended, either to her or to her gift, a super-abundant courtesy, and I fear that if she did play the fountain would not materially affect the cash-box. At all events, she has made enough money elsewhere to be independent of California caprice. Next week we are to have Maggie Mitchell, also, I believe, the founder of a school. So you see the theatres are becoming lively again; and when Kennedy's Standard opens there will be more yet to hear about from

Yours, devotedly, BETSY B.

THE CYCLOPEDIA WAR.

A Challenge that was Accepted.

We have successfully met one challenge of the "Johnson" agent, and until he acquires himself of the charges publicly made against him at that time, we decline every proposition which allows him to repeat his "packing" process. Moreover, the superiority of "Appleton" is already too well established to need any such child's play. The testimony of over two hundred college professors and others, in our possession who have exchanged their *Johnson Dictionary* for the *Appleton Cyclopaedia*, and the action of the State Board of Education rescinding its former recommendation of *Johnson's Cyclo.* as one of the library books, ought to be conclusive evidence as to which stands the test of use and an impartial examination.

We repeat our article published in the *Call* of January 22, 1878, which has not yet been denied:

"To whom it may concern: At the urgent solicitation of H. D. Watson, agent of Johnson's Cyclopaedia, and with the cordial cooperation of James T. White, agent for Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, having critically compared the two works in their treatment of over one thousand test topics of our own selection, we have reached the following conclusion:

"In the careful and exhaustive treatment and sub-headings of a score or two of special, scientific, and popular subjects, Johnson excels. In many tables of statistics, and in the necessary notation of pronunciation, his work is the more convenient.

"In shape, size, and weight of volumes; in quality of binding, legibility of type, thickness and color of paper; in the equal distribution and the great superiority of maps and engravings, both in number and artistic excellence; in the important departments of biography and history; in the description and illustration of great cities and chief towns; and, finally, in general method and symmetry, as well as in fairness and impartiality, we consider the American Cyclopaedia unquestionably and very decidedly the better book.

"Respectfully, E. KNOWLTON, S. A. WHITE."

This verdict has double weight, from the fact that the Johnson agent selected and attempted to pack this jury against us by putting upon it a gentleman who had previously been offered, unbeknown to us, a heavy consideration to espouse the Johnson cause. Moreover, during an intermission of the investigation, the same agent endeavored surreptitiously to influence both gentlemen to decide the case in his favor, showing testimonials, urging the previous arrangement in the one case, and using every means in his power to prejudice the decision. But after a searching investigation and comparison of the two works, the manifest superiority of the Appleton's Cyclopaedia called forth the above verdict, notwithstanding the pecuniary consideration offered to the one, and the personal pressure brought to bear upon both. As this was not a judicial proceeding, such an offense is not indictable, but it is nevertheless a crime against honor and an insult to justice and fair play.

JAMES T. WHITE & CO.

The statement, industriously circulated by the "Johnson" agent, that we bought this verdict, called out the following letter:

"876 Shotwell Street, May 20, 1878.

"To whom it may concern: In the Cyclo. matter, I desire to state explicitly and emphatically that the only man who approached me with any pecuniary consideration, directly or indirectly, was H. D. Watson, and he did very decidedly and persistently.

"Very resp'y, E. KNOWLTON.

It is very apparent that the "Appleton" is the standard and most sought after, when its opponents resort to the trick of *underselling* to break its sale; but the following letter, and the statements of several who have applied to the "Johnson" agent for sets *without success*, are conclusive proof that he can not supply a single set, and that his advertisement is a gross misrepresentation:

"SAN FRANCISCO, July 8, 1878.

"H. D. WATSON, Esq., Agent of 'Johnson'—Dear Sir:—Have written you twice without getting a reply. Will take all the Appletons you can furnish at \$60 a set. I have calls for them almost daily, and have no doubt I could dispose of large quantities in a short time. Will you send me what you have, and get the coin in exchange. Respectfully,

"I. N. CHOYNSKI."

Comment is unnecessary. JAMES T. WHITE & CO., Agents of "Appleton's American Cyclopaedia.

The *Dramatic News* says: Lizzie McCall has been adding to her fighting reputation. In company with E. E. Rice, she went to the house in which her sister Ellie lay dead, and began an intertemperate scene over the coffin as to who should pay the expense of the burial. To do this she came in a carriage.

HENRY V. TO THE HERALD.

I pray thee, bear my former answer back; Bid them achieve me, and sell my bones To the guano manufacturers, if they so desire! Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus? The man that once did sell the lion's skin For two dollars and a quart of whiskey, While the beast lived, was killed while hunting him. Tell them I bid thee put that in thy pipe And smoke it! Discourse with the Constable of France We are but warriors for the working day; Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched With rainy marching in the painful field, Or painful marching in the rainy field, Or hooting it across us as best doth suit thee. The blacking is all worn off our shoes, And our moustaches haven't been waxed for two days; There's not a piece of feather in our host (Good argument, I hope, we've had no chicken pie), And time has worn us into slovens. But, bet thy life, our hearts are in the trim, And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night They'll be in fresher robes, or break a hame-string! They say they'll skin The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads, Snatching their backs bald-headed, as it were, And turn them out in search of a clothing store. If they do this (and well I know they have the sand), My ransom, then, shall soon be levied. Herald, save thy labor; Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald, Lest we have thee roasted for dinner! —Derrick.

The New York *Sunday Mercury* publishes the following as the list of attractions next season: Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, John McCullough, George Rigold, Lawrence Barrett, E. A. Sothern, John T. Raymond, J. C. Williamson, J. K. Emmet, Frank Mayo, F. S. Chanfrau, Fechter, Joe Murphy, Oliver Doud Byron, Robert McWade, the Florences, George Knight's *Otto*, McKee Rankin's *Danites*, Bartley Campbell's *Vigilantes*, H. J. Montague's *Diplomacy*, Robson and Crane, the Lingards, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Genevieve Ward, Ada Cavendish, Blanche Meda, Von Stanwitz, Fanny Davenport, Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, the Majeronis, Modjeska, Kate Claxton, Katie Putnam, Louise Pomeroy, Imogene, Fay Templeton, Eliza Weathers, Colville's Folly Company, Grover's *Boarding House*, Effie Ellsler, Josh Hart's *Chicago*, Milton Nobles' *Phania*, Mrs. Chanfrau, Salisbury's Tronbadours, Rice's *Surprise*, Rice's *Evangeline*, McDonough's *Mitis*, Mrs. Bowers, Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, Kendall Comedy Company, Wallack-Dillon Combination, Kirdly Troupe, Frazier Pantomime Troupe, Park Theatre *Hurricane* Company, Marie Zoe, Denman Thompson Troupe, John A. Stevens, Wallace Sisters, Berger Family, the Mapleson, Strakosch, Hess, Cates, Holman, Richings-Bernard, and di Murska opera troupes, Kate Fisher and Fanny Louise Buckingham's *Mazeppas*, besides a score of minstrel and variety troupes. With scarcely half a dozen exceptions, the above list represents complete organizations.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS. BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

MONDAY, August 12th, and every evening during the week, and at Saturday Matinee.

Brief Engagement of the SUPREME FAVORITE, MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,

Who will appear as

MIGNON! MIGNON! MIGNON!

In a dramatic adaptation of Ambrose Thomas' Opera of that name, founded on Goethe's masterpiece and chiefest gem, supported by the favorite actor,

MR. WILLIAM HARRIS,

And the following members of the new company of the California Theatre: Miss Marie Prescott, Mr. Russell S. Bassett, Mr. Frederic Bock, Mr. F. G. Cotter, and Mr. Chas. W. Butler. New Scenery, Costumes and Properties.

Seats may be secured at the Box Office.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER. F. LYSYER.....ACTING MANAGER. G. R. CHIPMAN.....TREASURER.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 10th, 1878. The Management has the honor to announce that on Monday next, August 12th, will be produced at this theatre the greatest Comedy of modern times, now creating an unparalleled sensation in the Comedie Francaise, in Paris, the first dramatic theatre in the world.

LES FOURCHAMBAULT,

Written by Emile Augier. The Scenery will be painted by Mr. George Dayton, from sketches and models sent from Paris by Mr. Maguire. The Costumes will be exemplars of the latest Parisian style by Worth, and the English adaptations will be made by Mr. Fred. Lyster, author of "Ready," "Three Millions of Money," "Forget Me Not," and the English version of "La Perichole," "Les Brigands," "La Jolie Parfumeuse," etc. The Cast will include all the principal Artists of the Comedy Company of Baldwin's Theatre.

FOURCHAMBAULT.

Baron de Rastiboullois.....Mr. F. F. Mackay M. Fourchambault.....Mr. J. A. Herne M. Bernard.....Mr. James O'Neil Leopold Fourchambault.....Mr. Lewis Morrison Mme. Fourchambault.....Mrs. Faren Mme. Bernard.....Miss Kate Denin Mlle. Blanche Fourchambault.....Miss Louise Sylvester Mlle. Marie Letellier.....Miss Rose Wood The Management begs to state that this is the first performance, in the English language, of this great play.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

SATURDAY.....AUGUST 3 MATINEE AT 2; EVENING AT 8.

HAVERLY MINSTRELS,

Who will appear in conjunction with

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The Prince of Ethiopian Comedians, GUS WILLIAMS,

The greatest living Dutch Dialect Actor, and BILLY SWEATNAM,

The popular and favorite Comedian, making the strongest and most complete Minstrel Organization in the United States.

CHURCH NOTICE.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6 1/2 P. M.

Attention is respectfully called to the display of watches, diamonds, jewelry, and silverware at Anderson & Randolph's, Clock Tower Building, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. She will be happy to see her former patrons.

PERSONS ADDICTED TO THE USE OF OPIUM are informed that a regular physician is prepared to receive a few such as patients in his own family, in the country, upon reasonable terms. Entire privacy, and cure guaranteed. Address P. O. Box 87, Alameda.

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MR. A. D. BRADLEY (late Stage Manager Grand Opera House) gives practical instruction in ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART. Rehearsals and Amateur Performances superintended. Lessons given at residences if desired. Address care BOHEMIAN CLUB.

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RESUMES LESSONS ON ORGAN and PIANO, Monday, July 22d.

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DECKER BROS

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 63.—The monthly dividend for July will be paid on August 10, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street. CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary. San Francisco, August 5, 1878.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., August 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 12, of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Monday, August 12, 1878. Transfer books closed on Thursday, August 8, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M. WM. WILLIS, Secretary. Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street third floor San Francisco Cal

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Francisco, August 7, 1878. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 28) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was declared, payable on Thursday, August 15, 1878. Transfer books closed until 16th inst. C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of MICHAEL KELLEHER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco. Dated August 8th, 1878. WILLIAM DOOLAN, Administrator of the Estate of Michael Kelleher, deceased.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1878,

EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be sold by this Company from

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN JOSE AND OTHER POINTS AND RETURN.

(Tickets to San Jose good for return by either the Southern or Central Pacific Railroads.)

These Tickets will be sold ONLY on SATURDAYS and SUNDAY MORNINGS.

The Return Trip Ticket will not be good for passage after the MONDAY following the date of purchase. TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets; Valencia Street Station. A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH, Superintendent. Ass't Passenger and Ticket Agt.

NOTICE.—San Jose Excursion Tickets (via C. P. R. R.) can be purchased at the offices of the Central Pacific Railroad, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco; also, at the several Ticket Offices in Oakland.

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JOSH BILLINGS' COUGH-DROPS.

The philosopher, Josh Billings, has placed in the hands of his publishers the *Farmer's Almanac* for 1879. From its pages we make the following extracts:

Bachelors are always a braggin' ov their freedom 't freedom to darn their own stockings and poolst their own shins! I had rather be a widower once in 2 years, reglar, than tew be a grunting, old, hair-dried bachelor only for 30 days.

Ambushin tew shine in everything iz a sureway tew put a man's whappell all out. Sucking a whiff silybbu thru a rhy straw iz a good deal like trying to liv on buty.

Sun people won't believe enny thing they kant prove; the things I can't prove are the very things I beleave the most.

Good examples among the rulers are the best laws they kan enact. One ov the saddest sights ov all to me iz an old man, poor and deserted, whom I once knew living in ease and luxury.

He whe spends his younger days in disappahun iz mortgaging himself tew disease and poverty, two inexorable creditors, who are certain tew foreclose at last, and take possession ov the premises.

The world owes all its energy and refinement tew luxuries—diggin's roots for breakfast and going naked for clothes iz the virtuous innocence ov a lazy savage.

Prudes are coquets gone to seed. A dandy in love iz in just about az bad a fix az a stick ov nicelass kandy that haz half melted.

There is no goo I substitute for wisdom, but silence iz the best that haz been discovered yet.

There iz lots ov fukes in this world who, rather than not find enny fault at all, wouldn't hesitate tew say tew an angle worm that his tail waz altogether tew long for the rest ov his body.

A man who iz good company for himself iz always good company for others.

I never knew but one infidel in mi life, and he had no more courage than a half drowned kitten jest pulled out ov a swell barrel, and waz az afraid tew die az the devil would be if he waz allowed tew visit the earth, for a short season, to recruit himself.

I have seen men who had worn out their vices, and supposed, ov course, that they waz lying on their virtues.

What a man is most afraid ov he sez he don't beleave in; this may account for sum men's unbelief in hell.

The man who dies the richest iz the one who leaves the least here and takes the most with him.

The Wonderful Geysers!

THIS WONDERFUL SPOT OF CALIFORNIA

ifornia should be visited by all residents and tourists. The Geysers of Iceland and the Geysers of the Yellowstone have their counterpart in the remarkable Canyon of the Plutao in Sonoma County. Wonderful as a curiosity of nature, wonderful as a health resort, and delightful as a resort of pleasure, by steamer, train, and coach, over a beautiful Bay, through beautiful valleys and romantic hills, the trip alone more than compensates for the cost and time. Leave San Francisco daily at 3 p. m., by steamer for Donahue; take train for Cloverdale; stay all night at Cloverdale, and leave in coach four-in-hand—at 7 a. m. for the mountain drive over the hills to the Geysers. Returning passengers reach San Francisco in a day by the Calistoga way. A trip to the Geysers is the easiest, most inexpensive and most delightful of any in California. The hotel accommodations, the trout fishing, the hunting, the walks and drives, the bathing, the everything, are perfection.

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the Summer in the country will find this a cheerful home, and beautiful scenery of sunless variety as tempt to healthful exercise and recreation. We furnish good accommodations and an excellent table. Good fishing and hunting on the premises. Four trains from San Francisco pass the station daily. Address: E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Thirteenth Industrial Exhibition.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1878.

THE MANAGERS HAVE THE

honor to announce to the public that the THIRTEENTH GRAND EXHIBITION OF SCIENCE, ART, AND INDUSTRY, given under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, will open at the Pavilion, on Market, Eighth, and Mission Sts., on TUESDAY, August 13th. Great and unusual attractions will be presented to visitors. Mining, Agricultural, and other machinery will be in motion. Pacific Coast Manufactures, Minerals, and Products of the Soil will be fully represented, besides many new novelties never before exhibited on this coast. The Art Department will be under the supervision of the San Francisco Art Association, a guarantee for excellence and completeness. Local Art will be specially represented, as also works of noted foreign artists, selected from the private galleries of this city. The Horticultural Garden, so popular heretofore, will be made still more attractive this year by the addition of many new features. The Music—Each afternoon and evening a first-class instrumental Concert will be given by the best soloists and accomplished musicians of this city, with a daily change of programme of the most popular music. No expense or pains will be spared by the management that will add to the comfort or convenience of visitors. Applications for space or information can be obtained from the Secretary, at the office, 27 Post Street. IRVING M. SCOTT, President. J. H. GILMORE, Superintendent. J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

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The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the interests of higher education, and in opposition to the cramming system of the small colleges and military academies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th. Examination of candidates for admission July 22d and 23d. By request, instructions have been provided during the summer months for students preparing for the August examinations at the University. For catalogue or particulars, address:

JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

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Next year will commence July 30, 1878.

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STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL FAIR

AT SACRAMENTO,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1878.

THE ABOVE FAIR OF THE STATE

Agricultural Society will commence at Sacramento on MONDAY, Sept. 16, 1878, and will continue to and include Saturday, Sept. 21. The attention of exhibitors is called to the Premium List, which is the most liberal ever issued in the State, presenting very attractive features. Every accommodation will be provided for exhibitors of all kinds. An abundance of motive power will be furnished, and every attention paid to the requirements of those desiring to exhibit products of their own handiwork or otherwise. The artisans, artists, manufacturers, and mechanics of San Francisco, and all others interested in the development of the State, are particularly invited to display the result of their labor at the Fair. Every facility will be offered by the Central Pacific Railroad Company for free transportation of goods and articles to and from the Fair. Any further information can be obtained at the office of the President of the Society, Room No. 17, Phoenix Building, S. W. corner Jackson and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, or from Robert Beck, Secretary, at the Pavilion, Sacramento. M. D. BORUCK, President. ROBERT BECK, Secretary.

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CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

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—AND—

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OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President, RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President, CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary, H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 55) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth day of September, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fifth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary. Office.—Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, K. S. EGERT AITKEN, wife of Charles H. Aitken, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 2d of September, A. D. 1878, the same being the first day of the September term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, to own and run a lodging-house, to buy and sell mining stocks, personal and real property, to lend and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to act as spirit and test medium, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident in said different branches of business, and each of them.

MRS. K. S. EGERT AITKEN. San Francisco, Cal., July 16th, A. D. 1878. WM. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. E.

corner Montgomery and Post Streets, San Francisco, July 21, 1878.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors, held on this day, a dividend, at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, was declared on all deposits for the six months ending July 21st, 1878, payable from and after this date, and free from Federal tax.

EDWARD MARTIN, Secretary.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 15) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth (20th) day of August, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the tenth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary. Office, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second (22d) day of August, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twelfth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary. Office, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—FRENCH

Savings and Loan Society, 411 Bush Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1878, the French Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend of 7½ per cent. per annum, free of Federal tax, payable on and after July 17, 1878. By order GUSTAVE MAHE, Director.

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The work to be placed on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair this coming Fall, and premiums to be awarded by a committee of three ladies to be chosen at the time. At the close of the Fair all work to be returned to owner. No work to be washed, but to be placed on exhibition just as it comes from machine. Ladies taking part in this matter will not be known personally, as work will be designated by the number placed upon it. No Sewing Machine or ex-Sewing Machine Teacher allowed to compete. Fair opens August 13, 1878. All parties taking an interest in this matter not only have the benefit of their own work, but stand a chance of winning one of the prizes. Any further information can be obtained at our office.

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HAS REMOVED HIS DENTAL

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The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 17, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

WHY SHOULD THE CHINESE GO?—III.

A Pertinent Inquiry from a Mandarin High in Authority.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

PALACE HOTEL, August 2, 1878.

TO THE ARGONAUT:—The limits to which these letters restrict me are a great source of embarrassment. I am forced to outline the story of twenty centuries of intercourse, three of which have been active and bear immediately upon the present question, in the course of a few columns. I must compare Christianity with Buddhism, an allodial civilization with a feudal one, and strike a balance between two worlds with the dash of a pen. It is not a cause that I am to defend; it is a miracle that I must accomplish.

Let me begin this letter with the religious question. Is it the religion of the Chinese residents in America of which you complain? What right have you to do this, with freedom of religion guaranteed in your Federal and State constitutions and a hundred monstrous sects flourishing in your midst and protected by your laws? There are more Shakers than Buddhists, more Mormons than Confucians, in your country; and, while the latter keep their religion to themselves, the former flaunt theirs, with all its repulsive features, in the face of your moral code, which it flatly insults. Do you complain of Chinese morality? In what respect is your code superior to ours? What duty does it commend which ours disregards? What virtue does it inculcate which ours neglects? Or do you complain of the practical behavior of Chinamen, regardless of religion or moral code? Let their industry, their peaceful manners, their resignation to insult and contumely, be your answer.

You say that your civilization is superior to ours, and that it must not be degraded by contact with us. When your twenty discordant writers, Volney, Burke, Guizot, Mackinnon, Colquhoun, Buckle, Spencer, Draper, and the rest agree upon what civilization means, we shall be better able to reply to you. With us, civilization indicates a given condition of society, combined with the direction and velocity of its movement from that condition to another. The condition, we regard as due to physical resources; the movement and its velocity, to the struggle between those resources and the population which has to subsist upon them. At times, population gets the upper hand of nature; then civilization advances. At others, nature gets the better of population; then civilization decays. We are an old nation and have seen many of these changes; but we have never forgotten justice nor charity to others when they favored, nor begged indulgence from others when they went against us. When, in the days of Genghis Khan, our name was a terror to Western Europe, we took no advantage of you and imposed upon you no yoke. Now that we are engaged in so desperate a struggle against nature that, during the past few years, millions of human beings have expired from starvation within our borders, we ask no favors from you. Whatever you may think of our civilization, violence and force form no portions of its basis. Its foundations—however rudely capped—are laid in justice, and mercy, and toleration.

But what is this Western civilization of which you boast so loudly? Had it any history previous to the opening of the sea route to China? Pause a moment. Be just. Reflect. When you shall have caught the clue to such a history, let me be apprized. But we believe you will fail. You will remember that we happen to know something of Europe in the thirteenth century, and to-day our histories can tell more of this obscure period than yours. We have our own theory concerning the sources of your present greatness. We ascribe it, in part, to your gains from the piratical conquest, enslavement, and murderous extinction of the American races, but chiefly to the profitable trade with the Orient. From the opening of this trade to 1640, when the Portuguese were driven from Japan, and the British first acquired territory in Hindostan, three of your nations alone took a thousand millions of specie from Asia; two-thirds as much as they wrung from all America during the same period. From Malacca, alone, they took twenty-five millions; from Japan, up to the date mentioned, four hundred millions; from India and China other vast sums. These nations were Spain, Portugal, and Holland. You imported calicoes from India, rice and silk from China, copper from Japan, spices from the Islands; and you sent, in return, wooleens, iron-ware, and other northern fabrics. Every western nation had its East India or Oriental company, whose profits upon each voyage varied from forty to three hundred per cent. When you could not trade, you robbed; and your pirates, whose atrocities your monarchs not only connived at but rewarded, despoiled our seas and ravaged our coasts. These profits and spoils gave rise to those industries which furnish the present support to your boasted civilization; they invoked those industrial classes, which before them had no existence in Europe, and whose emergence from feudal vassalage forms the history of your liberties. In a word, your civilization is indebted to ours for all there is of it to which you dare to refer; and it still depends so largely upon the Oriental trade, which amounts in value to \$1,000,000,000 per annum, and employs ten million tons of western shipping—more than one-half of which is with China alone—that if this trade were destroyed, through your illiberality to Chinamen, there can be little risk in predicting that your civilization would sustain the severest blow to which, practically, it is liable to be subjected. During the palmy days of the Oriental trade your physical resources exceeded the wants of your population; you grew, took to the consumption of luxuries, and have now become proud, insolent, and unjust. At the present time, although the Oriental trade is greater than ever, competition has reduced its profits to a minimum; your population, in Europe and America, grown from forty millions to four hundred millions, is fast outstripping your productive resources, and you can not afford to dispense with any of them that you possess—least of all, with so important a one as the Chinese trade. Abandon that, and your fate as a progressive civilization is sealed; and, as things which do not grow, decay, so will the day dawn when, not the Zealander, but the Chinaman, will arise to muse over your ruined cities, and recall the ingrate and folly that precipitated your fall.

Driven from your place in the ranks of a civilization whose greatness you now perpetually boast, you may meanly seek as Americans to escape the fate that threatens to overtake you as Europeans. You may cry let European civilization decay if it will; our concern is with the United States; *sautez qui peut!* In vain; you must fall, as you have risen, with the rest. If, meaner still, you entrench yourselves on the narrow strip of land between the Sierra and the ocean and resolve, as Californians, to pursue a policy which you fear to avow as Americans, let me show you what will happen. And here I appeal not to philosophy, but to history, which seems better fitted to the scope of Western minds.

In 1565 the Spaniards in Mexico—the same men who discovered and colonized California—sent a fleet to the Philippine Islands, which they captured and occupied. Under assurances of protection from these marauders a considerable number of Chinamen were induced to reside upon the islands, which, under the effects of their industry and enterprise, became as rich and productive as before they had been poor and barren. In 1602 there were upward of twenty thousand Chinese in Manila, whilst the number of Spaniards did not exceed eight hundred.

There never had been the slightest disturbance between them. The Chinese were hard workers, who meddled with nobody. The Spaniards rode about on horseback, enjoying the fruits of the Chinamen's labor and living like lords; and yet they were not satisfied. They wanted to rob the Chinamen of the little they had managed to save under the hard conditions of their life. The Spaniards met together in secret, planned a massacre of the Chinese, and carried out this atrocious design with such expedition that, in the course of a few months, but few of the twenty thousand victims were left alive. The marauders then divided the spoils they had gained, and rejoiced in the name of civilization and religion. Thirty-seven years later, a new generation of Chinamen having arisen, who were ignorant or careless of what had occurred before, some thirty-three thousand of my countrymen gradually found their way to Manila. Precisely the same thing happened as before. The Spaniards, coveting the wretched gains of the Chinese, planned their massacre, and slaughtered twenty-two thousand of them in four months, with a loss on their own side of but three hundred and thirty (Martin's History of China, I, 378). From that moment the Philippines decayed and sunk to nothing. In 1762, when Sir William Draper captured Manila from Spain, his most numerous and eager allies were the Chinese. It was a punishment and a retribution to the Spaniards.

Did the Philippines decay because the Chinese had been driven from them? Yes. But let us glance at the story of the Moorish expulsion from Spain before we dig down to those reasons which so nearly concern the present welfare of California and the Pacific slope of America.

At the time that Ferdinand and Isabella conquered Granada, Spain had a population of 21,000,000; Castile had 11,000,000; Aragon, 7,000,000; Granada, 3,000,000. A large proportion of the inhabitants of Castile and Aragon, and all of those in Granada, were Moors or Jews. The former were the agriculturists of the peninsula; the latter the manufacturers and merchants. The conquest had been aided by fanaticism, and the impersonators of this element claimed for their reward the expulsion of the Moors and Jews. No sooner said than done. The fiat went forth, and in the same year that America was discovered by Columbus the kingdom of Spain was closed to the heretics. A million of them were driven forth. Some professed Christianity and remained until 1610, when they, too, were cast out. Others of the proscribed fled to frigid lands, so that in 1594 the entire population left in Spain was but 8,206,791. The kingdom was a wreck, and despite the magnificent conquest of America, despite the gold and silver wrung from the Indians and the monopoly of the Colonial trade, which was maintained until the period of the Mexican and South American revolutions, it never recovered the loss thus sustained. It is only within the past twenty-five years that Spain has been again enabled to hold up her head among the nations of the world; only since the time when she has decreed religious toleration and blotted out from her history the bloody and detestable crime which she committed three centuries ago. The cry raised against the Moors in Spain and the Chinese in Manila was the same: paganism, filth, leprosy, a lower civilization. It was false in both cases, as it is in the present case of California. The real offense was that the hated races were more abstemious and economical than the race in power, and much as you may endeavor to conceal it from the world and from yourselves, this is the offense of the Chinamen in California. Are not your *sans culottes* destroying your harvesters and other labor-saving machinery? Do they not murder those of their own number who are satisfied to accept lower wages than the leaders choose to demand?

I believe that I have said enough to show why the Chinese should not go. It is only necessary to advert to the enormous interests which they have built up in this country to make it clear that they can not go; and I may add that if it becomes necessary for them to appeal to all Christendom, and even to arms, against your injustice, they are prepared to do so. They did not seek Western intercourse; they did not ask for the Burlingame treaty; but now that both have been thrust upon them they are determined that both shall be respected. They will not be driven forth. It must sound strangely to hear a Chinaman speak of resorting to arms to obtain the observance of a treaty. It is strange; but it is your method, the method of your boasted Western civilization; you have taught it to us, and we shall employ it. It may, also, seem preposterous on our part to speak of arms, when you believe that we have none. But here you are mistaken.

During your civil war, a single Confederate cruiser, whose operations in Chinese waters were zealously aided by the British Consuls, and alarmingly magnified by the reports of the British merchants in our ports, entirely swept your commerce from the Pacific Ocean. This fact taught us two things: First, the English are your rivals in trade, and would gladly ruin you; second, they are ready to sell war-ships, arms, and ammunition to your enemies. At the present time they have a number of fine iron-clads which, being our friends, they will be glad to sell to us, and, if needs be, show us how to handle. The day that you become so weak and faithless as to give way to your ignorant classes, and permit the torch and the dagger to drive us from your shores, that day will see every resource of the Ta-tsing empire put forth to punish you. Your commerce will be swept from the Pacific, perhaps forever; it may even be seriously crippled on the Atlantic; and you may then learn, when too late, that China, though old and apathetic, is by no means dead or powerless.

But pardon these threats. They are merely the ebullition of an injured patriotism, an outraged sense of justice. We would be your friends, not your enemies. The oldest and the newest empires of the world, joined together in the common cause of Free Trade, would furnish a spectacle whose sublimity might form the Pbaros to a new and higher civilization for a united world. Disunited, warring with each other, and in war seeking for allies, with little regard to the incongruity of the alliance, they would not only afford an unseemly spectacle, but they might involve each other in ruin and the world in a desolation so widespread that its industrial rehabilitation may need the work of centuries. I have said it—the Chinese should not, can not, will not go. I will now show you that if they did, it would be so much the worse for you—aye, even for the very classes who are clamorous for their removal. What are they doing here? In a word, they are pursuing a number of industries which, without them, would have no existence at all on this coast. All the evidence in your Chinese Immigration Report goes to prove that this is a correct description of the class of vocations in which they are employed. The City Assessor, who with binocular vision, finds 28,500 Chinese in this city, gives their occupations as follows, the classification being my own:

(1) As domestics and washmen.....	7,300
(2) As makers of clothing, shoes and slippers.....	6,250
(3) As makers of cigars and cigar-boxes.....	3,150
(4) As fishermen, truck-farmers, and hucksters.....	3,700
(5) As Chinese merchants, brokers, clerks, and porters, Chinese restaurants, places of worship, and other purely Chinese occupations.....	4,150
(6) As rag-pickers.....	600
(7) In American manufactures: fruit-canning, woolen mills, tanneries, matches, gunpowder mills, and brick yards.....	3,450
Total.....	28,500

In the other towns of the State the Chinese are employed in similar vocations. In the rural sections they pick nineteen-twentieths of the

grape crop (Rep., p. 1203). In the mining districts they work the placers which white men have long since abandoned. It is quite safe to say that if they were driven from those industries not one of them would be continued. Let us look at them seriatim: (1) Families, who would have to pay \$25 to \$40 a month, Biddy's demand for housework, instead of the \$10 or \$15 with which John is satisfied, would break up housekeeping, become their own domestics, or else leave the country. The times are past when exceptionally high rates of wages can be sustained. (2) The clothing, shoes, and slippers now made here by Chinamen would either be made in China, of British muslin, leather, etc., or else manufactured in the East, and in either case imported to this coast. It is entirely out of the question to imagine that these industries would be continued upon the Californian workmen's wage-basis of \$3 or \$4 a day. The general level of wages and prices and living has fallen far below such rates, and neither intimidation nor violence can raise it. The workmen themselves would have to leave the State, because the capitalists could no longer afford to live here. (3) No one pretends that cigars can be made upon your would-be basis of wages. Already most of the cigars consumed here, apart from those made by Chinamen, are imported from New York. As for the yarns about leprovous Chinese cigar-makers, the finest cigars in the world, those of Havana, are all, without exception, made by Chinamen; and this has been the case for upward of twenty years. (4) Fish caught and vegetables grown by Chinamen are now sold in this market quite cheaply. Drive the Chinamen away, and neither of these articles of food would be seen at any tables but those of the rich. (5 and 6.) It is presumed that no one but Chinamen are prepared to fill the places of these classes. (7) This is really the only class of laborers who come into competition with the workmen whom you admit to citizenship. They are ready to retire at any moment in favor of the latter, who are welcome to undertake the dangerous and offensive labors which the Chinese now perform in these manufactures.

The settlement of California is due to its placer mines. While these were prolific the country was prosperous, and high prices, high wages, and high living was possible. To augment this proflificity you invited Chinamen here, and worked them for your own benefit. When the placers were exhausted some of you combined and turned your attention to quartz mines; others to wheat farming. The Chinese picked up a living by resorting to petty industries in which you could not compete with foreign or Eastern artisans, and which you, therefore, could not have started. Now that the Chinamen have built up these trades some of you would drive them away, hoping, no doubt, to fill their places, and perhaps fill them at higher wages. How mean! how stupid! The truth is that you can no more continue these industries after the Chinamen are driven away than you can work a hydraulic claim without piping, or a manufactory without steam. The Chinese are the labor-saving machines that render these industries possible. Banish them and the industries will perish. Then will your coast be deserted and your working men themselves forced to flee from it. They can not live upon quartz-mines and seem to be averse to wheat farming. When they shall have raised the price of living to what it was of yore, and shall find themselves, as they will, without the placer mines which sustained it, they must either leave or starve. May heaven guide them in their darkness. They have much need of light when they regard the poor Chinaman as being in their way; the truth being that without his aid in providing them with cheap food, clothing, services, etc., they would not be able to live here at all.

The same logic that would banish the Chinese will destroy every labor-saving machine in the land. This would involve not merely the barvesting and sewing machines, but also the spade and the axe. The former in the hands of a skilled husbandman will perform as much labor as could be done by a dozen men with fingers and toes; the latter as much as could be effected by a hundred men with their unaided teeth. These labor-saving implements, therefore, displace so many honest workmen, who may starve for lack of work. Moreover, the spade and axe are non-consumers. They neither eat, drink, nor wear clothes, as Christians do. The spade has no religion; the axe no morals. The spade is a filthy instrument groveling among worms and putrid bodies; the axe has committed many bloody crimes. The spade cannot agitate; nor the axe vote. They are not allowed to perform the duties of citizen, and are, therefore, unworthy of its privileges; one of these being that of remaining in the country. Many spades and axes come from Sheffield, and nearly all others are made of British steel. They are, therefore, aliens, whose presence here, and whose strange attributes form a standing threat to American institutions. Your laws or customs do not permit them to mingle with your people. No man may marry a spade; no woman an axe. The very aspect of these alien labor-saving machines is repulsive to you. The spade does not wear a queue longer even than George Washington's, nor the axe excel General Grant in the smoking of narcotics; but they both go stark naked, without a strip of clothing on them; and what sight can be more offensive to civilized eyes? Then down with these labor-saving implements. Let the cry of every true American be: The Spades and Axes Must Go!

But this machine-smashing logic is not peculiar to California. The industrial world of Christendom resounds with it. The same class of men who burned the woolen frames at Lancashire are now breaking the reapers and mowers of New York, the harvesters of Kansas, and the gang-plows of the San Joaquin valley. When Commodore Perry visited Japan he carried ashore a miniature railway, a telegraph, a barvester, and numerous labor-saving implements. "Your civilization is degraded; ours is elevated," cried this worthy commander to the wondering Asiatics. "Behold the proof. Your plows and carriages (*jin-riki-sha*) are drawn by men; ours by steam. Your messages are carried by runners; ours by lightning. You are the slaves of toil; we are the masters." You were very anxious to sell these civilizing machines to the Japanese, in order, as you said, to lift them up to your own proud level, and you have never failed to similarly press them upon us. Was this because you were mistaken with respect to the advantages of labor-saving machines, or because you anticipated having no further use for them at home?

But enough. The times are hard; there is much suffering among the poor in every land, and coming, as I do, from a country where suffering has most enthroned itself I am not disposed to push the argument beyond the pale of self-defense. No one has a deeper stake in the welfare of your working classes than the Chinese; for unless they manage to sustain themselves, what must be the fate of our suffering millions? All I ask is that your workmen will cease to look upon the Chinese as the source of their troubles. It is not there, nor is it in the presence of any other labor-saving machines. Perhaps they will find it in the world's dwindling stock of metallic money—and in this respect one of the planks of their platform commends itself most heartily to my mind. Perhaps they will find it in governmental extravagance, in trade monopolies, in the privileges accorded to corporations, in the exemption of government bonds and other property from taxation—I know not where. Your Congressional Committee, now in New York, is making the proper inquiries. It is enough if we show that they do not spring from our misfortunes. It is enough if we show that they do not spring from our presence here, and that, on the contrary, they would be infinitely aggravated were you unfortunately to forget what is due to honor, to justice, and to your own interest, and attempt to drive them away from your shores.

KWANG CHIANG

TWO GENTLEMEN OF CALAVERAS.

An Episode in the History of Murphy's Camp.

I.

I will allow "the Major" to deliver his own character:

"I don't pretend that I am a modern Chevalier Bayard by any means, neither do I wish to be charged with the affected elegance of a Chesterfield, but I do claim that I possess the instincts of a gentleman. I will elucidate. A gentleman never wittingly causes pain; a gentleman never quarrels with his inferiors; a gentleman always resents an intended insult. He preserves his honor intact, never sully-ing it by a mean action. A man who claims the true knight-hood as his birthright has as much regard for the helpless of every degree, be they men, women, or children, as he would have for his own blood relations. He calls all men brothers, and his hand is always stretched forth to aid and assist those who require his help."

"Maje, O Maje! I say, Maje."

The speaker was a little man, attired in a suit of ancient, greasy, picturesquely ragged clothes. A man overshadowed by a broad brimmed, white straw hat, which compelled him to assume a striking resemblance to a mushroom, although, perhaps, in reality he was only a toadstool.

"Well, Steve," answered the Major, drawing himself up, and as he cast a glance of gentlemanly benignity upon the "inferior," patronizingly waited for the human fungus to speak.

"Maje, I love ye."

The earnest tone in which "Little Steve" declared his passion, and the grotesque contortion of his countenance while emphasizing the sentiment, created a hearty laugh among the by-standers, although the words and action had been familiar to them and a by-word among them for years.

"I know you love me, Steve."

"Of course ye do, Maje, but I love ye all the same. Gi' me a quarter."

"What will you do with a quarter, Steve?" asked the Major, smiling in conscious superiority upon the diminutive specimen before him.

"I'll get somethin' to eat, Maje. Gi' me a quarter."

"No, Steve, you want the money for whisky. Now, be honest, and say you intend to spend it for whisky."

"Ah, Maje, ye think ye've struck it. I love ye, Maje. Gi' me a quarter."

"Not for whisky. You're getting too old to shorten your days with whisky."

"Ver gettin' down close to the tail-race yerself, Maje."

"I know it, Steve, and so I've quit drinking."

"Don't ye drink, Maje?"

"No, Steve."

"What 'r don't drink? An' that nose! Don't drink? Ah, Maje, I love ye, but that nose, that nose: an' don't drink?"

The rude laughter of the crowd must have ruffled the calm spirit of "the first gentleman in Calaveras," but not a line upon that firm, handsome face quivered as he slowly sauntered to the table on the other side of the saloon and disposed himself in an easy, negligent attitude to watch the progress of a quite little poker game. Not so his late rival. Drawing the corners of his mouth down and tipping his wide-brimmed sombrero forward upon his brow, he turned toward the bar, muttering disconsolately:

"It's a cold, calculatin' world. Stevey, old boy, yer forsook. Barkeep, I love ye. Gi' me a glass o' whisky." He threw down a dime.

"All right, Steve."

As the barkeeper turned to get the bottle Steve picked up the dime and returned it to his pocket.

The barkeeper poured out a liquor which Steve at once perceived was not what he wanted, and, in the petulant, half whining tone of a spoiled child, poured the vials of his wrath upon the head of the man who was attempting to impose upon him.

"Ye scavenger, what do ye call that? Whisky? Ye lie: its yer own base blood, an' its too weak for Steve, ye bet yer life! Ye've squeezed it out o' yer heart, ye miser. Ye don't know a gentleman when he comes to yer bar. I'm a gentleman, ye base born dog. I've got money; I've paid ye a dime fur whisky, an' ye gi' me liver milk. Gi' me a glass o' whisky, ye scavenger, or I'll leave yer house an' never patronize it again. I'll get my friends to leave ye. I'm a gentleman, an' I'll have what I pay for."

This tirade having amused the crowd immensely, the whisky was produced, as Steve knew it would be. But the barkeeper of the Raffle Saloon never saw Steve's dime again.

II.

The arrival of the stage at Murphy's was a diurnal event. As the four white horses dashed up to the express office monotony flapped its weary wings and instantly took flight. It was the signal for lights to glimmer through the deepening twilight from cottage and store; and when the lumbering vehicle swung half gracefully to a position in front of the post-office, a crowd of eager men were always in waiting to receive it. While the driver was dragging the brown leather mail bags from beneath his seat he was the target for dozens of pithy interrogatories and pungent jests, to all of which he replied with equal pith and redundant pungency.

"How's the creek, Sam?"

"Low, Judge."

"See anything o' Bill Bertine down at Milton, Sam?"

"Fetched him as far as Long's, Cap."

"Nobody wanted to look into the treasure box this time, I s'pose; did they, Sam?"

"Not this trip, Colonel. 'Taint quite time for them fellers ter be inquisitive, ye see."

"Any calico aboard?"

"One piece."

"How's the roads?"

"Bully."

"How's things below, anyhow, Sam?"

"Same's usual, Maje; played out."

Further supplies from this source of information were suddenly cut short by rattling harness and the rapid disappearance of the mountain chariot around a neighboring corner, on its way to the stable.

Midway between the express office and the post-office the stage stopped at the Calaveras Hotel. A lady, enveloped in

a brown linen duster, whose face was concealed in the ample folds of a green tissue veil, was attempting to alight. Her duster caught on the corner of the seat and held her back. Major William R. Morgan saw the lady's predicament, and, spurred by the instincts of a gentleman, he hastened to her relief. O Fate! thy ways are indeed past finding out. The Major's deft fingers soon disengaged the flowing duster, and the Major's strong arm easily bore the slight form of its wearer to the sidewalk.

"Thank you, sir." The voice was not musical.

"Not at all, madam." A bow worthy of Turveydrop. "Can I assist you further?" he inquired, observing that the lady was regarding him intently through her veil.

"Oh, William! it is, oh, it is!" and the linen duster precipitated itself upon the tall form of the astonished Major; its sleeves encircled his neck, and the green tissue rubbed against his immaculate shirt front.

"Madam!"

"O William!"

"Madam, I—really, this is—"

"O William; after all these years."

"I don't understand you, madam; really there must be some mistake."

"Why, William, don't you know me?" The lady stepped back and raised her veil, revealing a face wrinkled with age, not to say homely. Her bright eyes sparkled with animation and pleasure, redeeming in a measure the plainness of her features. The Major stood for a moment, as if paralyzed. He uttered but one sentence:

"My God, she's come at last!"

Then he fled as if a pestilence were pursuing.

The Major had proved recreant to "the instincts of a gentleman" upon this occasion at least.

The lady stood rigid for a moment and then turned with a mortified expression toward the hotel door.

"Why don't you cuss him, missis?"

Little Steve emphasized every other word in his usual absurdly emphatic manner as he reeled across the lady's path.

"Do you know him?" sharply inquired the forsaken.

"Do I know him? Know the old Maje? That's purty good. Why the Maje's my pard, missis."

"Your what?"

"My pard. We runs together, me and the Maje does. He stakes me when I'm broke, an' when he's strapped I—well I'm purty much broke most o' the time."

"If I'm not very much mistaken, that man's William—"

"Bill, missis, Bill's his fust cog, arter is title."

"I don't approve of slang names, sir," and the lady curled her thin lips in ineffable scorn.

"Maybe ye don't missis, but ye can't play no 'William' on the Maje. The old man won't hev it. 'Cause yer? 'Spose ye go shoutin' 'William' round through this yer camp an' the boys tacks 'Sweet' onto it, how d'ye 'spose the Maje'd take it? He'd rile, that's how he'd take it. 'Spose some old squint-eyed rooster'd come slashin' round shoutin' out 'Stephen!' meanin' me, how d'ye think I'd like it? How d'ye 'spose I'd take it? Why I'd rile too. That's where the Maje an' me agrees all the time."

The lady had regarded Little Steve with unconcealed contempt during this discourse, but she may be excused by all fair-minded people upon the hypothesis that most of it was unintelligible to her.

"Well, what is his name then?" was her spitefully enunciated question.

"Maje."

"Which I take to be slang for Major."

"No 'tain't. It's Maje, plain Maje."

"I suppose he's got more of a name than that?"

"Maje Bill Morgan, ef it's the hull ticket yer after."

"I wasn't mistaken. I knew I was right."

"Relative?" asked Steve, lurching toward her.

"It's none o' your business."

"Wife, maybe?" was Steve's imperturbable rejoinder.

"Shut up!" and the lady made a frantic dash for the door.

"Grandmother?" shouted Steve, as she darted through the door.

Receiving no answer, the toadstool zigzagged down the street muttering emphatic words for his own delectation.

III.

Major William R. Morgan earned a precarious livelihood as a lawyer not overburdened with practice. Notwithstanding the limited legal business that accidentally found its way into his office, however, he managed to keep up appearances, and by clothing himself in habiliments according with his gentlemanly instincts would have impressed the superficial observer with the idea that he was at least an aristocrat in straitened circumstances—any person would have freely subscribed to his claim to gentility. He occupied an office adjoining that of Judge Robertson, and early on the morning the events I have related Charlie Fitzpatrick, Robinson's clerk, while deeply immersed in his studies for the bar, heard a strange altercation through the dividing partition.

The Major spoke first:

"I can hardly support myself, much less a woman."

A female voice replied:

"If I was young and good-looking, William, you'd find a way to take care of me."

"Youth and beauty never sway the action of a true gentleman where a lady is concerned," answered the Major.

"You knew I was coming."

"And you knew I was not prepared to receive you."

"Your answers to my questions left me in doubt."

"I consider myself too much of a gentleman to offend where I can palliate and accomplish the purpose I seek to attain."

"But you didn't."

"I see I didn't."

There was silence for a moment and then the Major continued:

"But, really, I am at a loss to perceive on what grounds you base a claim to any pecuniary aid from me."

The lady's most spiteful tones made answer: "You're at a loss, are you? You can't see where my rights come in, eh? Well, if you can't, you can't, and that's all there is about it. But I can, and I think this or any other community will maintain me in those rights if I ask 'em."

"Our relationship ceased more than twenty years ago, madam."

"It will never cease."

A groan.

"You needn't take on so about it, William Morgan; I'm here now, and I'm going to stay. There, now."

"Stay and be—"

Horror of horrors! The Major had again proved recreant to "the instincts of a gentleman," or, more fairly speaking, perhaps, "the instincts of a gentleman," had proved recreant to the Major.

"You may swear to your heart's content, William, but it won't alter the case."

"I wish I were dead."

"Poor man!" (sarcastically).

"Do you intend to persecute me?"

"If you call staying in this rag-tag, bob-tail town persecution, I'll persecute you, for here I'll stay if I have to take in washing to keep the wolf from the door; and at my age, too." (A series of modulated sobs.)

"Then I'll leave."

"Your disgrace shall follow you."

"I'm desperate. Let anything follow me so that you keep your distance."

"You're an ungrateful wretch."

"I'll not remain to be reviled in my own office, madam. Good day, madam."

A door slammed and quick, heavy, angry footfalls sounded on the sidewalk outside. For a moment nothing more was heard by the deeply-interested law student. Then the door slammed again—slammed so hard that the windows rattled, and rapid, light, spiteful footfalls pattered down the street. The student dashed his "Chitty" into the book-case, grabbed his hat, and rushed into the street. In fifteen minutes the entire population of Murphy's knew that the Major's wife had arrived. The gossips discussed his heartless desertion of "a sweet old lady" twenty years before. The female gossips mouthed it and mumbled it; the male scandal-bugs chewed it and spewed it. The Major was heartily condemned by the respectable majority, and pitied by the disreputable minority. In either case it was a galling chain to hang about the neck of "the first gentleman in Calaveras." The Major, all unconscious of the immediately impending storm, entered the Raffle saloon. There were gathered his boon companions, and, exercising the prerogatives of boon companions, they proceeded with refined cruelty to "chaff" him.

"Why didn't you tell us about it?" asked Sandy McIntyre.

"Tell you about what?" inquired the Major.

"That you were married."

"I am not married."

"That's played out, Maje; we've got the documents."

"Gentlemen, my wife died twenty years ago," answered the Major, gazing sadly around upon the grinning group.

"It won't do, Maje," laughed Tom Williams. "It won't do. But you ain't the fust man by a long shot."

"What do you mean?"

"You might as well own up, Maje. Bygones is bygones, an' besides, Maje, you war drove to it. Make the best of it an' settle down to business agin."

"I don't catch your drift, Tom. What are you trying to say?" and the Major flushed a little, beginning to perceive that this badinage had something to do with the late arrival.

"I ken prove it by the boys here, Maje, that you're in partnership. It was mean of you to keep it back so long. Darned mean, Maje, an' we a tellin' you all our little domestic secrets right along."

"What are you driving at, boys? Come, out with it, and on the honor of a gentleman I'll make a clean breast of the whole matter." The Major was gradually getting excited.

"You're married, an' the old gal hez come to see how you're prosperin'; darned ef it wasn't kind of her, but it's all right, Maje; we'll stan' by you an' comfort you when she storms round an' runs you off the ranch."

"You are wrong, gentlemen. I am not married."

"Well, it 'mounts to the same thing."

"No, it don't; my wife died twenty-one years ago, as I told you before."

"Oh, then, it's your lovin' sister, come out from the States to tell you how the old place hez changed. We oughter thought o' thet afore, boys."

The leaven of sarcasm with which this reply of "Boston's" was permeated was fully appreciated by the crowd, and a derisive laugh went up in token of approval.

"She is not my sister."

There was a tone of counter-sarcasm in the Major's reply which offset the Bostonian effort, but the rude "sports" and loafers in that gathering could not have explained it if they had tried.

"How about cousin?" asked Sandy McIntyre, with a feeble effort at keeping up the prevailing tone of the conversation.

"You are guessing wild, Sandy, as usual," said the Major. "You'd better throw her off altogether, Maje, an' say she's some o' yer wife's relations. What do you take us fur—Chinamen?"

This wild burst of honest indignation was from Fandango Frank, the roughest, and at the same time the most outspoken, denizen of the camp. He threw it out as a parting shot, and three or four of those congregated about the Major turned on their heels laughing and ejaculating, "Wife's relations is good."

"You are right, Frank," said the Major; "and to satisfy the miserable, prying curiosity of this crowd and this town, I'll explain that the lady who arrived last night, and to whom you of course refer, is my mother-in-law. The man or woman who says a word derogatory of her shall be held strictly accountable by me. My mother-in-law, gentlemen, was my sainted wife's mother, and she is entitled to the respect of all my friends. Let's have something—all hands."

Thus did the Major vindicate his own honor and disguise his own feelings in this trying episode of his life.

That night "the first gentleman of Calaveras" was very drunk. Vain respite.

IV.

The comfortable situation of the Major's mother-in-law at the Calaveras Hotel, and the Major's apparent acceptance of the situation, had almost silenced the scandal-mongers, when an incident occurred which was sufficient to cause another ripple upon the surface of the social pool.

The Major was seated in his office, one night, conning the latest magazine in lieu of a brief, when a messenger rushed in with the exclamation:

"Maje, Little Steve's dyin', an' he wants you to come an' see him afore he's too far gone."

"Little Steve—dying? How's that?" asked the Major, sincere anxiety and heartfelt solicitude overspreading his features as he questioned.

"Well, you see, Steve was on a big bust—the wust, I reckon, he ever tackled; an' when he tried to git home to sober off he was stumblin' an' fallin' at ev'ry step. Of course the boys only laughed at him—the derved coyotes wouldn't a helped him ef he'd bin dyin' thet minit. Little Steve know'd he'd hev to make his cabin alone, an' picked himself up after ev'ry tumble, cussin' ez ef his heart'd break. Derved ef I wasn't mad enough to go down town an' knock hell's bells outen the hull bilin' w'en I heard it. So Steve tumbles, and reels, and picks himself up, until he comes to Sadler's old shaft, jest under the trail—you know the place, Maje. W'en he gits to thet spot he stops a minit, an' then plunges head fust into the hole, and lays thar. He says he couldn't a' helped goin' in; he know'd the shaft was thar, an' he was drawed to it. Thet was las' Monday, four days ago, an' he wasn't found 'til nex' day. Jim Acherly heerd him groanin', an' went down after him. The doctor says it's internal an' he can't live till mornin', so Steve sends me over fur you, 'cause he ain't easy in his mind 'bout somethin' between you an' him. Ef those fellers as saw him tryin' to git home hed only helped him instead o' laughin' at him, he'd a bin all right now. Ter h—I with sech Christians!"

While Fandango Frank was thus delivering himself the Major was putting on his overcoat and hat. Then, without a word farther, the two men plunged into the darkness. It was raining heavily, and the trail was slippery. As they tramped through the mud and slush the only sounds audible, besides their own footfalls, was the mournful sighing of the wind through the wet pines and the steady drip of the rain.

"There's the shaft," said Frank, as they came to the narrowest and most difficult part of the trail. It was a great, yawning, black hole, looking larger and blacker in the gloom. The Major shuddered as he hurried by.

Steve's cabin on the hillside was soon reached, and the two men lost no time in entering the squalid abode. The dying man was stretched out on a rude bunk, surrounded by a crowd of men in every variety of costume known to that section. There was Bill McKenzie, the gambler, in his "plug" hat and spotless beaver suit; beside him stood Jim Acherly, in his rough miner's garb; seated at the foot of the bed was Sandy McIntyre, twirling his old slouch bat in his hands and gazing sadly into vacancy; at the head of the bed was Dr. Simpson, seated on a powder keg and watching the uneasy breathing of Steve. A tallow candle threw a dull light over the scene, lending a Rembrandt effect to the picture.

As the Major and Frank entered a subdued "Hush" went around, and this noise, slight as it was, awoke Steve from his troubled sleep. He caught sight of his friend.

"Ah, Maje, I thought maybe ye wouldn't come."

"Why not, Steve?"

"Cause I played it low down on ye, old man."

"I don't recollect, Steve."

"Of course yer don't. Yer a gentleman, Maje; I know ye are; ain't them yer own words, Maje?"

"I try to act as a gentleman; but I fear that the best of us are sometimes aggravated beyond the bounds of strict decorum."

"Kerrect, Maje; thet's me. I was aggerawated an' thet's the rest of it; w'en I reflected onto yer nose that day. I'm a gentleman, too, Maje; an' I 'poligizes, with my las' breath I 'pologizes, Maje."

"Don't speak of it, Steve. I bear you no ill will on that score."

"Of course ye don't, old man; 'taint in ye; yer a dyanon-plated gentleman, you bet. Boys, the Maje is a gentleman; ye ken take a dyin' man's word fur thet sarcumstance."

There was silence in the room for a moment, while the rain beat mournfully upon the shingled roof, and the wind sighed sadly in the rustling pines around the cabin. The doctor felt the dying man's pulse.

"He can't hold out much longer," he whispered.

Little Steve's eyes were closed, but his thoughts were busy.

"Yer a lawyer, Maje."

"Yes, Steve."

"I want to make my will."

"All right, Steve."

The assemblage did not even smile at the dying man's absurd request. The Major produced a pencil and paper, and announced his readiness to itemize the last will and testament of Stephen Wilson.

"I gives my loose traps to Jim Acherly fur histin' me out o' the Grave."

"Who wouldn't, Steve?" interrupted Jim.

"Ye got that down, Maje?" said Steve severely, and for Acherly's especial admonition.

"All my household goods to James Acherly," answered the Major.

"That's the ticket. I gives my live stock ter Sandy, thar, in trust fur Sandy's wife thet was the widdier Miller."

"What does your live stock consist of, Steve?"

"One purp (coyote breed), one brindle goat, an' a cayuse Jack—the Jack's got the bots."

"Live stock specified, Steve."

"A hundred an' seven dollars to pay the doctor an' plant me."

The Major hesitated an instant.

"It's all right, Maje, salted it w'ile I was loafin' round. Ye'll find the bullion in thet old boot hangin' on the wall thar."

An inspection proved the truth of Steve's assertion. He had lived economically and saved his "earnings" during his vagrant career.

"All right, Steve; anything else?" asked the Major after the money had been counted.

"No—yes, ther is, too; send a lock o' my hair to Missis Bill Johnson in Savaoner, Georgy. Put it down, Maje, so's you won't forget."

"I won't forget, Steve. Is that all?"

"I guess so. Only, Maje, ye might take a bit uv advice from a man as is lookin' over the edge o' the grave, an' ef ye wouldn't git riled or take it hard I'd say, don't go back on the old woman. Maybe she'll peg along 'til ye're laid out like me, an' ef ye're kind to her an' don't cuss her she'll be an angel to yer. She'll fetch an' carry things fur ye. She'll

tend ye like a mother, an' ye won't die like Little Steve's a dyin'—ye'll hev a woman round to smooth yer hair back an' cheer ye w'en ye think it's hard fur ye to go. Don't shake the old woman, Maje, she'll be a friend to yer w'en yer hard up fur friends."

The weary tones of the last sentences indicated that the vagrant gentleman was sinking fast. When he spoke again it was with evident effort, and his pale, thin face grinned as if with pain, but he was of course too far gone to suffer much then.

"Boys, how're ye goin' ter plant me?"

"Don't talk about it, Steve—don't give in, ef ye are peterin'! Don't talk about graves an' fun'rals. Give us somethin' cheerful—talk about hosses," blurted Sandy McIntyre.

"Don't you take on so, Sandy. I ain't scared. You'll hev ter pass in yer checks bimeby, so what's the odds? Gi'me a send-off, will ye, boys?"

Unanimous assent in a low tone.

"Ye'll all turn out, won't ye?"

"You bet."

"They'll close the shops w'en the percession goes down the street, won't they?"

"Of course."

Another interval of silence.

"Any preachin'?"

"Do you want any, Steve?" inquired the Major.

"Don't know—but what—I'd rest easier—ef somethin' was said—'bout me—after I was—dead. Somethin' good—yer know."

He raised himself with an effort, and stretching out his hand, whispered:

"Good-bye, boys—ef I don't see ye agin'."

He fell back upon the pillow, seemingly unconscious, as one after the other grasped his hand. He was breathing his last. His mind wandered. They could hear him muttering incoherently:

"I love ye—I love ye. Gi' me a quarter?"

He threw his hands up convulsively.

"Gi' me a quarter, Maje? I love ye—I love ye—I love—"

Little Steve was dead. E. H. CLOUGH.

A REMARKABLE LADY MATHEMATICIAN.

A few years ago, when pursuing professional studies in New York, I became interested in some mathematical investigations, and, in pursuit of them, frequented the Astor Library, where I was given access to the alcoves containing some curious mathematical volumes, among which I noticed a work on Analytical Geometry, published in Milan in 1748, and also an English translation of the same work. I found it to be the production of a lady, Maria Gaetana Agnesi; and, after reading the preface, my curiosity was excited to find out something about such a remarkable person. An examination of the encyclopædias gave me only a meagre and unsatisfactory account—merely a few bare details of her birth, residence, and death. This led me to ask the courteous librarian for some information, and he told me there was no account of her history except in a French volume containing proceedings of the Royal Academy in Paris, where was published an *éloge* after her death. He found it for me, and from it I was able to glean a tolerably full account of this remarkable woman, which I believe has not been heretofore published in English.

She was born at Milan on the sixteenth of March, 1718. Her father was a person of good position and respectable talents as a mathematician, being a professor in the University of Bologna. His position and his tastes brought to his house some of the best cultivated men of the day, who, it may be supposed, exerted a marked influence over his family. His young daughter, the subject of this sketch, was observed to be an attentive listener at these reunions; and soon it was discovered that she displayed an extraordinary aptitude for languages, inasmuch that her father put her to the same studies in Latin and Greek as her elder brother. She acquired languages so rapidly as to be called the "walking polyglot." It is said she could, at the age of twelve, speak seven languages and converse readily in Latin. At this age she began the practice of reciting the office of the Virgin in Greek—a practice she faithfully observed during her whole life. About this time, also, she is said to have written a thesis, and delivered it before a private meeting of her father's friends, to show the suitability of classical studies for women. In the year 1730 her severe mental application began to tell on her, and she was attacked with headache and vertigo, which more or less troubled her during her life. As a remedy, she was advised to take riding lessons; and soon she became quite expert in the saddle, and in other athletic exercises, which exercised a most beneficial effect on her general health.

Her father's house was the resort of many eminent mathematicians, who were exceedingly interested in her studies, and gave her much encouragement in prosecuting them. These were ecclesiastics, and many of them devout men, which will account for the strong religious bias she manifested, and her subsequent renunciation of the world. At the age of twenty she took an inclination to retire from the world to a convent, and asked her father's consent, who was painfully surprised when he learned, her intention—his disappointment being the greater from the high hopes he had entertained of her future eminence. After some remonstrance she yielded to his objections on three conditions, which were, that she should be allowed to clothe herself in a simple, humble manner; that she might attend church on every occasion she wished, and that she should give up entirely balls, theatres, and other profane amusements.

At this time there was appointed in Milan a celebrated professor of physics and mathematics, D. Ramir Rampinelli, from Brescia, who was soon offered the hospitality of the Agnesi family, where he met the subject of this sketch. From this time, under his supervision, she devoted herself entirely to mathematics, and immediately her reputation began to extend, so that eminent travelers were pleased to ask for the privilege of an audience. One of these, M. De Broses, president of the parliament of Dijon, reports a visit he made to her in 1740, and thus gives an account of it. At a *conversazione*, to which he and his nephew were invited, they found about thirty persons, from several different nations of Europe, sitting around, and Agnesi and her little sister seated under a canopy. "I had conceived," he says, "when I went that it was only to converse with this young lady in the usual

way, though on learned subjects; but, instead of this, Count Belloni (who had introduced me) made a fine harangue to the lady in Latin, with the formality of a college declamation. She answered with great readiness and ability in the same language; and they then entered into a disputation on fountains, and the causes of the ebbing and flowing which is observed in some of them, like the tides in the sea. She spoke singularly well on this subject, and I never heard it treated in a manner that gave me more satisfaction. Count Belloni then desired me to enter with her on the discussion of any other subject I chose, provided that it related to mathematics or natural philosophy. This proposal alarmed me a great deal, as I found that I was expected to hold a conversation in the Latin language, with which I had no longer that familiar acquaintance and readiness in speaking which in the days of my youthful studies I possessed. However, I made the lady the best excuses I could for the want of skill in that language." He then relates how the discourse turned upon "transparent bodies," and on curvilinear geometry, carried on in French and Latin. "After this," he says, "the conversation became general, every one speaking to her in the language of his own country, and she answering in the same language, for her knowledge of languages is prodigious. I was sorry to hear that she was determined to enter a convent and take the veil, which was not for want of fortune (for she is rich), but from a religious and devout turn of mind, which disposes her to shun the pleasures and vanities of the world."

She now conceived the idea of simplifying a work on analytical geometry that was found to be very abstruse; but after some time she determined to publish an original work, which appeared in 1748, under the title of "Analytical Institutions"—a work that established her fame throughout all Europe; and obtained for her the honorary membership of several learned academies. A copy of this wonderful work in Italian, published in the same year, as well as an English translation made by the Rev. John Colton for the use of the ministry of Cambridge, is in the Astor library. Agnesi dedicated the work by permission to Maria Theresa, of Austria, and the dedication is unusually interesting, and justifies a few extracts. She begins by saying, "Among the various arguments revolved in my mind inducing me to hope that your Sacred Majesty, according to your great condescension, would vouchsafe to receive favorably this work of mine, which is proud to shelter itself under your august name, and humbly crave your gracious patronage and protection—among all these arguments, I say, none has encouraged me so much as the consideration of your sex, to which your Majesty is so great an ornament, and which by good fortune, happens to be mine also. For if at any time there can be an excuse for the rashness of a woman who ventures to aspire to the sublimities of a science which knows no bounds, not even those of infinity itself, it certainly should be in this period in which a woman reigns, and reigns with universal applause and admiration. Indeed, I am fully convinced that in this age—an age which from your own reign will be distinguished to latest posterity—every woman ought to exert herself and endeavor to promote the glory of her sex, and contribute her utmost to increase the lustre which it happily receives from your Majesty. Vouchsafe, therefore, madame, to cast a favorable eye on this performance of mine, not only as a work which comprehends the highest attempts of the understanding, but also as the greatest tribute it was in my power to offer to the glory of your auspicious reign."

This dedication was acknowledged by Maria Theresa in the following communication, written in French, and it may be interesting to copy it in that language:

"Sa majesté l'Impératrice, notre souveraine a daigne me charger de vous manifester le plaisir avec lequel elle a reçu le savant ouvrage des 'Institutions Analytiques' que vous lui avez dédié. Une des choses que S. M. a le plus à cœur est qu'en instruire avec soin la jeunesse. Elle a donc éprouvé un grand plaisir, en voyant qu'une personne de votre mérite, après avoir obtenu les applaudissements des savans, en se livrant à acquérir des connoissances utiles, soit parvenue à repandre de la clarté et de l'agrément sur les sciences les plus sublimes."

"Elle m'a commandé en même temps de vous faire tenir le paquet que je vous présente, pour que vous conserviez ce qu'il contient, en memoire de l'estime et de la bienveillance qu'elle a pour vous. En exécutant les ordres de Sa Majesté, je félicite avec vous de la justice qu'elle rend à votre rare mérite par cet acte que me donne occasion de vous assurer que je suis votre très humble serviteur,

LE COMTE PALLAVICINI.

"MILAN, le 5 Octobre, 1748."

Greater than all these preëminent marks of distinction was her appointment to succeed her father in the chair of mathematics in the University of Bologna. This honor was conferred on her in the most flattering terms by Pope Benedict XIV., who declared that it was not she who was honored by the appointment, but rather the University. It was merely an honorary dignity, as there is no evidence that she actually performed any duties appertaining to the position. At that time her fame was at the highest; the Academy of Sciences at Paris accepted her work, awarded it the highest commendation, and regretted their rules did not permit ladies to be enrolled as members.

Shortly after this, in 1752, she lost her father, and now the step she had long contemplated was taken. She abandons her chosen pursuits, turns her back upon well-earned applause, relinquishes the hopes of still further renown, and immures herself in the solitude of a convent, retiring to a seclusion to which many of her sex have brought the most brilliant talents, the best cultured intellects, and the loveliest traits of both mind and person. The pious may deem the sacrifice all the more pleasing and meritorious, but we can not but lament that talents so transcendent and gifts so extraordinary were not longer employed for the benefit of the world and the glory of her sex. But still were her devotion and active benevolence bestowed for the benefit of the suffering. She had a comfortable fortune which she entirely devoted to the support of the indigent and the sick, attending to them personally and relieving their wants. She joined the strictest order of nuns—the Blue Nuns—and was conspicuous and exemplary as a devoted member of the order. She thus lived in the exercise of the most devoted piety, and self-sacrifice for nearly forty-seven years. She died January 9, 1799, saying: "Not my will but thine."

SAN FRANCISCO, July 16, 1878.

JOHN

LITTLE JOHNNY ON A RIVAL JOURNALIST.



My father he sed to Uncle Ned: "Edard, hav you see las Satterdys Post?" And Uncle Ned he sed mebbly my mother had took it for a bussle, wudent he jest as leaf have the *Waps*, wich had got a nice picter of a jackous buckin?"

Then my father he sed a other time: "Edard, wen I ask you a question I got a rite far to expectk you to anser that pertickler inquire, and no side issues. Taint wot any woom-an may hawn to be a doin for to busifl herself, nor yet wether He hav this or that, but hav you see the *Post* of Satterdy last?"

Then Uncle Ned he sed: "No."

Then my father he said: "Wel, Edard, you know my oppinion of that paper, and you know my oppinion of any boddly wich will read it, slong as goin to funerels is more amuzin and studyin the fier poker is more teechnin, and shakin for the drinks is moraler. Wot do you think the edditer of that detessible sheet has went and done? You dont know, Edard—you giv it up. Wel, the lolife blagerd has ben and printed a long artickle all a bout how mennoy boys our leaden citizins has got, and wot nice boys they be. Edard, wen I reflekt wot newspaperin in San Francisco has be come, wile Bildad, thats the new dog, and Mose, wich is the cat, is jest a wastin their tallents a snappin up blu bottle flies and a groing fiddle strings, respectively, it makes me jest as hop-pin mad as a hen with her hed cut off!"

Then Uncle Ned he said wot did my father doo when he was mad like that, and my father said: "Doo! Wot can I doo but lick Billy and Johnny, and kick Bildad, thats the new dog, and heav things at Mose, wich is the cat?"

Jest then Billy he said he gessed that pig was in the garden agin, and I membered I de left my whaggon on the side wock, and Bildad tried for to git the pint of his tale tween his fore legs, and Mose made hizzen real big, and his back upper than cammels backs, and there was a fewnerel percession to the back yard, but no preach.

Nex time I seen Uncle Ned I said wot was it all a bowt, and he said: "Johnny, its only that feller Kernle Jacksing has ben a printin things into his paper callin all the snotti-nose brats wich has got rich fathers yung eagles, and strong limd lions, and cleer ide cracky diles, and sech rot."

Then I said: "Did he call me and Billy that, hooray?"

But Uncle Ned he said: "Johnny, its natterel that yure section for the broot creasion shude blloe yure eys to the disgustacy of sech littirature, but you an Billy ant menshon, for 2 reasons. Fers, yure father, owin to the mournful habit wich I hav got of speckle atin for a rize in wile cats, aint as rich as his virtues deserves, pertickler his tutchin faith in my judgment. Second, the stern dizzplin of yure mother in the matter of hankcheefs is sech that you dont come in the cattigory of yuths wich I hav elligantly dessinated as snotti-nose. So you mus for the present pine in obscurity, til mebbly some time you can get Kurnel Jacksins tention onto you by lickin rich men's feets your own self instead of him."

But if Uncle Ned thinks I wude do it I can jest tel him they got to wash em, but pigs trotters is mity nice pickeld, I can tel you.

After a wile Uncle Ned he said a uther time: "Johnny, yure Uncle Edard, as yu was once on the pint of remarkin, has ben in Injy and evry were, and natterly has saw a good menny gum dasted fools, not to menshon ole Gaffer Peters and Gennel John MacCoobin, but this is the first time in all his life wich he has ever herd of a gay galoot wich wude print in his own news paper a list of distinguish men and their yung, and put hisselle in a mung em, with a slobberin scrip-tion of his own welps! He done it, Johnny, he done it, and wile I dont say that it wude justifie yure father in lickin you and Billy, like be threethend, I mus conphes it is enough to make you an Billy lick yure father if you was able."

Then Billy he said: "Wy ct we to lickim wen twont him done it?"

Uncle Ned he thot a wile, and then he said: "William, my lad, bewhare of soffistry: by sech reesonin as that you can prov any thing wot ever. Spose that on last Fridy Cunnel Jaxsons bowd had argue that way. At that time he haddent done it, neether. But wasent he jest on the ragged edge of doin it? And wudent a good larruppin lade him up so he cudent? I tel you, my lads—and you must bleeve a man wich has ben in Injy and evry were—there issent any way for to tel til afterwuds wether the time is rife for a boy to lick his father or not: but if he has got one wich is like Curnil Jackson it is best to always be on the safe side and lickim. And with these improvvin obsvations He conclude with a little story.

"One time there was a jackus jumped in to a paster were there was some horses, and one hors it said: 'Wot bizness you got in here, you offle feller, a mung us? Git out, you horble appertition!' Then the jackus he said: 'Wel, I kanow I aint reel purty for to look at, bnt jest gimme the rite kind of a whife and He sho you sech a jolly lot of strong limd and cleer eyed yung mules as you aint any of you got yure own selfs!'"

The kind word spoken to a tramp may cheer his whole life. Remember this when you see him walking off your ave and fifty feet of garden bosc.

LAND VIEWS AND OTHER VIEWS.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In an editorial of last week you appeal to the forthcoming Convention to provide for the equal taxation of all species of property, "first, because it is right; and second, because it is politic and wise." I differ with you, and hold that all taxation for revenue should be imposed upon land only: First—Personal property and improvements consist of things produced by individual exertion, and are therefore rightly individual property. Land is the creation of the Almighty, and is therefore rightly common property. The value of personal property and improvements is a real value, which its possessors (or those from whom they take have added to the wealth of the community. The value of land is not a real but a reflected value. It represents not an addition to the wealth of the community, but simply the power of appropriating that wealth. It is, therefore, only right that the whole value of land should be exhausted by taxation before any levy is made upon personal property and improvements. Second Besides, the considerations of right, policy, and wisdom require that taxation should be so levied (1) as to be collected with the greatest certainty and the least vexation, expense, and demoralization, and (2) so as to least interfere with production. (1.) There never was, and never will be, a correct assessment and certain collection of a tax on personal property—the attempt to secure it by oaths involves perjury; the attempt to secure it by inquisitorial power involves corruption. But land can not be concealed, and its value can always be ascertained, and the whole revenue might be collected from it with no greater expense than to collect a part. (2.) To tax personal property and improvements is to discourage production. To tax money is to have less money: to tax horses is to have fewer horses, etc. But no matter how heavy the tax on land, will there be any less land? Nor until the tax is greater than the value of the land will it in the slightest degree discourage the use and improvement of land. On the contrary, it will stimulate the use and improvement of land by making it unprofitable to hold land without using it, and thus making it easier for those who wish to use land to get it. For these reasons it is politic and wise that all taxes for revenue should be put on the value of land, and personal property and improvements be entirely exempted. HENRY GEORGE.

If Mr. Henry George is right, and land should bear all the burdens of government, and there should be no limitation of that tax until it equals the value of the land, would it not be just a little hard upon the present land-owners? Has not land been acquired by its present owners by individual exertion as well as personal property? Government declares it to be property—we have sold our labor to purchase it—we have exchanged our productions to acquire it. Government protects it no more than it protects personal property. Then why should land bear all the burdens of maintaining government? The Almighty created land; the Almighty created diamonds and gold ores, silver, sulphures, and cinnabar, and the value of these things is not more real than that of land. Convenience in collecting revenues cuts no figure in the argument. There never was, and there never will be, a correct assessment of land. If the tax on personal property will discourage its production, the tax on land will discourage its occupation. How it will stimulate the use and improvement of land to make it unprofitable to hold it we do not understand. We admit that if land is taxed to its full value it will be an easy matter for any body to acquire it, but we reverently ask who in the devil would want it? As a land-owner, and not a pawn-broker, or holder of incorporated stocks, and other personal property, we would like Mr. George to explain the fairness and morality of taxing us out of our property. Won't there be just a little hardship and wrong in starting out in this new direction.

Lord Beaconsfield holds to-day in the popular estimation of Englishman a peculiar position. Without "family," and of a hated race, he is the idol of the Tory party that prides itself upon enrolling among its members the scions of the best blood and best lineage of the kingdom. Self-made, and of confessed ability, he is denounced by the Liberal party. Upon his return from Berlin he received at Charing Cross such a popular reception as was seldom accorded to one of royal blood or military achievement. His Queen has kneeled before him and affixed the emblem of the royal Order of the Garter. From a politician he has become Premier of England. He is an earl by royal letters patent. The Tories and the multitude say he has outwitted Bismarck; he has crowned England with new triumphs; he has outmaneuvered the ablest statesmen of Europe, and has defeated the ambition of Russia; he has rescued Constantinople from the grasp of the northern bear; he has opened up a new route to Hindostan; he has demonstrated England's greatness, and in the conflict of statecraft made England the arbiter of nations and first of the Powers of Europe; he has added Cyprus to the domain of the empire; he has secured the Mediterranean as an English lake, and he has forever guaranteed the permanence of the Indian Empire as an appanage of the English crown. The Liberals declare that his triumphs are illusory and unreal; that he has allowed Russia's policy of dividing Turkey to succeed; that Cyprus is a costly toy; that the protectorate of Asia Minor is a hazardous burden of responsibility; that he has only checked, not arrested, the steady march of Russian conquest that threatens to absorb Turkey and menaces the English Empire in India; that the settlement contains the germs of future troubles. The admirers of Gladstone look upon Beaconsfield as one who has won success by oftentimes changing sides and changing principles; who has won celebrity as a rhetorician and romance writer, without ability as a statesman or honesty as a man. The measure of Lord Beaconsfield's honors is full. In the foremost nation of all the world he is to-day the foremost man. His triumphs will last till future events shall affirm his policy or demonstrate his mistake. This will not come in his lifetime, so he may rest upon his laurels, leaving his fame to the chances of future complications and the development of future events.

The very latest novelties in jewelry now worn by the elite in New York are pins, earrings, and neckchains exquisitely carved in tinted shell.

LIVERIES.

We of the American Republic, descendants of liberty-loving Saxons, have chosen labor as our monarch, and to it given the badge of royalty. Not gold, not cotton, but labor, wears the jeweled coronet of king. We honor labor; we make it respectable. The ARGONAUT is the court journal. We delight to write about labor; to chronicle its movements. When its subjects lack loyalty, and revolt against its dignity on the sand-lots, we denounce them. The ARGONAUT delights to advise American boys and native-born girls that labor is honorable; that there is no condition of birth, accident of fortune or surroundings, that should make them ashamed of honest toil. We commend our boys to the trades and farms, to the merchant-marine, to the forest, foundries, and mines; our girls to the home duties in chamber and kitchen. But we have never yet so forgotten our own early teachings, our prejudices, and our pride as to commend to our young gentlemen that they should wear the livery of flunkies. We are not so far the slaves of corporate wealth as to be willing that it should distinguish its employed men with a livery. We saw that inflated ass, Jim Fisk, when in the pride and insolence of his ill-gotten gains, put a uniform upon his employes. It lasted for a time, and if his death contributed to terminate this miserable imitation of bad European manners, it was a blessed murder. We are surprised and ashamed that our old friend and boyhood companion who is managing the California Street Railroad should be guilty of the unpardonable sin of uniforming his conductors and drivers. Gilt braid, gold bullion, and brass buttons put upon gentlemen who are willing to work, as a badge of their slavery, is a crime. Tom Hinchman and the writer were once clerks in a dry goods store in Rochester. Had their employers endeavored to uniform them they had run away and preferred to have driven a tow-boat on the canal. This road has in its employment, as conductors and drivers, gentlemen. We ride over it every day. We recognize many whom we would not be ashamed to know in any relation. We contrast them in deportment, bearing, and dress, with the employes of other roads, and we feel mortified that they should be subject to the insult of a uniform—a cap with the word "conductor" or "engineer," a badge with the number of the car, are well enough. These gentlemen work fourteen and a half hours per day, earning, on an average, say \$60 per month. They have families to provide for; they ought not to be subjected to the expanse of this showy toggery in its purchase, nor to the mortification of wearing it. We hope Mr. Thomas Hinchman, who is charged with conducting this road, will revoke this absurd order of uniforming his drivers and conductors before his employers see this article.

Our Denis.

The reception of Kearney, the California agitator, in Boston by a crowd of workmen, the careful reports of his speeches by the press, and the editorial comments on him by all the leading papers, form altogether a spectacle that must delight Thomas Carlyle, if he still pays attention to contemporary politics, for Kearney is probably the lowest type of demagogue that has yet appeared in history. All his predecessors of which there is any record have laid claim to some of the qualities which are supposed to distinguish the civilized man from the savage, but Kearney makes no pretense to anything which the reading, thinking, and remembering part of the human race has hitherto considered respectable. He simply does what the naked Bushman does—curses, calls names, and threatens death. Nevertheless, he has, in one of the foremost communities of the modern world, a considerable following, and is an object of interest, and even of deference, to most of our politicians. He is worth study, because he is a kind of animal for which neither American politics nor manners have made as yet the slightest preparation, and because he is the first to assert a claim which has been long in the air, viz., the claim, not simply of the poor man to rule the State, but of the brutal, ignorant, blaspheming ruffian to have his way with the frugal, industrious, prudent, and religious; and assuredly we have not seen the last of his kind. Let us add—and without any wish to raise a question of party politics—that the moral and religious people of the North, in using their influence and the force of the Federal authority to procure and maintain for several years the government of great civilized communities at the South by the grossly ignorant portion of the population, and to discredit the intelligent portion for political purposes, have been sowing the seed from which the Kearneys spring. If Kearney makes the well-meaning believers in nose-counting as an efficient means of administering human affairs a little more thoughtful and cautious, he may yet prove a useful blackguard.—*New York Nation.*

For Women.

Mr. Henry C. Jarrett charged eight thousand dollars for making a contract for Kellogg, which a husband could have made, and would have made, in the regular course of his duties. The lesson is obvious.

"Murder! murder!" cried a pretty milliner of Galveston, Texas, Mrs. Ella Quinn, and all the time she was peppering the body of Captain Guthrie, a false lover, with derring balls. "Things by their right names" is a characteristic female principle.

In 1836, a girl, not over fifteen, was brought to Max Maretzek. He looked at her; she was petite, a brunette, with a low forehead, plump cheeks, snappish dark eyes, and a childish manner. He listened to her; she had a bright, soprano voice, and a certain unconscious and spontaneous grace of action and utterance that impressed him. He sent her to Errani, and paid for her lessons himself, for there was a possibility that the girl might develop into a profitable prima donna. She developed into Minnie Hauk.

In a journal of a date just previous to the marriage of the manager of the Royal Italian Opera, London, to Albani we find this paragraph, faintly foreshadowing some kind of a change: "Fresh rumors have been current of the alleged approaching retirement of Mr. Frederick Gye. Mr. Gye's health is exceedingly delicate, if not actually precarious." It is now more clear what was the matter with Mr. Gye.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.--III.

By an Early Californian.



SAN JOSE IN 1847. (From an original sketch.)

For four hours we galloped on in the direction of San Juan without stopping; sometimes I would be far ahead of Bruno, and then again he would be far ahead of me. I was much pleased with him, he being by far the most intelligent Indian I had met; his thin lips and determined expression have nothing in common with those of his race. He was a general favorite on the road; and several times during the journey I was informed that I had the best vaquero in the country, and that no one could beat him in throwing the *riata*. During the troubles Bruno was of great assistance to our cause, often carrying dispatches through the enemy's lines when no one else dared to attempt it. We halted beside the first stream we had seen since we started, and changed horses, as ours were almost used up. The saddle-bags were lightened, too, I giving the boy half my lunch, including some of the best claret I had tasted in the country—which proved to be of that same "LaRose" which will remember we used to get at Bonnard's and Delmonico's. How little did I imagine at that time that I should find it, or it me, on the shores of the Pacific. For a half hour I stretched myself on the grass in the warm sun in pleasant reverie; and I was far away from California when Bruno announced that the horses were ready. Soon in the saddle again, I rode on ahead, for Bruno found it hard work to drive our tired animals. We had passed San Juan before I was well aware of it; and when we were within six leagues of Monterey the sun was still well up. Here we came in sight of several dwellings, and Bruno recommended, if I intended to go on, that we should leave the poor tired beasts we were driving before us at one of the ranches, and take them again on our return. I agreed to his plan, telling him to leave them at the ranch nearest the Santa Cruz road, as I wished to pass through that place on my way home; so we jogged on until we were within three leagues of the capital. The people of the first house at which we stopped seemed not favorably disposed, on discovering that I was an Americano, but Bruno was told that a neighbor, named Garcia, might allow us to leave them. I determined, however, to alight where I was, telling Bruno to leave the horses somewhere, and call for me when he had done so. So I dismounted, and taking a claret-bottle from the saddle-bags, walked up to the door. I bid them all a *buenos tardes*, and asked for a little water. There were several women seated about the door, and a tall old man, whom they called Don Trinidad, received me and invited me in. They all seemed very low-spirited, and even gloomy, and I soon felt that I must be intruding upon those who were in trouble. Some glasses were brought, however, and the old man took wine with me. I told him whence I came, and tried to commence a conversation with him, and at last he asked me several questions. A good-looking young woman with a child in her arms now entered the room, and taking wine with me, asked if I came from the pueblo, and whether I had heard anything of the man who had been killed. I told her that I had, and then related the whole of the story as well as I could. She said that she had heard the same in all its particulars; and then, looking at me with a sorrowful but steady gaze, she told me, with a sigh, that the dead man was her brother. I felt for the poor girl, and while assuring her that my story was confirmed by her countrymen, I said that it was indeed pitiful. Don Trinidad came to my relief, saying that he would have acted as the stranger had; but that it was unfortunate that the accident should have happened to as good a man as ever breathed, whose conduct on the unfortunate occasion was unaccountable to him. As Bruno had now returned, I bade them good-bye, and they wished me a safe journey. It was getting so dark that I could see but little of the country, but I felt that the road was as sandy as that in the neighborhood of San Francisco, and its monotony was only relieved by our meeting some emigrant wagons bound for the delightful valley of San José. I reached Mrs. —'s, in Monterey, where Robert Wells boards, at half-past nine, having ridden ninety miles since half-past seven that morning. Early next day I received an invitation from Mr. Larkin, late American Consul, to a ball given by him at the barracks the same evening. As soon as breakfast was over, I went on board the *Warren* to see Captain Hull. I found Lieutenant Nanard, who came out in the *Preble*, in command; but Captain Hull soon made his appearance. My business with him was to obtain his approval to some bills contracted by his order; but it was only after an hour's hard talking that I succeeded. In Monterey I found many officers of the *Independence* and *Cyane* with whom I was acquainted, and the ball-room was filled with officers and the gentlemen of the place. Very few ladies were present, because Larkin had invited them to meet the officers about leaving for Mazatlan. Even a dance—that powerful attraction—could not induce them to associate with those who so soon might shed the blood of their compatriots. After passing three days in Monterey, and in pleasant rides about the environs, I left it on a Monday evening. Finding that our horses had strayed from Garcia's, and after spending an hour in looking for them, I concluded to call upon Don Trinidad, who invited me to pass the night at his house. I was only too glad to accept the invitation. His manners were friendly, and he entertained me with a little of his own history, showing me many of his papers and

informing me that he was Alcalde of the Refugio, as the little village about him was called. His surname was Espinosa. He called me, as I had requested, at daylight next morning, and I took leave of him, hoping that I might soon have an opportunity of serving him. I told Bruno that, instead of going to Santa Cruz, we would keep straight on to the Pueblo, inquiring at every ranch for the horses, as in all probability they would travel homeward. We were so fortunate as to discover them at the first ranch we stopped at. The rancho was a Frenchman, who seemed delighted to meet any one who could speak his native language, and who begged, if I came that way again, that I would pass the night at his house and gossip a little. We now turned toward Santa Cruz, using the poorest horses for the journey, as we should want the best the next day in crossing the mountains which separate that place from the Pueblo. Our road, winding about the base of high hills, was through a very charming country, the farms of which seemed in far better condition than any that I had yet seen. The ponds and streams were covered with ducks and other water fowl, and the trees and bushes alive with small birds and quail. The latter are larger than ours, and are really a species of partridge. Our poor horses nearly gave out when within two leagues of our destination. Fortunately, however, a traveler, with vaquero and half a dozen horses and mules, overtook us at this point, inspiring our poor beasts with renewed life and causing them to trot along briskly for acquaintance sake. I found by the dress of my fellow-traveler that he was a reverentissimo padre, with his gray gown tucked up around his waist. As he was polite—asking many questions—I, to keep up the conversation, was quite as inquisitive, and discovered that he was a Mexican returning home from the Mission of San Juan, and that he was Padre Anser (goose). We kept together until we neared Santa Cruz. I did not arrive at Monsieur Rousillon's, the person whom it was my chief business to see, until sunset. His houses and saw mills are most romantically situated in a gorge of the mountain, surrounded by the tallest and largest redwood trees in the country—some of which I hear measure forty-five feet in circumference. The stream of water which turns the mill-wheel is so serpentine that we crossed it five times in a quarter of a mile's distance. As we approached the house I discovered two persons talking together, one of whom I instantly knew for a Frenchman; so I rode up to him and said: "C'est Monsieur Rousillon, n'est ce pas?" "C'est bien vrai; voilà Monsieur Ward qui est le bien venu." We were soon well acquainted. Orders were given about the horses and about supper, and I was carried into the house. His guest said he knew—well. I asked his name, and found he was Mrs. —'s brother, and she had desired me to see Moses in Monterey. After supper we settled accounts, made tea-punch, and told stories till bed time. I set out the next morning to visit a Señor Bolcoff, father of the young Russian bridegroom in whose company I had left San Francisco. I found a gay party assembled at his house—the bride and bridegroom arriving the night before. They were to have a grand fandango that very evening. Señora B— I had become acquainted with in San Francisco, and the old man thanked me for the attention I had shown her and her son while there, and congratulated me on arriving at so auspicious a time. I expressed my regret that I could not remain and take part in the festivities, as I had to be on my way across the mountains that afternoon. This they could not hear of, insisting upon my dining and passing the night with them. I was obliged to excuse myself from the dinner on account of business with Don Carlos Rousillon, half promising to return with him in the afternoon. So, filling my pockets with the first apples their place had produced, I set out for town with their "hasta luego" (*au revoir*) ringing in my ears, young B— accompanying me. We met the whole of Santa Cruz and its environs on their way to the B—'s, among them Mrs. B—'s brother, who urged me to go with him to his house, but I had to decline. My reception by these good people was most cordial—even affectionate—and I was sorely tempted to put off my departure and attend the largest fandango that had been given for a long while in that part of the country. As I found Don Carlos rather unwell, and determined to remain at home, I decided at once to begin my homeward journey. Being convinced that our worn-out animals could not be driven over the mountains, we left them with a relative of Juan Bernal, and, after dining heartily, set out at two o'clock for the Pueblo. I was surprised to hear from Don Carlos and Moses that the road was considered dangerous in consequence of some Tulare Indians having taken up their abode in the mountain recesses. Several travelers had been robbed and killed, and only a week before a volunteer had been murdered for his pistols by them, on the road to Monterey. Two of them had been captured, however; they were tried and found guilty of the crime, and were to be shot about that time. The road was indeed lonely—through gorges and hiding places, and as suggestive of banditti as a landscape of Salvalor Rosa. We crept along, sometimes beside precipices that turned one's head to look over, and through woods that shut out everything but the sky. We met only a few travelers when about half way over. As the sun was setting we commenced our descent, and were galloping along a more level part of it on the top of the ridge, when I was startled by a report close at my side. I pulled up my horse in an instant, and in drawing a pistol from its holster discovered that the latter was unbuttoned, so that the pistol had been playing up and down in it, until a jolt, harder than the rest perhaps, had discharged it. The bottom of the holster, of course, had disappeared, and I looked below to see if my toes had accompanied it, or any part of my horse had been blown away. But all was safe and sound. After reloading, we trotted, or galloped, or picked our way along down hill. It seemed as though we never should reach the valley. As we approached a stream, which I hoped was at the foot of the mountain, my vaquero, who had never traveled there before, asked if I saw the road, as he had lost it. I walked my horse along the side of the stream among the thick bushes and trees, trying to discover a path, but I failed to do so, and as it was getting dark I had almost made up my mind that we should have to pass the night on the mountain. As I turned my horse back Bruno cried out that he had found the road and a ford across the stream. I followed him with some difficulty, and without being able to make out anything like a road; but I trusted to his instinct as I would trust in the scent of a pointer. So, after ascending and descending another peak, we reached a level place. My guide I

could only hear ahead of me, for it was dark night, and presently a deep growl brought him to a halt. As I came up with him, I saw indistinctly a large object moving down on our right. "Oso (bear), señor," and there he was sure enough. But he did not molest us, and in an hour we were in the Pueblo again. There I found Captain King, of the brig *Elizabeth*, of Salem, and George McDougall. Next morning, after delivering the horses and taking our own, we joined these gentlemen, and rode over fifty-four miles back to San Francisco.

December 6, 1847.—An overland express (Kit Carson) has arrived at Monterey, and we have just received a very probable rumor that Santa Ana is killed and the City of Mexico is in possession of our forces. If such is the case peace must soon follow. We all pray for it here. Mr. Davis, of the Sandwich Islands, has lately married a daughter of Señor Estudillo, of Contra Costa. The wedding has brought all the neighborhood into town. We have given up our sleeping rooms to the señoras and señoritas, and have slept in our stores for two weeks past. Dinners, and suppers, and balls have followed one upon another, so that we scarcely know how we stand. Think of dancing three nights in succession, and two of them until eight o'clock in the morning!

March 23, 1848.—Our town is increasing fast; it is three times larger than when I arrived. Politics rage to an extent known in all American cities. Since good Judge Bryant left us we have been trying to get rid of his successor, and it is thought that he will soon resign. We have just heard a rumor of peace from Mazatlan, that Santa Ana is shot, and that we are to hold New Leon, New Mexico, Upper and Lower California, Tehuantepec, and Mazatlan. Hope we shall soon have this confirmed. Owing to the failure of the Government to pay its just debts, the withdrawal of the squadron to Mazatlan, where its money is at present spent, the economy of the military government of California, the large amount of cash received for duties and locked up by the United States Quartermasters, the failure of the rancheros to pay what they owe us in consequence of the Government having taken their horses and cattle for military uses without remuneration, and the recent custom of our merchants in paying cash instead of hides and tallow for goods, business is seriously effected. From all accounts we are to have a large immigration from the States this year, and from Oregon, where the Indians have begun a war of extermination. But the great inducement to immigration hereafter will be the news soon to reach the United States of the discovery of the richest gold placers ever known. Although in former years it has been found by the Indians in small quantities and brought to the notice of the priests, they had discouraged them from meddling with it, foreseeing how much it would interfere with their plans for proselyting, and for a long and peaceful occupation of the country, and no one in those days supposed it so abundant as to render its search very remunerative. Unthought and unexpected, it may be said to have discovered itself; in consequence, however (and let us not forget it), of the enterprise of Captain John A. Sutter, who feeling the necessity of a good supply of timber for himself and for the immigrants arriving and settling about him, determined to build a saw-mill on a branch of the American River, where woods were plenty. The mill was constructed and running the early part of this year. Last month a man named Marshall, who had charge of it, while looking into the race one morning (2d of February), observed something sparkle, and scooped it out. On examining the little scales he thought they might be gold, and without saying anything about the matter to his workmen, told them he was going to the Fort. You may be sure the forty-mile ride was a hurried one, and that the eyes of the Captain and himself were never larger than when they secretly tested and proved that the particles before them were of the pure stuff. Just before dinner one day, as I sat writing at my desk, our neighbor Davis came into the store with two strangers. He held in his hand a small buckskin bag, and asked me if I could tell virgin gold when I saw it. I answered that I did not think I could, but would see; whereupon he poured from the bag some delicate little yellow scales, much lighter in color, however, than what we call guinea gold. Davis said that the men wanted to buy goods for half cash and half gold dust at the rate of \$14 per ounce, and that if it was gold there would be a large profit on it at that price; but how were we to test it? "That is easily done by going to Buckalew's" (a jeweler who has opened a shop at Clark's Point), said I. So away we started, all four, and to the wonderment of Buckalew laid the treasure before him. A touch of his nitric acid (I think it was) soon settled the matter to our satisfaction, and home we went to trade. Day after day others came down the river to see if they really could buy anything they wanted with the dust so easily scraped together. As the stores were soon gleaned of what was most desirable, other articles long resting forgotten on the shelves were taken; in fact, anything that came to hand, as gold seemed too plenty to be worth much in the long run. Silver is hoarded, and has become so scarce that it is difficult to get enough to pay our launch hands, and bakers, and washerwomen. They "don't want gold dust any way." Larkin was here on his way to Sacramento the other day. He thought the discovery would ruin San Francisco as a place of business, that Benicia would become of more importance, and that some place at the headwaters of the Sacramento, and near the mines, would become the future great city.

JAMES C. WARD.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

San Francisco appears not to be the only city in America afflicted with the epidemic of dirty, idle, talking, foreign loafers disguised as workmen. Don Platt says of one of these oratorical tramps now doing the business of curb-stone statesmanship at the national capital: "There is something beautiful in hearkening to the voice of an idle, ignorant, unwashed, unknown, foreign vagrant—a raw-mouthed horse-radish incapable of pronouncing a single word correctly in English; a fellow who has but a dim idea of what the little he says really means—assailing our real workmen, native-born or naturalized citizens, men who put in their solid day's labor each day, and are respected citizens; assailing such men because of their repudiation of him and his absurd, intricate, ridiculous ideas; ideas that are in the mind, and rendered impossible of comprehension by reason of his freshness in our country."

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

Do you still think sometimes of the dear old Roman days, Em, when we lived in the clear, pure atmosphere of art, and the weeks were one long, delicious dream of beauty? I have been back to them, in fancy, the last two hours, and still—

"With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

"What," I hear you exclaim, "has she found in prosaic San Francisco, duller now than its wont even, to bring back the glamour of that precious past?" Only a portfolio and an easel or two, in a small, sparsely-furnished room on the second floor of a Kearny Street building, a few steps beyond Pine, *ma chère*, I think it is. In those portfolios are a series of etchings and rare old line engravings that, from their splendid execution and the fact that they are none of them duplicated in this collection, and hardly elsewhere, are almost priceless treasures to an art lover. I must be brief in the telling, for I have a deal to talk about to-day. First, the etchings, which you know are growing more popular every year. There are the works of many of the great masters; chief among them, "Attelage de Bœufs," "l'Hiver," and "Le Rouleau," of Charles Jacques, the prince of etchers, and great in poultry painting as well; some capital street scenes in Paris, infantile heads, and three excellent figures in a group, by De Lorme, marked "Elle Dort." When it comes to a choice between paintings and engravings, I always declare for the latter. I believe, with the late Charles Sumner—an excellent art critic, by the way—that "the engraving is not a copy or an imitation of the original representation, but a translation into another language, where light and shade supply the place of color." The engraving of Turner's "Italy," an open letter-proof, is exquisite, but you are so thorough a Frenchman at heart that I know you would prefer the copy of Gerard's "Napoleon," in his coronation robes. I have little admiration for the conqueror of Europe as a man, but his face, as a study of severe and classic beauty, has, I think, never been surpassed, even in the studios of Greece. The "Cupid Sleeping," engraved by Gondolf from his own design, the "Noli me Tangere," by Baruccio, and engraved by Raphael Morgen, one of the greatest of artists in his peculiar line, are very fine; but the best of all are the "Sistine Madonna" of Raphael, and "The Incononato" of Correggio, the latter copied from the famous frescoes in the church of San Giovanni, in Parma, by Toschi, who devoted his whole life to perpetuating in this way the works of that artist. The "Sistine" was done by Frederick Muller. His was a pitiful story. He spent six years in perfecting his plate, and when told that his work was too fine to bear the necessary number of impressions, sank into melancholy, and soon after died, a hopeless lunatic, on the very day that the first proofs of his work were printed in Paris. It was but small recompense for a broken heart that a copy was placed over his bier, as "The Transfiguration" had been hung above Raphael's senseless clay so many years before. The very first impression, now valued at over \$10,000, is at present in the British Museum. This one which Mr. Vickery has, is one of a very few first proofs, as is also that of "The Incononato," and both are correspondingly precious, the price of the former being \$100, and that of the latter \$200; but then—there is but one of each! You know, of course, that after the first half-dozen impressions a plate becomes comparatively worthless, and each plate has been the work of many months, sometimes as many years, perhaps, as poor Muller served to complete his ideal. Genuine first proofs frequently have one little mark that the uninitiated would readily mistake for a blemish—that is, fine strokes, like the accidental touches of a pencil, all along the edges. The fact that these, so very fine as they are, should be reproduced shows that the plate could have been but slightly used, as after the first two or three they entirely disappear. I hope you will never be misled into trying to rub them out with a bit of stale bread, as a certain Mrs. Shoddy once did with a priceless engraving. There is an exquisite copy of "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," a great favorite of the late Pope Pius IX., and the original of which he was the owner. There are not more than ten copies extant, for the Holy Father was exceedingly choice of it and gave them away but rarely, and then only to some pet cardinal he wished to favor. This is one of that number. The portrait of Raphael—how can one describe it, with its seraphic look, that had far more of heaven than of earth in its serene gravity? But the finest portrait ever executed by an engraver is that of Philip of Champagne, done by Edelinck. "The Madonna della Scala" is sold, and you will not therefore see it, I grieve to say. I have not told you of half, many as I have mentioned. Only one more; among the works of Gerard Dow was his imitable "Managère Hollandaise," but you need not "set your mouth" to possess that, as I know you would—it is the style you so much admire, a single peasant figure—for your Lilius has taken that to herself, and there is no duplicate to be had—here, at all events. While on things artistic I must not neglect to mention Houseworth's invention, or rather adaptation of the camera to a new phase of photography. He calls the pictures so made "solar photographs," a not very happy name, perhaps. They look much like the photographic copies of crayons, are soft yet distinct, and, I think, will become popular. Those I saw were life-size heads. I went into Abramson & Bacon's the other day to inquire for the *Lait Antephelique*. Last bottle just sold—saw the lucky woman moving out of the door as I entered. Knew then what the look of triumph on her face meant. She must have been clairvoyante and "sensed" my errand before I stated it. I was comforted by the assurance that there would be an abundance in the new stock, which was to arrive this week. What a nice store they have to be sure. It's so handy as I go down Sutter Street, and their stock comprises about everything a well regulated person would be likely to need. You didn't know that they had turned reformers, did you? And in the true sense, as their reform begins at home, and prices are greatly reduced on everything, Mazard & Lubin for cosmetics, pomades, and the like, and John Bayley, Atkinson, and a London firm, Piesse & Lubin, and perfumes, seem to be the favorite makers. Mr. Abram-

son recommends the "Vaseline pomade" highly, too, and I must say, if it isn't French, I like it better than anything of the kind for the hair, except the "Huile Philocombe." Their toilet brushes are made expressly for them, in England, I think, and all bear their name. The "Lilien Puder," in dry preparations for the face, and several different liquid powders are in their list. A specialty is a most delicious article for the teeth, "Dentine"; and something pretty for the toilet I have not seen elsewhere was a full set of combs and brushes in celluloid. The firm, you recollect, have a fine store on Clay Street, near Kearny. I was shocked to read lately, in a New York paper, how arsenic eating is increasing among New York women. One would think that the awful consequences that sooner or later are sure to follow the practice would be enough to deter every one from it, to say nothing of the frightful possibility of, at any moment, dying in all the tortures of poisoning. It's bad enough to have your horses fattened with it by unprincipled grooms, but when it comes to taking it yourself—pah! Pure and pleasant powders if we must "beautify," but no poisons. You will be interested in the new and handsome store of Kennedy & Durr, on Market Street, on the block below the Baldwin. It is to be known as the "Pavilion," but the many old friends who have followed them from their former stand on Third Street, seem to like best to speak of the courteous proprietors by name always. I haven't been in so bright and cheerful a place for a long time, and every one partakes of the same spirit, and blonde, brunette, and demi-blonde and demi-brunette clerks all vie with each other in courtesy. Walk with me down one side of the spacious room: there is every variety of light woolen fabrics, for dress goods, greys, browns, and all the different dead-leaf tints. A little further on, we meet with the heavier goods, and among them one especially pretty and new, an ashes of roses worsted and silk goods (the design a silk half square in raised lines) very pretty for cloakings; any number of those soft, clinging camels'-hair fabrics, bourettes, the new Schoodas cloths, the Barraboo, and so on. Still further on is the striped black goods department, where are, besides all the different murmuring goods proper, new designs in the basket cloths, and Bonnets, Ponsons, and Jaubert's fine black silks. I suggested to Mr. Kennedy that he ought to make a specialty of sunshine, for he has about the finest light for showing black goods in the city. Across the extreme end of the store extends the silk counter, with light and dark judiciously and tastefully arranged; the shawl department, which is another specialty, and window-curtain goods. Among the shawls are some beautiful camels'-hair. I think Mr. Kennedy must keep a private camel or two out in the back yard. I was greatly taken with some Mission blankets, the softest, fleeciest things you ever saw. They were part of the lot that was sent to the Paris Exposition. From this point up the other side are the choicest of linens, flannels, Persian and Turkish table-coverings, and utilities for the household generally. Through the centre of the store you will find ladies', gentlemen's, and children's underwear in every grade, hoisery of the finest qualities, and, just received, a new lot of children's worsted stockings—something I have looked for vainly during the last two months. A pretty new neck-ruching—a positive godsend in these days of "nothing new" in these goods—is named after the store, "the Pavilion ruching." It is of *crêpe lisse*, with a double ruche for the band, and a broad plaiting of the same to lie on the shoulders. It is their own idea. Their special make of gloves is Jouvin's, but they sell a great many of "The Golden Eagle," a new brand. A handy little affair is a bottle of powder to keep the hands from perspiring and spoiling light kids. Now (if you are not tired) let us talk of the pretty things at Davis' Golden Rule Bazar, on both Market and Kearny Streets. I had no idea of the extent of this establishment until I went through it the other day. It is five stories high—the one on Market Street, I mean, that runs through to Geary—and in the basement there is the frame and bracket factory, the machinery for which is run by a ten-horse power engine; that, also, drives the elevator. A curious little machine called the "rustic dido and cutter" does the work at one cutting that formerly required eight. It has twenty-eight busy knives, and you can imagine how it works. There is nothing in the way of fancy cabinet work, cornices, and toy furniture that they do not make to order here. I am as fond of timepieces of all kinds as poor Matilda Heron used to be. I remember a visit I made her just after her separation from Robert Stoepele. It was at her house in Thirty-fifth Street, New York, and in every room there was at least one, if not more, exquisite clocks, which she wound up herself regularly every morning before breakfast, and which kept the air full of a soft, melodious ticking night and day. I thought of her and her pets, in at the Bazar, where there are one hundred and twenty-five or thirty different clocks, all made by the Ansonia Clock Company, whose agents the Messrs. Davis are. An exceedingly pretty one is called the "Souvenir," swings on a pivot, is finished in fancy silver work, and has a plate-glass mirror at the back. Another, "The Boudoir," has an adjustable mirror above it. But the "cutest" little thing is the "Nightingale," the smallest marine clock ever made in this country. Its running time is forty-eight hours, and a bronze bird stands at one side of the stand as an ornament. Then there are music boxes, trunks, fans, optical goods, Lemaire's and Chevalier's opera glasses, bronzes, stationery, toilet articles of every description; in short, everything, including every kind of toy ever invented. Among the latter will be one quite new, Mr. Edison's wonderful telephonic toy—an old colored "auntie," who talks, laughs, and sings in the real southern fashion. Mr. Davis will make arrangements with the inventor, who is now at the Palace, to have a number of them ready for the Christmas holidays. *A propos* of Santa Claus doings, Mrs. Parker, for eight years past at the Ladies Depository—which has lately suspended—makes doll dressing a specialty. She dressed that lovely doll for Mrs. Fair that made such a sensation among the little folks a year or so ago. Mrs. Parker has gone into business for herself on Post Street, near Kearny, and does every kind of plain and fancy needlework, wedding and infants' trousseaux, at short notice. Poor, forlorn bachelors and grass-widowers, left to the tender mercies of the laundryman, will bless Mrs. Parker more than once, for, in addition to making shirts and other underwear, she guarantees to keep them to their full complement of buttons, straps, and strings; in other words, makes and mends them with care and dispatch. I am not quite sure

that this is not putting too heavy a premium on bachelorhood though, for I am one of those who believe in taxing this class heavily. Why, forsooth, should they not pay for their freedom as they do for their tobacco and other luxuries? You say that John complains that I never talk about the male fashions. That's not because I am unmindful of them by any means, but I always thought that the "superior sex" were above such frivolities as were supposed to occupy the whole time and attention of us weaker vessels; hence, my silence on the subject might be taken as an implied compliment. So glad to find they have some of the weaknesses of humanity after all. Here are some little items for his private ear: Canes are even more used than ever—Madagascar vine, with a root handle, Russian briar, English holly, and the pimento being the greatest favorites; the French thistle and the African jungle cane, an African orange, and a kind of bamboo with a "dog's ear" handle are also popular. The helmet-shaped pith hat, so much worn at the East and in the Canadas, is the best head-covering made for seaside or mountain wear, and even for the city during the heated hours of the day. It has a wide peak in front, and a broad, drooping rim behind to shade the neck, and the crown is lined with the pithy inside of an East India tree, which is said to be better than cork even. They are made in the East Indies and finished and trimmed in London, and are intended for either ladies or gentlemen. I am glad to see that the awkward "plug" hat is going out of favor, and the graceful and artistic drooping felts are being more and more worn every year. It is a standing puzzle to your correspondent why men will persist in wearing the former, which are neither warm in winter, cool in summer, nor graceful at any time. The next time I write I shall have something of greater interest for—man. As ever,

LILIAS DUBOIS.

PLASTER OF PARIS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, July 16, 1878.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—The Exposition has turned out as might have been expected: relatively a failure. It is now known that the whole idea was a speculation on the part of the Government in aid of the property known as the "Champ de Mars." Three years ago it was resolved to dispose of this property, and arrangements of sale were completed with certain railroads who wanted it for stations, depots, etc. The price was a good one, but a brilliant idea occurred to the Minister of Finance to turn the affair into an additional profit. It would, of course, be necessary for the railroads to build station-houses and to improve the property generally before they could use it. Why not let the Government make these improvements and use them for a season as Exposition buildings before turning them over, and in this way pay for their loss? The idea was seized upon, and the result is, the whole world is invited to come to Paris and spend its money. When it is all over, when the hotels and *cochers* have filled their pockets, and the deluded strangers have fully paid for these said stations of iron and glass, they will be turned over to the true owners for the purpose they were originally intended. *Vive la Humbug!* The whole affair as an exhibition is immeasurably behind the one at Philadelphia, and also that of Paris in 1867. But if the Exhibition is of lower grade than the American one of 1876, do not imagine that the hotel-keepers have not learned a lesson from our side of the Atlantic. They let no rooms separate from board. While in America the general tendency is to manage the hotels on the European plan, here all are transformed into genuine American hotels, at least so far as prices are concerned—that is, they get all they can just as if they never expected or cared to see the guest again. If an American complains of paying five dollars a day for a bed in a closet and one poor meal a day, the landlord shrugs his shoulders and says: "Ah! but you know how it was in Philadelphie-e." And that is supposed to finish the dispute. Paris, just now, is filled with distinguished strangers. Joseph A. Donahoe, the Shah of Persia, Mark Livingston, and Edgar Mills have been occupying the Grand Hotel all the spring, but left some time back, some for their respective homes and others to travel. Mark Livingston's rooms were adjoining those of the Shah, and they struck up an acquaintance, not, as it turned out in the end, much to the satisfaction of the Persian monarch. It appears that Nasr-Eddin has a fondness for sport, and Livingston is not backward in such matters. Somehow the game of "poker" was introduced, and the Shah dropped so many hundred thousand francs in two or three sittings that he was obliged to telegraph to Teheran for "more mud." Edgar Mills, also, took a turn with his Highness, but while his winnings were considerable, rumor says that they were so moderate as not to disturb the good feeling which should exist between gentlemen.

It is whispered in the American quarter that a young gentleman of San Francisco, but for the last twelve months visiting the Old World, is about to marry a lady of noble birth, whose acquaintance he made last winter at Nice. The gentleman is exceedingly popular in San Francisco society, and deservedly so. A lawyer by profession, liberally educated, handsome, engaging and courteous, it is not strange that he has gained the affection of the young lady referred to, who, by the way, is said to be as beautiful as she is wealthy and gifted. I am not authorized to announce the intended marriage, but it is an open secret that the name of the gentleman is George F. Baker, and that the lady is the Countess Thecla Von Pullovitz-Snitzel, sister to the Count Imhoff Von Pullovitz-Snitzel, so long secretary to the Russian Embassy at Vienna. The wedding will take place in October, and the parties sail for America in November for a wedding tour. Captain Talbot, of the firm of Pope & Talbot was here a few days ago on his way to Carlsbad. His son and one daughter, Miss Emily, accompany him. Washington Bartlett is here now, but I believe goes to Switzerland and Germany in a few days.

G. W. T.

If there is one person who is more false and hollow than she who says, "You must come and see me again," it is she who replies, "Thank you, I will be pleased to."

And yet they have hardly as much labor-saving machinery as a screw-driver in Northern China, where thousands of people are starving to death every day.

AN EPISODE OF THE EXPOSITION.

It is said the days of miracles are past, and it is not difficult to laugh at the "grown-up child" who still believes in them; but they who laugh may please explain, if they can, what happened to me a few days ago.

It seemed to me about seven o'clock in the morning, and I was still in my bed half asleep, when the door suddenly opened and there appeared on the threshold, with a manner gloomy and mysterious, a stranger of dark and forbidding mien.

"There," he said, "this is from my master," holding out at the same time a small letter directly before me.

"Place it on the table," I exclaimed, petulantly, "and the next time you honor me with your unwelcome visit, come less noisily."

"And I," he replied sarcastically, "ask for a receipt."

"Receipt! Wherefore?"

"The letter contains two million francs."

"From whom?"

"From him."

"From him—who?"

"From my master."

I started up in my bed. "Who is your master," I asked, out of breath.

"Fortune—a happy accident—God—a devil—call it as you like."

I got angry, and pointed the stranger to the door, but he did not move. Exasperated, I tore up the letter and threw the fragments in his face, impulsively ejaculating, "d—n your millions!"

The stranger at once grew civil, and cried bravo, over and over again.

"As for that," he said, "we have considered it. He that despises money thereby doubles its value. There is another letter; it contains four millions. It does not need a receipt. Good morning!" and off he went like a vapor sucked away by the sun.

I would have thought the whole a dream but for the letter. It did contain a check; it was for four millions, and on the Bank of France.

"Well," I thought, "this is a joke of some friend."

I got out of bed, dressed, and went into the streets, toward the Bourse, where I had some business to transact. On my way I passed the bank, and entered in order to get a note of a hundred francs changed, as I needed some small coin. At that moment a clerk from Rothschild's was paid a million—quite a heap of those well-known blue notes, as high and as big as the latest critical edition of Shakspeare. With the same obliging manner, with which he paid the million to Rothschild's clerk, the teller changed my one hundred-franc note into small coin. The man looked so kind and good-natured, that I bethought myself of the already half-forgotten check of four millions, and took the liberty to show it to him, hoping he would not get too angry at such an unseasonable joke.

"*Tres bien*," said he, "shall I send the money to your carriage?"

"For God's sake"—I cried, feeling quite dizzy.

"It is true, it is very large," he said, smiling; "but you may take it by and by."

"Yes, by—and—by."

I stammered painfully, and took mechanically the check-book he offered me. To his question if I wanted some part of the funds now, I answered that I was not in need of money just then, and staggered confusedly down the stairs into the street. A friend whom I met asked sympathetically what was the matter with me.

"Oh, my God! my dear fellow," I said, "I have four million francs—don't you want some?"

He was so kind as to accept one hundred thousand francs. I gave him a check, always under the impression that the whole affair was a dream; but when he returned within ten minutes from the bank to the café, where I waited for him—when he showed me discreetly how, in the depth of the pocket of his coat he had concealed a large packet of bank-notes of all denominations—there was no more doubt. It was certain that I was fortunate enough to have become, all at once, a millionaire. I asked my friend to leave me. I wanted to be left alone, in order to bring my dizzy head to its normal condition, and to think about the proper vocation of a rich man. Before leaving, my friend asked for my address.

"You know it, you know it," I said; "it is always the same."

But while walking slowly along the boulevards it became more and more clear to me that my modest garret-room was not a fit habitation for a Cæsar. I did not mean to buy a large palace, for, although a millionaire all at once, I had not become a shoddy.

I remembered then to have seen, only a few days before, a charming little palazzo, two stories, court, garden, stables, "to be sold, inquire Quai d'Orsay, No. 15."

A hack brought me there in ten minutes. Everything pleased me. The high, cool rooms, the old trees, the garden, the marble stables, and the central location. I bought it at once, for the ridiculously low figure of five hundred thousand francs. I gave the porter the hundred francs in small coin that I had changed at the Bank of France, and went on toward the Exposition.

"Of course," I thought, "I could not live here in summer, it is quite too hot; and, besides, it is not fashionable. But, then, I will buy, in Versailles, or St. Cloud, or St. Denis, or somewhere in the neighborhood of Paris, a nice château, with a large park, well stocked with deer, and complete in all its appointments, that will not cost more than three or four hundred thousand francs; but for the present no hurry. Nothing is more common than to wish to buy everything at once because you have the good fortune to suddenly come into the possession of money. A gentleman can wait; besides, I have first to provide the furniture, etc., for my charming little palazzo at Quai d'Orsay."

I had regained my presence of mind. People should not say I had become dazed on account of four millions. And then, it happens so very seldom that feuilletonists are millionaires, or that millionaires write feuilletons—so very seldom indeed—that for nothing in the world would I have deprived humanity of such a miraculous demonstration of a possibility.

Smiling and nodding, I went over the Champ de Mars,

looked at all the exquisite things there exposed, and chiefly the flowers seemed to me more radiant and fresh than ever before.

"What is the price of this forest of rhododendron?" I asked one of the florists.

"Five thousand francs, sir."

"Only five thousand francs," I intended to say, quite horrified at the low price, but I bethought myself better, and said calmly and in a most gentleman-like and indifferent way, "Send this forest of rhododendron to my house, or rather" (thinking of my present narrow lodgings) "put it aside for me. Here is a check for five thousand francs on the Bank of France."

You should have seen the bows the florist made me.

It may have been an illusion, but it seemed to me that all the shop-keepers took off their hats most profoundly as I passed by their stalls.

I went to the French part of the Exposition. There you see, under a canopy of purple and violet silk velvet, interwoven with golden threads, behind panes of the heaviest plate glass, zealously guarded by officers, the crown diamonds of France—poor orphans now—a sea of indescribable splendor, in which there are seen floating here and there colored gems—turquoises, sapphires, and rubies of untold value. In the evening, when the Exposition closes, this dazzling splendor sinks, like some theatrical trap-door arrangement, into the earth, and the officers, double in numbers, sit down on the ingeniously-constructed tomb of these wonderful treasures in order that no thief, robber, or pretender to the throne may lay hand on them. But here I did not choose to ask for the price. The "regent" alone, which the first Napoleon wore, is valued at over ten millions. Such things can not be bought; they can be stolen only.

On I went to that exquisite porcelain that comes from the national factories at Sèvres. Every piece is a real work of art worthy to be immortalized by poets.

"Please reserve these two vases for me," I said to the shop-keeper, and drew my check for twenty thousand francs. They were exquisite. The narrow necks rested on rosy white bodies, and the delicately pictured amourettes on them were a perfect carnival of cupids. A crowd of little fellows with wings, and dressed as in Paradise, commit all sorts of funny freaks, play theatre, call the audience together with trumpets twice as large as themselves, and then tease the spectators in every possible way.

Then they hide themselves under the beds of pretty black-eyed girls to attend and watch their toilets. Of course they are punished for that; and the little Amazons apply brooms to their rosy-colored backs until they fly screaming out of the windows.

I bought some more Sèvres vases and gave some more checks.

Report of the arrival of a serious buyer must have spread very fast and far, for from every part of the exposition buildings the shopkeepers came and surrounded me, so that I could hardly move or speak, and was afraid of being pressed to death.

I thought of the thirty and odd rooms in my charming little palazzo in the Quai d'Orsay, and I bought for each room complete furniture and appurtenances.

For my bed-room I bought a splendid set of old, polished oak, inlaid with ivory, and carved in the most artistic manner; beds, sofas, chairs, etc., all covered with blue and gold, and a magnificent Oriental carpet representing "Leda and the Swan," with Persian rugs to match—"Eighty thousand francs," he said, when I asked the price, and I did not think it too much. Of course I had to furnish the other rooms and apartments with corresponding style, and, strange to say, for each set the salesman asked ten thousand francs more than for the last preceding.

From there I went to the American part of the Exposition, and bought some watches, clocks, carriages, jewelry, rare birds, Steinway pianos—in short, everything which I thought would be in keeping with my palazzo Quai d'Orsay. In the midst of my triumphal march through the Exposition grounds I met my friend of the morning.

"Very glad to meet you," he said. "I want another hundred thousand francs. The illness of my mother-in-law's aunt puts me to quite an extraordinary expense."

"With all my heart," I replied, "provided so much is left to me."

I made up my accounts in all haste, and found for a wonder that I had spent, up to one centime, just four millions and one hundred francs. After running the whole day and buying so much, I felt very hungry; but I had not a cent in my pocket.

"I should like some lunch," I said to my friend; "will you oblige me with ten francs?"

"Of course," he said; gave me the money, and left me with a deep bow.

At Paris, debtors are nearly as polite as florists, shop-keepers, and bank employés.

* * * * *

Awakened by a rude push at my shoulders, I started up from the chair in which I sat, and the fellow of the dark and forbidding mien stood before me. He was the waiter at the restaurant where I had dined.

"Am sorry to wake you up, sir," he said. "Of course you get tired, walking so much around the Exposition grounds—and then—you fall asleep after dinner—you don't know how—you wish to pay?"

I had forgotten my purse and money. The bill was exactly ten francs. Fortunately, I found a half-forgotten ten-franc piece in the corner of one of my vest pockets.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5, 1878.

LOTUS.

"See here, mister, me and my wife have just been spliced, and I am going to show Amanda the town if it takes a mule a day. Now give us one of them rooms like the Temple of Solomon, you know." The clerk called a hall boy and said: "Show this gentleman to the bridal chamber." At this the tall rustic became instantly excited: "Not by a long shot! Ye shiny-haired, biled-shirted, dollar-breast-pinned, grinning monkey, you can't play that on me! If I am from the country, ye don't catch me and my wife lodging in your doggoned old harness room!"

A kiss from my mother made me a painter. Benjamin West. Well, he liked paint better than we do.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XLIII.—The Home Fever.—A Reminiscence of the West Indies.

We sat alone, in a trellised bower,
And gazed o'er the darkening deep,
And the holy calm of that twilight hour
Came over our hearts like sleep;
And we dreamed of the banks and the honny braes
That have gladdened our hearts in childhood's days.

We sat in that cool verandah's shade,
Where the fragrant ti-ti twined
Its fairy net work around us, and made
A harp for the cool sea wind
That came there with its low, soft tones at night,
Like a sigh that is telling of past delight.

And that wind with its tale of flowers had come
From the island groves that gem the sea,
And the waves, like wanderers returning home,
To the beach came wearily;
For the conch's far home-call, the parrot's cry,
Had told that the sabbath of night was nigh.

And he, the friend at my side that sate,
Was a boy whose path had gone
Thro' the flowers and fields of joy that Fate,
Like a mother, had smiled upon;
But, alas! for the time when our hopes take wings,
And memory to grief like a siren sings.

His home has been on the stormy shore
Of Albyn's mountain land;
His lay was tuned to the breaker's roar,
And he loved the bleak sea sand;
The tempest's din, and the howling breeze,
Were all his soul's wild sympathies.

They had told him tales of sunny lands
That rose o'er Indian seas,
Where gold shone sparkling from river sands,
And strange fruits bent the trees;
They had wiled him away from his father's hearth,
With its light of peace and its voice of mirth.

And, now that gold and gems were near,
He strayed 'neath the tropic sun;
But the voice of promise that thrilled his ear
At that joyous moment was gone,
And the hopes he had chased, mid the wiles of night,
Had melted away, like a fire-fly's light.

Oh! I have watched him gazing long
Where the home-bound vessels lay,
Cheating sad thoughts with some old song,
Or wiping his tears away.
Oh, well I knew that that weary breast,
Like the dove of the deluge, pined for rest.

For there was "a worm in the bud," whose fold
Defied the skillful healer's art;
And consumption's hectic plague-spot told
The tale of a broken heart.
The boy knew he was dying; but the sleep
Of death is bliss to those that watch and weep.

He died; but memory's wizard power,
With its ghostly train, had come
To the sad heart's ruins at that last hour,
And he murmured: "Home, home, home."
And his spirit passed, in that happy dream,
Like a bird in the track of a bright sunbeam.

Oh! talk of spring to the trampled flower,
Of light, to the fallen star;
Of glory, to those who, in danger's hour,
Lie cold in the field of war;
But ye mock the exile's heart when ye tell
Of aught save the home where it pines to dwell.

* A kind of vine common in the West Indies.

† The sound made by blowing into the conch shell was the usual summons to the negroes to leave their work.

XLIV.—Ebb-Tide.

With her white face full of agony,
Under her dripping locks,
I hear the wretched, restless sea,
Complaining to the rocks.

Helplessly in her great despair,
She shudders on the sand,
The bright weeds dropping from her hair,
And the pale shells from her hand.

'Tis pitiful thus to see her lie,
With her heaving, heaving breast,
Here, where she fell, when cast aside,
Sobbing herself to rest.

Alas, alas! for the foolish sea,
Why was there none to say:
"The wave that strikes on the heartless stone
Must break and fall away."

Why could she not have known that this
Would be her fate at length—
For the hand upheld must slip at last,
Though it clings with love's own strength.

PHOEBE CARY

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, August 18, 1878.

Muskmelon.
Mock Turtle Soup.
Fried Sea Bass, Sauce Tartare.
Succotash. Baked Egg Plant.
Boiled Ham, Horse Radish.
Roast Veal. Baked Potatoes.
Peach Pie, with Cream.

Fruit-bowl of Plums, Gages, Peaches, Apricots, Grapes, and Apples.
TO MAKE MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Take some rich stock, and put into it two onions, six tomatoes, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one desertspoonful of ground cloves, one of allspice, and some cayenne pepper. Cut four hard-boiled eggs fine, put in the tureen, and pour half a small cup of sherry wine over them. When the soup has boiled sufficiently, strain it into the tureen and serve.

TO MAKE TARTARE SAUCE.—To one gill of mayonnaise sauce mix in one tablespoonful of capers, one small shallot (or one-eighth of a small onion), one ounce of cucumber pickles, and half a tablespoonful of parsley, all chopped very fine. This sauce will keep a long time, and is nice for cold meats or salad dressing.

A scythe is a hay-cutter in that it believes all flesh to be grass, and while the latter grasps man by his fingers the former embraces his legs. Like the mighty reverberation of a clap of thunder to a half-pint of milk a scythe is very unexpected.

At a recent sheriff's sale at Lebanon, Pa., coffins went at one dollar apiece. At this rate, for a few dollars a man might have laid in enough coffins to last him a lifetime.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY,
 FRED. M. SOMERS,

Editors.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

For the first time in the history of the workingmen's movement in San Francisco we are disposed to accord to its action our approval. The petition of their delegates to the State Constitutional Convention, addressed to the President of the United States, is a dignified, well written, and courteous presentation of the Chinese question. Such a protest, coming from such a source, under present conditions, will not be without its influence. The question of Chinese immigration is, in our judgment, the most important one that our national councils have to consider. To us, it is the question of paramount interest, transcending in importance all others, pressing upon our statesmen and thinkers with all the force that belongs to the consideration of national safety. Our Eastern fellow-citizens do not appreciate it as we do, only because it does not, with its gaunt and horrid skeleton form, stand at their hearthstones and firesides. Could they find in Congressional aid some protection from their hard times, their bankruptcies, their shrinkage of property values, their labor strikes, their evils resulting from intemperance, their sunstrokes, their fearful, desolating tornadoes, their deaths by lightning, their pauperism, crime, and bites of mad dogs, there would be but one sentiment, one public opinion, one party upon the enforcement of the proposed remedy. The Chinese are the cause of our hard times, our labor difficulties, our bankruptcies, our shrinkage of values, our pauperism, our crime; they are our sunstrokes, our tornadoes, our mad dogs, our lightnings. If there had been no Chinese upon this coast we should not be as rich as now; but riches would be more equally distributed, and California would have been the exceptional spot upon God's footstool where there had been no hard times, and where poverty and destitution are forever impossible. We should not be as comfortable under the insolence of foreign servants as with Chinese in our kitchens, but more of our girls would cook, and wash, and bake, and mend, and do housework, and fewer would be able to play the "Battle of Prague" upon a discordant, rattlety-bang, cheap old piano. Our views are, we believe, fixed upon the necessity of restraining, by lawful means, Chinese immigration. We have given to the consideration of this question, now for many years, our most earnest thought. We have endeavored to discard from our minds all prejudice. We repudiate the sectarian and sanctimonious nonsense that prates of "the Fatherhood of God" and "the Brotherhood of Man," as the cant of sham piety. We consider this question from the narrow, selfish standpoint of self-interest to the race and family in which we are born, and to which we are allied by all the ties that bind us to life. We are on the raft at sea, with only enough for ourselves, and we would push the Chinese off to drown. We care not for history. Whether Genghis Khan and his nephew, Batu, were bloody-minded barbarians, who piled up their monuments of skulls to mark the murderous track of their devastating armies, or holy pilgrims and preachers of the one true God, we care not. This was in the thirteenth century, and we are now living in the nineteenth. To us this is a practical question—a question of to-day, a question of self-preservation. Because these fierce and bloody Tartars generously spared our ancestors six hundred years ago is no reason why their descendants should eat us up now. But we began writing not to discuss the Chinese question, but to say a pleasant word of Clitus Barbour and his associates, for their first sensible act since they were hatched from the sand-lot. Opposed to Chinese immigration as we have always been, and are, and always will be, we are, and have been, and always will be, more opposed to the cowardly and brutal insolence of a body of ignorant and audacious foreign miscreants who, being them-

selves of alien birth, dare to organize and menace the quiet of our homes, the security of our property, the safety of our lives, because we will not violate a national treaty and be guilty of inhuman and barbarous acts to a peaceful, industrious, and quiet people whom we have invited to our shores, and with whose government we have entered into reciprocal obligations. So long as this conflict is between alien Europeans and alien Chinese; so long as it is a quarrel in which the foreign element is wrong and the Chinese right; so long as common justice is with the Chinese, so long they will have our sympathy, our eloquence if we have any, and our pen if we can write. It is not against the Chinese we war, it is against the policy that invites them here; it is not the Chinese we would burn, it is the ships that bring them in violation of law, morals, and decency, as in the case of the steamer that, by bringing four hundred prostitutes, once provoked from the writer of this article a passionate and declamatory threat. With the workmen, upon this question, as upon all that affects their interests, we are in earnest sympathy. In all reforms; in all reasonable legislative aid to labor; in all honest movements for the elevation of the laboring class; in all cases where honest working men and women are seeking their rights, we are with Clitus Barbour and his associates, in feeling, heart, and sympathy. Anything in reason that will lighten the burdens and increase the rewards of labor we will heartily cooperate with, if led by moderate men and governed by moderate councils. But we do not favor murder, arson, and robbery. We do not favor a division of the accumulations of honest industry among the vicious and idle poor. We will not follow, nor will we stand at one side and applaud, ignorant and vicious demagogues who seek to stir criminals and unfortunates to deeds of violence and crime. We will not countenance nor uphold the miserable and cowardly wretches who think to intimidate American and foreign-born gentlemen by the cry of Hemp! or by the exposure of the hempen noose. Such treason as this we should aid to put down by the strong hand of the law. We will not countenance nor uphold a Legislature that panders to such insolence; nor a judge who prostitutes himself, his court, and his ermine for hope of future votes; nor the Democratic party that in a cowardly manner throws up its hands at the "stand and deliver" of these political miscreants; nor that last, worst, vilest, meanest, most mercenary and cowardly thing, the daily press of San Francisco, that for the hope of advertisements, circulation, and coin, either stands by in cowardly silence or in noisy bravado of financial desperation eggs on the mob to a violation of the law. To Clitus Barbour and his associates we say, you have our sympathy and the sympathy of many thousands of thinking men. We know and appreciate the wrongs of which you justly complain. We of the great middle class suffer with you, and we have as much to lose. Our families, homes, lives, and property, are dear to us; we love our country; we are for fair deal; anything that affects labor affects us. We are in sympathy with you, with your wrongs, with your search for remedy and reform; but we look for it along the path of law, under the constitution. So long as you are there we are with you; but when, in your ignorance, your passion, or your party zeal, you undertake yourselves to violate the law, and threaten to overwhelm us and society in a common wreck to alleviate your sufferings or relieve your inconveniences, we cry "Halt!" To the honest workmen we proclaim ourselves allies. To the vicious, idle, cowardly agitators we proclaim ourselves enemies. Thinking we observe that more temperate counsels are prevailing in this new organization, we hail it as the omen of better days and the promise of needed reforms. We shall not regret if out of this agitation there shall come to the statesmen of the nation an appreciation of the difficulties under which we now labor. We shall not regret this upheaval of the masses if it make the thinking men of the nation think in the direction of reform. We shall not regret the formation of a great national labor party if the principles of that party are wise and reformatory; its leaders prudent, legal, and law-abiding. We shall not regret any political change that is for the better, and it really seems as if none can be for the worse.

We have said, "there are two dangerous classes, the very rich and the vicious poor." The rich owe a duty to society which they alone can perform. Last winter our town was threatened by the moblots with violence; the same scenes will be reenacted this coming winter unless wise precautions are taken to prevent them. The first and paramount duty of organized government is to provide remunerative labor to the working poor. We declare, that when a poor woman or a poor man comes to the representative of organized society and says: "I am starving for bread, and have no other way to earn it than by labor—I can find no work to do," then society must provide that work and pay for it. Our city government has no such authority. Our city officials can not do this thing, because there is no law authorizing it. And yet this work must be provided this coming winter. If it is not, there will be disorder and violence. The wealthy men of our city must organize and do that as individuals which the city government can not do. Labor at one dollar a day must be furnished to every man who seeks it. Then when the tramp comes to our doors and says, "I am hungry and

want work," we say, "go to work," and show him the place. If he will not work, then we know he is a fraud and a tramp; then we can treat him as a criminal; this is a test of his sincerity and his necessities. Thus we segregate the vicious from the good, the idle from the industrious. Having first done our duty to honest men we can deal with the dishonest in conscientious security. When the mob demands "labor for bread" we can not fire upon that mob if there is one honest man in it who is willing to work. First give employment to the willing workers, and then deal sternly with the criminal element that would rather steal than toil. We have a right to ask our rich men to act in this matter, for they alone have the ability to act. We have an abnormal condition of things in San Francisco. By a chapter of accidents, by the bounty of government and the bounty of God, by luck, genius, and financial skill, one hundred and ten men have accumulated an average of more than three millions of money each. Three hundred and fifty millions—an amount equal to the entire assessed value, real and personal, of San Francisco—is owned by one three-thousandth part of the population. This wealth has been gathered from the community; it is the earnings and the accumulation of all. Those who are richest have not worked the hardest; they are not above the average of the middle class in ability, industry, or economy. Circumstances have made them the favorites of fortune. The great middle class is poor, and all it can do is, by diligent toil and prudent economy, to hold its own. This being the condition of affairs in San Francisco, the middle class has a right to say to the great corporations and the millionaires: "It is your duty to see to it that we have no bread riots. The easy way to prevent an uprising is to provide labor for all who will work, and give them for eight hours of labor one dollar." This is a practical remedy for a great threatened evil. It is simple, just, and easy of accomplishment. Let us make figures in demonstration. December, January, February, and March are the hard months, one hundred working days to be provided for. Let us estimate the number of men who would ask this employment at 5,000—and this a large estimate. \$5,000 a day, for one hundred days, is \$500,000. It is the one-sixth of one per cent. on \$300,000,000. The whole amount is half the cost of the Hopkins mansion. More money is annually squandered in the public schools. It is not half as much as is filched from property-owners through the street department. It is only a fraction of the amount spent in French wines and Havana cigars. This money is not given away, for every eight hours of honest labor is of the value of a dollar. It does not demoralize the poor, as does giving alms. It does not encourage tramps, as do free lunches and gift soup. It does not hurt the honest pride of the honest poor; and, better than all, it applies the test of labor to determine real poverty from grumbling discontent. By giving this one dollar per day we do not interfere with legitimate occupations; we do not permanently reduce the value of labor; on the contrary, by furnishing employment for a limited period we enable the laborer to tide over a temporary difficulty. If he is not necessitous, he declines the wages. It is a means of aiding the working poor without giving alms which is hurtful to both those who give and those who take. We have devised a plan for carrying such a scheme into practical operation, and in time shall suggest it to such gentlemen as shall have the inclination, the ability, and the leisure to charge themselves with the details of a philanthropic labor bureau.

A convention of German teachers in New York urges the teaching of German in the public schools. This is as appropriate as it would be for a convention of German sausage makers to recommend the eating of bolognas and black pudding to all American citizens. Leading journals of New York disapprove of teaching German in the free public schools. We quote: "We consider it wrong to make the teaching of any foreign language in the public schools obligatory, or to use the school funds for such a purpose. English is the language of this country. All our laws are written and administered in that language. No other language is necessary in any and all the affairs of life. No other language is necessary for the duties of citizenship. To teach any other as a part of public school education only tends to perpetuate race distinctions, which should be obliterated as soon as possible in this republic. We want only a purely American education in the public schools. The study of different languages is useful, undoubtedly to those who like the study and have the means and time to cultivate their minds in that way. This, however, is an accomplishment which those who wish their children to possess should pay for themselves. It is an accomplishment this American public should not be called upon to pay for. The movement to force the study of foreign living languages at our public schools comes from parents who were born abroad and who have their old native prejudices clinging to them. A good, solid, and practical American education, and one that will not foster distinctions of race or nationality, should only be sanctioned by government or those who have charge of our system of public instruction."

Mr. Tunstead, the Sheriff of Marin, is the only hero that the Kearney movement has yet developed.

AFTERMATH.

The discovery of new mines which may be worked to profitable advantage is a good thing. The development of ore bodies of great value in the Bodie district is a subject of congratulation if the result shall not excite our people to speculative investments in wild cat and other worthless mines. Mining is an honest and legitimate employment; gambling in stocks is as hazardous, criminal, and disastrous as gambling upon the green cloth. The result of all kinds of gaming is the same—a few get all the money. Where there is one prize there are a hundred blanks; where one gets rich ten commit suicide.

A new deal in mining stocks, and a lively one, now engages the attention of operators in this line of business. Whether the advance in values is attributable to discoveries, or whether it is the result of speculative manipulation, we have no means of determining. If the activity is due to legitimate causes, such as new-found ore bodies, it will be productive of good, and calculated to advance the general interest. If it is but a stock operation sprung upon the credulous to gather in the summer's earnings from manufacturer, mechanic, farmer, and laborer, it will belikely to prove a disaster to the material interests of our city and State. Stock gambling is becoming to the people of this coast a serious business. It is paralyzing all legitimate industries, and absorbing money, enterprise, and effort that ought to be turned in other directions. We shall be glad when this stock dealing shall be confined to a class. So long as the gambling mania continues—as now, extending to all classes of society, so long will there be a want of general prosperity.

The Prince of Wales has christened his new steam-launch *Natika*, after an American young lady, and other American young ladies are gone pea-green with envy. But who is Miss *Natika*?—the forward thing!

"We've escaped from England," writes a good young lady who has died and gone to Paris, "but we've not escaped from the English language, my dear. It pervades the atmosphere. Even the classic stage of the Théâtre Français is not free from the infection. You will hear such words as 'shoking' and 'luncher' in *Les Fourchambaults*, while Judic says 'I loaf you' at the Variétés." The young woman seems to have "escaped from the English language" pretty effectually, we should say, and the same thing can be done by hearing our local version of *Les Fourchambaults* at the Baldwin.

The Bulgarians are about to erect a statue to the late Mr. MacGahan, the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who wrote up the famous "atrocities." Mr. MacGahan, by the way, was an American—born, we believe, in Ohio. The circumstance that he once expressed a wish to visit Yosemite Valley might, perhaps, justify us in claiming him as a Californian.

This did *not*, really, occur at Mr. Sharon's party last week. A fresh-looking young woman, evidently from the country, but pretty for all that, was "attracting the males." A noted beauty was asked what she thought of her. "Not bad—for an amateur."

The following incident occurred out of San Francisco, too, unfortunately. A local "swell" called at a well known boot and shoe store. "I bought a pair of shoe-laces here the other day," said he, loftily, "and they were not worth a d—! I shall buy no more in this shop." "Put up the shutters, John," said the proprietor, turning to one of his assistants, "it's no good going on with this business: this gentleman will never buy another pair of ten-cent shoe-laces here."

"You look weary," said a friend of ours as a friend of his entered a Kearny Street saloon; "take something?" "Thanks, it is good after exercise. I have been clear out to Lone Mountain." "Yes?" "Yes." "Long way out." "I went to attend the funeral of my mother-in-law. It might have been further."

We are requested to please notice "a farce in one act," written by a member of the California Dramatic Club, Mr. T. P. James, author of—but, bless him! we have not room for the list of his previous works. As the play in question contains in its first two pages a critical judgment, highly appreciative, from another hand (let us hope not the author's), the necessity for one from us is not apparent. So we have not taken the trouble to read it, but are glad to learn from the appreciative criticism mentioned that a work having all the ear-marks of a silly performance is a most meritorious one. There seem to be other plays in the same book.

The President, it appears, does not apprehend any difficulty in making the Chinese Embassy take the same views of Chinese immigration that he holds himself. If his confidence is well grounded it becomes a matter of considerable interest to know what views he has the wisdom to hold. It is to be remembered that the State of Ohio has not as yet been seriously threatened by the "Mongolian hordes."

They are going to erect a monument to Raphael Semmes in Mobile, but in San Francisco we still lack one to Col. Jackson, of the *Post*. True, the latter has not the good luck to be dead, but his feats of piracy in publishing the contents of the school-readers as original contributions to his paper seem to call for some kind of prehumous recognition. No doubt, however, he finds a certain gratification in fancying he is, as a famous author expresses it in another tongue, "a statue of himself, erected by public subscription." But what an execrable artist he must think the sculptor.

Unless "an appeal" shall result in mitigating their hard lot, Messrs. Bächelder and Henninger, the men who managed the police brokerage business in this city with such admirable results and so intelligent a sense of personal profit, will have to go to jail, the first for a year and the second for six months. It is to be hoped they may be spared the annoyance of being conducted to the "Bastile" by officers to whom they sold appointments. The object of punishment—it cannot be too often repeated—is merely reformatory; and this end will have been sufficiently accomplished if these gentlemen, entering jail as common swindlers, shall emerge as common thieves.

When a capitalist gives in his adherence to the working-man's cause he does so with a temperate and graceful zeal suggestive of a reserved power from which those who have lost faith in the empty declamation of the ragged demagogue are justified in forecasting great results. An instance in point. Down at the Oakland wharf last Tuesday a "fat and well-liking" gentleman who lives on Nob Hill approached with stately step a little Chinese cub not bigger than a water-pitcher, whose pagan guardian was chaffering with the ticket-seller at the ferry, and, spreading his fatherly palm all over the top of the little creature's nawl, smiled a courtly smile and said in his blandest tones: "My child, you must go." It was a mere experiment; the gentleman has political ambition, and was rehearsing his part. One must creep before one can walk.

The *London World*, in presenting a sketch of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, formerly Mayor of Birmingham and now member of Parliament, says that during his first tenure of the mayoralty commenced that series of municipal reforms with which his name is indissolubly associated by his fellow-townsmen. He set to work to conduct the negotiations and draw the Acts of Parliament necessary for the acquirement of the local water-works, and subsequently of the property of the two gas companies existing in Birmingham. This policy has proved brilliantly successful, having relieved the rate-payers of considerable burdens. The gas department is conducted so cheaply as to return to the town a profit of fifty thousand pounds per annum, while the water-works bring in five, the difference being explained by the indisposition of the corporation to make more than just a clear surplus out of the water, which must be regarded as an article of prime necessity, while gas is employed at a profit in conducting business. If we could have an honest municipal government, nothing could be more desirable than that San Francisco should own her gas and water-works. The first it can construct, and thus supply light. The second it can purchase either from the Spring Valley or by obtaining Lake Merced; and if properly and honestly conducted would be a source of profit to the city. Common sense and common honesty are all that is required.

It is becoming the fashion among the ladies of England to have their monograms embroidered on their shoes. This is an idea for those who have pretty ankles and small feet.

One of the most promising signs of the times is the disintegration of the Democratic party of the "solid South." Disaffected Democrats, Republicans, and darkies are organizing in opposition to the brigadier-general machine politics of the unreconstructed element of Southern chivalry. We told Pen Johnson so.

From a paragraph in the "social" column of a local Jenkins we learn that on Monday last the Superintendent of Streets was "surprised." It was by a party of admiring friends at his residence, not, as one might infer, by finding a section of clean and well-paved street broad enough to lay out a dead contractor on.

"I have always liked your paper," said a well-known mining "manipulator" entering this office, "and now I think I can do something more than praise it." "Speak to the Business Manager," said the editor, not looking up. Exit offended manipulator. "You imprudent man!" shouts the B. M., who had overheard; "how do you know but he had a corrupt proposition to make?"

We recommend to persons having contracts to let requiring only unskilled labor—such as grading—to withhold the same until the winter season in order that employment may be furnished to common laborers. Work is now abundant in town and country. During the rainy season there comes to the poor a severe pinch. If this suggestion is heeded the winter will be tidied over easily.

Two Englishmen, one of whom was, in his own country, a politician, the other a *littérateur*, met the other evening at the Bohemian Club in this city and naturally began talking on the one subject that now occupies the English patriotic mind. "Really," said the statesman, "it has been a wonderful and glorious career, that of Lord Beaconsfield." "Very," assented the man of letters, and pathetically added: "What a pity Mr. Disraeli is not living to describe it."

As an evidence of the influence of the ARGONAUT upon the effete monarchies of Europe, we are informed that the entertainments given at Marlborough House by the Prince and Princess of Wales are styled "Olla Podrida."

Miss Lotta Crabtree, the actress, says she will not play any more in San Francisco for fear people will think that her gift of a fountain was only an advertisement of herself. Her acting is popular and her fountain pretty generally avoided, but if we can have but one of them we prefer the fountain.

What a number of "primitive Christians" and "fathers of the early church" one meets in San Francisco, awaiting canonization. Mr. Lecky informs us that the saints of Mesopotamia considered washing a pollution to the soul, and no man was thought to be saintly until offensive. When Saint Anthony was very old he refused to put his feet in warm water, explaining that any kind of ablution was a "fleshly vanity." Then there was another nice old "father," whose name we do not now recall, who never washed his face, because, he said, "the face should reflect only the purity of the soul." Saint Euphrasia joined an order of religious devotees who shuddered at mention of a bath. In short, the more ardent pietists of "young Christianity" seem to have been staunch believers in some Gospel of Dirt which has, unfortunately, not been handed down to us; but we have a *lex non scripta* which many of their modern successors faithfully observe. It is our bigoted opinion that these heretics ought to be persecuted.

The San Rafael ferry-boat. Beautiful young married woman beleaguered by male adorers competing for smiles. Beautiful young married woman's husband looks over the top of his newspaper and mutters *sotto voce*: "Now what the devil do those idiots find to admire in *her*?"

Boston has a "Society for the Elevation of the Stage." This is a noble work in which actors and actresses ought to assist by forming a "Society for the Elevation of the Public." The former league might then advantageously disband.

The man Troy Dye, of Sacramento, who is suspected of having murdered Mr. Tullis in order to have, as Public Administrator, the handling of the dead man's estate, has, naturally, a "complete answer." Probably it will turn out to be that he could not have made any money of the estate except by official dishonesty. *Later*.—He has confessed, and must be considered a dishonest official.

An irascible Front Street merchant, to whom a pertinacious collector had for the third time presented a trifling bill and been told to take it to the store, kicked him soundly, roaring: "Take that!" "On account, yes," replied the dun, pulling himself together and walking away; "give you a receipt when you pay the balance."

Mr. Alexander Del Mar, formerly Director of the Bureau of Statistics at the national capital, has not been very long in California, but he has already found time to make a gift of a valuable library of some two thousand volumes to the State University. It is a generous act, intelligently performed. *Abi tu et fac similiter.*

Amongst the ladies whose grief for the sudden death of Montague was most clamorous and inconsolable Miss Jeffreys-Lewis shone with considerable splendor. When the *Diplomacy* Company went East with the body Miss Lewis accompanied them as far as Oakland, where, to their astonishment and renewed grief, she bade them a tender farewell, returned to this city, and married a stock-broker. The lady and her husband are now engaged in drying the handkerchief she used at the funeral services—which will then be preserved in a suitably accessible place where it can be reverently inspected by the sentimental public.

The *Call* is authority for saying that the Hebrews of New York propose to express in some suitable form their thanks to Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Bismarck, and Count Andrassy for their emancipation of the Roumanian Jews, and for securing them their rights in Servia. This is a proper and graceful thing to do, and might be profitably imitated by the leading Hebrews of San Francisco.

Ex-Secretary Fish declares himself "out of politics," and shows the callosities of his palms, made by guiding the plow and swinging the scythe. With all respect for the word of Mr. Fish, we venture to remark that in this country the man who parades his "horny hands" is commonly the man that is about to "fling himself into the pol."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"Here is the bed where Nellie slept,"
She turned the snowy coverlet down;
In through the lattice the ivy crept
What a blissful change from the heated town!

"Good night," she left me; the moonbeams fell
On flowered carpet and dainty bed;
I snoked and powdered, but strange to tell
I couldn't get Nellie out of my head.

"My aunt had never a friend," I said,
"Named Nell, or Nellie, yet I am here
Seated on Nell's, or Nellie's, bed—
My clothes upon Nell's, or Nellie's, chair.

"Nellie! I always liked that name,
The gods are propitious, and I, perchance,
Who voted the country dull and tame,
Am here beginning my life's romance.

"How fragrant this soap, and this ewer quaint
Has the water held in which Nellie washed—
Nellie, whose face needs no nasty paint;
And the soap, too—what a pity its smashed!

"How soft this towel! Nellie, or Nell,
Has hung it thus. What a dear sweet girl
She is, to be sure; and this brush—ah, well,
I wish I could drop on a triant curl.

"Is she a blonde? or is she brunette?
I'm sure to love her. These nights of bliss
Are made for loving. I knew that yet
I should meet my fate in some way like this."

I sank on the pillows. "O dear, sweet Nell,
To think that your cheek has pressed this down,
And your limbs reclined here, my country belle,
One day to be queen of my house in town."

My sleep was broken. 'Twas not the breeze
That sighed through the trees the whole night long,
I rather fear that it was the fleas,
Though the thought seemed wicked, and base, and wrong.

I looked in vain in the breakfast-room
For Nell, or Nellie. She was not there,
"Dear aunt," I said, "are we not too soon?
Miss Nell has not finished her morning prayer."

"Nellie, come here." With cheeks aflame
I could not raise my eyes from the floor,
But grim was the air of the ancient dame
As Nellie, her poodle, came in at the door.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 4, 1878. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Fated.

The fair Norse princess, Gundalier,
Spoke to the maidens robing her:
"My life's white hour is very near,
And the great ash tree's leaflets stir
With some strange message meant for me.
Before next morn I may be dead;
Even now I hear the mystic sea,
So tire me as a bride new wed."

They murmured low she was distraught,
Yet the large eyes were clear and far;
Then all her rich attire they brought
And looped it with a pearly star.
So she went down into the hall
Clothed in pure womanhood, unmoved;
A new knight rose among them all,
And looked on her, and deeply loved.

Thereat she smiled—their glances crossed,
And they were one in joy and pain;
She thinking, "Alas! I have lost,
But yet the loss is sweetest gain;"
He thinking of the savage kin,
And his own loyal island home,
And glory, bearing from that ring
His bride, across the laughing foam.

That night, at sunset, from the shore
A light boat parted, bearing them,
And after it a long ship bore
With eight swift rowers armed and grim.
Next morn, upon the lonely sea,
A drifting and dismantled boat;
And in the shadows, calm and drear,
The princess, veiled across the throat.

NILES, August 10, 1878. CHARLES H. SHINN.

Mountain Lilies.

Pure, pallid lily, lifting up racemes
Of scented, milk-white blossoms to the sun;
Pale, passionless thou art, as some cold nun
Who slays love's memory except in dreams;
Thy flawless purity bathes in the gleams
Of the sun's gracious love which thou hast won,
Unrecking in that love thy death began,
As thy flowers breathe their hearts out on his beams,
Sweet victory, I would my love were worth
A like the fragrant sacrifice of thine;
I would there were such homage on the earth
As that thou layest on the day-god's shrine,
That the intangible spirit of thy birth
Infused its essence at thy death in mine.

NORTH COLUMBIA, July 28, 1878. MAY N. HAWLEY.

Wild Roses.

After the spring-tide blossoming there lingers,
With petals yet unfurled,
And clasped in thorny, half-reluctant fingers,
The rose of all the world.

A vagrant blossom, unafraid of summer—
Child of the aftermath;
Smiling from every careless, wayside corner,
From lane and meadow path.

They touch the hills and fields with wistful splendor,
She and her sisters far—
Sweet honor-mounds, who unto summer render
Service without compare.

By every sluggish brook and pool they gather
With faces flushed and bright,
Vieling their tender dewy kisses rather
To dawn than unto night.

Their faint sweet odor, like a soul unshroun,
Is fed by memories,
And woodland secrets to the air are given
With every rose that dies.

Such shy, frail things, they mock my vain endeavor
To hear the song they hold,
And so their soul and secret wait forever
Unfathomed and untold.

MONT, August 9, 1878.

CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISM.—I.

Having been engaged in journalism, off and on, for the past twenty-seven years, I have taken some pleasure now and then in collecting a variety of curious errors which have occurred during that time in leading papers in the United States and elsewhere. The most common and most unavoidable class of errors is that arising from mistakes in punctuation; and next in order, errors resulting from defective orthography. Hardly a newspaper in the world, of account, is there that has not suffered in this way, and, as a general thing, the errors most infernal to the editor, but funny to his readers, are to be met with in the most influential and best circulated sheets. This fact is easily accounted for: a great deal of the "late matter" of a morning paper finding its rapid way into "the columns" without the knowledge of that indefatigable enemy of "blacksmiths," the proof-reader. In the first place I will present a few of those oft-occurring errors—the results of defective punctuation. Some twenty-one years ago I cut the following from the advertising columns of the New York Herald:

"WANTED. A gentle, sorrel colt, suitable for a young lady with a long tail."

"HOUSEKEEPER.—A highly-respectable middle-aged woman, of economical habits, who has been filling the above situation for upward of eleven years, and who is now deceased, is anxious to meet with a similar one."

"These lines were written nearly fifty years ago by one who has for several years lain in the grave for his own amusement."

The following is a Philadelphia Ledger advertisement:

"WANTED.—At the Labor Exchange, two married men and their wives to do farm work; also, four single men to drive horses; also, two stout boys to milk four young girls, who must understand general housework."

This combination of defective punctuation and grammatical impurities is not entirely confined to the advertising columns of our newspapers. Reporters, who ought not to, are constantly making their departments ridiculous by such startling announcements as follows, in an account of a steamboat explosion:

"The captain swam ashore, and subsequently saved the life of the stewardess; she was insured for fifteen thousand dollars, and was full of railroad iron."

The inimitable Joe Howard, author of the New York Times, and now of the Herald, wrote of the Bill Poole obsequies in New York, in 1855: "The procession was very fine, as was also the sermon of the minister." He afterward inserted after the word *fine* (by a caret), "and nearly two miles in length"—forgetting that this addition would also refer to the sermon. The pronouns are the source of vexatious *contres-temps*, and I select two at random from my scrap-book:

"During the storm a cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf seven days old."

"During the celebration a child was run over, wearing a short, red dress, which never spoke afterward."

Persons unaccustomed to advertising phraseology frequently express themselves in language liable to exceedingly absurd misinterpretation. Thus, in "Situations Wanted," we read that a "respectable young woman wants washing;" the proprietor of a bone-mill advertises that "parties sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with fidelity and dispatch." A miller, in a testimonial to the merits of a powder for destroying vermin, writes:

"Two weeks ago I was full of rats, and now I haven't one."

The next most common class of errors is that resulting from mistakes in orthography. Thus, upon a gala occasion among the "strong-minded" at Rochester, N. Y., in 1859, Mrs. Stanton declaimed violently against what she termed "white males." But the next morning the *Democrat* had it "white mules." To all probability, however, the word *mules* was perfectly satisfactory to the pernickacious "E. C. S." aforesaid. The Washington Chronicle, during the early part of our late civil war, had occasion to refer to Governor Seward's "little bell," etc., and made the sentence read: "The Secretary returned from the War Department, and raised a little hell!" etc., which was indignantly contradicted. In Mr. Curtis's oration at the unveiling of the Sedgwick Monument at West Point, some years ago, he used the familiar quotation, "*Ubi libertas ibi patria!*" ["Where liberty is there is my country!"] Imagine the astonishment of the cultivated author of "Prue and I," when perusing his address in the *Standard* the next morning, to meet: "You be *libertas*, I be *patria!*" A most villainous kind of newspaper error is that which results occasionally from a "mixing up" of two or more articles. While "benzene" has something to do with these "mixtures" sometimes, they are generally the effect of rapid "making up" of "forms" in the mysterious midnight preparation of a daily morning paper. One of the most provoking of the kind appeared in Senator Anthony's excellent newspaper, the Providence *Daily Journal*, in 1853, and resulted from a "mixing up" of two articles, for which an old typo named Ned Angell secured his walking papers, which raised a dreadful commotion the next day throughout the "State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." The articles mixed up were the announcement of the departure for Europe of a prominent and beloved pastor of C— Church and a description of the peculiar movements of a dog affected with hydrophobia. As it appeared in the *Journal*:

"The Rev. Mr. R—, after many years of faithful service in the cause of Christ, will take his departure from us on Tuesday, so as to take the Collins' steamer *Artie*, which leaves New York on Thursday. Mr. R— has for a long time been in ill health, a fact which has for some time been painfully realized by the members of his congregation. So they resolved upon a European trip for their beloved pastor, and on Saturday made him acquainted with the delightful fact. Accompanying the report of the committee was a nicely-filled purse, which was placed at the disposal of the pastor, who, after thanking made a run down South Main Street as far as Planet, then up Planet to Benefit Street, where he was caught by some boys, who tied a tin pan to his tail. Away he went again, up Benefit Street, and down College, at the foot of which he was shot by a policeman."

Is it to be wondered at that such an item raised Ned?—
out of his situation? BEN C. TRUMAN.

SPURGEON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, July 18, 1878.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has been so long a great London celebrity that I fear your readers may not care to read about him. Twenty-five years is a long time for a preacher to hold the ear of such a city as the British metropolis. But this Spurgeon has done, and even Beecher can boast of no more. True, Beecher is able to say, besides, that as he grows older he grows more interesting, at least to the public, whatever he may be to his congregation, while Spurgeon, for fifteen years past, has apparently been satisfied with holding his own. What developments he may have in reserve time only can tell. He may intend some brilliant play in the future.

For a month past I have been moving heaven and earth to get tickets of admission to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, for you must know that enormous as is the building, the public generally understand that it is always filled to overflowing with the pew-holders, leaving no chance for strangers except by special and exceptional favor. And so I thought until I was assured, a few days ago, that there was and is a method, and a very commonplace one, too, to pass the door of Mr. Spurgeon's establishment, which anybody can try if he only will. And would you believe it, the hint conveyed to me was to the effect that the talisman that would unlock the place was simply coin! So last Sunday morning, at 10:30 A. M., I called a hansom and drove over Westminster Bridge to Newington Butts, fully intent upon bribing the door-keeper of the great Surrey Conventicle up to any sum within the limit of five "bob." I had not the least trouble in the world, I assure you. On the contrary, at least a half dozen vestrymen or church-wardens stood at the entrance ready to be corrupted, and only wishing for the chance.

The way the thing is done is simple enough, and I give it to the readers of the ARGONAUT (many of whom have large church interests), to use as they may think best. Under a portico, at the right of the main door, three persons stand with a package of envelopes in their hands. You tell them you would like to get in, and that you have no seat, whereupon you are handed an envelope, into which you slip a half-crown and seal it up "why seal it up I don't know, but seal it you do," and return it, whereupon they pass you through, just like a camel passing through the eye of a needle. The Tabernacle, as it is called, is immense. The main floor holds at least three thousand people, and the four galleries more than as many more. I made an estimate of between six and seven thousand present.

Mr. Spurgeon is a stoutish, thick-set man, of medium height, and weighing over two hundred pounds. His voice is strong and clear, without appearing to be very powerful. He aims at nothing like elegance of manner, either in style or delivery. His matter is simple, and his manner only impressive because earnest. He is a good speaker, but by no means equal to many we have in America. The Rev. Mr. Killoch, of Fifth Street, in your city, is his superior in every possible respect—better voice, better manner, and better matter. As to the quality of religion preached by them, respectively, of course I cannot undertake to decide. That your readers must settle for themselves.

Mr. Spurgeon preaches Calvinism in its strictest sense. He either is not in communication with Beecher or does not agree with him, for up to last Sunday he believed fully in an actual hell, and spoke of it more than once with that familiarity that can only come from an intimate acquaintance with the subject in all its bearings. He also believes strictly in justification by faith, and by faith alone. He warned his listeners that nothing was more dangerous than the habit he feared too many of them indulged in of thinking they could make their way to heaven simply by doing right to their fellow-men, by acts of charity, mercy, benevolence, justice, humanity, and the like trashy and superfluous nonsense. He called upon them to come out of all that, and to believe in the Lord Jesus, and to depend wholly upon Him and He would save them.

His manner at this portion of his discourse was wonderfully impressive, and when he went on to declare that that would be his course, that Christ had invited him, in common with all mankind, to lean upon Him, to trust to His sufferings and atonement for salvation, and that he (Spurgeon) should do it; "and," said he, raising his voice till the very roof of the vast building reverberated, "if after that He fails me, if after I have abandoned all confidence in any power of my own to work out my own salvation, he lets me fall, I declare now that I will rove up and down hell throughout all eternity, denouncing Him to His teeth, even at Jehovah's throne, as a liar and deceiver!"

Then pausing for a moment to watch the effect, he added: "But do you think He will do it? No, never!"

The effect was electrical, and a hum of excitement rose from floor to ceiling. I thought the language almost blasphemy in its directness; something like a challenge to Deity itself. But this is one of Spurgeon's methods, and he certainly produces marvelous effects by them. Whether the Saviour will let any believing soul drop into hell or not, of course no one at this time can do more than venture upon the merest conjecture, but it seemed to me quite certain that had He been personally present at the Tabernacle last Sunday He would think twice before He would try it on with Spurgeon.

The reverend gentleman is a great sufferer from rheumatic gout, and last Sunday was the first for several weeks that he had preached. As it was, he was obliged to stand with one leg supported upon a chair. The real secret of Mr. Spurgeon's success is that he adapts his discourses to his audience. London has a vast number of sincerely believing, if not fanatical, non-conforming Protestants of the Calvinistic school. To them he preaches, apparently leading, but most probably following, the mental drift of his congregation. He pleases them, and no doubt they somehow succeed in pleasing him, for they appear to be as much in earnest as their pastor.

SAN FRANCISCAN.

There are those who can't see any fun in a church picnic, but it isn't the boy who has charge of the ice-cream tub.

A mask of gold hides all deformities.

INTAGLIOS.

A Wedding.

He stands before the altar-rails
To plight his troth to her—a child,
Who had not heard the o'er-true tales
Of his rash youth and manhood wild.
And overhead are smiling skies,
As though to augur all is well;
And village swains
Sing merry strains,
And gaily ring the village bell.

She little knows that lily-bride,
What those glad joy-bells said to one,
Who, sitting by her lone fireside,
Nursed tearfully her little son.
Yet overhead are smiling skies,
As though to augur all is well;
To drown the sighs
That may arise,
Sing, village swains! Ring, village bell!

Music.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest:
Too soon the hallowed light is born!
Henceforth let day be counted night,
And midnight counted morn.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest
A tearful, languid spirit lies
(Like the dim scent in violets)
In Zela's gentle eyes.

There is sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears. O music, lest
We weep with thy strange sorrows, cease!
Be still and let us rest.

Rondeau.

FROM FRENCH OF CARL RIVE.

I love thee still, nor time in flight
Can dull the vows I made that night.
I loved thee then so strong and true,
And now I pledge that love anew.
The coming year, (God make it bright!)
Not for thy beauty do I plight
My only troth; not for the sight
Of eyes that rival heaven's blue—
I love thee still!

Not these alone my praise invite—
Thy simple self it is. Ah! might
I strive forever with words, too few
And poor this pleasing task to do!
Come darkness, precious, or come light,
I love thee still!

Unrest.

"The flying sun goes down the burning west;
Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal change goes round the world.
Unrest, unrest! The passion-painting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul."

Do You Remember.

Do you remember a day long past,
When we roamed alone through a wind-filled wood,
And came to a ledge of a rock at last,
Where with hands clasped close we silent stood?

We heard the murmur of shining streams,
The whisper of leaves that swayed above,
And over our souls swept the golden beams
That came with the dawn of love.

Do you remember the sigh that stirred
The bending grass in the rising breeze,
That brought us the note of a distant bird,
And wild, weird murmurs from far-off seas?

The bird's call came like a happy song,
And we gave no heed of the sea's sad tone,
For fear is forgotten, and hope is strong,
With love's great gladness known.

Do you remember? Will you forget?
These words are common and quickly said;
But they will be treasured when eyes are wet
With the tears of those who mourn us dead.

Not dead, but sleeping; we can not die;
Our souls are deathless by love's sweet grace;
And whoever God's glorious kingdoms lie,
There I shall see your face.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

At the Last.

There must be something after this woe;
A sweet fruition from the harrowed past;
Rest some day for this pacing to and fro;
A tender sunbeam and dear flowers at last.

There will be something when these days are done,
Something more fair by far than starry nights—
A prospect limitless, as one by one
Embodied castles crown the airy heights.

So cheer up, heart, and for that morrow wait!
Dream what you will, but press toward the dream;
Let fancy guide dull effort through the gate,
And face the current, would she cross the stream.

Then, when that something lies athwart the way—
Coming unsought, as good things seem to do—
'Twill prove beneath the flash of setting day
A nobler deed than now would beckon you.

For lifted up by constant, forward strife,
Hope will attain so marvelous a height,
There can be nothing found within this life
After this day to form a fitting night.

So heaven alone shall ever satisfy,
And God's own light be ever light enough
To guide the purified, ennobled eye
Toward the smooth which lies beyond the rough.

There will be something when these clouds skim by—
A bounteous yielding from the fruitful past;
Sweet peace and rest upon the pathway lie,
E'en though but death and flowers at the last.

JAMES BERRY BENSEE.

The Valley of Oblivion.

VIDE VIRGIL'S SIXTH ÆNEID.

Sweet is that vale retired, unmarked by gloom
Of rustling boughs, whence Lethe's river rolls
Where swarms win the like human countless souls—
Corporal limbs about to reassume,
After their exile long from life and light—
After their penance dread of fire and wind—
Quaffing the wave of dim forgetfulness,
Which memory of the past erases quite
With discontinuous life the heart to bless,
And give from sharp remorse deliverance sweet.
Thus reminiscence leaving far behind
Emerge thy fresh existence to repeat:
Thus laved and clean they pass in long review,
After their draughts of Lethe's healing dew.

E. W. B.

Peacefulness.

A blessing blighting Future's longed-for rest,
A golden grain amid the sands of Time,
A zephyr's smile above a stormy sublime.
The sought-for haven in a mortal's quest?

Thou, Peacefulness, appear! Oh, blessed best—
Here, now bestow—or in some far-off clime,
Where Nature's tinted by the morning's prime,
Reward a wearied votary's bleeding breast.

A cloud has passed, enshrouded all on high,
But still she laughs at star of silver light
Wafts down along its beaming current high
Unto my soul, a wave of nectar bright;

"Peace! drink thy fill," an angel's tones reply;
"Thy wish is won—thy dreams have vanquished night."

MAUD'S REVENGE.

"You see," he said, "this may be our last afternoon together."

She looked up into his face with her beautiful blue eyes.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"I'm going away," he answered; "and you know how it is in this world. People just meet as they do in a railway carriage, like each other, part, and go by different paths to different places. Probably we shall never meet again."

She made no answer. Something that did not seem to be her heart, it was so cold and heavy, beat against her breast, and choked her. This man had been making love to her for three months—an age in the life of a girl of sixteen. She had every reason to believe that he desired her for his wife. He had taught her to love him, and now he was coolly proferring his adieu; but what could she do? Nothing but stifle every appearance of emotion, and bear the blow in silence as best she might.

In love woman has no rights that can be asserted. We all know that well enough. She may have her own purse, perhaps some day her right to a vote; but, by the law of custom—by the command of her own pride—the veriest slave.

"And so," said he, "I thought we might see our pretty river bank once again."

And she got back her voice.

"I do hope it is not so damp as it was yesterday," she said. "Thanks; I'll not take your arm—I must lift my dress and hold my parasol, you know."

"She need not mind it so much as I thought she would," he said to himself.

"If I were only dead," she moaned, inwardly; "if I were only dead."

And then they took their walk and chatted, and he escorted her to the villa door, bowed to the old aunt sitting at the window, shook hands, and hurried away.

Paul Redlaw was gone out of Maud Hermon's life. Well for her it would have been had he been gone from her heart also; but she had loved him so much, trusted him so well, the blow was more than she could bear. Next day she was very ill, and for a long time she lingered at death's door. The blinds of the little villa were closed. The old lady went about on tiptoe, with tears in her eyes. The doctor's carriage stopped at the door twice a day, and in all the village it was breathed that she was dying. But youth is very powerful. The girl grew well again, and with her very recovery a great good fortune fell upon her.

Some far-off relative, dying, left her his heiress, and the poor young creature, who had had much ado to find herself in simple muslins and neat delaines, was now able to wear royal purple velvet and glittering diamonds, if she chose.

Her health was still delicate, and travel was recommended. Why should she not travel, if she chose? Money need not be thought of now. The old aunt was sufficient protection; and the two went abroad, lingered long in Europe, and returned after a five years' absence to establish themselves in a good house, where a circle of fashionable friends soon sprang up about them.

Money makes a mighty difference in people's lives. Probably Maud would never have known she was beautiful had she remained poor; but she knew it now. The lips of flatterers told her of her charms. Lovers were at her feet. She could marry when she would; but she had no heart to give to any one. Love died within her in that long illness haunted by Paul Redlaw. Her face had only changed for the better; her manner was more charming than it ever had been; but within her soul she felt a strange and terrible change. She who had loved so fondly and so tenderly had no tenderness left. All these soft feelings had perished, and the man she had loved she positively hated. Thinking of him, her soul was lashed into a fury, and she longed passionately for revenge.

"Is it possible?—Miss Hermon!"

It was a crowded drawing-room; music filled the air. Miss Hermon turned her head and saw Paul Redlaw. They had met once more. A strange thrill swept through her frame for a moment—she remembered her old feelings for him; and then followed an emotion of triumph. He was here. Somehow she knew he was a bachelor still, and she was now rich and an acknowledged belle. She understood her power, and she meant to exert it. This man should be at her feet, and she would humble him as he had humbled her, and she gave him her little hand and looked sweetly up into his face.

"It is an age since we met," she said. "Do you remember the garden, and the river bank, and all the pretty places?" And how did you know me after all this time?"

"One expects a beautiful bud to become a beautiful rose," he answered.

He took her down to supper that night, and saw her to her carriage, and he called, as she had asked him to, in a day or two.

He had been a good deal in love with her in those old times, though it had not been prudent to marry a poor country girl, and he had always thought her beautiful. Now the passion of his life fell upon him. Ambition was satisfied, and did not restrain his heart. He adored her. And the fact that she was rich, and a belle, inflamed his pride and helped his love along. He flung himself into the pursuit of her heart with ardor, and at last gathered hope enough from her glances to speak to her. He offered his heart and hand; and she whom a glance or word once thrilled so, accepted them as she might a bouquet of flowers.

It troubled him a little that the blushes and sweetness of the old time did not return; but perhaps the society-manner he admired so much forbade that. At least she was his; and when she was his wife, she would no longer refuse those kisses which he found it so difficult to beg from her now.

The man who had coolly set aside the tenderness of that fresh young heart that loved him so, pined for it now as a weary traveler pines for the cool spring and the shady resting place beside it. Yet she had not given him that "yes" which meant she loved him.

He put by his doubts, and looked forward longingly for the wedding-day. And Maud—what was her heart? Why did she laugh to herself as she sat alone? Why did she recall over and over again the cruel parting by the villa door? Remembering that then she was poor, and that now she was rich. Were these memories to carry to the altar?

The day was fixed. Every one knew it. Maud herself told fifty confidential friends. He, in his happiness, as many more. The wedding would be a public affair. It was not like Maud to desire much publicity; but she had made sure of this for some

private reason, and the happy pair were to meet at the church.

At an early hour of the appointed day the church was crammed from one end to the other with people in full dress. It took three clergymen to manage so fine an affair. They were there at the altar. What a bustle, what a crush! And now they are coming! No, only the bridegroom and his party—not the bride yet. She must be here in a few moments. The ladies grew more restless. Ten minutes passed—twenty—thirty.

"The hairdresser," said one; "that's the delay."

"No, the gloves; they are always tight," whispered another.

An hour. There must have been some accident. She must be dead, or at least dying, otherwise she would come.

People are on their feet now. They look at the door. Some one is coming. It is only a footman.

He advances to the bridegroom, and hands him a little note. He tears it open. This is what he reads, as the eyes of that great throng turn upon him:

"Poor fool! Do you forget that there is no demon like a woman scorned? When you jilted me long ago you turned my love to hate. When you courted me again, because I was an heiress, you made me burn for revenge. I know you love me now, and I know you are a proud man. I am sure you will suffer very much, for I shall not meet you at the church, or ever again, I hope. I leave to-day for Paris."

Maud had written this sitting in her own room, in the bride's dress she had allowed her maid to dress her in, that there might be no suspicion of her plot, and she had called her footman and sent him to the church with this note in its white envelope. And now revenge was satisfied; she had punished him; she was triumphant; she had avenged the wrong done to that other self who loved him so.

She stood at her window looking down into the street, watching the footman as he hurried away, when suddenly a dusty ballad-singer, with a kerchief over her head, stepped out into the middle of the street and began to sing, to an old tune Maud knew well, an old love song that she had never heard before.

Maud listened. The tears stood in her eyes. Suddenly her heart softened. What years had not done, this song had accomplished in a few moments. She was a girl again. She loved Paul Redlaw once more. All this fiendish longing for revenge was gone. Yes, she loved him—she would be his wife. She could overtake the messenger yet. Her carriage stood at the door. She rushed down stairs and hurried into it.

"Drive for your life!" she cried to the coachman.

"Overtake Thomas—he has a note that I must have back."

And the astonished coachman obeyed. He drove her as bride was never driven yet. But the footman's feet had crossed the threshold of the church ere they neared it.

She stepped from her carriage as bride has seldom done—unattended. She had forgotten those who were to be with her; she thought only of him—of her lover. The crowd did not turn at her entrance. It had massed itself in the aisles, and stood on the pew cushions. Women were screaming, girls sobbing.

"Let me pass—let me pass!" she pleaded; "what is it—what has happened?"

Then some one said, "The bride," and they all looked that way; but, instead of making room, they tried to bar advance. And then, somehow, the principal clergyman had made his way to her, and took her by the arm; and a voice—the voice of an hysterical woman—rent the air.

"The doctor says he is dead!"

Maud knew no more.

There is an old, half-crazed woman wandering in Europe now, with a maid and a courier. She will wander there until she dies. They call her old Miss Hermon, and tell how her bridegroom died in church on his wedding morning; but they do not know all. No one ever guessed the contents of that little note that was swept away next morning when the church was swept, or guessed why Paul Redlaw died.

Congratulatory Ode.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that a correspondent informs it that the following is the true version of the Latin ode to the Berlin Congress by Gustav Schwetsehke:

Rideamus igitur
Socii Congressus;
Post dolores bellicosos,
Post labores bumptosos,
Fit mirandus messus.

Ubi sunt qui apud nos
Causas litigare,
Molde-Wallachie fratremes,
Craculci exarientes?
Heu! absquatulare!

Ubi sunt provincie
Quis ex his laus passasse?
Totae, totae sunt partite;
Has tolerant Muscovitae,
Illas Count Andrassy.

Et quid est quod Angliae
Dedit hic Congressus?
Jus pro alius pugnandi,
Mortuum vivificandi—
Splendidi successus!

Vult Joannes decipi
Et bamboosulatur.
Io Bacche! Quae majestas!
Ostreare reportans testas
Domum gloriatur!

This version, which from internal evidence will be seen to be the true one, may be roughly Englished thus:

Let us have our hearty laugh,
Greatest of Congresses!
After days and weeks pugnacious,
After labors ostentatious,
See how big the mess is!

Where are those who at our bar
Their demands have stated:
Robbed Roumanians rampaging,
Greeklings with earth-hunger raging?
Where? Absquatulated!

Where the lands we've pacified,
With their rebel masses?
All are gone; yes, all up-gobbled;
These the Muscovite has nobbled,
Those are Count Andrassy's.

And what does England carry off
To add to her possessions?
The right to wage another's strife,
The right to raise the dead to life—
Glorious concessions!

Well, let John Bull bamboozle be,
If he's so fond of sells!
Io Bacche! Hark the cheering!
See him home in triumph bearing
Both the oyster-shells!

The Wonderful Geysers!

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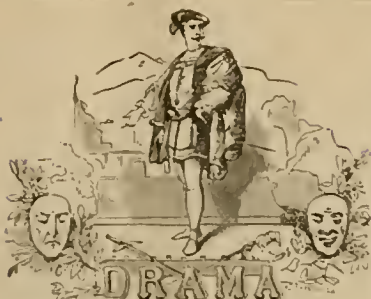
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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 15, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE—I have had an exceedingly lugubrious week of it trying to enjoy myself. *Les Fourchambaults* is not enlivening, *Mignon* is positively dispiriting, and is even more so when following close upon *Diplomacy*, whose mosaic completeness and finish have been more irrevocably fixed in our minds by the sad close of the season. Poor Montague! He was not a commanding genius, but the stage has suffered in his loss, for he was gifted in his own line, and a courteous, kindly gentleman of a type too rare in his profession. Of course you have read all the incidents of his last hours in the newspapers, where they were faithfully recounted. In fact, so much clap-trap and mock sentimentality has been visited upon the poor fellow's memory that the genuine grief of the friends to whom he had endeared himself suffers by it. There was some very real feeling in it all, however, for the players in Baldwin's on Monday were visibly affected by the gloom, and the applause in the California on Tuesday had a hollow, spiritless echo, as if it were all that was left of the subdued applause and the curtain fell on Friday night. I promised to tell you all about the change of bill, but everything has turned out so differently from what was foreseen only a week ago, that there is really nothing to tell. *False Shame* could not be subjected to criticism under the circumstances. On Saturday night the company gave a mixed bill, which was really a more satisfactory entertainment than mixed bills usually are. Jeffreys-Lewis put on a plain white satin frock, and played "Juliet" in the balcony scene; later, she put on a mauve satin, and played "Pauline" in the Lady of Lyons. My dear Madge, it is my candid opinion that this lady's head has been turned by her success in "Zacka." She plays everything on a high key. She has tuned herself up several degrees above concert pitch. She has become intensely feline; and, while she only purr in "Juliet"—yet there is a subdued savagery in the gentlest purr—she clawed the air in "Pauline" until I was quite alarmed for "Claude." He was a very rational sort of "Claude," however—Mr. Fred Ward—and submitted to her gymnastic emotion with imperturbable sang froid. Yet he played both "Claude" and "Romeo" delightfully. Pretty Maud Granger, with her big sad eyes, and her many little unconventional tricks of gesture, played in the fourth act of *Camille*. She is a far better actress than I gave her credit for, and wonderfully earnest, if not so intensely emotional as Clara Morris or Modjeska. I should have given a regretful good-bye to such a company under any circumstances. I was therefore in a very hard-to-please frame of mind when I went to see *Mignon*. I know, Madge, that it is sacrilege to quarrel with the treasures of German literature, but the gypsy-founding heroine is such a very improbable young woman that, in this case, you will forgive me. No one minds such things in opera. It is already sufficiently absurd that every one should go around screaming their feelings at the tops of their voices without questioning what they are doing it all about. But I am puzzled to know, in the drama, how "Sperai," after wandering about in the neighborhood in a brown cotton gown for many years, and no one knowing him or anything about him, suddenly bounds into his courtship and his estate without any lawsuit. Why are the gypsies allowed to camp with impunity on the very doorsteps of the castle? and what a generally useful place the castle is. It is theatre, lodging-house, banqueting hall, and a sort of *sans souci* establishment generally. Why does "Mignon" dress herself in boys' clothes, when every one knows who she is and calls her by name? And how she out-rivals Lingard and followers in the lightning change act, jumping into and out of her gypsy wardrobe with every change of temper. As for "Felina," she is a coarse monstrosity. I am not going to tell you anything about Miss Marie Prescott this time. She is a stranger, and I do not like to express myself until she has had some other chance than "Felina." I heard some one remark that she went on the stage but recently. I thought at the time it must have been the day before yesterday, Maggie Mitchell, of course, every one has seen. She is one of the perennial kind, for she still looks young at a discreet distance, and she acts sometimes as if she were about six years old. What a tiny midget she is, and what a blessing that little circumstance has been to her! I suppose she is unquestionably a genius. I am compelled to acknowledge it sometimes, although I do not fancy her myself. I do not like her quick, incisive way of speaking, nor her many affections of accent. For the life of me I cannot see the connection, and yet she always reminds

me of a Yankee school-mistress. I think it is by her constant action that she attracts, for she is as quick and restless as a fluttering bird. Her transitions are sudden and impulsive, and startle one into demonstration. One moment she is child-like, life-like; the next, stilted and stager. There is some fascination in following up a person like that. She gives "Mignon" a character, and takes it through all the processes of development; and although it is not a soft, pretty, lovable character, she wins the sympathy. I think her judgment ill-advised in selecting "Mignon" for an opening piece, but she met with an indulgent audience, and was called before the curtain repeatedly. In point of fact I never saw so polite an audience, for they very cordially demanded the appearance of all the new comers in a group. It could have been nothing more than simply cordial politeness, for they were one and all favored with parts to put them in the worst light possible. I do not imagine that, in any event, they will create a sensation. They are all pretty good looking, and all, I fancy, very crude. Miss Prescott has rather a pretty face, a good voice, a very amateurish style, and most atrocious taste in dressing. I have seen them get over the last fault, however, very frequently. For the rest time will make good actresses of them, only I prefer to see them after time has been at work. Mr. Harris, the leading man, is big, handsome, and heavy. I have an idea that he is just promoted to leading business, and, like Miss Prescott, needs a little time. He has not the repose which marks the east of Vere de Vere. Mr. Cotter, the new juvenile, promises better than any of the others. Mr. Rock—what a funny name—was inflicted with a part which was enough to ruin him with a new audience, a sort of emulated "Devilshoof," so I have no idea how much of an actor he is. He towers head and shoulders above every one in stature. Nothing was visible of Mr. Bassett but a pair of big eyes, and I should think, by what I saw of him, that he had a confirmed habit of playing the "Ghost" in *Hamlet*. I momentarily expected to see him wrapped in green tarlatan, and waving "Wilhelm" to a more removed place. They are all tolerably unknown to fame, and Mr. Lawlor probably picked them up rather for what he thought they could do than for what they had done. You should have seen the reception of John Wilson and Mr. Long, my dear girl. You would have thought they were stars of the first magnitude who had been obscured by a temporary eclipse. Everything was so radically new at the old theatre that the dear public were absolutely lonely, and stretched open arms to the remnants of the old stock. Mr. Long reproduced his stock top with really good effect in this case. He looked remarkably like Steve Massett about the head. John Wilson appeared but a brief minute; long enough, however, to give me time to admire a remarkably beautiful velvet coat. I have an idea that he was a dresser in his palmy days. I went to see *Les Fourchambaults* the other night. Naturally, when anything comes from the Comedie Française, one expects something very perfect. I conclude that at the Comedie Française the perfection lies in the acting. The plot is not intricate, and the dialogue, though sometimes witty, is not extraordinary. The characters are decidedly various. There is a dignified banker who has committed an indiscretion in his youth, but forgotten it in the press of financial matters. There is his wife, a rich lady with an exceedingly vixenish temper and a remarkable propensity for "twitting." That is an accomplishment not confined to France. There is a specimen of the Parisian *jeunesse doree* and a mild rake. There is the daughter, a frolicsome young woman with about as clear a comprehension of the marriage state as an owl has of a big joke. There is the heroine, a dependent young lady with a very independent temperament. There is the hero, who is vaguely described as a heart of gold. There is his mother, a regular goody-goody; and there is the "Baron Rastiboulis," a hateful, calculating, mercenary old wretch, whom Mr. Mackay draws in very strong colors. The strongest color, perhaps, is his hair, which is a bright vermillion, and as thin as it is red. Kate Denin plays the good mother, the "indiscretion" of "Fourchambault's" youth. Her head, with its snow-white hair, is a perfect picture. Indeed, she might sit for Martha Washington as she appears in "Madame Bernard." She has not a particularly strong part dramatically; neither has any one else, not even Rose Wood, but they all jog along in an incidental sort of a way, so that they make a drama of it by eleven o'clock. Mrs. Farren makes a perfect spire of "Mme. Fourchambault," a circumstance which perhaps enhances the interest in "Mme. Bernard." As for "Bernard" himself, it appears he is a very rich man, though why is not explained. I take it, however, that it is because his mother keeps his books, so that he has never had any defaulting clerks. His devotion to his mother is complete. Indeed, no one but a Frenchman could ever have imagined such devotion on the part of a son; but you know how their fancies leap to the improbable. He goes through another situation which only a Frenchman can conceive. He tries to make another man marry the girl he loves, to save her honor—which he himself does not doubt—without first trying his own chance. There is a very good scene between the two brothers, in the last act, which is really well played by Lewis Morrison and James O'Neill. Indeed, Mr. Morrison, as young "Four-

chambault," quite outshines his usual self, and sometimes looks really almost Parisian. O'Neill's part is not strong enough for him. In fact, nothing in the play amounts to anything in particular, and it can only be the extraordinary *finesse* of the actors in the original cast which carried it to such success. As represented here, it is simply a rather pleasant play. The translation is faithful, but not elegant. I can not imagine one of the trained elegances of the Comedie Française responding with a brief "get out" to an impassioned declaration of love. It was quite refreshing to see Miss Louise Sylvester wreathed in smiles again. She looked unusually well, as indeed they all did; for when the curtain rose upon a pretty blue drawing-room in which several of the characters were grouped, one really was obliged to study a moment to recognize them. Rose Wood appeared in a riding-habit—the prettiest costume in the world when the wearer is in the saddle, but on the stage she needs a petticoat or two to give it grace. I do not believe in such extreme realism. It always reminds me of the actor who blacked himself all over to play "Othello." One of the features of the evening was a young woman with a remarkable French accent, in which she had been indefatigably drilled. It was evident that she meant business every time she entered to make an announcement. She deliberately took her place and settled herself in position. Then the name went off like a Fourth of July pistol, with a vicious emphasis on the last syllable which made us all jump in our seats. Jack remarked that he had frequently heard of the soft, sweet accents of the French language, but like the poet in *Casabianca*, he felt constrained to say, "Give answer, where are they?" The play was well mounted, but I observed that the counting-room—such I took it to be—of "Bernard," the illegitimate son, resembled a baronial hall, while the apartments of the ancient house of Fourchambault were fine specimens of modern upholstery. I forgot to say, and I suppose it is of some consequence, that the *motif* of the play consists in the self-abnegation of "Bernard" in extending a helping hand to the house of Fourchambault when it is threatened with bankruptcy, a generosity which is made difficult by the discovery that "Fourchambault" is his own father who had abandoned his mother after betraying her. French morality is always a little strained, so the bad people in the play are all very good and the good people are not so very bad. I do not go to hear the Minstrels often nowadays. They are really too stale for patience. Even Gus Williams, who is an artist in his line, and who has rather a fertile brain, has given nothing but old stories and older songs. There is really but one feature in the entertainment lately, the finale to the first part. They get it up with some little show of attention to scenery and they conjure up some very amusing concerts, but as a whole it is stale, flat, and unpopular. So thinks

Yours, BETSY B.

A very clever actor and, so far as known, a very respectable person of the name of Montague, after a brief illness, dies at the Palace Hotel. He had been playing a successful engagement in *Diplomacy* at the California Theatre. The *Chronicle* says that his immediate friends remained all night with his remains, in chairs, and upon cots on the floor. The ladies of the company were frantic with grief, hundreds of persons visited the room with gifts and flowers. The casket was covered with flowers. Mrs. Eberle sent a wreath wrought in pansies; Miss Imogene Eberle, a wreath; Miss Eleanor Carey, a magnificent cross; Haverly's Minstrels and the German Company a wreath; bouquets from Barton Hill. Miss Maud Granger, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Shannon, attired in the deepest mourning. Dr. Platt (out of his custom) "rang down the curtain." A dense crowd visited the remains. Miss Rose Wood, of Wallack's company, threw herself upon the coffin, and kissed the glass that hid the dead face, and was with difficulty removed. Mr. Carroll, of the *Diplomacy* party, showed similar emotion, and it required the utmost entreaty of his friends to induce him to leave the place. Mr. and Mrs. Shannon were overcome with grief. Before Miss Lewis and Miss Granger took their last look, all were requested to leave the room. The scene that followed is said to have been beyond description. Miss Granger declares she will never again go upon the stage. The remains of Mr. Montague have been embalmed and sent East by the overland train, accompanied by his sorrowful company—also Mr. Samuel Perey to play the parts hitherto taken by Mr. Montague. Mr. Phil. Simmons, agent of the company, states that it will fill all existing engagements, opening at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 29th instant. "And the bereaved widow will continue to carry on the business at the old stand." We recall those refined and elegant times of Washington Irving in which the question is so touchingly asked, "Who can look down, even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him." We mourn the loss of good and great men; we mourn the loss of friends and relatives; we sympathize with surviving mourners as they pour out their grief at the dying bed and grave of a loved one who has passed away; but we have neither sympathy nor patience for that sorrow that flaunts itself in public, nor for the grief that howls, nor the inconsolable sadness that waves its disconsolate banner of black over

the highly ornamented rose-wood casket with silver-plated handles. Of the deceased gentleman and actor—who furnishes us the opportunity for saying that which, to be effective, must be said over somebody's grave—we know nothing; hence this writing is, as to him, impersonal. It is against this breach of good taste, this display of unreal grief, this public rehearsal of the last sad scene of life's most solemn tragedy, that we protest. All this kissing and fainting upon the part of women, bearing to the deceased only a professional relation, and of men, who had with him in life only a business connection, is to us unpleasant. It suggests rehearsal and advertisement for the next benefit; it smacks of merchandise in grief and commerce in tears. It does not occur in real life. The most devout clergyman would find no sorrowing women of his congregation to "take on" at his funeral; no attorney or physician would have client or patient to sob out their hearts' grief over his metallic casket; not even the most loved and honored editor would be wailed for by an inconsolable grief; nor does the deeper and tenderer sorrow of mother, wife, or sister find expression in acting the mourner at the grave. If this dead gentleman leaves a fond mother and an affectionate sister to mourn his early death, their sorrow in that bereavement will not be softened by the reflection that Maud Granger, Jeffreys-Lewis, and others of the company so successfully played their parts over their dead son and brother before the gravedigger played his.

Notes.

Miss Maud Granger has gone East with the *Diplomacy* Troupe, and will renew her engagement.

Diplomacy will be put upon the stage at McVicker's, Chicago, on the 29th.

Married, Thursday, August 15th, A. J. Maidland, of San Francisco, to Miss Jeffreys-Lewis. No cards.

A story is current in Moscow, apropos of Russian official routine, which, whether literally true or not, certainly illustrates to perfection the character of the prevailing system. An operative star of some note, connected with one of the principal Moscow theatres, wishing to make a short excursion into the country, went to get her passport countersigned by the local authorities. The presiding official received her very politely, and having learned her business inquired for her "written petition." "My written petition!" cried the lady. "I have none; I never knew that anything of the kind was required." "Not required, madam? On the contrary, nothing can be done without it." "What can I do, then?" "Nothing easier; be good enough to take this sheet of paper, and write according to my dictation." The applicant obeyed, and transcribed word for word a formal petition requesting leave of absence from the city for a stated time, which was then duly signed, folded, and sealed. "And now," quoth the man in office, "you have only to deliver it." "To whom, pray?" "To whom?" echoed the official, with a slight smile at the absurdity of the question; "to me, of course." The document was accordingly handed across the table. The great man adjusted his spectacles, broke the seal, gravely read over his own composition from beginning to end, folded and docketed it with methodical slowness, and then, turning to the impatient *artiste*, said, with an air of official solemnity: "Madam, I have read your petition, and regret to tell you that I am unable to grant it."

Montague.

To thee, who every grace comprised,
Their sighs all women gave.
Now but an "actress"—name despised—
Lies fainting on thy grave.

The following remarks of the New York *Dramatic News* are neither very new in idea nor very brilliant in expression, but they are so true that we commend them to the theatrical reporters of the local daily journals, in the pious hope that they may prove sufficiently offensive to do great good: "The critic who tells the truth becomes almost an ascetic. He must purchase respect by fear, and fear means to be shunned and avoided. Few men have the moral courage to undergo the ordeal. Yet it is the crucial test of the critic. Personally, he must be without reproach, he must sacrifice personal friendships in his calling, and he must be utterly hardened against favor and against threat. Is it any wonder there are so few good critics? The actor, on the other hand, is the very last man who can brook true criticism. As a rule, he is accustomed to public notice and public applause, and he is always ready to ascribe censure to private animosity." People will hate the critic who tells the truth about them, but really it is but little, if any, worse to be hated than it is to be despised.

Mr. Hill and Prima Donna di Murska, at Detroit, were counting up the week's receipts, and the rolls of greenbacks were lying on the table in front of them, and a lively dispute began over a matter of six or seven dollars which rested quietly on the marble table. The words grew warm, and di Murska took the roll of greenbacks from the table and threw it into the blazing grate. "Zere, now, ve vil no more trouble have about sat." What was the donna's astonishment when she discovered that she had pitched the wrong roll into the fire, and that they were poorer by \$300.

CHURCH NOTICE.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6 1/2 P. M.

For silverware, go to Anderson & Randolph's, Clock Tower Building, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. She will be happy to see her former patrons.

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A CARD.

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224 STOCKTON STREET, would respectfully inform his friends and patrons that he has entirely recovered from his late illness, and will resume practice on MONDAY, AUGUST 19th.

In reply to numerous inquiries Dr. Mowbray would state that his PRACTICE IS ENTIRELY SEPARATE FROM THAT OF DR. YOUNGER.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1878, an assessment (No. 59) of one (1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 38, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of September, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the ninth (9th) day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.
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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be sold by this Company from

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN JOSE AND OTHER POINTS AND RETURN.

(Tickets to San Jose good for return by either the Southern or Central Pacific Railroads.)

These Tickets will be sold ONLY on SATURDAYS and SUNDAY MORNINGS.

The Return Trip Ticket will not be good for passage after the MONDAY following the date of purchase.

Ticket Offices—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets; Valencia Street Station. A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH, Superintendent. Ass't Passenger and Ticket Agt.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Aug. 15th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 34) of three dollars per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, Aug. 20th, 1878. Transfer books closed until 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

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& OAKLAND

The mode of making love in Portugal is very simple, but it lacks energy and the true inwardness of the American article. The Portuguese young man pays his addresses by simply standing in front of the house occupied by the object of his affection, while the young lady looks down approvingly from an upper window, and that's all there is of it. No gun-drops, no measuring of waists with arms, no peanuts, no gazing into the liquid depths of love-melting eyes, no—and-so-forth. It is a great saving of the old man's gas and fuel, but on a cold night the young man is liable to have his ears frozen, unless he carries a stove in his coat-tail pocket. These silent courtships, we are told, sometimes continue for very long periods before the lover can ask the important question, or the lady return the final answer. There is big room for improvement in the matter of Portugal love-making.

Just before a late thunder-storm a man stepped into a telegraph office and requested the privilege of talking through the telephone with his wife, who was visiting the manager's wife at a distant telegraph station. The assistant manager granted the request and the man began operations. He couldn't be prevailed upon to believe that it was really his wife who was talking to him, and she so many miles away. He finally asked her to say or do something known to themselves only, that he might be convinced that it was she. Just then a mizzling streak of lightning came on the wires, hitting the husband violently on the head, when he jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "I am satisfied, all correct."

A lieutenant on board an English guardship applied to his captain for leave to go on shore. It was refused. He asked again: the same answer, more peremptory than before. He repeated his request and asked for reasons of refusal. Both were still obstinately withheld. "But sir," he expostulated, "if I ask for leave, and you refuse it without giving me any reasons, I shall walk about the deck with a stigma on my back." "By George, sir," cried the irate and rather unreasonable captain, "if I catch you walking up and down her Majesty's deck with anything but her Majesty's uniform on your back, I'll have you tried by court-martial."

Two Bohemians, one of whom is going to try to get himself asked to dinner, while his companion has not even that slender resource, meet on the boulevard, growing about the hard times.

"You needn't complain," says the second, "perhaps you will dine to-night."

"Aye," replies the other, "I may, and yet again I mayn't, whereas you know you won't, and know what to expect, and that's where you have the advantage of me."

HARRY N. MORSE,

(EX-SHERIFF ALAMEDA COUNTY.)

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H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 55) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth day of September, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fifth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STEINSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that J. K. S. EGGERT AITKEN, wife of Charles H. Aitken, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 2d of September, A. D. 1878, the same being the first day of the September term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, to own and run a lodging-house, to buy and sell mining stocks, personal and real property, to lend and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to act as spirit and test medium, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business, and each of them.

MRS. K. S. EGGERT AITKEN.
San Francisco, Cal., July 16th, A. D. 1878.
WM. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. E.

corner Montgomery and Post Streets, San Francisco, July 24, 1878.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend, at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, was declared on all deposits for the six months ending July 21st, 1878, payable from and after this date, and free from Federal tax.

EDWARD MARTIN, Secretary.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 19) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second (22d) day of August, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the tenth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office, Room 21, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second (22d) day of August, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twelfth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 19, Hayward's Building, No. 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE

INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 63.—The monthly dividend for July will be paid on August 10, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, August 5, 1878.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., August 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 12, of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Monday, August 12, 1878. Transfer books closed on Thursday, August 8, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street third floor San Francisco Cal

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Francisco, August 7, 1878. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 25) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was declared, payable on Thursday, August 15, 1878. Transfer books closed until 16th inst.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of MICHAEL KELLEHER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco. Dated August 8th, 1878.

WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Michael Kelleher, deceased.

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AGRICULTURAL
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AT SACRAMENTO,

MONDAY.....SEPTEMBER 16, 1878.

THE ABOVE FAIR OF THE STATE

Agricultural Society will commence at Sacramento on MONDAY, Sept. 16, 1878, and will continue to and include Saturday, Sept. 21. The attention of exhibitors is called to the Premium List, which is the most liberal ever issued in the State, presenting very attractive features. Every accommodation will be provided for exhibitors of all kinds. An abundance of motive power will be furnished, and every attention paid to the requirements of those desiring to exhibit products of their own handiwork or otherwise. The artisans, artists, manufacturers, and mechanics of San Francisco, and all others interested in the development of the State, are particularly invited to display the result of their labors at the Fair. Every facility will be offered by the Central Pacific Railroad Company for free transportation of goods and articles to and from the Fair. Any further information can be obtained at the office of the President of the Society, Room No. 17, Phoenix Building, S. W. corner Jackson and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, or from Robert Beck, Secretary, at the Pavilion, Sacramento. M. D. BORUCK, President.

ROBERT BECK, Secretary.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 24, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

"THE CHINESE MUST GO!"

A Reply to Kwang Chang Ling, the Chinese Literate.

"The Chinese must go!" tersely ejaculates the orator of the sand-lots. "Why should the Chinese go?" pleadingly asks Kwang Chang Ling, the Chinese Mandarin, writing from the Palace Hotel.

Neither the rude demand of the Irish agitator nor the pleading response of the Celestial savant accurately states the true issue involved in the Chinese question. The problem for statesmanship to solve is not whether the Chinese in America shall be required to go, but whether the uncounted millions in China shall be permitted to come. Not whether our American laborers, who have contracted the extravagant habit of "eating roast beef," and "living on carpeted floors," can afford to compete with the economical coolie-laborers from Canton, with their "rice, one suit of clothes, and bare walls," but whether, when they have succeeded in doing so, our "civilization" will not have been subverted. Not whether we recognize in the coming of the Chinese "a menace to our sensual indulgence," but whether we shall be forced to accept feudal serfdom in lieu of educated labor. Not whether Genghis Khan, the mighty Mongol Tartar with his conquering legion, was a unitarian missionary in disguise, whose real object in causing the slaughter of five millions of the human race was to convert India, Persia, Russia (and China) from their idolatry; but whether we shall permit the descendants of those Tartar hordes to gain a foothold in America. Not whether Batu Khan, with his "millions of warriors," could have overrun and devastated Europe in the thirteenth century if he had not exercised a "sublime restraint" (?) in favor of the Christians; but whether we are called upon to exercise any such "sublime restraint" in permitting the modern Tartars to overrun us. Not whether the true cause of Chinese exclusiveness is to be traced to the piratical plunderings of the sixteenth century, or whether to an ancient characteristic of the race which caused them to erect the Great Wall. The Chinese question of to-day has nothing to do with the sentimental relations of the two races. It does not ask "who struck the first blow." It is a question of whether the races and civilizations are not antagonistic and non-assimilative. Any historical view of the merits of the respective grievances of the races of mankind against each other will necessarily be irrelevant as well as unsatisfactory. The question is, what has been the effect of the mixture of distinctive races? Are there certain races which mix, amalgamate, and melt into each other, and others which are immiscible? If so, what has been the result of the contact of these non-assimilative races? What is the result of the amalgamation of superior with inferior races? What is the character of the "civilization" evolved from these unnatural mixtures? These are questions to which I respectfully call the attention of this Chinese "literate of the first class"—Kwang Chang Ling. If he will not admit the superiority of any one race over another, let him tell us what is the effect of inferior "civilizations" upon superior, as between people of the same race who amalgamate? History teems with examples. He need not search the "lying records of the heathen," but may confine himself to the official annals of the Chinese Empire, beginning with the Yuen dynasty, founded by his special hero, the mighty Genghis Khan, whose praises he has not failed to sound in each of his three learned and ably written articles.

Who was Genghis Khan? Was he a Chinaman? Ask Bismarck if he is a Frenchman, or Beaconsfield if he is a Russian! The Chinese, the Tartars, the Manchus, and the Turks are but branches of the great Mongolian race—precisely as the Germans, French, English, and Russians are branches of the great Indo-European or Caucasian race. The innumerable hordes of barbarian savages who have from time to time, along down the history of the world, swarmed forth from that immense plateau of Central Asia, the very geography of which is scarcely known to this day, were Mongolians. In ancient times they were known as Scythians; in the fifth century, under the command of Attila, as Huns; and still later, under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, as Mongols and Tartars; and still later, as Turks. They have always carried with them dismay, destruction, and death, and they have ever left desolation in their track. Justly have they been termed by historians "the scourge of mankind." The Chinese, however, have never been known as a peace-loving people, prizing peace above all things and being willing to purchase it at any price. Gibbon tells us that one of the ancient Chinese sovereigns gave annually five hundred of the most beautiful maidens of his realm to the rude embraces of the Tartar-Huns—the most hateful and deformed race described in history—and that even this most shameful tribute was not sufficient to purchase immunity from their annual incursions. The Chinese lived for ages in constant dread of these savage Mongol hordes. The Great Wall—the most stupendous line of fortifications ever undertaken by any nation—was erected for the express purpose of protecting their peaceable homes from the annual incursions of these savage barbarians. The father of Genghis Khan was the chief of a Tartar horde, and paid tribute, not to China, but to the Great Khan of Eastern Tartary. Genghis Khan was born in the province of Mongolia, outside of the Chinese wall, and was taught to despise the cowardly peace-loving Chinese people. The first exploit of young Zügis was to conquer seventy of the surrounding hordes, the chiefs of which he deliberately tortured by putting them in pots of boiling water. Another neighboring prince, who ventured to draw his sword against him, forfeited his head for his audacity, and his skull was trimmed with silver and converted into a drinking-cup. He aspired to rule the world. He led his conquering warriors over the Great Wall into China, carrying death and destruction to that timid people. Finding himself encumbered with prisoners, he selected the aged who could not follow his army, and choked them to death. He forced the sovereign of China to purchase peace at the expense of five hundred young men, five hundred maidens, and immense quantities of silk and gold. His

maxim was "the conquered can never be the friends of the conquerors, and the death of one is essential to the safety of the other." Acting upon this maxim he put the inhabitants of the countries through which he passed indiscriminately to the sword. In a battle with the Russians on the banks of the Dnieper, when scarce a tenth of the Russian army had escaped from the slaughter, the people fled to the churches with groans and cries, imploring the protection of God; but the Tartar hordes of Genghis Khan were "deaf alike to their prayers and their entreaties." When he died, after enjoining upon his son "never to make peace but with a vanquished nation," it is said that one hundred young girls were slaughtered and buried in his grave, their innocent blood being offered up as a sacrifice to propitiate the Deity. And this is the monster who championed the cause of one God, by causing the slaughter of more than five millions of the human race, and is presented to us as a hero by the Chinese mandarins of to-day. The spectacle of a conquered nation boasting of the valor of its conqueror may be sought for only in that country where the badge of its servitude is worn as a badge of honor. It is amusing to hear this Chinese "literate of the first class" talk of Genghis Khan as a Chinaman, and boast that in the thirteenth century "our name was a terror to Western Europe," in the face and eyes of the fact that Genghis Khan, the founder of the Yuen dynasty, was the conqueror of the Chinese people. His immediate descendants completed the conquest, and from that time dates the decline of Chinese civilization. The fresh, vigorous blood of the Tartar hordes, which it might be supposed would have infused new life into the decaying Chinese nation, failed to stimulate either intellectual force or physical vigor. The Tartars of Mongolia were savage barbarians; the Chinese were a semi-civilized people. The effect of the Tartar invasion of China, so far from elevating and improving the Chinese race and civilization, absolutely subverted and destroyed much of even that which they had. Decay has for ages been written in bold lines in every province of the Chinese Empire. There is no richness in the Mongolian race to stimulate the growth of any nation with which it amalgamates. Among the myriad Mongol nations who have overrun and devastated Europe but two out of the entire number have ever gained a permanent foothold—the Turks and the Hungarians. The Turks are to-day being scourged out of Europe, and there has ever been serious doubt among ethnologists as to the Hungarians belonging in any sense to the Mongol race. The Germanic and Scandinavian races, who devastated the Roman Empire, blotted out for a time every vestige of civilization; but "blood will tell." The rude Goths, Franks, and Teutons of five hundred years ago are the learned, brave, freedom-loving Europeans and Americans of to-day. The rude Mongol Tartar of five hundred years ago is the same rude Mongol Tartar of to-day. What is the lesson to be drawn from these facts? (1.) That the Mongolian and Caucasian races do not assimilate. (2.) That the mixing of inferior with superior civilizations subverts and destroys the superior. If any further evidence than that furnished by ancient and medieval history is necessary to establish these propositions, I need but refer to the history of the last quarter of a century to prove the blighting influence of Mongolian blood and civilization upon the nations cursed with their presence. Hon. Horace Davis, in an able and scholarly speech on the Chinese question, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States during the last session, presented the following approximate estimate of the number of Chinese in foreign countries:

United States	136,000
Australia and New Zealand	100,000
Singapore and Straits Settlements	105,000
Sumatra and Banca	150,000
Java	186,000
Borneo	250,000
Philippine Islands	50,000
Perth	100,000
Siam	1,500,000
Cochin China, Japan, Hawaiian Islands, Cuba, West Indies, and British India	300,000
Total	2,897,000

Mr. Davis then quotes the following testimony from a work written by Sir John Bowring, for many years British Governor of Hongkong, as to the influence of these various migrations of the Chinese upon the people among whom they have settled:

"The extraordinary diffusion of the Chinese emigrants over all the regions from the most western of the islands of the Indian Archipelago in the Straits settlements, in Siam and Cochin China, and now extending over a considerable portion of Western America, particularly in California, and reaching even Australia and Polynesia, is one of the most remarkable of the events of modern history, and is likely to exercise a great influence on the future condition of man; for the Chinese do not emigrate to mingle with and be absorbed among other tribes and peoples. They preserve their own language, their own nationality, their own costume and religious usages, their own traditions, habits and social organizations. Though they intermarry with races among whom they dwell, the Chinese type becomes prominent, and the children are educated on the father's model, the influence of the mother seeming almost unobliterated. And though the Chinese frequently acquire large fortunes, great influence, and high rank as a consequence of their prosperity, the ties that bind them to their country seem never to be broken, and the tides of population flow Chinward with every southern monsoon, to be replaced by a stronger stream when the monsoon of the northeast sends the junk on their wonted way to the south."

"Twenty-seven years have elapsed," says Mr. Davis, "since this was written and no change has taken place, save to substitute the steamship for the lazy junk." The same complete isolation which has marked the character of the Chinese immigrants in California has been observed in every country to which they have gone. The same internal political and legal organization of the Chinese, which so puzzles our officials, is maintained in every country to which they migrate. It has been abundantly proven that the Chinese in California maintain secret tribunals of their own to enforce their own peculiar obligations, customs, and contracts, and that they even go so far as to inflict the death penalty. "In the British colony of Singapore," says Mr. Davis, "the turbulence of the lower classes has caused serious alarm, and the management of

them has puzzled the Colonial Legislature." Mr. Dunlop, the head of the police department of Singapore, says:

"The majority of the Chinese in this colony are members of some secret society, the members of which stand in more dread of it than of the government. They will carry out the orders of the society when they would disregard the orders of the government. I tried employing Chinese detectives but found them perfectly useless. I do not believe it would be possible to suppress these societies by any law which could be passed in a free country."

In the French colony of Saigon in Cochin China the government has found it necessary to make use of these societies to preserve order—forcing every Chinaman to join one, and holding the society responsible for his conduct. It has been found there that "for the sake of returning home to China they in many cases abandon their families which they have raised with native wives." In the kingdom of Siam, and also in the Spanish colony of the Philippine Islands, the same general fact exists. Finally, Mr. Davis cites the extraordinary case of Java, where the Chinese have lived "for hundreds of years," and still they are "no more domesticated than in California or Australia." They are there grouped as elsewhere in societies, and the Dutch government has been compelled to recognize these societies and make use of them to assist in the government of the Chinese inhabitants. The Council of Batavia, as quoted by Sir Stamford Raffles, uses the following remarkable language in reference to them there:

"The Chinese being the most industrious settlers should be the most useful, but, on the contrary, have become a very dangerous people, and are to be considered as a pest to the country, for which evil there appears to be no radical cure but their expulsion from the interior."

I have thus drawn, perhaps too freely, from the evidence so industriously accumulated by our honorable Representative, Mr. Davis, to prove specifically the general truth which so boldly stands out on every page of history, to wit: that the Asiatic races of the Chinese Empire can not and will not assimilate with other races. Such being the case we do not want them in America; for the very existence of our republican form of government depends upon the equality and the intelligence of the people. Chinese immigration means coolie labor. Coolie labor means concentration of wealth. Concentration of wealth means aristocracy, landed estates, tyranny, and oppression of the poor. Republican institutions cannot bear the strain of such a result. The most colossal fortunes of modern times—fortunes which, to hear of them, sound like some Arabian tale—have been founded in California upon Chinese labor; and I hesitate not to say that such fortunes founded upon such a basis are inimical to republican institutions. Next week I shall devote myself to Chinese "Civilization," and the reasons which underlie Chinese isolation and exclusiveness.

HENRY N. CLEMENT.

Is there a necessary and inherent relation between culture and stealing, and is it the relation of cause and effect? There are certain facts which point distinctly to an affirmative answer. For example, the Mercantile Library of this city was compelled to rail-in its literary treasures because those who delighted in them had an unfortunate habit of carrying them off without mentioning the matter. Mr. Pickering makes lordly raids upon the youths' debating societies for his editorials, and Mr. de Young annexes the "treasures of mind," whose circulation in their original form is meanly interdicted by the police. The Boston Courier, published in the city of culture, is mostly made up from the columns of the ARGONAUT. Not an issue of that journal has appeared for more than a year past that did not contain from two to five columns of literary matter deliberately lifted out of our journal by the monumental thief of nineteenth century journalism. To protest that the Boston Courier is not an excellent family paper would be a manifestation of modesty and self-disparagement of which the magnitude would betray the insincerity; our only complaint is that pirates do not divide profits with victims.

Milk saloons are being opened in London. Quaker dairies are popular in New York. Milk diet with farinaceous food is being prescribed by physicians. Once in the old city of Valladolid in Spain we visited the house of Columbus. It was his residence when importuning the Court to reward him for discovering America. Valladolid was then the capital of Spain. The house was a three-story brick mansion. Entering the lower story we found it occupied by cows. It was a milk saloon—each cow in her separate stall, fed from a marble manger. A rivulet of water carried away all the impurities; the place was cleanliness itself, and odorless with the balmy breath of cows. In the corner was a buffet with goblets and silver drinking-tankards, lounges and easy chairs for the customers. We took our drink, fresh milked and warm from a little dun cow over whose stall was affixed the name of "Mariposas." We saw scores of invalids, nurses with their children, gentlemen and ladies, come and get their cup of warm, fresh milk, pay their real and go. We wondered whether a milk saloon would not flourish in San Francisco. It strikes us the thing would pay.

England, like our own country, has her curious party names. A new party has sprung up in Great Britain the members of which are styled "Jingoes." It is the party that acknowledges Beaconsfield for its leader, delights in the higher imperialism that crowns her majesty the Queen of England as Empress of India. It comprises state-and-church people that fear ritualists, non-conformists, and disestablishment; the patriotic mob; the shop-keeper, and the newly rich, who when the war-cloud appears sing the patriotic song:

"We do not want to fight; but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships, and got the money, too!"

This is the party that wanted to thrash Russia, and dared to knock the chip off the shoulder of Turkey, and that worships the Jewish Premier because he gained for England military prestige at the cost of war.

THE NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

The Practical Working of the "Religion of Humanity."

I.

*The magnificent ocean-steamer, the *Australasian*, was bound for England, on her homeward voyage from Melbourne. She carried her Majesty's mails and ninety-eight first-class passengers. The skies were cloudless; the sea was smooth as glass. Never did vessel start under happier auspices. No sound of sickness was to be heard anywhere; and when dinner-time came there was not a single appetite wanting.

But the passengers soon discovered that they were lucky in more than weather. Dinner was hardly half over before two of those present had begun to attract general attention; and every one was wondering, in whispers, who they could possibly be.

One of the objects of this delightful curiosity was a large-boned, middle-aged man, with gleaming spectacles, and lank, untidy hair; whose coat fitted him so ill, and who held his head so high, that it was plain at a glance that he was some great celebrity. The other was a beautiful lady of some thirty years of age. No one present had seen her like before. She had the fairest hair and the darkest eyebrows, the largest eyes and the smallest waist conceivable—in fact, art and nature had been struggling as to which should do the most for her; while her bearing was so haughty and distinguished, her glance so tender, and her dress so expensive and so fascinating, that she seemed at the same time to defy and court attention.

Evening fell on the ship with a soft, warm witchery. The air grew purple, and the waves began to glitter in the moonlight. The passengers gathered in knots upon the deck. The distinguished strangers were still the subject of conjecture. At last the secret was discovered by the wife of an old colonial judge; and the news spread like wildfire. In a few minutes all knew that there was on board the *Australasian* no less personages than Prof. Paul Darnley and the superb Virginia St. John.

II.

Miss St. John had, for at least six years, been the most renowned woman in Europe. In Paris and St. Petersburg, no less than in London, her name was equally familiar both to princes and to pot-boys; the eyes of all the world were upon her. Yet, in spite of this exposed situation, scandal had proved powerless to wrong her, she defied detraction. Her enemies could but echo her friends' praise of her beauty; her friends could but confirm her enemies' description of her character. Though of birth that might be called almost humble, she had been connected with the heads of many distinguished families; and so general was the affection she inspired, and so winning the ways in which she contrived to retain it, that she found herself at the age of thirty mistress of nothing except a large fortune. She was now converted with surprising rapidity by a ritualistic priest, and she became in a few months a model of piety and devotion. She made lace trimmings for the curate's vestments; she bowed at church as often and profoundly as possible; she enjoyed nothing so much as going to confession; she learned to despise the world. Indeed, such utter dross did her riches now seem to her, that, despite all the arguments of her ghostly counselor, she remained convinced that they were too worthless to offer to the Church, and she saw nothing for it but to still keep them for herself. The mingled humility and discretion of this resolve so won the heart of a gifted colonial bishop, then on a visit to England, that, having first assured himself that Miss St. John was sincere in making it, he besought her to share with him his humble mitre, and make him the happiest prelate in the whole Catholic Church. Miss St. John consented. The nuptials were celebrated with the most elaborate ritual, and after a short honeymoon the bishop departed for his South-Pacific diocese of the Chasuble Islands, to prepare a home for his bride, who was to follow on the next steamer.

Prof. Paul Darnley, in his own walk of life, was even more renowned than Virginia had been in hers. He had written three volumes on the origin of life, which he had spent seven years in looking for in infusions of hay and cheese; he had written five volumes on the entozoa of the pig, and two volumes of lectures, as a corollary to these, on the sublimity of human heroism and the whole duty of man. He was renowned all over Europe and America as a complete embodiment of enlightened modern thought. His mind was like a sea, into which the other great minds of the age discharged themselves, and in which all the slight discrepancies of the philosophy of the present century mingled together and formed one harmonious whole. He criticized everything; he took nothing on trust, except the unspeakable sublimity of the human race and its august terrestrial destinies. And, in his double capacity of a seer and a *savant*, he had destroyed all that the world had believed in the past, and revealed to it all that it is going to feel in the future. Nor was he less successful in his own private life. He married, at the age of forty, an excellent evangelical lady, ten years his senior, who wore a green gown, gray cork-screw curls, and who had a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds. Orthodox though she was, Mrs. Darnley was yet proud beyond measure of her husband's world-wide fame, for she did but imperfectly understand the grounds of it. Indeed, the only thing that marred her happiness was the single tenet of bis that she had really mastered. This, unluckily, was that he disbelieved in hell. And so, as Mrs. Darnley conceived that that place was designed mainly to hold those who doubted its existence, she daily talked her utmost, and left no text unturned to convince her darling of his very dangerous error. These assiduous arguments soon began to tell. The professor began to grow moody and brooding, and he at last suggested to his medical man that a voyage round the world, unaccompanied by his wife, was the prescription most needed by his failing patience. Mrs. Darnley at length consented with a fairly good grace. She made her husband pledge himself that he would not be absent for above a twelvemonth, or else, she said, she should immediately come after him. She bade him the tenderest of adieux, and promised to pray for his return for his recovery of a faith in hell.

The professor, who had exceeded his time by but six

months, was now on board the *Australasian*, homeward bound to his wife. Virginia was outward bound to her husband.

III.

The sensation created by the presence of these two celebrities was profound beyond description; and the passengers were never weary of watching the gleaming spectacles and the square-toed boots of the one, and the liquid eyes and the ravishing toilets of the other. There were three curates, who, having been very quick in making Virginia's acquaintance, soon sang at nightfall with her a beautiful vesper hymn. And so lovely did the strains sound, and so devotional did Virginia look, that most of the passengers the night after joined in a repetition of this touching evening office.

The professor, as was natural, held quite aloof, and pondered over a new species of bug, which he had found very plentiful in his berth. But it soon occurred to him that he often heard the name of God being uttered otherwise than in swearing. He listened more attentively to the sounds which he had at first set down as negro melodies; and he soon became convinced that they were something whose very existence he despised himself for remembering—namely, Christian hymns. He then thought of the three curates, whose existence he despised himself for remembering also. And the conviction rapidly dawned on him that, though the passengers seemed fully alive to his fame as a man of science, they could yet know very little of all that science had done for them, and of the death-blow it had given to the foul superstitions of the past. He therefore resolved that the next day he would preach them a lay-sermon.

At the appointed time the passengers gathered eagerly round him—all but Virginia, who retired to her cabin when she saw the preacher wore no surplice; as she thought it would be a mortal sin to listen to a sermon without one.

The professor began amid a profound silence. He first proclaimed to his hearers the great primary axiom in which all modern thought roots itself. He told them that there was but one order of things; it was so much neater than two; and, if we would be certain of anything, we must never doubt it. Thus, since countless things exist that the senses can take account of, it is evident that nothing exists that the senses cannot take account of. The senses can take no account of God; therefore God does not exist. Men of science can only see theology in a ridiculous light; therefore theology has no side that is not ridiculous. He then told them a few of the new names that enlightened thinkers had applied to the Christian Deity; how Prof. Tyndall had called him an "atom-manufacturer," and Prof. Huxley a "pedantic drill-sergeant." The passengers at once saw how demonstrably at variance with fact was all religion, and they laughed with a sense of humor that was quite new to them. The professor's tones then became more solemn; and, having extinguished error, he proceeded to unveil the brilliant light of truth. He showed them how, viewed by modern science, all existence is a chain, with a gas at one end, and no one knows what at the other; and how Humanity is a link somewhere; but—holy and awful thought!—we can none of us tell where. "However," he proceeded, "of one thing we can be quite certain: all that is, is matter; the laws of matter are eternal, and we cannot act or think without conforming to them; and if," he said, "we would be solemn, and high, and happy, and heroic, and saintly, we have but to strive and struggle to do what we can not for an instant avoid doing. Yes," he exclaimed, "as the sublime Tyndall tells us, let us struggle to attain to a deeper knowledge of matter, and a more faithful conformity to its laws!"

The professor would have proceeded, but the weather had been rapidly growing rough, and he here became violently sea-sick.

"Let us," he exclaimed, hurriedly, "conform to the laws of matter and go below."

Nor was the advice premature. A storm arose, exceptional in its suddenness and its fury. It raged for two days without ceasing. The *Australasian* sprang a leak; her steering-gear was disabled, and it was feared she would go ashore on an island that was seen dimly through the fog to the leeward. The boats were got in readiness. A quantity of provisions and of the passengers' baggage was already stowed in the cutter, when the clouds parted, the sun came out again, and the storm subsided almost as quickly as it arose.

IV.

No sooner were the ship's damages in a fair way to be repaired, than the professor resumed his sermon. He climbed into the cutter, which was still full of the passengers' baggage, and sat down on the largest of Virginia's boxes. This so alarmed Virginia that she followed the professor into the cutter, to keep an eye on her property; but she did not forget to stop her ears with her fingers, that she might not be guilty of listening to an unsupplied minister.

The professor took up the thread of his discourse just where he had broken it off. Every circumstance favored him. The calm sea was sparkling under the gentlest breeze; all Nature seemed suffused with gladness; and at two miles' distance was an enchanting island, green with every kind of foliage, and glowing with the hues of a thousand flowers. The professor, having reminded his hearers of what nonsense they now thought all the Christian teachings, went on to show them the blessed results of this. Since the God that we once called all-holy is a fable, that Humanity is all-holy must be a fact. Since we shall never be sublime, and solemn, and unspeakably happy hereafter, it is evident that we can be sublime, and solemn, and unspeakably happy here. "This," said the professor, "is the new gospel. It is founded on exact thought. It is the gospel of the kingdom of man; and, had I only here a microscope and a few chemicals, I could demonstrate its eternal truth to you. There is no heaven to seek for; there is no hell to shun. We have nothing to strive and live for, except to be unspeakably happy."

This eloquence was received with enthusiasm. The captain in particular, who had a wife in every port he touched at, was overjoyed at hearing that there was no hell; and he sent for all the crew, that they might learn the good news likewise. But soon the general gladness was marred by a sound of weeping. Three-fourths of the passengers, having had time to reflect a little, began exclaiming that, as a matter of fact, they were really completely miserable, and that for various reasons they could never be anything else. "My friends," said the professor, quite undaunted, "that is doubt-

less completely true. You are not happy now; you probably never will be. But that is of little moment. Only conform faithfully to the laws of matter, and your children's children will be happy in the course of a few centuries; and you will like that far better than being happy yourselves. Only consider the matter in this light, and you yourselves will become happy also; and whatever you say, and whatever you do, think only of the effect it will have five hundred years afterward."

At these solemn words, the anxious faces grew calm. An awful sense of the responsibility of each one of us, and the infinite consequences of every human act, was filling the hearts of all; when, by a faithful conformity to the laws of matter, the boiler blew up, and the *Australasian* went down. In an instant the air was rent with yells and cries; and all the Humanity that was on board the vessel was busy, as the professor expressed it, uniting itself with the infinite azure of the past. Paul and Virginia, however, floated quietly away in the cutter, together with the baggage and provisions. Virginia was made almost senseless by the suddenness of the catastrophe; and, on seeing five sailors sink within three yards of her, she fainted dead to heart. The professor begged her not to take it so much to heart, as these were the very men who had got the cutter in readiness; "and they are, therefore," he said, "still really alive in the fact of our happy escape." Virginia, however, being quite insensible, the professor turned to the last human being still to be seen above the waters, and shouted to him not to be afraid of death, as there was certainly no hell, and that his life, no matter how degraded and miserable, had been a glorious mystery, full of infinite significance. The next moment the struggler was snapped up by a shark. The cutter, meanwhile, borne by a current, had been drifting rapidly toward the island. And the professor, spreading to the breeze Virginia's beautiful lace parasol, soon brought it to the shore on a beach of the softest sand.

V.

The scene that met Paul's eyes as he landed was one of extreme loveliness. He had run the boat ashore in a little fairy bay, full of translucent waters, and fringed with silvery sands. On either side it was protected by fantastic rocks, and in the middle it opened inland to an enchanting valley, where tall tropical trees made a grateful shade, and where the ground was carpeted with the softest moss and turf.

Paul's first care was for his fair companion. He spread a costly cashmere shawl on the beach, and placed her, still fainting, on this. In a few moments she opened her eyes; but was on the point of fainting again as the horrors of the last half-hour came back to her, when she caught sight in the cutter of the largest of her own boxes, and she began to recover herself. Paul begged her to remain quiet while he went to reconnoitre.

He had hardly proceeded twenty yards into the valley when, to his infinite astonishment, he came on a charming cottage, built under the shadow of a bread-tree, with a broad veranda, plate-glass windows, and red window blinds. His first thought was, that this could be no desert island at all, but some happy European settlement. But, on approaching the cottage, it proved to be quite untenanted, and, from the cobwebs woven across the doorway, it seemed to have been long abandoned. Inside there was abundance of luxurious furniture; the floors were covered with gorgeous Indian carpets; and there was a pantry well stocked with plate, and glass, and table linen. The professor could not tell what to make of it, till, examining the structure more closely, he found it composed mainly of a ship's timbers. This seemed to tell its own tale; and he at once concluded that he and Virginia were not the first castaways who had been forced to make the island for some time their dwelling-place.

Overjoyed at this discovery, the professor hastened back to Virginia. She was by this time quite recovered, and was kneeling on the cashmere shawl, with a rosary in her hands designed especially for the use of Anglo-Catholics, and was alternately lifting up her eyes in gratitude to Heaven, and casting them down in anguish at her torn and crumpled dress. The poor professor was horrified at the sight of a human being in this degrading attitude of superstition. But, as Virginia quitted it with alacrity as soon as ever he told his news to her, he hoped he might soon convert her into a sublime and holy Utilitarian. The first thing she besought him to do was to carry her biggest box to this charming cottage, that she might change her clothes and appear in something fit to be seen in. The professor most obligingly at once did as she asked him; and, while she was busy at her toilet, he got from the cutter what provisions he could, and proceeded to lay the table. When all was ready, he rang a gong which he found suspended in the lobby; Virginia appeared shortly in a beautiful pink dressing-gown, embroidered with silver flowers; and, just before sunset, the two sat down to a really excellent meal. The bread-tree at the door of the cottage contributed some beautiful French rolls; close at hand, also, they discovered a butter-tree; and the professor had produced from the cutter a variety of salt and potted meats, *pâté de foie gras*, cakes, preserved fruit, and some bottles of fine champagne. This last helped much to raise their spirits. Virginia found it very dry, and exactly suited to her palate. She had but drunk five glasses of it when her natural smile returned to her, though she was much disappointed because Paul took no notice of her dressing-gown; and, when she had drunk three glasses more, she quietly went to sleep on the sofa.

The moon had by this time risen in dazzling splendor; and the professor went out and lighted a cigar. All during dinner there had been a feeling of dull despair in his heart, which even the champagne did not dissipate. But now, as he surveyed in the moonlight the wondrous paradise in which his strange fate had cast him, his mood changed. The air was full of the scents of a thousand smell-smelling flowers; the sea murmured on the beach in soft, voluptuous cadences. The professor's cigar was excellent. He now saw his situation in a truer light. Here was a bountiful island, where earth unbidden brought forth all her choicest fruits; and most of the luxuries of civilization had already been wafted thither. Existence here seemed to be purified from all its evils. Was not this the very condition of things which all the sublimest and exactest thinkers of modern times had been dreaming and lecturing and writing books about for a good half-century? Here was a place where Humanity could do justice to itself, and realize those glorious destinies

which all exact thinkers take for granted must be in store for it. True, from the mass of Humanity he was completely cut away; but Virginia was his companion. Holiness, and solemnity, and unspeakably significant happiness, did not, he argued, depend on the multiplication-table. He and Virginia represented Humanity as well as a million couples. They were a complete Humanity in themselves, and Humanity in a perfect shape; and the very next day they would make preparations for fulfilling their holy destiny, and being as solemnly and unspeakably happy as it was their stern duty to be. The professor turned his eyes upward to the starry heavens; and a sense came over him of the eternity and the immensity of Nature, and the demonstrable absence of any intelligence that guided it. These reflections naturally brought home to him with more vividness the stupendous and boundless importance of man. His bosom swelled violently; and he cried aloud, his eyes still fixed on the firmament: "O important All! O important Me!"

When he came back to the cottage, he found Virginia just getting off the sofa, and preparing to go off to bed. She was too sleepy even to say good-night to him; and, with evident want of temper, was tugging at the buttons of her dressing-gown. "Ah," she murmured, as she left the room, "if God, in his infinite mercy, had only spared my maid!"

Virginia's evident discontent gave profound pain to Paul. "How solemn," he exclaimed, "for half humanity to be discontent!" But he was still more disturbed at the appeal to a chimerical manufacturer of atoms; and he exclaimed, in yet more sorrowful tones, "How solemn for half humanity to be sunk lower than the beasts by superstition!"

However, he hoped that these stupendous evils might, under the present favorable conditions, vanish in the course of a few days' progress; and he went to bed, full of august auguries.

VI.

Next morning he was up betimes; and the prospects of Humanity looked more glorious than ever. He gathered some of the finest pats from the butter-tree, and some fresh French rolls from the bread-tree. He discovered a cow close at hand, that allowed him at once to milk it; and a little roast-pig ran up to him out of the underwood, and, fawning on him with its trotters, said, "Come, eat me." The professor vivisected it before Virginia's door, that its automatic noise, which the vulgar call cries of pain, might awaken her; and he then set it in a hot dish on the table.

"It has come! it has come!" he shouted, rapturously, as Virginia entered the room, this time in a blue-silk dressing-gown, embroidered with flowers of gold.

"What has come?" said Virginia, pettishly, for she was suffering from a terrible headache, and the professor's loud voice annoyed her. "You don't mean to say that we are rescued, are we?"

"Yes," answered Paul, solemnly; "we are rescued from all the pains and imperfections of a world that has not learned how to conform to the laws of matter, and is but imperfectly acquainted with the science of sociology. It is therefore inevitable that, the evils of existence being thus removed, we shall both be solemnly, stupendously, and unspeakably happy."

"Nonsense!" said Virginia, snappishly, who thought the professor was joking.

"It is not nonsense," said the professor. "It is deducible from the teachings of John Stuart Mill, of Auguste Comte, of Mr. Frederic Harrison, and of all the exact thinkers who have cast off superstition, and who adore Humanity."

Virginia meanwhile ate *pâté de foie gras*, of which she was passionately fond; and, growing a little less sullen, she at last admitted that they were lucky in having at least the necessities of life left to them.

"But as for happiness—there is nothing to do here, there is no church to go to, and you don't seem to care a bit for my dressing-gown. What have we got to make us happy?"

"Humanity," replied the professor, eagerly, "Humanity, that divine entity, which is, of course, capable of everything that is fine and invaluable, and is the object of indescribable emotion to all exact thinkers. And what is Humanity?" he went on, more earnestly, "you and I are Humanity—you and I are that august existence. You already are all the world to me; and I very soon shall be all the world to you. Adored being, it will be my mission and my glory to compel you to live for me. And then, as modern philosophy can demonstrate, we shall both of us be significantly and unspeakably happy."

For a few moments Virginia merely stared at Paul. Suddenly she turned quite pale, her lips quivered, and, exclaiming,

"How dare you?—and I, too, the wife of a bishop!" she left the room in hysterics.

The professor could make nothing of this. Though he had dissected many dead women, he knew very little of the hearts of live ones. A sense of shyness overpowered him. He felt embarrassed, he could not tell why, at being thus left alone with Virginia. He lit a cigar, and went out. Here was a to-do indeed, he thought. How would progress be possible if one-half of Humanity misunderstood the other?

He was thus musing, when suddenly a voice startled him; and in another moment a man came rushing up to him, with every demonstration of joy.

"O my dear master! O emancipator of the human intellect! and is it, indeed, you? Thank God!—I beg pardon for my unspeakable blasphemy—I mean, thank circumstances over which I have no control."

It was one of the three curates, whom Paul had supposed drowned, but who now related how he had managed to swim ashore, despite the extreme length of his black clerical coat.

"These rags of superstition," he said, "did their best to drown me. But I survive in spite of them, to covet truth and to reject error. Thanks to your glorious teaching," he went on, looking reverentially into the professor's face, "the very notion of an Almighty Father makes me laugh consumedly, it is so absurd and so immoral. Science, through your instrumentality, has opened my eyes. I am now an exact thinker."

"Do you believe," said Paul, "in solemn, significant, and unspeakably happy Humanity?"

"I do," said the curate, fervently. "Whenever I think of Humanity, I groan and moan to myself out of sheer solemnity."

"Then two-thirds of Humanity," said the professor, "are

thoroughly enlightened. Progress will now go on smoothly."

At this moment Virginia came out, having rapidly recovered composure at the sound of a new man's voice.

"You here—you too?" exclaimed the curate. "How solemn, how significant! This is truly providential—I mean this has truly happened through conformity to the laws of matter!"

"Well," said Virginia, "since we have a clergyman among us, we shall perhaps be able to get on."

VII.

Things now took a better turn. The professor ceased to feel shy, and proposed, when the curate had finished an enormous breakfast, that they should go down to the cutter, and bring up the things in it to the cottage. "A few hours' steady progress," he said, "and the human race will command all the luxuries of civilization—the glorious fruits of centuries of onward labor."

The three spent a very busy morning in examining and unpacking the luggage. The professor found his favorite collection of modern philosophers; Virginia found a large box of knick-knacks, with which to adorn the cottage; and there was, too, an immense store of wine and of choice provisions.

"It is rather sad," sighed Virginia, as she dived into a box of French chocolate-creams, "to think that all the poor people are drowned that these things belonged to."

"They are not dead," said the professor; "they still live on this holy and stupendous earth. They live in the use we are making of all they had got together. The owner of those chocolate-creams is immortal because you are eating them."

Virginia licked her lips, and said:

"Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense," said the professor; "it is the religion of Humanity."

All day they were busy, and the time passed pleasantly enough. Wines, provisions, books, and China ornaments, were carried up to the cottage and bestowed in proper places. Virginia filled the glasses in the drawing-room with gorgeous leaves and flowers; and declared by the evening, as she looked around her, that she could almost fancy herself in St. John's Wood.

"See," said the professor, "how rapid is the progress of material civilization! Humanity is now entering on the fruits of ages. Before long it will be in a position to be unspeakably happy."

Virginia retired to bed early. The professor took the curate out with him to look at the stars, and promised to lend him some writings of the modern philosophers, which would make him more perfect in the new view of things. They said good night, murmuring together that there was certainly no God, that Humanity was very important, and that everything was very solemn.

VIII.

Next morning the curate began studying a number of essays that the professor loaned him, all written by exact thinkers, who disbelieved in God, and thought Humanity adorable and most important. Virginia lay on the sofa, and sighed over one of Miss Broughton's novels, and it occurred to the professor that the island was just the place where, if anywhere, the missing link might be found.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "all is still progress. Material progress came to an end yesterday; mental progress has begun to-day. One third of Humanity is cultivating sentiment; another third is learning to covet truth; I, the remaining and most enlightened third, will go and seek it. Glorious, solemn Humanity! I will go and look about for its aboreal ancestor."

Every step the professor took he found the island more beautiful; but he came back to luncheon, having been unsuccessful in his search. Events had marched quickly in his absence. Virginia was at the beginning of her third volume; and the curate had skimmed over so many essays that he professed himself able to give a thorough account of the want of faith that was in him.

After luncheon the three sat together in easy-chairs in the veranda, sometimes talking, sometimes falling into a doze. They all agreed that they were wonderfully comfortable, and the professor said:

"All Humanity is now at rest, and in utter peace. It is just taking breath before it becomes unspeakably and significantly happy."

He would have said more, but he was here startled by a piteous noise of crying, and the three found themselves confronted by an old woman, dripping with sea-water, and with an expression on her face of the utmost misery. They soon recognized her as one of the passengers on the ship. She told them how she had been floated ashore on a spar, and how she had been sustained by a little roast-pig, that kindly begged her to eat it, having first lain in her bosom to restore her to warmth. She was now looking for her son.

"And if I can not find him," said the old woman, "I shall never smile again. He has half broken my heart," she went on, "by his wicked ways. But if I thought he was dead—dead in the midst of his sins—it would be broken altogether; for in that case he must certainly be in hell."

"Old woman," said the professor, very slowly and solemnly, "be comforted. I announce to you that your son is alive."

"Oh, bless you, sir, for that word!" cried the old woman. "But where is he? Have you seen him? Are you sure that he is living?"

"I am sure of it," said the professor, "because enlightened thought shows me that he can not be anything else. It is true that I saw him sink for the third time in the sea, and that he was then snapped up by a shark. But he is as much alive as ever in his posthumous activities. He has made you wretched after him; and that is his future life. Become an exact thinker, and you will see that this is so. Old woman," added the professor, solemnly, "you are your son in hell."

At this the old woman flew into a terrible rage.

"In hell, sir!" she exclaimed; "me in hell!—a poor, lone woman like me! How dare you?" And she sank back in a chair and fainted.

"Alas!" said the professor, "thus is misery again introduced into the world. A fourth part of Humanity is now miserable."

The curate answered promptly that if no restoratives were given her she would probably die in a few minutes. "And to let her die," he said, "is clearly our solemn duty. It will be for the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

"No," said the professor; "for our sense of pity would then be wounded, and the happiness of all of us would be marred by that."

"Excuse me," said the curate; "but exact thought shows me that pity for others is but the imagining of their misfortune falling on ourselves. Now, we can none of us imagine ourselves exactly in the old woman's case; therefore, it is quite impossible that we can pity her."

"But," said the professor, "such an act would violate our ideas of justice."

"You are wrong again," said the curate; "for exact thought shows me that the love of justice is nothing but the fear of suffering injustice. If we were to kill strong men, we might naturally fear that strong men would kill us. But whatever we do to fainting old women, we can not expect that fainting old women will do anything to us in return."

"Your reasoning can not be sound," said the professor, "for it would lead to most horrible conclusions. I will solve the difficulty better. I will make the old woman happy, and therefore fit to live. Old woman," he exclaimed, "you are yourself by your own unhappiness expiating your son's sins. Do but think of that, and you will become unspeakably happy."

Meanwhile, however, the old woman had died. When the professor discovered this he was somewhat shocked; but at length, with a sudden change of countenance, "We neither of us did it," he exclaimed; "her death is no act of ours. It is part of the eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness—righteousness, which is, as we all know, but another name for happiness. Let us adore the event with reverence."

"Yes," said the curate, "we are well rid of her. She was an immoral old woman; for happiness is the test of morality, and she was very unhappy."

"On the contrary," said the professor, "she was a moral old woman, for she has made us happy by dying so very opportunely. Let us speak well of the dead. Her death has been a holy and a blessed one. She has conformed to the laws of matter. Thus is unhappiness destined to fade out of the world. Quick! let us tie a bag of shot to all the sorrow and evil of Humanity, which, after all, is only a fourth part of it; and let us sink her in the bay close at hand, that she may catch lobsters for us."

IX.

"At last," said the professor, as they began dinner that evening, "the fullness of time has come. All the evils of Humanity are removed, and progress has come to end because it can go no further. We have nothing now to do but to be unspeakably and significantly happy."

The champagne flowed freely. Our friends ate and drank of the best, their spirits rose, and Virginia admitted that this was really "jolly." The sense of the word pleased the professor, but its sound seemed below the gravity of the occasion; so he begged her to say "sublime" instead. "We can make it mean," he said, "just the same, but we prefer it for the sake of its associations."

It soon, however, occurred to him that eating and drinking were hardly delights sufficient to justify the highest state of human emotion, and he began to fear he had been feeling sublime prematurely; but in another moment he recollected he was an altruist, and that the secret of their happiness was not that any one of them was happy, but that they each knew the others were.

"Yes, my dear curate," said the professor, "what I am enjoying is the champagne that you drink, and what you are enjoying is the champagne that I drink. This is altruism; this is benevolence; this is the sublime outcome of enlightened modern thought. The pleasures of the table, in themselves, are low and beastly ones; but if we each of us are only glad because the others are enjoying them, they become holy and glorious beyond description."

"They do," cried the curate, rapturously, "indeed they do! I will drink another bottle for your sake. It is sublime!" he said, as he tossed off three glasses. "It is significant!" he said, as he finished three more. "Tell me, my dear, do I look significant?" he added, as he turned to Virginia, and suddenly tried to crown the general bliss by kissing her.

Virginia started back, looking fire and fury at him. The professor was completely astounded by an occurrence so unnatural, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder: "Morality, sir—remember morality! How dare you upset that which Professor Huxley tells us must be forever strong enough to hold its own?"

But the last glass of champagne had put the curate beyond the reach of exact thought. He tumbled under the table, and the professor carried him off to bed.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A lady who edits a paper in the West frankly expresses her opinion on the subject of kissing: "Kisses are an acknowledged institution. It is as natural for folks to like them as it is for water to run down hill, except when it is so cold that it freezes and can't run at all. Some are hot as coal-fire, some sweet as honey, some mild as milk, some tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than other sorts. As to proposed kisses, they are not liked at all. We have made it our business to inquire among our friends, and they agree with us that a stolen kiss is the most agreeable—that is, if the theft is made by the right person. Talk of shyness and struggling—no wonder. When some bipeds approach, it is miraculous that ladies do not go into convulsions. We do not speak from experience, but from what we have heard others say. We have been kissed a few times, and, as we are not very old, we hope to receive many more."

A ball of pop-corn lies in the British Museum in London, with a label on it reading as follows: "An article of food in America, greatly liked by the negroes in the southern United States."

At two o'clock Dr. Carver stepped into the field, raining hard. He began firing at the drops, and the drops had shot a dry space of half an acre around

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 22, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—Jack and I betook ourselves to see *Fanchon* one night. I can not say that we were attracted by the novelty of the play. I do not believe there is on the stage to-day a small woman with dark glancing eyes who has not at some time in her career played "Fanchon." Indeed, I once saw a very large, very square, very bony woman play it, and she was not at all a bad "Cricket." It is better, however, to confine the part to the little folks, for it is very absurd to see a pair of number five shoes agitating at the extremities of a pair of limbs of appropriate length in the mazes of the shadow-dance. In point of fact, if I remember well, the shadow in the case I mention was so long that, after meandering across the width of a small stage, it was prematurely cut off at the flies, and the volatile "Fanchon" was obliged to converse with a half length. But with Maggie Mitchell it is quite different; she is just the right size for it, and what there is of her is a perfect bundle of emotion. I have not seen anything more perfect in its way than the first three acts of *Fanchon*, taking it from her own standpoint. She has thoroughly Americanized it. There is no trace of the little French imp of the original story. She is rather a wild Yankee girl buried in the woods, while she and all around her are masquerading in French costumes. But the soul is there, and souls have no nationalities. What an odd mixture of the natural and the affected Maggie Mitchell is! One moment she is a perfect child of nature, the next a model specimen of the training school. Her peculiar voice has so many intonations, and she changes it so suddenly, that one sometimes looks to see who else has spoken. With her long dress she puts on company manners, and makes the most dignified courtesies you ever saw. Altogether, she is a wonderful contradiction. She has flashes of genius and flashes of commonplace. Next week she brings out a new play. What odd sensations she must have when she plays a new character! The oldest inhabitant remembers her so very long ago as "Fanchon" that she must have grown into the parts. How delightful it must be to grow old like Dejazet, or Charles Matthews, or Maggie Mitchell, who is certainly no longer young! How pleasant even in mimicry to go back into youth or childhood every night for two or three hours and really be young again, for the kindly footlights are gentle to time-traces when art assists them! I thought how strange it was the other night, when Maggie Mitchell, in the abandon of "Fanchon's" grief, fell at Marie Prescott's feet, crying, "Grandma, grandma!" There's an Americanism for a French play! Maggie Mitchell played "Fanchon," perhaps, before Marie Prescott was born, and yet how the art of make-up reverses them. Madge, I have come to the conclusion that there is something more in Miss Marie Prescott than appeared at first. She was inconsiderate enough to play "Felina" badly and carelessly because it was an ungrateful part. Foolish girl! That little act was most indisputably the mark of the amateur. It will take her some time to dissipate the bad impression she made, and yet I wish you could have seen her as "Ann Fadet." It was really a remarkable personation in one so young and so new to the stage. She is really a very pretty girl, but she remorselessly sacrificed every atom of her beauty and made of herself a hideous, scrawny old hag. She spared nothing. Her hands and arms had a witch-like thinness, her face was seamed and attenuated beyond recognition, and her teeth were a horror; even her voice was well controlled. Some day she will play it quite differently, for she makes "Ann Fadet" simply a weak, tremulous old woman, and gives her none of the witch-like malignity common to this charming species of ancient female. She gives one little dramatic burst, which would be almost Cushman-line were it not for the remnant of amateur uncertainty which underlies it. They used to call the old California a school for acting, but that was in the old days of long ago. They can't learn much from each other as it stands nowadays, for they are all new in the art. There is not a veteran in the crowd, unless it may be John Wilson or Mrs. Saunders. Alas! we all wanted something new, but we did not want it so brand new. There was a *débutante* on Monday night, a Miss Lottie Cobb. She was remarkably self-possessed, and actually committed no *gaucherie*. I observe that they have promoted from the ranks to speaking parts a little girl, who has had such various *noms de théâtre* that I hesitate to write one of them because I am not sure which is her last choice. She spoke her lines nicely enough, but I especially noted that she looked as clean as a pink. My dear Madge, you who have gazed so often upon the glaring stripes and variegated brilliances of those terrible peasants' costumes, will understand what a charm there is in a spink-spunk clean dress to catch the attention. If the coryphées could once be induced to appreciate the beauties of the laundry how many more charms might the minor scenes contain. Another member of the company so completely enchained me by the liquid peculiarities of his accent, that I momentarily expected to hear him break into that touching refrain of Harry Kernell's, "Take me back, take me back to the sweet sunny South." It is not a disagreeable accent to my ear by any means, but, taken in conjunction with the other varieties of English and some of the extraordinary French employed on the occasion, it was a little queer. If this theatre ever goes into bankruptcy again the salary list can not be held responsible. The unemployed local talent—what a stationary institution it is!—is having one more chance. The Grand Opera House opens with a spectacle, a very magnificent affair they tell me. Excuse this sudden termination of a brief letter, my dear Madge, for Jack insists upon my going to hear a lecture.

Yours,

BETSY B.

At Fulda, in Germany, there are several schools for teaching bullfinches to sing. The young birds are divided into classes of from six to ten each, and kept in the dark. As they are fed a small organ is played. The birds finally begin to associate the music with the feeding, and when hungry they begin to sing a few notes of the tune they hear daily. They are then placed in a room where light is admitted. This seems to render them more lively. They are then taught additional music, and enjoy singing. The most difficult task is starting the birds. Some are kept for a long time in the dark and on starvation rations before their stupidity or obstinacy can be overcome.

CARICATURE.

The art of pictorial caricature, by which the forms and faces of eminent statesmen and distinguished public men are ridiculously exaggerated, has, under the pencils of Nast, the cartoonist of the London *Punch*, and the artists of Paris and Berlin, been carried almost to perfection. We have been made so familiar with the faces of the Premiers of England in the cartoons of *Punch* that should we meet the living representatives we should have no trouble in identifying them. Dizzy, with his little curl and big nose, would be recognized in the streets of San Francisco as a familiar face. The late Napoleon III., with his prominent proboscis, his waxed and elongated moustache, was known throughout the civilized world by his successful caricaturing. General Grant with his cigar, Butler with his curious eye, Tweed with his exaggerated nose and stomach, are all familiar faces to us; and by the way, how is it that nearly all great men have nice large noses? Who ever found brains behind a shriveled-up, puggy organ of smell. It is said that the first Napoleon chose the Marshals of his empire from the prominence of their olfactory development. But to come back to caricaturing: little obscure nobodies of men are never the subject of pictorial exaggeration. If by accident some insignificant and redundant creature has the luck to be placed in a position to which his genius or his talent does not entitle him he may be pictured once or twice for the purpose of illustrating his diminutive character. But the man who is constantly caricatured, or constantly misrepresented, either by pen or pencil, can congratulate himself that he is at least rescued from that oblivion that overwhelms smaller men and meaner minds. Of the late Senators of the United States, who do we seem to know best? Who have been most eminent, most honored? Not an intelligent American does not know the faces of Webster, Clay, Van Buren, Benton, Sumner, and Morton, and all by reason of the caricaturing of their political enemies. The Honorable Roscoe Conkling is pictured in the minds of hundreds of thousands of citizens as a handsome, proud, intellectual man by the vicious pencil of a hired caricaturist. It is a singular fact, too, that only the best heads and best faces make the best caricatures. There must be something to exaggerate; and the likeness and general form must be preserved or the artist fails in the object and purpose of his delineation. We always envy the man who is successfully and persistently caricatured.

A Sublime Glutton.

As a "bit of word-painting" the following description of the performance of a glutton at an English cricket match is, we believe, unequalled in excellence, except by the performance itself: "The hero of this scene has made a table of the box seat, and built himself a throne of cushions on the foot board. So artistically arranged is the whole thing that the mouth almost touches the plate. He is a dull, heavy-eyed, sleepy sensualist. In intellect he is on a level with a sheep, and his over-fed expression reminds me of the fat boy in 'Pickwick.' He is a slow, solemn, dreamy, and methodical eater. He never hurries himself about anything, but crams his unfortunate stomach with the regularity of a machine. Provided also with a servant to minister to his exclusive wants, he gives slow signs to the slave, his mouth being too full to talk. He attends to no one, looks at no one, gazes nowhere except upon the steadily-disappearing mass of food. Ladies are on the carriage, but they turn their backs upon him in disgust, and put up their parasols. A silver flagon is before the gormandizer, and he sighs with delight as the cool liquid trickles down his heated throat. After eating for over an hour he starts up and looks vacantly round. The sweet cake is so long coming that he crams his mouth with bread meanwhile. Cheese, salad, mint sauce, pie, cake, and fruit disappear down his marvelous throat. When the end is nearly at hand he lingers affectionately over the last bit. He is sorrowful at the thought of losing a crumb. Slower and slower the hand goes up to the mouth and then the glutton appears to be in a dreamy trance. I went up to look at him and he gazed vacantly at me with his sleepy eyes. He was drunk with eating."

There are obstacles in the way of aspirants for dramatic fame in Paris, as is evidenced by a recent story of an ambitious youth, who, some years ago, visited M. Regnier, of the Théâtre Français, and was told at the end of an audience to study for a year, as his present delivery was unintelligible. Disconcerted, but not wholly dashed, the young man set to work, labored energetically for a year, and then again visited M. Regnier, to favor him with the result of his study. M. Regnier listened to him for some little time, and then informed him that he had evidently worked hard, but must set to work again. "But have I not improved?" inquired the young man. "Yes, yes," replied Regnier. "Last year I could not understand you at all; now I understand that you speak badly."

The New York *Dramatic News* has an admirable portrait of J. O. Murphy, which it prefers that we should accept as a counterfeit presentment of that great and good actor, Mr. William Mestayer. But we miss the fire of genius in the eye, the lordly pose of the head, and the forehead "like a tower looking toward Damascus," as Solomon daintily described the nose of his sweetheart. No, it is not Mestayer; we cannot, really we cannot, take it at all; but shall forward to our illustrated contemporary a butcher's block, or a section of one of the big trees of Calaveras, from which a little study will evolve a more satisfactory William. Californians may not know very much about art, but we know Bill Mestayer from the ground up.

Most of us know men of the later middle age, or of considerable age, who, voluntarily or involuntarily, have ceased from work, and suffer from their afternoons as other men do from neuralgia or mental pain. On the other hand, men who by nature or habit incessantly observe, who cannot avoid noticing, and noticing keenly, the people and events and movements around them; who are never unaware if the cat jumps, and never insensible to the changed place of a piece of furniture; who on entering the room see everybody in it, and can tell when they have been out everything that occurred or that was seen, are never seriously attacked by tedium.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

Jack Brily the sailor he said: "Johnny, ben to the Fair?" and I said was there any clown, and a ephalant, and some fellers wich can jump high upper than a horseback, and turn thei'selfs in side out, and a wooman with shiny things on her legs, and a pony wich can wock on its hed.

Then Jack he said: "Lay to there, ship mate, the thing wich you are spinnin yarns aboutt aint a fair, but a circus pformance," and I said: "Thats the feller for me, but the Forth of July is mity nice too."

One time there was a circus pformance come thru the town were we was livin, and me and Billy was a follerin it for to see the ephalant wich had a weel house on its back, and the pilot was a natif nigger without no close, only jest a table napkin. And wile the circus was a stoppin for to block up the street the natif nigger he slid down and was a goin in a sloon to git some wisky. But the sloon man met him at the door, and he said, the sloon man did:

"Aint you one of them heathens in their blindness, wich bows down to wood an stone?"

The natif nigger he looked a wile, like he wanted to say some thing, but mebbey cuident speak our langwedge. Then the sloon man he said a other time:

"Yes, I see how it is, you come from Injys corral strand, were Affrics sunny fountains role down their golden sand."

Wen he had sed that the natif nigger man he be gun to dance a round, and hitch up his britch clout, and hold up his hand and twiddle his thumb and fingers like he was wirlin a stick in em, but he dident say nothin.

Then the sloon man he said:

"You have come here for to call us to de liver yure land from erers chane."

But fore he cude say any more that natif nigger had knocked him down an was a stompin on to the stummeck of his belly, and a yellin:

"Ye dhirty blaggaird, fwot do ye mane wid yer mlshnary gammon to a son of the howly mither church? Take that, ye thafe o the world, and the nixt toime ye want to convart a grand quintoople combination hippydhrome ye better staint in on that divvie of a royal roarin goriller, wich is an unbelaver!"

My Uncle Ned, wich has been in Injy and evry were, once he see a natif lady in a swimmin, and he sed to hisself: "Now lle jest go and hide myself long side her close, and when she comes out for to put em on lle catch her and kisser."

So Uncle Ned he looked evry were for her close, but he dident find em, and he sed:

"Never mind, lle foller her to were they be, and kisser wile she is tangle up in em."

So he hid hisself close by, and when she come out he folered her, and wen she had went a mile she come bime by to a dessert, but not the dessert wich is after dinner, nothin but jest sand, hot as fire in the sun, and reachin clear out of sight, and she started rite out toard the hoe rizen. Then Uncle Ned he stopt and turned back, a shakin his hed and sayin:

"I never see sech a girl like thatn in ol my life for to leav her close so fur from the woter! I shude that she wude ben a frade sum lolife blagard wude cetch her and kisser."

My sister's yung man he says one day wen Noey was in the Ark, bout a week after the shower, he seen a feller swimmin long side, and he said, Noey did:

"Hello!"

And the feller he said:

"Hello, yure ownself."

Then Noey he looked up to the sky, and ol round, and then he leaned over, and wisperd to the feller:

"Gimme yure hand and lle pul you in if you wont say nothin."

But the feller he said:

"Thanks, but its gittin late, and I ges I better paddle back, cos I left my close on the bank, and mebbey sum mizzable galoot wil hook my watch."

And thats all I know a bout the Fair. Ask Billy.

We trust that our liberty-loving fellow-citizens from Germany and Ireland will pardon us for reproducing from the reports of our American Consuls, in their native lands, the following figures, and that those of them who meet and agitate upon our sand-lots will not consider us inhospitable if, in view of their very hard condition in this country, we suggest that they go home, and the sooner the better—for us. In his report upon wages in England, Ireland, and Scotland, Consul-General Badeau says that during the past five years wages have increased gradually about 10 per cent., while the cost of living has increased about 25 per cent. Clothing is about 30 per cent. higher, while fuel has not risen in price. Agricultural laborers get from \$2 to \$3 per week, including beer; building laborers and gardeners from \$4.40 to \$5.10 per week; bricklayers, carpenters, masons, and engineers from \$6.80 to \$11 per week; cabinet makers, printers, and jewelers from \$8 to \$12.30 per week, although the best marble masons and jewelers receive \$14.75. Bootmakers and tailors get from \$4.86 to \$7.65 per week, and bakers from \$4.65 to \$7.25, with partial board. Women servants are paid from \$70 to \$240 per annum. Railway porters and laborers on public works get from \$4.45 to \$12 per week. Rents have risen some 30 per cent., and are, for artisans in London, from \$1.20 to \$2.40 per week for one or two rooms. The Consul at Barmen, Germany, reports that for agricultural labor the pay varies greatly, according to the proximity to and remoteness from manufacturing centres; and ranges from fifty-six cents a day in the neighborhood of Barmen to thirty-one cents a day in the lower Rhine valley, and as low as eighteen cents in parts of Silesia. At Barmen, Crefeld, and Düsseldorf, carpenters, coppermiths, plumbers, machinists and wagonsmiths earn fifty-one to seventy-five cents daily; saddlers and shoemakers forty-seven to fifty-two cents daily; bakers and brewers, with board and lodging, from \$1.42 to \$2.14 weekly, and without board from sixty cents a day to \$4.28 a week; farm hands are paid from \$107 to \$215 yearly, with maintenance; railroad laborers from fifty-six to eighty cents daily."

The "leading issue" in the next Presidential canvass can be pretty accurately forecast. It will be this: "Is a man fit for the chief magistracy of this country who wears a clean shirt and eats peas with his fork?"

CALIFORNIA IN 1816.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In looking through my library the other day, I came across a work entitled, "A Geographical Description of the United States with the contiguous British and Spanish Possessions, intended as an Accompaniment to Melish's Map of those Countries; by John Melish;" published in Philadelphia, 1816. Speaking of the western boundary of the United States, the author says:

"Toward the Pacific Ocean we have no very correct data for forming an opinion as to the boundaries. The following view of the subject is the result of the best information that has been obtained. The Missouri and its waters are unquestionably part of the United States territory, in virtue of the purchase of Louisiana; and it is presumed that the title is equally unquestionable as to the Columbia and its waters, to a line drawn due west from the northwest corner of the Lake of the Woods. This includes the Multnomah on the south, but leaves the question undetermined in the unexplored country between that river and the bay of St. Francisco. From the latest accounts it appears that the Spaniards have no settlements above the bay, and probably will have none; so that the country may be considered virtually a part of the United States territory, provided they should consider it of importance to take possession and settle it. A settlement on the west coast would unquestionably be a matter of vast importance to the United States; and that question being intimately connected with the boundaries in this quarter, it is considered a matter of some importance to introduce a view of the most recent information regarding that country, procured in an authentic form from the account of the Russian voyage of Krutzenstern, by G. H. von Langsdorff, which has already been referred to. It is well known that the Spanish Government is extremely jealous of its foreign possessions, in consequence of which it was under peculiar circumstances that the Russian vessel was admitted. They had the good fortune, however, not only to be admitted into the harbor of St. Francisco, but to obtain a great deal of very minute and interesting information, the result of which will be best communicated by a few extracts. The entrance to the harbor is thus described:

"We now steered directly towards the harbor, and had the pleasure of finding Vancouver's charts and views so accurate that they left us nothing to be wished for."

"They anchored abreast of the fort, and afterwards discovered another fort, of which they gave the following account:

"A fort concealed by a point of land, so as not to be visible from the anchoring place; an enemy's ship attempting to run into the harbor, deeming itself quite safe by steering out of the reach of the fort at the entrance, might be very much surprised by being saluted with a discharge of artillery at a moment when least expected. On the contrary, a vessel keeping to the northern shore and northeast part of this spacious bay is secure from all danger."

"He again remarks on this point:

"In the neighborhood, and north of the island of Los Angeles and Punta de San Antonio, an enemy's ship may be perfectly secure against all attacks by the Spaniards. Directly east of San Joseph, about seven leagues, is an arm of a great river, which first winds towards the north, and then taking a westerly direction, empties itself into the northeast part of the bay of St. Francisco. To the north and northeast, another bay extends for several miles, over which are scattered a number of islands. Into this flow four or five large rivers that come from the east. They are probably several months belonging to one large river. The Spaniards have many times followed the southern, or left bank of this river, on horseback, but for want of boats have never been able to examine the right bank. Between eighty and ninety leagues inland, the stream has from four to five fathoms of water, and is so broad that a ball from a musket would scarcely reach the opposite shore! From want of vessels and boats in the harbor, the Spaniards are separated entirely from the opposite shore of the bay, distant an Italian mile [nearly one and one-fifth English]. This precludes their having any intercourse with the more northerly tribes of Indians."

"From hence it appears that the Spaniards have no intention to extend their settlements beyond the bay and river of San Francisco, and the whole country between that and the outlet of the Columbia probably lies open to the citizens of the United States. The river St. Francisco presents itself as a convenient boundary line between the United States and Spanish settlements, and it will probably afford a fine passage from the interior of the country to the Pacific Ocean. St. Francisco bay and river were noticed in discussing the article of the boundary lines, but it may be mentioned in this place, that when this part of the map was constructed, the supposition that there was a large river flowing to the westward, through the interior of the country into the bay of St. Francisco, arose from inference only. The account of the Russian voyage, quoted in regard to it, proves incontestably the existence of such a river, and that it is a very large stream, two hundred and seventy miles in the interior of the country. There is little doubt, therefore, but that the Rio Buenaventura and its waters, which interlock with the waters of the Rio del Norte and La Platte, form a part of it. Should this be the case, it may in process of time form an admirable communication with the settlements on the west coast of America."

In giving an account of the British and Spanish possessions in America, the author uses the following language, which, excepting the statement of the extent of the country, is substantially true of California to-day:

"This intendency extends from near north latitude 32 deg. to the Bay of St. Francisco, in latitude 38 deg., and from the mountains, as exhibited on the map, to the sea, being about 430 miles long, and an average breadth of 110. Its area is about 50,000 square miles, and the population about 16,000. The soil of the New California is much superior to that of the Peninsula, and the country is well watered. The climate is much more mild than in the same parallel of latitude on the eastern coast of the continent, but the sky is often overcast and cloudy. Good wines are made all along the coast to beyond 37 deg. north latitude, and olives grow plentifully in the south. The face of the country is agreeably diversified, and prairies of considerable extent are situated between the coast and the mountains. The principal settlements are St. Francisco, Monterey, St. Michael, St. Fernando, and St. Diego. St. Carlos de Monterey, the capital, was founded in 1770. The large country lying between the California mountains and New Mexico has been partially explored. Future researches will, no doubt, make important discoveries in this quarter, and at some future day the Gulf of California and the Rio Colorado of the west will probably be the seats of large and important settlements."

WHAT TO TAX AND WHY.

The Landowners Must Go.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—You ask me whether there would not be just a little hardship and wrong in putting all our taxes on land, and thus virtually confiscating what we have permitted certain individuals to think of as their own property? I reply, yes; there might be a little, just as in the abolition of slavery there might be hardship to those who had bought slaves. But I ask you whether infinitely greater suffering and wrong are not involved in continuing the present state of things? In another article in the same issue you protest against gentlemen who are working fourteen and a half hours a day, seven days in the week, for \$60 per month—gentlemen, as you say, with families to support—being compelled to wear gilt braid and brass buttons as a badge of their slavery. And in still another article you ask contributions to provide with employment at a dollar a day men who otherwise must beg, steal or starve. Now, what is the injustice of making a few rich men somewhat less rich as compared with the injustice involved in a state of things which compels gentlemen to submit to every caprice of an employer in order to retain the privilege of earning \$60 per month by fourteen and a half hours' work every day, and makes one dollar a day for breaking stones or digging sand a dole from the giver and a boon to the receiver?

This chronic injustice, which you so clearly see and feel, is the result of the wrong which would be obviated by putting all taxes on land, and thus confiscating rent; it is the result of the wrong involved in permitting a few to hold the land on which and from which all must live. It is not, as you think, the Chinese who are the cause of our hard times, our labor difficulties, our pauperism, and our crime. There are no Chinamen in New York, yet you may see there far more suffering than in San Francisco; there are no Chinamen in Boston, yet white girls are working there for two cents per hour; there are no Chinamen in England, yet there 1,000,000 people are supported as paupers, and official reports recite horrors which can not be paralleled by any system of slavery in either ancient or modern times. And if we had no Chinamen, the monopolization of land would, with increase of population, bring hard times, labor difficulties, pauperism, and crime. For just as rents go up, wages and interest must fall; just as the value of land increases, so must the laborer become a slave or a pauper; and these is no possible way of preventing these effects except by treating land as common property.

You ask, who would want to hold land if it were taxed to its full value? Nobody. And so much the better. For the mere holder of land is but the dog in the manger, who will not let others use what he can not use himself. To make land-holding unprofitable is to shake off these dogs in the manger who are now keeping so many lots in San Francisco vacant, so many broad acres around it untilld—to open opportunities where labor can employ itself instead of begging for work at a dollar a day. To make land-holding unprofitable is to make land-using profitable; for whatever, in purchase money or rent, the user is obliged to pay for land is so much taken from his earnings. Now, who would be hurt if we were thus to make land-holding unprofitable by taking in taxes the full value of land? Not the laborer; not the capitalist; but only the mere land-holder, who, economically considered, is but a blackmailer of labor and capital, the reaper where he has not sown, the sharer in the proceeds of production to which he has contributed nothing. And as all land-holders are to some extent laborers or capitalists, there would be no loser to whom the change would not bring something in compensation. And as the great majority of land-owners are more dependent for their incomes upon their labor or their capital than upon the mere value of their land, the great majority even of land-holders would gain more than they would lose. What wealth is produced would not only be more fairly divided, but much more would be produced; for whether he plants a tree or builds a railroad the producer is fined by our present system of taxation just in proportion as he adds to the wealth of the community, while thousands of would-be producers are compelled to idleness because denied access to the land, without which nothing can be produced.

The general interests of society demand that no one who wishes to work should be denied the opportunity, and that every one who does work should receive his full earnings; and the selfish interests of a class should not be suffered to stand in the way of these general interests. A wrong is no less a wrong because it has got itself legalized.

HENRY GEORGE.

In *Harper's Weekly* Nast and Curtis, by cartoons and editorials, have waged a relentless and bitter war against Senator Conkling of New York. Regarding Mr. Conkling as one of the ablest of the statesmen of the nation, and one of the most honorable and useful in his position, we sincerely hope that the personal malignity of the picture-maker and the unappreciated and disappointed political writer may not succeed in so dividing the Republican party of the Empire State as to make Senator Conkling's defeat possible.

Our story of "Paul and Virginia" is original in the *Contemporary Review* in England, was reprinted in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and is reproduced by us because we think it not only a most charmingly written one, but because of the keen satire and caustic wit with which it deals with "Positivism."

Mr. James C. Ward is not responsible for the wood cut of last week that gave to the prosperous pueblo of San Jose in the year 1847 only two or three houses. The drawing was made to represent an incident. The engraver left the incident out.

A scientist remarks that grazing animals eat great quantities of dirt. This is rather a slur on Nebuchadnezzar, and seems also to hint that if George Gorham wishes to retain his position as Secretary of the United States Senate his ambition will affect the price of hay.

Bachelors' wives and maids' children are always well taught.

THOSE WOMEN.

Things that Men Say of the Opposing Sex.

An English lady has learned in Egypt to make roses yield a preserve as delicious to the palate as their perfume is to that superior organ, the nose. This admirable flower is henceforth relegated to the kitchen-vegetable garden, and nine-tenths of our poetical literature is become ridiculous; though nothing is likely to overcome our romantic respect for the roses on a lady's cheek—which cannot, by any process of the confectioner's art, be made to taste any better than they do—raw.

A thoughtful and observant male remarks that the most delicate parcel he knows about is a young woman wrapped up in herself. The trouble is she won't bear handling.

Mrs. James T. Fields says that, next to the late Charles Dickens, Mr. Sothorn is the most charming of men. We can not vouch for the general accuracy of this lady's judgment; it is unnecessary to explain that she and the writer of this paragraph have never met.

A German princess is expected to live on fifty thousand dollars a year, and it is not thought nice of her to let her young man pay for the ice cream.

When Major Nepeau came home to England from Madras and was about to smoke in Mrs. Nepeau's boudoir, his wife objected. "Ma," said her little son, "you used to let Mr. Woolley smoke here." Then the unreasonable great bear of a man went and got a divorce. As if the kitchen garden wasn't big enough for him to smoke in!

We do not very often get a glimpse of Mrs. Edwin Booth, and it is only a brief one that a writer at an Eastern seaside resort gives us, but quite charming while it lasts: "There is a little flutter among those congregated on the shore as Mrs. Booth runs swiftly through the ranks and takes a 'header' into the waves. Her maroon-colored bathing dress and straw hat are by no means unbecoming—she might almost go on for Rosalind in them—but she loses no time in disappearing in the water."

And this is the way an audacious newspaper man dares to describe Miss Alice Harrison: "She is a little creature, with dazzling white teeth, black eyes, and a face full of expression—a divine monkey!"

Woman, heaven bless her, is the light of our homes, but when she tries to make a man's vest the angels weep.

Two ladies made an emotion (we prefer that expression to the hackneyed "created a sensation") at a cricket match in London by walking about in white satin costumes covered with white lace, the short petticoats revealing intensely black silk stockings. A whole clothes-line full of the ordinary white ones would hardly have so affected the spectator.

Mr. Don Piatt is our authority for the not very credible statement that when Dr. Mary Walker was in prison one night she was terribly frightened by her pantaloons, which she had hung on a peg. These famous garments, by the way, seem to be filling with considerable dignity that position in journalism formerly occupied by Horace Greeley's old white hat.

Rosa Bonheur, while going the rounds of the Paris Exhibition, noticed a fine specimen of the shaggy and picturesque Highland breed of cattle, and inquired if it was for sale. She received answer that the animal was to be sold on no account. On obtaining the address of the owner, she telegraphed to London to ask if it could be hired for a certain period, so that she might have an opportunity of painting it. The owner naively replied that the animal's natural color was the one that suited him best.

During the recent civil war the Princess Salm-Salm (who is now incorrectly reported dead) always accompanied her husband, who was generally employed on staff duty. A certain major-general, who was rather sweet on the princess, once remonstrated with a brigadier for banishing the prince from his staff. "What the mischief, General," cried the indignant brigadier, "can I do with a fellow who tumbles into the water whenever his horse puts his head down to drink?" "Carry him about in an ambulance, then," retorted the love-sick commander; "only keep him away from me!"

"Gath"—writing from Long Branch, we believe—tells the following preposterous fib: "Great attention has been paid to the little toe on the female foot. A rumor has grown around that no female could wink her little toe, and that to wink it was a surer sign of aristocratic lineage than to have a rainbow instep. How to give him (or her) a separate action, a pronounced character, and, in short, to make him rise up like a piano finger and drop on the keys—this was the absorbing question. The small toe in woman seldom leaves a mark upon the sand. This year various have been the devices to bring the timid creature out. Miss Van Pizen wears a seal ring on the little fellow, with the seal down, and leaves us her monogram as she goes down the beach. Miss De Vilin has practiced on hers with a patent spring clothes pin, so that it is off by itself, a wandering toe, a banished knuckle. As for Miss Smith, she lets her young man exercise it for an hour at the bathing time. Finally, the two Misses Jones inherited the gout from their papa, and have beautifully isolated little toes, but of an inflamed color."

How could we better finish this gossip than with the following lines by "Clarice"? They are original, and we think them pretty—if you want to know—and so crowd them in, although they are entitled

CROWDED OUT.

There was no place for her, she knew,
And in her face a rough wind blew.
She saw them walking side by side
As yesterday they walked, and tried
To think that it was very sweet
To hear the falling of their feet;
To see the happy sunlight play
Upon the lupin-bordered way;
To hear the careless linnets sing,
Or the blue-jay's heartless twittering.
O yes, the world was very fair,
For spring was smiling everywhere!
She had no right to him, she knew,
And in her face a rough wind blew.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.



MY DEAR EM:—I am told that about fifty of the handsomest dresses worn at the recent Sharon party were made at Samuels', where I saw, this morning, a very handsome dress, just imported for Madame Ramirez. It is of the color known as Russian blue, which is a compromise between violet and lead color. The train is perfectly plain and of brocade, the trimming up the sides being of plain silk the same color, a flat fold, widening towards the top and piped on both edges by a double cord of very light silk. Half way up a large bow, lined with the same, the sides held by three plaits, supports the large pockets, the latter being finished at the bottom by a broad row of mixed seaweed fringe. The pockets, in this instance, are nothing more than concave openings in the side fold, with a simple piping at the top. The front of the skirt is crossed by a graceful drape of the brocade, and the open vest, with brocade revers and four large bows, is completed by similar cordings. The sleeves are of silk with brocade cuffs, bows, and a graduated-plaiting at the back of the hand opening. In front, the undershirt has two double box plaits lined with lighter silk around the bottom. The indications are that we are slowly but surely returning to the rotundity of some years ago. The latest rumors from over the water are to the effect that the pannier is to be revived, or rather the plural of it, for there will be two, one on each hip; in other words, we can choose between the extreme of the Marie Antoinette mode, or no mode at all, for the next year. The Rubens corsage, very similar, but with various modifications, is beginning to find favor abroad. As they are exceedingly trying to certain styles of figure, they will hardly become very common, though there are many who will wear it whether or not. The pannier jacket is a sort of compromise with the long dress *bouffant*. It is a long basque, puffed on each hip, and for house toilette, open to the belt and filled in with plastrons of white lace, or a vest similarly trimmed. Pretty, perhaps, in moderation for slender people, but fancy any one who tips the scales at a hundred and seventy-five wearing them. With these basques will be worn for warm weather, fichus of lace or *crêpe de chine*. Colder seasons demand shawls, although paletots and even the much worn dolman will probably survive for another six months, at least, so they tell me at the White House, which is excellent authority. If you are going to the seaside before you return to town, here is an odd, and I should think, an effective costume that you can make yourself. The material is only common unbleached sheeting, but it is to be embroidered in crewels, in a single color, and with the same stitch as that used on the Russian table linens I have already told you of. The tunic is turned up after the style known as "Sarcuse," and the waistband is embroidered to match. A foulard necktie is considered the proper thing, and stockings of the color of the embroidery. Mrs. Lewis, of Thurlow Block, showed me yesterday, two very handsome dresses that you will like to hear about. One was of camel's hair and satin, all in black, a Princess overdress of the woolen goods, trimmed on the bottom with long, square tabs, bound with the satin and the plaited satin kilt underneath showing through with charming effect. The neck, cut square, is finished in satin bound points and filled in with a very fine plaited plastron of the satin. The paletot sacque, for it is a short-waisted walking-suit, is edged with the same kind of painted trimming. The design is Mrs. Lewis' own and is decidedly unique. The other is a combination of silk and velvet, a dinner costume. The whole train is a mass of narrow ruffles of silk, the overdress a most artistic arrangement of silk and velvet plaitings. A velvet collar and sleeves of the same material complete a most stylish toilette. Both of these go to Oregon. The handsomest suit I have seen this week, however, was made for Mrs. Horace Hawes, Jr., who is spending the summer at Santa Cruz. Mr. Samuels, who is as great an enthusiast on laces as I am, tells me that the "Pompador," a very fine quality of Torchon, *alias* Miricourt lace, will be very largely used in trimming dresses for children, as well as for suits of various light goods for grown folks. Its peculiarity consists in the coloring, which comes in the delicate shades of pink, blue, green and lilac. The edge is a very fine scallop. Spanish laces, while less desirable as trimmings, comes in scarfs of extra length, that are exceedingly rich and suitable to wear with almost anything. This is the improved kind of Spanish lace that I told you of some time ago. The Russian laces are destined to be great favorites too. *Dentelle de Flandre*, which the Paris Exposition is bringing into notice just now, is very beautiful, while not so expensive by any means as the Point, a finger in depth being from nine to eleven dollars a yard. The only novelty in handwear now is the Austrian military glove, made of the castor beaver, in white and cream tints, which fits like kid, is very soft, elastic, and durable. Easily cleaned, too, which makes them popular for morning use or traveling. All

you have to do is to wash your hands in the usual manner, with your gloves on, hang them (the gloves) up till they are nearly dry, when they must be put on smoothly and kept there until entirely so. You will find them as soft and fresh looking as when perfectly new. At Stroszynsky's, on Ellis Street, under the "Baldwin," there is a particularly enticing window, full of the latest devices from Paris for ornamenting the head feminine. The most elaborate *coiffure* there consists of puffs laid diagonally across the top of the head, on a mass of softly crimped locks, and two long curls at the back. His "Saratoga waves" are simply perfect, and, therefore, quite impossible of detection from the natural hair. I see it stated that we are to return to embroidered muslin collars once more; cuffs, of course, to match. Embroidered muslin handkerchiefs, too, will supercede lace ones. What pretty ones we used to make in the imitation guipure patterns. I think it likely I shall find some very handsome ones in Doane & Henshelwood's new stock that is expected in now every day. The Irish Point sets in very wide collars and cuffs, Mr. Henshelwood tells me, are almost as popular as the Duchesse lace; and they are only twelve dollars, while the latter are twenty-five. An idea which I got from Siering's is the "Rosette" pattern for shawls and headcoverings for the evening, made from the pretty shaded Mohair wool, that is as fine as thread and glistens like silk. The shawl is begun in the center, and the preliminary work consists of five chain stitches, one double crochet; this is repeated and reversed till you get to the short colored part of the thread, when the rosette is made as follows: After a double crochet stitch—the thread being in front of the needle, instead of throwing it over the needle as usual—do it the reverse way from back to front, draw it through the stitch, and repeat from the double stitch until the colored part intended for the rosette is used up—about four or five times—when the thread must be drawn through all the stitches on the needle, and the little curls flattened down to give the rosette shape; turn it to the left, thread forward, and put the hook into the first loop-stitch as well as into the stitch out of which the rosette is worked; draw the thread through the second stitch first, and then through the third last stitches. The mohair comes in good sized balls, and costs seventy cents each. Another pretty fancy, *pour passer le temps*, is decorating mussel shells with appropriate designs in water colors. The painting is done on the inner lip of the shell, which makes a pretty ring-receiver for the bureau, and is easy material for practice in that line besides. I saw them at Morris & Schwab's. You may know I did not get away from Siering's very easily. There are such hosts of pretty things to look at there. Among any number of lovely vases, I selected two or three to tell you of. A pair of globe-shaped glass ones, with covers and ear-shaped handles, are ornamented with stalks of grass and leaves, interspersed with the tender blossoms of the forget-me-not. Another, of greenish yellow glass, covered with stalks of the ribbon-grass and pale pink blossoms here and there; and still a third pair, particularly chaste in color and design, are lily-shaped, of pure crystal, with arabesques of gold and white enameling. A charming *bijou* for the writing table is an inkstand in the form of a wheelbarrow of gold, the top of which is a load of silver hay, whereon is perched a youngster in the position of perpetual pitch-off whenever the cover is lifted. A barefooted peasant woman wheels the whole on a gilded tray. A new notion for the decoration of fans is a wealth of autumn leaves around the edge in the place of feathers; sometimes a second row across nearer the handle. What a wonderfully prolific genius is Prang, the chromo man; but excellent as these reproductions are, he is now surpassing himself in the most beautiful and original designs in *menu* and other fancy cards that have ever been in the market. Bancroft has just received samples of hundreds of new ones, some humorous, some sentimental. The "telephone" cards will be sure to take the popular fancy, for in addition to their excellence of workmanship, they are exceedingly comical, being ridiculous situations wherein the telephone and its various ludicrous possibilities are made the subject, as, for instance, two lovers, one at each end of the string, vainly sending tender messages, while an irate parent stands in the middle of the picture holding the two ends of the broken cord in his hand. The figures are done in black lines on cream-tinted ground. Artists cards are exquisitely gotten up with pictures of studios, representing the arts, sculpture, painting, music, literature, and figures in each at their appropriate work. In the book department I notice there is now a regular art counter, where all publications relating to such matters are kept together for the better convenience of buyers. Possibly you may have seen lately the mysterious word "Camelline" in the daily papers. The secret is out at last. It is a new cosmetic from Wakelee's ever busy laboratory, and I hear it highly praised everywhere, as not only a genuine beautifier, but absolutely free from any poisonous substances whatever. Clare, who you know is always well up in everything of the kind, declares there is nothing to equal it. Have you heard any whispers of a secret maritime expedition? There is a perfect little brass cannon some two feet and a half long, lately presented to Mr. Spreckles, for his yacht *Constello*, by Greenberg & Co., the makers of it, now on exhibition in Anderson & Randolph's window. I hope this does not forecast any serious diplomatic difficulties between us and our island neighbors, Angel or Alcatraz Island, for instance. There, that's enough nonsense for once. Love to John.

Yours affectionately,

LILIAS DUBOIS.

Jessie Benton Fremont is said to be as attractive a woman in old age as she was in youth and in her prime. Her abundant hair is white as snow, her complexion is fresh, her features are animated, and her hand is sought by sculptors as a model.

The male lap-dogs who fetch and carry for ladies are called by their owners "aides-de-camp." No lady now feels that her establishment is complete without at least one aide-de-camp.

Dink pooty vell of a man dot vill stood by you when you vas in shstormy vedder. Shwarums of insects vill shity round you when der sun shines out.—Carl Pretzel.

See how the little busy bee improves each shining minute, how gayly lights he on your nose and sticks his stinger in it.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XLIV.—Cousin Amy's Views.

SCENE.—The neighborhood of Locksley Hall. Enter LADY AMY HARD-CASH (*et al.* forty), with a book of poems and several children.LADY AMY *loquitur*.

Children, leave me here a little; don't disturb me, I request; For mamma is very tired, and fain would take a little rest.

'Tis the place, the same old place, though looking somewhat pinched and small.

Ah, 'tis many and many a day since last I looked on Locksley Hall!

Then 'twas in the spring of life and love—ah, Love, the great Has Been!

Love which, like the year's own Spring, is very nice—and very green!

In the Spring the new French fashions come the female heart to bless; In the Spring the very honsenaid gets herself another dress;

In the Spring we're apt to feel like children just let loose from school; In the Spring a young girl's fancy's very apt to play the fool.

On the moorland, by the waters, he was really very nice; There was no one else at hand, and I—forgot mamma's advice.

He indulged in rosy raptures, heaved the most suggestive sighs, Said the very prettiest things about my lips and hazel eyes.

All his talk was most poetic, all his sentiments were grand, Though his meaning, I confess, I did not always understand.

So that, when he popped the question, I *did* blush and hang my head, And—well, I dare say the rest was pretty much as he has said.

But I think that his abuse is really quite too awfully warm, And to make the matter public was, I must maintain, bad form.

"Puppet's" not a pretty word, and how he runs Sir Rufus down! Yet a man who's *not* a poet need not be a tipsy clown.

Poet! That's the point precisely. Locksley could not comprehend That a bard may be a bore e'en to his mistress in the end.

Geniuses are awful worries, full of fancies, fads, and fits, And a genius as a lover drives a girl out of her wits.

Rhapsodies and raptures *always* form a too exciting diet; There are moments when a maiden, though in love, would fain be quiet.Too high strung and too ecstatic was poor Locksley's normal mood, For a woman does not *always* want to moan and gush and brood.

Solid fare and wholesome fun, if poets only would believe, Are essentials in the life of e'en the softest slips of Eve.

Yes, he called me shallow-hearted, servile, false, and all the rest, But if he had not so plagued me—well, no doubt 'twas for the best.

True, Sir Rufus is *not* lively, but he lets me take my way, And I do not feel at present drawn to "sympathize with clay."

Drag me down, indeed! We move in quite the most exclusive set In the County. What is there that I should specially regret?

Locksley's famous—yes, and married, notwithstanding his fierce curse, To a dame with lots of gold and very little taste for verse.

Nice to be a Lion's Lady in Society, no doubt! Not so nice to smooth his mane at home when Leo is put out.

Talk of tantrums! Read these lines he published after—well, the jilt, Pitching into poor mamma and charging me with nameless guilt!

Dear mamma! I thought her hard—but I'm a mother now myself, And I know what utter nonsense is the poet's scorn of self.

"Old and formal"—that's the way he pictures *me*. Extremely kind! Coz, if you could see me *now*, you might a little change your mind.

"False" and "cold" are bad enough, but "dowdy," that is down-right rude;

Bards, for all their lofty talk, are not a gentlemanly brood.

They're extremely touchy tempers, and are very apt to say Very nasty things indeed, if they're not allowed their way.

"I have hit an angry fancy." There I really think he's right. But you see that sort of thing is not a woman's fancy, quite.

'Twas his "fancies" bothered me; and all the stuff that follows here May be splendidly poetic—I should call it simply queer.

"Airy navies, purple pilots, savage women," and the rest! Why did he not wed a negress, if he thought he'd like it best?

Or if, as he says, he *knew* her words were nonsense, I would ask, Wherefore utter, pen, and *print* them? 'Twas a most superfluous task.

"Woman is the lesser man!" I hold that false as it is hard. The most womanish of creatures surely is an angry bard.

Yet sometimes when, as at present, Spring is brightening all the land, Comes a longing for the fields Sir Rufus *can* not understand;Comes a ghostly sort of doubt if e'en Society can give All, quite all, for which a *well* loved woman might desire to live;

Comes a memory of his voice, a recollection of his glance, Thoughts of things which then had power to make my maiden pulses dance;

Comes—but I'm extremely stupid. Well, I know if our dear Fan Took a fancy for a poet, I should soon dismiss the man.

Here she comes! She'll wed, I hope, rich Viscount Vivian ere the fall. She ne'er had had that chance, had I espoused the Lord of Locksley Hall.

—Punch.

XLV.—The Ministry of Nature.

The world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers; Little we see in Nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon.

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon, The winds that will be howling at all hours, And are upgathered low like sleeping flowers— For this, for everything, we are out of tune; It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn— Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.

Living is so cheap in Florence that Americans positively refuse to compromise their dignity and reputation by remaining in that city

THE DYSEPTEIC CLUB.

Interlocutors—URUS, BOTTOM, AGRICOLA, GORGEOUS, POLLIWIG, ACETES.

[The ARGONAUT gets many compliments; the approval of intelligent persons pleases and encourages us, but we have made a rule not to print in our own paper the pleasant things that are said of us. We hesitated on receipt of the following manuscript to send it to the printer, and only because the criticism is a genuine one, and about evenly balanced as to praise and censure, do we give our readers and ourselves the benefit of seeing in print what is said concerning us. If, upon reading it, our friends think no worse, and our enemies no better of us, we shall be content.]

Agricola.—Who among us takes the ARGONAUT?

All.—All of us, of course.

Bottom.—I take ten copies a week—that is just one dollar—and send them eastward to friends. I do this instead of giving anything to foreign missions.

Polliwig.—I did take the ARGONAUT, but I have stopped it on principle. It is in some respects an admirable journal. It is dignified in its mode of handling popular subjects. Some of its writings are brilliant. It is all of it respectable. It never descends to scurrilous personalities. It never turns to bite the black-and-tan terriers of the press that bark at its heels. Its stories are original; its poetry, both original and selected, is of more than average quality; its social gossip is kindly, and only of good society; its theatrical criticisms are impartial and discriminating. The ARGONAUT is seldom guilty of personal abuse, and never gushes.

Urus.—It seems to me, Polliwig, that you have made of it so good a paper that you will find it difficult to furnish a good excuse for stopping it.

Polliwig.—Not at all. My objection to the paper is that it is irreverent. I do not mean of Divine things, for except as it tears the disguises off the face of hypocrisy and unmasks the pretensions of those who "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," its teachings are unobjectionable—are, in fact, elevating.

Acetes.—The *London World*, a journal edited, I believe, by Mr. Edmund Yates, bears at its head this declaration: "A journal for men and women." The ARGONAUT is not written for girls, nor Sunday-school children, but for those who know how to think, and who have so far emancipated themselves from prejudice as to dare to think for themselves.

Gorgeous.—In this direction it has not advanced beyond the best magazines of Europe, nor has it more than kept pace with the progress of the higher and better minds. The English reviews, and indeed the leading journals of Germany, France, and England, are all of them handling, not only religious, but all other topics, with freedom and intelligent boldness.

Polliwig.—It is not in this direction that I complain. By the word "irreverent," I mean to charge that the journal in question is inconstant. It destroys—I might better say it makes a vain and feeble effort to destroy—everything that man holds sacred in a republican government. Let me enumerate. When you come to analyze its writings, the tone of the journal is against universal elective franchise. It opposes the right of trial by jury. It is arrayed against an elective judiciary. It favors a strong government, and makes no disguise of its desire to so change the Constitution of the State as to provide for a military organization to suppress riots and disorder. It strikes a blow at the very foundation of free government in its attack upon our system of free common schools. It would abolish all laws of naturalization, and deny to foreigners the right to have their children educated in their native tongues. It is illiberal, inasmuch as it would banish all foreign flags from processions. It would drive Saint Patrick's day within the church walls.

Acetes.—And what is there in all this that every intelligent native-born and foreign citizen does not approve?

Polliwig.—Do not interrupt me; I have not concluded my indictment. The ARGONAUT is written in the interest of property. It would have a property qualification at the ballot-box, and it would have only property holders exercise any power in municipal governments over questions relating to public improvements and the collection of revenue thereafter.

Acetes.—And is this all?

Polliwig.—It is a journal not for the masses, not in the interest of the masses, not in sympathy with them. It is aristocratic; favors the wealthy, the intellectual, the fashionable. It would be exclusive, and every week breathes, if not contempt, at least indifference to popular opinion.

Bottom.—Then, by heaven, I'll take fifty copies every week! I am so sick, so tired, so utterly disgusted with the time-serving, mob-slavery, cowardly, mercenary press, that an independent journal, and one, as you say, dignified in tone and not condescending to personal retort and personal abuse, must be refreshing. I have never taken the ARGONAUT, but I will do so from the next issue.

Acetes.—Let us take up Polliwig's indictment, and see whether the journal is wrong. First, is universal suffrage right? I declare that in my judgment it is a mistake, and one that is likely to be fatal to our republican form of government. Macaulay says it will destroy a republic, and will be a source of trouble to any government. All men are not equal, not born equal, not educated equally, nor endowed with equal powers. They are not upon an equal moral or social plane. Freedom of the elective franchise to the ignorant, the vicious, the alien, the African, as he is now, is a palpable wrong. I am American-born, and I hope intelligent, honest, honorable, and patriotic. I am compelled to go to the ballot-box beside some stupid and ignorant ass who can neither read nor write—a criminal and adventurer, a tramp, an alien, a man without family, property, intelligence, or ambition. His vote is as good as mine. I desire a legislator who shall make just laws, a judge who shall intelligently interpret them, an executive who shall honestly enforce them. I desire a mayor and board of supervisors who shall be judicious and honest in public expenditures, because I pay the taxes. He—this social Arab, this political Bedouin—desires no law that he may not violate, no judge that will not acquit him of offense, no executive that will not pardon, no municipal officer that will not squander the taxes he does not pay. The right of trial by jury was a

sacred one in an age of oppression, of tyranny and misrule, when monarchs invoked a Divine right to trample upon the people, when barons and feudal lords wore armors of steel and gauntlets of iron; but the age is changed, and the tyrant class is now the idle, impecunious, propertyless mob, who menace with the torch and proclaim the right to destroy order as a means to the division of property. A mob is guilty of a breach of the law; one of the number is arrested for the crime; the jury is selected by lot from the men who compose the mob; the law demands the concurrence of twelve minds to find the accused guilty; the judge who presides is elected by the votes of the mob, and holding only for a term will soon again be a candidate for reelection. Can justice be administered under such conditions? The whole thing is absurd. It is a farce and it will in time become a bloody tragedy. Then a strong government will become necessary. It will be a choice then between a strong government and anarchy.

Polliwig.—As a provision against all these evils we look to our common schools. Education of the masses means their elevation. Let us give to all our children, foreign and native-born, white and colored, a good education, and we have given them intelligence to understand the advantages of good government. The ARGONAUT wars against the common schools.

Agricola.—Pardon me for one word in dissent. I do not understand that it opposes the common free schools, but that it claims that they have been diverted from the original design. It complains that they are extravagant, and are being run in the interests of politicians, place-hunters, and contractors. It is over-education, the teaching of ornamental and useless branches, of which the paper complains.

Acetes.—And justly, too. The whole thing is an extravagant, overrated, sentimental humbug. Religion was a good thing until priestcraft made of it an industry out of which an idle priesthood might live. Education was a good thing, is a good thing, is indispensable. Common schools are the very foundation of republican government. They are the corner-stone, the key of the arch, the bulwark, the everything that man ought to guard, encourage, and protect. But education, like religion, may be perverted, misdirected, and abused. Schoolmasters may, like priests, be selfish and idle. Boards of education may be corrupt and extravagant; and in San Francisco the common school system has run crazy. More than a million of dollars a year! To illustrate its extravagance, let us cite one instance: A German teacher, intelligent doubtless and educated, but who speaks the English language as though his mouth were filled with hot sauerkraut, gets \$225 a month, works five days in the week, has six weeks' vacation in the year, and all the legal holidays, and only works five hours in the day. He gets three dollars per hour for labor that a thousand intelligent, well-born American girls would be glad to do for one-third of the money, and would do better educational work than any German that ever lived and immigrated to America could do.

Bottom.—By Jove, Acetes, you are right! I was educated at a country school-house, by a woman teacher. She got twenty dollars a month and "boarded round." I was taught to read, write, and cipher—Webster's Spelling-book, the old English Reader, Olney's Geography, Kirkham's Grammar, and Daboll's Arithmetic. For mental arithmetic, I argued with the old gentleman for an extra allowance on holiday or a chance to go to the circus. For calisthenics we played ball in summer and snow-balled in winter. In moral philosophy I was strong in finding excuses to my own conscience for robbing orchards, cornfields, and melon patches. We took practical lessons in natural history from bee-hives and hen-roosts, and in hunting the coon, woodchuck, and gray squirrel. We botanized for strawberries and wild flowers for the girls; we developed our muscle with the bat and oar, and practised the military art by thrashing the boys of the next school district.

Agricola.—That is about my experience, and was in substance the education of the generation to which we belonged. If a boy had it in him, somehow he clambered up. I know Acetes is the graduate of a learned university; I know in summer he worked in the harvest-field, in the winter he went to school and did chores for his board. In college vacation he taught school, and in college he cooked for himself. As for me, I was a farmer's boy; had to work, and received no education beyond the common school and a few winters in the village academy.

Polliwig.—It is the sign of old age when one begins to argue the decadence of the present one. Old men are always contrasting the new generation with the past to the prejudice of the present. Old times were better; men more honest; women more virtuous; everybody more industrious, less luxurious, less extravagant.

Gorgeous.—This conversation ends where it began. Like all arguments of the kind, it determines nothing—not even whether the ARGONAUT is right or wrong, simply because it is partly right and partly wrong. There is one thing, however, to say in favor of the journal: It thinks, and that is rare; it has the boldness to express its opinions, and that is rare; it has the manliness and independence to express its convictions upon all questions, without reference to popular opinion, and that is rare. Such a journal may make mistakes, but its influence in making men think for themselves is a healthful one. It will anger classes, and that does them good. It is refreshing to have Germans, Irish, all foreigners; Catholics, Jews, all religions; Yankees, Southerners, and all Americans; Republicans, Democrats, and sand-lot loafers; lawyers, priests, and politicians, all discussed, called by their right names; to have the masks torn away from all prejudices, and the disguises removed from all hypocrisies for a free and open discussion. Narrow-minded men will get angry, and like Polliwig, stop the paper. Bigots will think their religion assailed; ignorant foreigners will chafe, while demagogues and newspaper hirelings will lie about the motives that prompt the journal's course.

Urus.—Yes, I have already observed that it is charged with being bought by the corporations; with being run in the interest of rich men; with being the organ of the moneyed aristocracy. This is natural. It is popular just now to toady to the riff-raff, to compliment the slums, to gush over the masses. Newspapers do it for fear the unwashed will stop the paper; for fear that servant girls won't advertise in it for places. Politicians and the party ground-hogs are rooting in this popular mud for the roots, and snails, and worms of office. Party leaders are afraid lest their ships

shall drag their anchors by reason of the ground-swell and they be washed overboard from their decks by the combing waves of popular opinion.

Polliwig.—I see I am in the minority, but I am still unconvinced that a journal is useful to a community in which it exists, or should be sustained, simply because it has the ability and the audacity to assail all the time-honored institutions of free government, and has a financial independence that makes it indifferent to public opinion. I shall still cling to my belief in free institutions; to an unlimited elective franchise; to the right of trial by jury; to an elective judiciary; to a civil government not overawed by a standing army; to a free common school system that educates in higher branches, and to the conviction that education is the best and surest guarantee of free government, freedom of conscience and perpetuity of republican institutions.

Acetes.—Well, my dear Polliwig, to illustrate how generous a majority ought to be, we give you the last word and thus recognize your right to hold and express your own opinions, hoping you, as the representative of the unbathed masses, will accord to the ARGONAUT the same privilege.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Les Français ne se piquent guère de constance. Ils croient qu'il est aussi ridicule de jurer à une femme qu'on l'aimera toujours que de soutenir qu'on se portera toujours bien et qu'on sera toujours heureux. Quand ils promettent à une femme qu'ils l'aimeront toujours, ils supposent qu'elle, de son côté, leur promet d'être toujours aimable, et si elle manque à sa parole ils ne se croient plus engagés à la leur. —*Mohles-quiens.*

Il n'y a pas de plus forte chaîne pour lier une femme que celle de se savoir aimée. —*Mme. de Motterville.*

N'insulte pas le crocodile avant d'avoir passé la rivière. —*Proverbe haïtien.*

L'amour, c'est l'aile que Dieu a donné à l'âme pour monter jusqu'à lui.

Un amant croit tout ce qu'il craint. —*Ovide.*

Les jolies femmes sont comme les souverains, on ne les adule que par intérêt.

La nature toute simple vaut mieux quelque défectueuse qu'elle soit, que l'affectation la moins ridicule, et défauts pour défauts, ceux qui sont naturels sont plus supportables que les qualités qui sont affectées.

L'image de ce qu'on aime est comme notre image, elle nous suit partout.

La vie est comme une fiancée hypocrite qui trahit toutes ses promesses et ne laisse à son amant d'autre consolation que le droit de la mépriser. —*Alfred Mercier.*

RESPONSE AU REPROCHE D'AVOIR PRIS UN BAISER.

Dans les prés fleuris une abeille
Vole et vient s'enrichir d'un précieux butin,
Mais voit-on sur la fleur les traces du larçîn?
Le baiser que j'ai pris sur ta bouche vermeille
En me rendant heureux te laisse la beauté,
Rose aimable, je suis l'abeille,
Mon bonheur ne t'a rien coûté.

La possession fait souvent des tyrans de ceux que le désir avait rendus esclaves.

Dès que les femmes sont à nous, nous ne sommes plus à elles. —*Montaigne.*

En amour, les femmes donnent toujours plus qu'elles ne promettent.

La pudeur est la plus proche parente de la vertu. —*Mme. de Coulanges.*

Le regard chez une jeune femme est un interprète toujours charmant qui dit avec complaisance ce que la bouche n'ose prononcer. —*Marivaux.*

Si vous voulez qu'une coquette vous regarde cessez de la regarder.

La résistance d'une femme n'est pas toujours une preuve de sa vertu, elle l'est plus souvent de son expérience. —*Ninon de Lenclos.*

Après avoir fait enfermer les femmes, Mahomet crut l'enfer inutile et le supprima.

On a de la fortune sans bonheur, comme on a des femmes sans amour. —*Rivarol.*

Le plus grand miracle de l'amour est de guérir de la coquetterie. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

Le mariage est un livre dont, souvent, la préface seule est amusante.

Une femme qui croit regretter son amant, souvent ne regrette que l'amour.

La religion des femmes consiste, pour l'ordinaire, à servir Dieu sans désobliger le diable.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, August 25, 1879.

Muskmelon.
Vermicelli Soup.
Clam Fritters.
Breaded Lamb Chops. Mashed Potatoes. Com.
Bell Peppers, Stuffed and Baked.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly and Wine Sauce.
Sliced Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Strawberries. Creme a la Vanille.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Nectarines, Pears, Apples, Plums, Gages, Apricots, Grapes, and Figs.

To MAKE CREME A LA VANILLE.—Boil half a stick of vanilla in a quarter of a pint of new milk until highly flavored. Have ready a jelly of one ounce of isinglass to quarter of a pint of water, which mix with the milk, and one and a quarter pint of rich cream. Sweeten with fine sugar, whip until thick, pour into a mould, and set in a cool place.

A monument erected to the memory of an unborn son is the work of a wealthy Long Island resident. The spirits informed him, he said, that his wife died within a few months of being the mother of a boy that would have gladdened his heart. You see, ladies, how much stronger is paternal than maternal affection. No mother ever did such a thing.

NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878.

There will be a contest in the coming Convention over the question of taxing solvent debts. The country will be arraigned upon one side, the town upon the other—the borrowing against the lending class. The moral argument in favor of compelling him who holds an incumbrance upon lands to pay his just proportion of the tax is unanswerable. The legal question whether evidences of debt can be taxed, whether taxes can be laid upon those intangible properties that rest in promises, in privileges, in good will, is a complicated one. The courts as a rule have decided adversely to such taxation; and, so far, the lenders have triumphed over the borrowers. Should such a provision be engrafted upon the organic law (and this, by a union of the granger and the sand-lot delegates, is possible) it would imperil the new constitution before the people. Hence we suggest a compromise; one that will attain the same result and compel the wealthy, the corporate, the money-lending class, to pay their just quota of taxation. There is and ever has been an attempt upon the owners of personal property to evade taxation; not only an attempt, but a successful effort to avoid their duties, leaving the burdens of supporting government to devolve upon the owners of real property. Nearly all the corporate wealth, nearly all the money, and more than seven-tenths of the personal property of California pay no revenue to the treasury. This property is legislated for; is guarded by authority; is protected from fire; has courts established for adjudicating its contests, and pays comparatively nothing. Our suggestion is the collection of an income tax. The idea is neither new nor original. In England, which we regard as the best governed country in the world, the taxing of incomes is an established regulation of law. During war times our country tried the experiment, and though the machinery for its collection was vexatious, complicated, and inquisitorial, a large revenue was obtained. In England no especial difficulty is experienced in the working of this part of her revenue system. It has always seemed to us that an income tax was the most just and equitable of all taxes, and the one easiest to ascertain and collect. It is assuredly right that incomes above some fixed and limited amounts should be taxed. This would reach the rich, and would reach them in proportion to their ability to support the government. If the writer of this article has an income of one thousand dollars a month, and another citizen has a hundred thousand a month, then as a matter of right and justice the wealthier citizen should pay the larger tax. Incomes should be taxed, no matter whence they come. Government bonds are not taxable; but that is no reason why the holder should not pay a percentage when he cuts his coupons. Mines are not assessable because of their uncertain and fluctuating value; yet when dividends are made it is clearly right that a small percentage should find its way to the treasury. "Good-will" is not taxable, but the profits that come from the established business of mill or merchandise ought to contribute their quota to maintain government. Brains, genius, and chance are not taxable, but we know of no good reason why the income of the successful lawyer, the eloquent divine, the prosperous journal, or the successful dealer in stocks should not aid in maintaining law and social order. In a word, it seems clearly right that the money-making banker, trader, manufacturer, professional man, broker, retired gentleman, successful speculator, farmer or artisan should pay an income tax. Those who live at ease in fine houses, who indulge in luxuries, ought to pay, and pay cheerfully, for the government that protects and guards them. It is no argument against an income tax that it is unpopular. It is only unpopular to those who must pay it. It is only inquisitorial to those who criminally endeavor to evade its honest payment. It is, perhaps, unwise to devolve the assessment upon one man, and leave to his caprice the fixing of an amount. Estimates of income must vary, questions difficult of interpreta-

tion may arise, and when they do there should be a tribunal of ultimate appeal authorized in a summary way to take evidence and determine questions at issue. We contend that the principle of taxing incomes is a just one, and our wealthy men ought to recognize its justice, and aid in the passage of laws and the creation of a bureau for its enforcement.

The Protestant clergymen have met and considered and determined the duty of the coming Constitutional Convention with reference to the Christian Sabbath. They would have its observance enforced by law. The religious community is now agitating itself over the question of opening the Mechanics' Fair on Sunday. These kindred topics of discussion may be treated in one argument. Similar questions are now being considered in England. In the first place, we should say that the opinions of the religious people ought to be respected; and at the same time we must be permitted to observe that they in turn must respect the opinions of those who differ from them. We think we notice a tendency upon the part of clergymen to assume that they are governed by higher considerations of duty, by more disinterested motives, and by better impulses than those who do not profess religious beliefs. Upon no other basis than the assumption that we are as good, as intelligent, as disinterested as the class to which the clergy belong, can we enter upon this discussion of Sabbath observance. Nor will we assume that the Christian is more right or more sincere than the Jew; nor that either is any better than the man who believes in no religious dogma. We will not forget that ours is a cosmopolitan population, and that in San Francisco are citizens whose religious teachings have made them hold sacred each day in the week. We may dispose of the question of enforcing religious observance upon the Sabbath by saying that such a provision in our organic law is impossible. It is at variance with the whole spirit of our republican institutions. Any direction or enforcement by law of the Christian's Sabbath is an interference with the Jewish; any specific direction as to what the citizen shall do or abstain from doing on Sunday is utterly repugnant to the spirit of personal liberty and freedom of conscience, which ideas, more than any other, underlie our form of government. The question of opening our Mechanics' Fair on Sunday is a practical one. If harm will result, the doors of its pavilion should remain closed. If instruction, innocent recreation, harmless pleasure will follow, then the prejudices of the religious community must give way. Those who delight in the indulgence of prayer, Christian sermons, music of choir and organ on the Sabbath day, should have their legal rights and their Christian feelings respected. The non-professing citizen who delights in sight-seeing, country excursions, picnics in groves, listening to music and the playing of fountains, or promenading the public places, is equally entitled to indulgence. London is following the example of the European continent in throwing open its picture galleries, its parks and palaces of art, to the public on Sunday. It is the result of the long and deliberate consideration of the most highly cultivated and liberal minds of England. The leading clergymen of the established church have given it their sanction. The Queen and royal family have not withheld their countenance from the indulgence of innocent Sabbath amusements. The intelligence of the age is drifting in the direction of extreme liberality, and the strict, iron-clad sabbatarian observances are giving way to a more generous and sensible interpretation. Religion can no longer rest on law, superstition, or tradition. It must step forth into the arena of public debate; into the full, clear light of reason. It must meet science, philosophy, history, upon equal terms. If its armor is tempered by the Divine hand, if its blade is of keener metal than that wrought by human intelligence, it will hold the advantage of an unequal conflict. If it is but an institution of man, a human industry, it must take its place among other institutions, and, standing upon the same plane, be entitled to the equal protection of the same laws.

Our views upon the common schools are misunderstood by some and misrepresented by others. This is our position: We are in favor of providing schools, books, and teachers for all poor children at the public expense—educating them in the rudimentary branches of the English language, and none other. It is stealing to educate the children of the rich at the expense of tax-payers. It is a mistake to educate children beyond their position in life. It is unpatriotic to teach any other language in an American free school than the English. To read, write, spell, and cipher up to the "rule of three," is a good foundation for any boy or girl that expects to work for a living, and we do not recognize any obligation of organized society to so educate its youth that they will not work. If rich people desire to give their children great learning, let them pay for it by sending them to private schools. The free common schools that we would have should graduate all their pupils at fourteen years of age. Teachers should be women. The boy or girl who, by his or her own exertion, could prepare for a higher education we would aid through the State University. We would thus in San Francisco make a practical saving to the tax-payer of nearly a million of dollars, and, what is better, we would thus turn thousands of half-educated, over-stuffed dunces into

honest working men and women. Our whole common free school system has departed from its original scope and purpose—or, rather, it has been diverted by demagogues, politicians, jobbers, and place-hunters from its original design, which was, as we have defined it, to educate poor children in the elementary branches of an English education, to teach them their letters, to spell, to read, to write, a little geography, and a little history. The whole system of free common school education as now conducted is a sham and a fraud. An able article in the *Scientific American*, considering the question of education in the common schools, says: "There is an effort being made to establish compulsory education; but what is the child to be taught? As if in league with the false theories of the rights of labor, these efforts take the apprentices from the shops, force them away from where they would learn something, and confine them inside a school-house to learn—what? Certainly nothing of the materials, or tools, or pursuits by which they are to obtain their livelihood. The child knows nothing of when or by whom the compass was discovered, the printing press, the use of powder, electricity, or steam, or of any one of the thousand mechanical operations now controlling every department of life. Does any school-boy know how many kingdoms there are in the natural world, or whether an animal, a vegetable, and a mineral all belong to the same or to different ones? Will he know that from instinct the young of animals seeks its food and expands its lungs, as by the same instinct the root of a seed sucks up its nourishment from the soil and sends its leaves up to breathe the air? Will he know anything of the nature of the soils or the plants that grow in them? Will our present system teach the boy anything of the iron furnace, the foundry, or rolling-mill, or the uses or handling of any of their products? Will it teach him anything of woods and their value, or for what and how they are useful to man? Will this knowledge, for which the powers of the State are to be required to force him to know it—will it teach him anything of the nature or uses of metals, of metal working, or the business depending upon them? Will it teach him anything of gold or silver, copper or brass? Anything of pottery, of bone, ivory, celluloid, etc.? Will he learn anything of hides, leather, or the production of these necessary articles? Will he know whether the word textile applies to anything but a spider's web or the wing of a butterfly? Whether the United States make, import, or grow cotton, wool, silk, flax and hemp? Will he know anything of commerce, railroads, telegraphs, printing, and the great number of clerk labors in the larger towns? Will he have learned a single thing which will assist him in his work of life?" If it were the duty of government—at the expense of tax-payers—to manufacture lawyers, preachers, doctors, editors, politicians, bankers, merchants, and stock gamblers, and if society could not exist without these classes, and if mechanics, artisans, sailors, miners, farmers, and working men were dangerous classes, then we should say that our free school system was a success. In all the under-ground mines of California and Nevada, there are not one hundred boys learning the trade of mining. There are not five boys born in California who have gone to sea before the mast for a livelihood. The number of apprentices to all the heavier trades is diminishing year by year, and it is an alarming fact that our boys are growing up in comparative idleness and uselessness. If it were not that a foreign immigration was providing us with both skilled and unskilled labor, our American industries would come to a dead halt.

The position taken by the Archbishop in reference to the attendance by Catholic children of our unsectarian free schools seems to us to be entirely appropriate. If a religious education is of higher importance than a secular one, if the salvation of the soul is to be imperiled by a neglect of Christian teaching, then clearly it is the duty of the Christian pastor to warn those under his religious care not to imperil the future of their children by exposing them to the influence of a system of education conspicuous for its absence of religious and moral training. To punish the contumacious parent by withholding from him the church sacrament as a penalty for his disregard of the counsels of the church seems to us also to be highly logical and proper. We sincerely hope the Catholic population will at once give heed to the advice of the Archbishop and withdraw their children from the public schools. We are not advised whether, as a logical sequence, it will become necessary for all the Catholic members of the Board of Education, the Catholic school teachers, janitors, and other employés of the department, to hand in their resignations and withdraw themselves from the public service or not, but we presume they will do so as a matter of conscience and good taste. This we shall regret, as the school department will feel the loss of some most efficient and excellent teachers; but surely if it is wicked to be taught in an unsectarian school it is also wicked to teach. There is some slight compensation in this matter. We almost hesitate to mention it, lest it should seem trivial and worldly. This withdrawal of Catholic pupils would save to our tax-payers about four hundred thousand dollars annually, would break up the cosmopolitan schools, and give some of our boys and girls an opportunity to escape the over-cramming of a false educational system.

AFTERMATH.

When Mr. Troy Dye and his deputy public administrators shall stand upon the gallows for their crime of murder, we wonder what particular priest or parson of Sacramento will stand by their side with assurances that they are forgiven of their sins; that their souls, crimson with the blood of their fellow-man, are made white as snow by the mummeries of sanctimonious clerical administrations. We wonder how long this farce of snatching the souls of murderers from their well-earned perdition is to be played in our new jail-yards, and around the scaffold that society has erected for the expiation of the crime of murder. There has been no instance in California, except where the murderer has gone defiantly to his death, that some saintly man of God has not stood by his side and given the world assurance that he drops from the scaffold directly into the arms of a loving Saviour, who purifies his sins and bears him up on angel wings to join the redeemed and glorified throng who are for all eternity to chant beatific songs before the great white throne of God.

Once in San Francisco a wife sat eating her dinner in a restaurant. Her husband came behind her, and seizing a knife, cut her throat. She died. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, and on the scaffold, with his "spiritual adviser" by his side, proclaimed his ineffable happiness, that he was about to join the angel choir. His only regret was that there among the blessed he would not meet his poor wife, who, having been cut off in her sins, had no time for repentance. And the preacher stood by, and did not even offer to kick him as the Sheriff sprung the trap. In fact it was the preacher that stuffed him with this insolence of affected contrition, and sent him into eternity with this vile sentiment of hypocrisy in his heart and on his lips. We sincerely hope that there will be no serious effort made to enable these Sacramento murderers to attain the heaven which all good editors are so earnestly striving to reach.

In the event of a war between Austria and the United States of America what side would that company of Jaegers take, who, by the bounty of the Austrian Emperor, are clad in the uniform of Austria, and march under the flag of the double-headed eagle? If it fought against the Emperor, whose allegiance its members have sworn, would it not be liable to assault by mistake from the rear if, in its patriotic ardor, it got too far advanced on the battle field?

We have lost confidence in Jim McCue as a warrior altogether. His campaign against the Mongolians of Marin was a disastrous fiasco. We have studied the lives of Marlborough, Napoleon, Wellington, Von Moltke, and General Grant, and we fail to note any instance where they proclaimed and printed in advance their determination to attack the enemy. This kind of strategy is a new development in the art of war. It looks as if the train bands of the sand-lots had developed prudence at the sacrifice of valor.

In the village of San Rafael there is a bar at the Tamalpais Hotel elegantly carved from walnut. It is an exquisite work of art, and cost \$8,000. There is not a church or school house in the county of Marin worth half the money.

In the long list of eminent Massachusetts defaulters—Pond, Chace, Hathaway, Winslow, Sibley, Wright, Jackson, Tappan—the Boston *Herald* fails to discover the name of any "unnaturalized foreigner," or "ignorant Irish Catholic." Of course, the "foreign element" has not an ascension power equal to that of Jonah's gourd; it can not step to the top of the profession in a day. Look lower down—in politics.

We boast a good deal of our temperate climate, but probably no created thing has so keen a sense of the meaning of "love's labor lost" as the Sacramento Valley sitting hen that has stopped shading her eggs long enough to catch an overdone worm.

We are always talking about the sanitary advantages of a rain to "flush the sewers." According to Dr. Meares, the Health Officer, "a single rain-storm would make a water-trap of the sewer catch-basins, and force the foul gases into the houses, and the death rate would be greatly increased." Dr. Meares is an iconoclast; he destroys our touching faith in "flushing the sewers," and gives us no other touching faith to take its place. He tears down, but he does not rebuild better. What better is he than an infidel?

When Troy Dye canvassed the county of Sacramento for the office of Public Administrator he promised to kill all the wealthy bachelors with a view to increase the emoluments of his office. Kearney demands, under the penalty of hemp, that every candidate shall faithfully adhere to his promises—faithfully keep his pledges. Dye kept his promise, and now after killing only one or two men the community threatens to hang him for his fidelity to principle. What an inconsistent and fickle thing is public opinion at Sacramento!

Jones, coming down Ellis Street, meets Brown, who says: "Mornin'—been to see Sullivan? How is he?" "At his last gasp, poor fellow! Says he has something on his mind, too, and is anxious to confess and be absolved." "So you are going for the priest?" "Priest be hanged!" ejaculates the worldling, "I am going for the reporter of a daily newspaper." "Ah! it has come to that; but, I say, Jones, the reporter is well enough, may be, for the confession; but how about the absolution?" "True; I shall have to send the editor, too."

Sadrake, a member of the Stock Exchange, has a wife of great personal attractions, and the report is current that he finds these advantages not unprofitable in the way of obtaining, through her, "points" from the great operators. A friend finally feels constrained to mention the current slander to him, in order that he may resent it. He is furious. "What! Do the rascals believe I would subject my wife to such an indignity, and place her in so humiliating a position? Why, what the devil do they think I'm supporting Clara Dash for?"

A very touching bit of obituary verse in the *Bulletin* concludes thus:

"All who have shared his friendship,
Or been cheered by him from despair,
Know that Heaven will guide them on this earth
While John McCaffery is there."

Should there be any more attempts in Heaven to withdraw the divine guidance from John McCaffery's friends, there will evidently be trouble.

According to the last official reports, the almshouse has four hundred and sixty-five inmates, of whom one hundred and twenty-seven are enjoying medical treatment. There is nothing like poverty to make a fellow "just sick."

Five or six years ago a dear friend of ours made a straight steal of ten thousand dollars from the Government, and at once invested it in land. Having recently "experienced religion," he is now anxious to make restitution. There are legal difficulties in the way of conveying the land to the Government, and it could not now be sold for more than the half of what he gave for it. He has no other property. Shall he sell the land for, say, five thousand dollars, restore that amount to the Government, and probably never be able to pay the balance; or shall he wait a few years—meanwhile unprepared to die—until there shall have been a healthy expansion in real estate values that will enable him to discharge his conscience of the entire debt, and, perhaps, have something for himself? We shall be happy to have the sense of the clergy on this matter, and will engage to urge it upon our friend for his guidance in what seems a rather trying position.

We observe that the Probate Court of Sacramento has decided not to grant the petition of Mr. Troy Dye for letters of administration on the Tullis estate. If the questionable official methods with which that gentleman stands charged shall be proved against him, this action of the court will, no doubt, receive the sanction of public opinion. In the meantime the withholding of the letters must be regarded as the exercise of a wise discretion. It may turn out that in murdering Mr. Tullis the Public Administrator had another and a better motive than the desire to increase his own official emoluments; in that case it will be easy enough for him to make a new application to the court for the authority now denied him. If, however, it should appear that such was his motive, it is to be hoped that he will not only not be permitted to reap the advantages of his sordid action in the matter, but that the sovereign people of Sacramento may retire him permanently to private life.

Mr. Dye has now resigned the office of Public Administrator, pending the examination of the charges affecting his fitness to hold the office. This is commendable; it evinces a decent and proper respect to public opinion, and a willing spirit to abide by its decision, whatever that may eventually be. But the public has duties as well as rights, and in case it appears—as above intimated—that Mr. Dye's action in murdering Mr. Tullis was taken without reference to the fees of office (was, for example, based upon grounds of private animosity, or the fatigue of seeing Mr. Tullis constantly about) it is not unreasonable to expect that the next local nominating convention of Mr. Dye's party will put his name again upon the ticket for a better office than that in the conduct of which he has been subjected to so much annoyance. There are, also, several considerations pointing to the wisdom of somewhat increasing the remuneration of Sacramento officials, and making them less dependent on personal energies that are likely to take a direction unpleasant to their constituents and not altogether conducive to the public good.

Gentlemen of the press indulging in articles of personal abuse against the ARGONAUT or its editors will oblige us by sending their respective journals marked "personal." It not unfrequently happens that we fail to see some of the most scurrilous and indecent of them. This we regret, as we are making a scrap-book for our own amusement and for recreation when we retire from our connection with the newspaper business.

It is a curious fact that seven-tenths of the people of San Francisco do not know that there is such a county as Marin. Illustrating the truth of this statement, we give the following incident: On Saturday afternoon of last week James G. Fair, Governor Pacheco, and Messrs. Coleman and Wells left San Francisco in the afternoon for a hunt upon the slopes of Mount Tamalpais. In two hours from leaving the wharf they were in a most wild region, the haunt of bear and deer. They hunted Saturday evening, Sunday, and Monday morning, camping at night, and all the time within sight of San Francisco. At ten o'clock on Monday morning they came to the Tamalpais Hotel, in the village of San Rafael, with three cinnamon bears and two splendid bucks, having seen a score of does and fawns which they did not fire upon.

It looks as though General Grant would be the next candidate of the Republican party for the presidential office. It looks as though the great Democratic party had been murdered by the foreign snakes it has nurtured in its bosom. It looks as though Ben Butler might be the candidate of a very formidable labor organization—strong enough to contest the presidential office. It looks as though the National Greenback party might sweep the republic in opposition to national banks and corporations and in favor of paper money. It looks as though the third election of General Grant might be the beginning of a new departure, and that there might follow a strong military government under which the people would become familiar with the idea of a standing army.

Once when the plague was raging in Paris, when death was sending its shafts on every side, when the people in horror and despair knew not what to do, and the grave stood yawning for all, some profound philosopher or some desperate wag suggested the inauguration of a carnival—a procession of masks and jugglers, Columbine and Pantaloon—a dance of death. All Paris turned out in its gayest colors, in its most festive mood. The grim monster with his skeleton form, pale face, and long arm, was satirized, laughed at, and derided. Gay Parisians scoffed and jeered at him, and made mouths and jokes, sang ribald songs and danced. The result was the plague abated, and death shrank away abashed and hid himself like the coward that he always is. Our hard times in San Francisco are only an epidemic of the imagination, and will not abate so long as our business men go about the streets as mourners. Such coward faces, such despondent tones, such lugubrious, melancholy, dolorous airs as our business men put on are something marvelous. If our owners of real estate, our merchants, mechanics, and business men would stop gambling in stocks, look jolly, get up a carnival, swear that everything looked encouraging, and put on a stiff upper lip, we could restore affairs to a more prosperous condition. There is a great deal of philosophy in whistling through a grave yard.

A correspondent suggests that having visited and inspected the Chinese quarter in company with the Board of Health, the Workingmen's Committee visit, also, the "poor Irish quarter." There is no such distinct division of the city; and if there were, the Committee would be at home in it.

If "The Only Jones" does not send for some of the many polite invitations received for him at this office, we shall pretty soon begin to bestow them upon the ugliest dunces of our acquaintance (and we have many exceedingly ill-favored ones) who will, of course, "present them at the door" for the purpose of enjoying a brief and fitful notoriety at his expense. We observe that the cards sent for him are all conspicuously marked "not transferable," but we don't seem to be afraid, somehow. Who is to know?

Speaking of obituary poetry, it is no less than astonishing what a lot of it has been run off on the subject of the death of Montague, the actor; our exchanges are horrible with it. Of it all there have been but four good lines, and those we published ourselves. Next in order of merit are those of Puck:

"Died in the very blossoming of life,
When all must praise the flower that night have been;
He will never know how poor a thing to win
Is the success that crowns—with rue—our strife."

The worst are those sent to the theatrical reporter of a local morning journal by "a friend." He may be a friend, but it was not a friendly act, for the reporter absently printed them, and the public perversely insists on thinking them his own.

The Nevada Bank has something more than \$20,000,000 of money invested in government bonds; the Hibernia Bank of Savings has \$2,000,000. How many other California millions are thus rolled up in the napkin of the federal debt we do not know. We wish it were otherwise, and that the twenty-five or thirty millions of Pacific Coast accumulations could be distributed among our various industries and enterprises. The current rate of interest upon commercial paper at our banks is twelve per cent. per annum. Time loans upon mortgage average eight per cent. per annum. Thirty millions of money invested here at five per cent. would give a new impulse to all our industries. The effect of the other kind of investment is the same as that of absenteeism in Ireland.

MY SECRET.

In the deep red heart of a queenly rose
I breathed my secret with many a sigh;
The velvet petals with dewdrops shone,
But they only nodded royally.

Then I whispered low to a zephyr light:
"I love my love, but she loves not me."
But the balmy breeze with odors sweet
Swept softly onward to reach the sea.

I cried to a bird on a waving bough:
"Know you my love?" In a trilling tone,
He chirped and chattered: "I seek my mate,"
And left me once more sadly alone.

Then I caught the strain of a glorious song.
And I gave my secret to music's sway;
But the strain grew sad and the measure wild,
And died in the twilight dim away.

It rose on the wings of my evening prayer,
As I lowly knelt in the sunset's glow;
Did the angels whisper the answer back,
"O fearful heart, go tell her so?"

Then I kissed it down on her ripe red lips,
I looked in the depth of her smiling eyes,
And I clasped her close with a strong true arm,
While my glad heart laughed in its sweet surprise.

O rose and bird! O breeze and song!
I care no more that ye scornful be;
My soul is full of all calm content—
I love my love and my love loves me.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29, 1878.

BESSIE.

The Country School-ma'am.

Where the ferns bend low in the closes,
Where the pines nod slow on the hill,
Where the wild bee lazily dozes,
Where even the birds are still,

She saunters alone—say I truly?—
Through dreamy Sevastopol;
Behind are the pupils unruly,
Afar is the village school.

One wonders if day-dreams flutter
The depths of her shy disdain;
One wonders if black doubts mutter
Their threats of impending pain.

Perhaps as she brushes the beauty
Thrilling earth, air, and sky,
Her thoughts are at war with duty—
Are weaving for life a lie.

Perhaps she is envying others
Their red-lettered hours of play—
Luxury's sisters and brothers,
Mid Vanity's holiday.

Yet why this folly of guessing?
And why should one even care?
We see the sunlight caressing
A woman that's passing fair;

And we know that we and our wonder,
No matter how real it seem,
Shall be less than unechoed thunder
In the labyrinth of a dream

To the woman who walks in the far light
Home from the village school,
While the daylight waits for the starlight
In dreamy Sevastopol.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5, 1878.

R. S. S.

In an Album.

You ask a song, your pleasant leaves
With simple faith and patience bring;
You think the world is full of singing;
You think the poet somehow weaves
Blue sky from cloud, and sun from rain;
You half believe his fields of grain
Are always full of golden sheaves.
Would it were so! Yet much is ours:
All depths of woodland, wealth of flowers,
All songs the elder ones have sung,
All passion down the ages flung,
All love, all hate of wrong, all scorn,
Were gifts of ours when earth was born.
But yet we may not choose the hour
In which to flush with song's sweet flower.
We are as chalice of light
Upheld by blossoms in the night
To gather in the blessed dew;
But if the clouds fold overhead
Our little cups must go unfed
And wait till shy stars twinkle through.

NILES, August 5, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Insufficiency.

O that some poet, with awed lips on fire
Of far, ineffable altars, would arise,
And with his consecrated songs baptize
Our souls in harmony, that we might acquire
Insight into the essential heart of life,
Beating with rhythmic pulses. There is lost,
In the gross echoes of our brawling strife,
Music more rare than that which did accost
Shakespeare's imagination when it swept
Nearest the infinite. Our spirits are
All out of tune. Our discords intercept
The strains which, like the singing of a star,
Stream downward from the holies to attest,
Beyond our jarring restlessness, rest.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 10, 1878.

RICHARD REALF.

A Lost Love.

She sleepeth there, forever there,
Within that field of graves,
Nor may she know of tears that flow,
Of grief that idly raves.

The long ago, the long ago,
Wakes in his heart and brain,
But wasted time and love's lost rhyme
No grief restores again.

The yesterdays that seem so near
Are distant as the sky;
Who casts away love's treasure dear,
Who fails his own heart's voice to hear,
In vain for them must sigh.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 3, 1878.

H. A. CARTWRIGHT.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.--IV.

By an Early Californian.

May, 1848.--Gold is sold for \$9 the ounce; for silver dollars, and very few of these in circulation. It is found so easily, and in such quantities that the miners seem anxious to exchange it for all kinds of commodities, and many are fearful of its depreciation. I heard of a man in camp who, being out of tobacco, and seeing a Californian prepare a cigarrito asked him what he would take for it. "Una onza?" He deliberately paid out the gold, and soon turned into smoke what would have brought him \$16 in Mexico. Talk of the luxury of Rome! Does not this equal the drinking of dissolved pearls? At Benicia is a country store much patronized by launch hands to and from Sacramento, principally for drinks. The gold scales are rounded playing cards, attached with cotton cords to a wooden beam. The wooden beam is held up by another cotton cord somewhere near the centre. And the weights are little junks of lead cut to suit—no one objects. The dust is scattered carelessly, and the earth under the shanty will become a small mine at no distant day. I have seen sailors take pinches of gold dust from their waistcoat pockets, and when in stress turn them inside out, and shake them upon the counter. The experiences of the B.'s, my Russian acquaintances of Santa Cruz, have been remarkable. B., his wife, son, and an Indian servant started for the mines in an ox-wagon, the solid wheels of which had become oval from long use and abuse. Many stores, clothes, etc., for camping and trading went with them. They traveled very slowly, and after many accidents reached a small river near the diggings they were in search of. And for a long time there they stuck—they were in the water, and the old wheels seemed to "have the brakes on," and would turn neither forward nor backward. The Indian was sent for help, and fortunately fell in with a tribe whose village was close at hand. The chief and his working men soon landed the ox-team and its cargo safe and sound on the other bank of the river, and received for his services one of B.'s calico shirts; of value inestimable as it proved. For the next morning bright and early the appreciative savage put into the astonished Russian's hand a bag which contained twenty ounces of dust. This was too much for the Señora, who rummaged her trunk, and took from it a cherry satin dress which had seen its best days, but was still good for many a fandango and siesta, and presented it to the chief for his royal consort. He made tracks for home, but was not very long in reappearing with another and much larger present of the precious dust. In a word their old traps brought them in nearly \$900. Was not this doing a very large business on a very small capital? But there is no end to the stories that are told as to the acquisition and profuse expenditure of gold. At present we seem cut off from the rest of the world, having a superabundance of the precious metal, but being unable with it to pay wages or buy food, or even to pay duties to the custom house authorities (military). However, they receive it at \$12 per ounce, to be sold at auction a few months hence. There are very few scales in the country, and you would be amused to see what kind of crockery is used for gold jars. I don't know how better to describe the state of feeling among the workmen about us, than to say that I remonstrated with one of them for squandering his store. "Why sir," he answered, "what difference does it make? I know a spot where I can go and get just as much as I want." They seem to think it inexhaustible, the quantity indeed so enormous that it must fall in price, and that they should enjoy it while they may.

June 1, 1848.--The gold discovery has been serious in its effects. Farmers have left their ranches, mechanics their benches, seamen their vessels, and even traders their stores, to dig gold. The average amount collected per man is said to be from \$15 to \$20; some have collected \$50 and \$100 a day. Men are offered from \$8 to \$25 a day to work, cook, etc., for the miners. The old towns will hereafter be occupied only by wholesale merchants, and new ones will rise in the Sacramento country. Over fifty volunteers have deserted from their command, and our town from being the noisiest and busiest of places has become the quietest and laziest. I will give you an account of a delightful trip of a fortnight's duration from which I have lately returned. I left San Francisco on one of our summer afternoons—that means a northwester blowing a perfect hurricane—and reached Saucito before dark. I found Captain and Mrs. — at home; also Doña, whom Commander Wilkes, I understand, called the belle of California. She is good-looking, quite reserved, and much esteemed for her uprightness, I hear. Her sweetheart was shot in a brutal manner by the bear party under Fremont, which accounts for the proud, sad manner with which she receives Americans. As she is engaged again to be married she is not altogether disconsolate. As Señora — is a M—, and a sister of S—s intended, they were all very polite to me. As the Señora's family are blue blooded *gente de razon*, reading and writing and accomplished as the world goes here, I had an evidence of her aristocratic feeling when I remarked that I believed both her brother and her sister were to be married at the same time. "No," said she, "not on the same day, for the M—s, one of whom my brother marries, are strangers to us; we do not know them." The Captain owns nine leagues on this important point, and they are most mountainous ones. Large herds of cattle appear to be feeding over them, but he seemed to have few horses. There are beautiful large trees near his house, and a stream or brook runs by it. His garden is well supplied with vegetables and fruit, and wild strawberries abound outside of it. I left the —s next morning quite early, and after a two hours ride dismounted again at Don Timoteo's, in the Mission of San Rafael. After breakfasting with him I told him that I came to borrow or hire a horse and a vaquero for Bodega, which place, fifty miles distant, I was anxious to reach that night. He seemed distressed at his inability to accommodate me, as his horses were away, but he said he would ride with me to the Gallinas rancho, where, he thought, a Mr. Miller would help me. As it was on the road, I followed his advice, and succeeded in obtaining horses and a vaquero, valuable to me because he was most willing to speak the King's English, which I still prefer to the Academy's Spanish. The country through which we now passed varied a great deal, part of it was very fertile and part almost a desert, reminding me of the moor where Hobbie Elliot first met the Black Dwarf. The old witch and her

geese are plainly discernable near the Three Rocks—a half way mark on the road. We passed but three hours before we drew up in front of Captain Smith's at Bodega. Although it was ten o'clock, they had not all retired. I was welcomed by his brother-in-law—whom I knew—and his mother-in-law, who very kindly insisted upon having a good supper prepared for me, even at that late hour. It was eight o'clock before I was up the next morning. On entering the breakfast-room I found the good lady who would not let me go supperless to bed the night before, her graceful blue-eyed daughter, some children, and my old friend Captain Smith, who welcomed me heartily to Bodega. He introduced me to the fair lady with blue eyes as his wife. I heard afterward that he had been three times married; that the present wife was from near Payta, and that she is only twenty years of age. Her manners were refined and agreeable. Captain Smith is from Baltimore, and has for years sailed for and been connected with the house of Alsop. He purchased the buildings at Bodega from the Russians, and has added to them a grist and saw mill which he runs by steam. He calls the place New Baltimore. My business here was partly to see Mr. —, supercargo and indeed owner of the brig *Sabine*, consigned to us and now loading with lumber for the leeward ports. He came in shortly after breakfast, and was much surprised to meet me here. In the afternoon I rode down to the port of Bodega, where the *Sabine* was lying, and also to see a horse which Señor Castro was anxious to sell me, Don Manuel, who by the way is —s intended, accompanying me. I understood that the horse was perfectly black, a *rara avis* in this land; I found him to be a very dark brown. Another horse, belonging to my companion, so took my eye that he ordered him to be saddled. I was about mounting, when he advised me to let the vaquero exercise him for a few moments, as he had not been under the saddle for a long time. It was well I did so, for the Indian was barely seated before he, the saddle, blankets, and all were flying in the air. After looking at the seals a while, as they basked contentedly in the sun, and in very great numbers, we returned to Captain Smith's, concluding that it was too late to visit the brig, which we saw half a mile off in the distance. A party of other hunters, commanded by a very intelligent man named Sparks, who has accumulated a fortune in the business, arrived at Bodega next morning. One of them, McCoy by name, came up to the house to pay Mrs. — a visit, as he owed his life to her two years ago. One day while hunting he came upon a grizzly bear, and shot at without killing her; she limped up to him before he was able to reload, and struck at his head; he dodged her paw, which fell upon his chest, tearing much of the flesh from it; and, bracing himself, gave her the butt end of his rifle with all his strength. She caught it in her mouth, breaking it as she would a reed, and with her claws took off the calf of his left leg. He fell upon the ground, when she seized his stomach with her teeth and carried him a short distance; when, probably supposing he was dead, she dropped him and walked away, turning every few steps to see if he moved. He remained all night where she left him; but was found the next morning by some Indians, who made a litter with the branches of trees and carried him to Captain Smith's, where every one supposed he would die in a few hours. Mrs. —, however, knowing the healing qualities of certain herbs, had them collected, and treated her patient with so much skill that in six months he could walk about again. McCoy is a tall, fine-looking man; no one to look at him could imagine the injuries he received. The old lady was delighted to see him, and nothing can exceed the strength of his attachment for her. After partaking of a delicious milk punch I was forced to leave my new friends, who supplied me with a vaquero and horses for the journey to Sonoma, forty-five miles distant. Since my arrival I have seen nothing which so much reminded me of my native land as Bodega with its fences, its white-washed buildings, its comforts, and its agreeable and intelligent possessors. Our road was mountainous. When we had wound our way to the summit of what seemed the highest hill, the beautiful Valley of Santa Rosa was suddenly spread out before us. I was much tempted to pass through it on our way, but the road was longer, and I should have been forced to trespass on the hospitality of Señora Carillo who, it is said, affections not our countrymen. One of her daughters is married to General Vallejo I know. Two beautiful ones are still at home with her. After losing sight of the Valley of Santa Rosa we descended into that of Petaluma, where is the *casa grande*, still unfinished, of the General, which, it is said, he intends to occupy at no late day, although it appears to be going to ruin already. It was evening when we crossed the Plaza of Sonoma. As I intended to leave it by daybreak I preferred to put up at a tavern lately opened by a former French cook of ours rather than accept hospitality of friends. Monsieur Tout de Suite, as we call him, accommodated me but poorly, although both himself and his fleas paid me particular attention. I found that Sonoma was almost deserted, many families having already left for the mines, and the balance (of the Americans) intending to be on their march during the week. As I could not leave as early as I anticipated I rode out to visit my Russian friends, and on the way met an acquaintance named —, who, hearing that I was intending to go to Sacramento, offered me the use of his horses as he had enough for both. I had thought of going to Benicia, a little out of the way, for our own cavalcade and vaquero, but gladly accepted his offer and company for the journey. Don — had gone to the mines, leaving his wife alone, and so sad that she was wishing her husband would sell the place and take her back to Sitka. Here are two of the most entertaining people in the world burying themselves in an out-of-the-way place where all is contrary to their tastes, and living without associates and almost without acquaintance. He is one of the most agreeable performers on the piano I have ever met, and they are both so entertaining and so amiable that no party in San Francisco is now complete without them. I have thought that he might be a Pole. His wife, I suppose, was born in Sitka. On my return to town I called at Mr. Liése's and at General Vallejo's, whose eldest daughter came into the room while I was there; she is very handsome and will create a sensation in Washington, where he intends to take his family before long. He treated me to some very good whisky from a distillery he has erected in the neighborhood. He has great enterprise, besides his twenty-two leagues of land and 20,000 head of cattle.

JAMES C. WARD.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

INTAGLIOS.

A Dream.

I dreamed I had a plot of ground,
Once when I chanced asked to drop,
And that a green hedge fenced it round,
Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise—
So far a little dream may reach—
And spring with summer in her eyes
Making the chiefest charm of each.

A thousand vines were climbing o'er
The hedge, I thought, but as I tried
To pull them down forevermore
The flowers dropt off the other side!

Waking, I said these things are signs
Sent to instruct us that 'tis ours
Duly to keep and dress our vines,
Waiting in patience for the flowers.

And when the angel feared of all
Across my hearth its shadow spread,
The rose that climbed my garden wall
Has bloomed the other side I said.

ALICE CARY.

The Mystery of Life.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we meet,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

BARBAULD.

A Remonstrance.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms that nature to her votaries yields,
The echoing woodland, the resounding shore,
All the wild harmonies of woods and fields,
All that the genial ray of morning yields,
And all that echoes to the breath of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

BEATTIE.

In the Church-Yard at Tarrytown.

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and gloried in,
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame,
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

LONGFELLOW.

Heart's Content.

There is an isle far over troublous seas,
Above whose valleys bluest skies are bent,
Where sweetest flowers perfume the pleasant leas,
Men call it Heart's Content.

And every gull that rides the sea of life
Toward that dear, distant isle is turned for aye,
Through treacherous calms and stormy shoals of strife
Holding its doubtful way.

Off in the midmost ocean bark meets bark
And, as they pass, from each the challenge sent
Carries back the same across the waters dark:
"We steer for Heart's Content."

For many an idle there is so like, so like
The mystic goal of all that travail sore,
That oft the wave-worn keels on strange sands strike,
And find an alien shore.

But ever as the anchor drops, and sails
From off the storm-strained yards are all unbent,
From the tall mast-yard still the watcher hails:
"Lo! yonder!—Heart's Content!"

And so once more the prow is seaward set,
Hearts still hope on, though waves roll dark around,
And on the stern men write the name "Regret,"
And fare forth, outward bound.

BARTON GREY.

In the Wood.

In the wood where shadows are deepest
From the branches overhead,
Where the wild wood-strawberries cluster,
And the softest moss is spread,
I met to-day with a fairy,
And I followed where she led.

Some magical words she uttered,
I alone could understand,
For the sky grew bluer and brighter;
While there rose on either hand
The cloudy walls of a palace
That was built in fairy land.

And I stood in a strange enchantment;
I had known it all before:
In my heart of hearts was the magic
Of days that will come no more,
The magic of joy departed
That Time can never restore.

That never, ah, never, never,
Never again can be—
Shall I tell you what powerful fairy
Built up this palace for me?
It was only a little white Violet
I found at the root of a tree.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Two Moods.

All yesterday you were so near to me,
It seemed as if I hardly moved or spoke
But your heart moved with mine. I woke
To a new life that found you everywhere,
As if your love was as some wide-spread sea
Or as the supple air, and so encompassed me,
Whether I thought or not, it could not but be there.

To-day your words approve me, and your heart
Is mine as ever; yet that heavenly sense
Of oneness, that made every hour intense
With love's full perfectness, is gone from thence;
And though our hands are clasped our souls are two,
And in my thoughts I say, "This is myself—this you."

There is a tradition in the East that one of the tests
by which the Queen of Sheba tried to prove the wis-
dom of Solomon was by placing on a table before
him two bouquets, one of natural, the other of artificial
flowers, and requiring that he should distinguish
the one from the other; whereupon the wisest man
ordered the windows to be thrown open, and in came
the bees.

Whenever young ladies learn so to stick a pin in
their apron-string that it won't scratch a fellow's
wrist, there will be more marriages.

STELLA BONHEUR.

The brilliant seasons of Italian opera at Maguire's Academy of Music, on Pine Street, in May, and in July and August, 1867, will be remembered by many of our readers. Stella Bonheur, the contralto of the season, was almost a *debutante*, having had, we believe, no operatic experience in New York, and having sung but little in concerts. Her success in San Francisco was immediate and great, from her debut, May 10, 1867, until her departure for New York, January 30, 1868. During this period she personated "Maffio Orsini," "Azucena," "Adalgisa," "Ulrica," and "Oscar" (*Un Ballo*), "Leonora" (*La Favorita*), "Nidia" (in *Ione*, then first produced here), "Siebel," "Inez" (in *l'Africaine*, then first produced here), "La Comare" (*Crispino*), "Maria" (*La Figlia del Reggimento*), and "Il Contino" (in *Scaramuccia*, then first produced here). All but the last two of these personations were during the regular season, with Brambilla, Limberti, Mancini, and Milleri. After returning to New York, Mme. Bonheur fulfilled an engagement under Strakosch, with Lagrange, Brignoli, and others, in concert and opera; and she sailed October 31, 1868, for Paris, where, after hard study, she made a successful debut at the Théâtre Lyrique in the *Charles VI.* of Halevy. She was in Paris during the siege and the Commune. In July, 1871, she went to Milan, which has since that time been her home; although she has sung at Naples, Rome, Florence, Trieste, Venice, Turin, and other Italian cities, and at Berlin, Copenhagen, Warsaw, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, besides visiting (in 1875) Buenos Ayres and England. Besides the roles of "Leonora di Guzman" and "Azucena," she has lately sung throughout Italy in *Il Profeta* as "Fides," in *Aida* as "Amneris," and in *Mignon*. In a letter from Rome, dated February 1, 1878, she says:

"Last November I sang at La Scala with Patti and Nicolini in *Il Trovatore*, and made a great hit. Here I have been singing the part of 'Preziosilla' in *La Forza del Destino*, which is one of my best rôles. Every night I am obliged to enquire the 'Viva la guerra' and the 'Rataplan.' Among the artists who sing with me here is a young baritone from Dalmatia, who made a great hit. He has one of the most beautiful voices I have ever heard, sings splendidly, and is a great actor. Our scene in the second act makes a revolution in the theatre every night. His name is Kaschman. Remember it—it will become celebrated."

"My third opera will be *Lohengrin*—new for Rome. A very difficult part, that of 'Ortruda,' musically and artistically; still I like it, and have studied it *con amore*. * * * Do you know, my dear friend, that they say that Stella Bonheur is one of the finest actresses now on the lyric stage. The Ristori, the other day, sent me her compliments, saying that if ever I lose my beautiful voice, I will still be a great actress! * * * You have no idea how I should like to go back to California. I'd be proud to have the Californian public's appreciation, and to show them that their little contralto worked hard to attain celebrity. Dear Californians! They were the first to tell me, 'go ahead—study, you can do, you will do, if you persevere.' They applauded and encouraged the little beginner. Now, oh, now, I'd like to make them judge the artist! * * * What became of Noah Brooks, and Mr. and Mrs. Melville, and Colonel Barnes, and Judge Lyons, Judge McRae, General and Mrs. McDowell, General Kirkham, and so many others that were good friends to Stella? Please give my kindest regards to all those who remember me, and tell them how very, very happy I would be to see them again. My voice has a great range, and is called a wonderful voice for the facility I have to sing contralto, mezzo-soprano, and high soprano, which facility I never abused, and for that reason kept my voice as fresh as when I began to sing. * * * The idea of going to San Francisco becomes *un idee fixe*, but still it requires an impresario. I would never try a speculation, not being fit for business, you know. I send you a picture of 'Azucena,' taken when I was singing at La Scala. How do you like it?"

"Yours sincerely, STELLA BONHEUR."

Last week, when the black clouds gathered in the north and betokened the coming of a thunder-storm, a citizen who was coming down on a street car remarked to an elderly man beside him:

"A storm is portending."
"Hey?" inquired the other.
"I say there are tokens of a storm," continued the first.

"Hey?" was the brisk inquiry again.
"Appearances indicate a storm!" exclaimed the citizen, a trifle embarrassed.
"Hey! What did you say about indelicate?" queried the other.

"There's going to be a thunder-storm!" shouted the citizen, dropping his big words all of a sudden.
"Ah! Now I understand," said the old man; "going to be a thunder-storm. Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

A tramp stepped into a saloon. He was lean and gaunt, and he was as dry as a hot day. He asked the bar-tender to lend him his ear, but he had only two, and refused. Grasping the hanger-up by the coat-collar, the tramp led him to the back room, and said: "See here, my dear fellow, you, at the time of writing, stand on the edge of a fearful catastrophe. This free lunch business is ruining the morals of our great and glorious country. It should be stopped. It entices hard-working, honorable men to forage around the city, to take up a living, when, if the luxurious viands were withheld, they would be at home with their families. My friend, be the first to set a healthy example. Charge for the lunch, and give the beer away. Now, you just bring me a glass of—"

The tramp was not certain whether the billiard-table had jumped over him or the floor had caved in.

"A gentleman at Santa Cruz, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signal to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings when on drawing nearer he found that it was his own dear wife, whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before. 'Why, how remarkable that we should have recognized each other at such a distance?' exclaimed both in the same breath, and then they changed the subject."

"Tobacco smoke irritates mosquitoes." To be sure it does. It brought us down from two hundred pounds to nearly a hundred in weight, and weed have kept on sinking until our low-neck shoes would have swallowed us in if we hadn't given it up. Drop it, mosquitoes. If you must really indulge in the weed in any form, chew. A word to the wise is sauff.

MAY LAWRENCE.

All That I Know About Her.

I had returned to Paris from an early trip to St. Germaine with a couple of French students, who lodged on the same floor with myself, and as we parted on one of the quays that border the Seine I lingered a moment to gaze down the river at the bridges and the little steamers, which always formed to me a very pleasant busy scene. I was about to start off, when in a different direction from that which I intended to take I saw close by the water's edge a group of idlers gathered together. I turned about and, walking down, found the body of a young woman had been taken from the water. This is no unusual sight in Paris, but it filled me with unusual feelings of interest. The face of this girl must certainly have been very attractive, and the fair and Saxon hair proved at once that her nationality was not French. The body was removed from the scene, and I turned away. I had been hungry for my breakfast, but when it was brought to me that morning I could not eat, but sat thinking and wondering who she was, and why had she done it. I went around by the Morgue and saw the face again. It bore resemblance to no one I had known, but it seemed to me so desolate and pitiful, this fair, girlish face, so young, yet so thin and worn. Was it starvation, or suffering, or possibly both? All day I tried to bring back my usual careless thoughts, but I failed entirely, and toward evening found myself again gazing with feelings of wondering pity, and as I looked another stood beside me, who did not, like the rest, stop and then turn away, but stood mutely gazing at the dead girl. He was an Englishman, and a stranger to me, but he seemed so strangely moved that I ventured to ask:

"Do you know her?"

"Yes, I know her."
I wanted so much to learn more, and still his grief seemed so quiet, but so deep, I did not dare. He looked a moment longer and then, covering his face with his hands, his form shook with emotion and he turned away. I followed him into the street which had been lighted, and he took my offered arm. We walked some blocks in silence till we came to a hotel on the Rue de Rivoli, before which he stopped.

"Can you—would you come to my apartments, and tell me what you know?"

I assented gladly, and followed him up. He desired me to be seated, and then opening a book showed me a photograph, without further explanation. I recognized the face immediately; it was some years younger, and the expression was sweet and tender, and full of happiness; while the long, fair hair fell over the shoulders even as it did when she lay in death; beneath was written, "May Lawrence," and the date was three years back. A heavy sob aroused me. My unknown companion had given way to his deep sorrow, and was weeping like a child. The tears of women had always touched me, but this was the first time I had seen one of my own sex give way to grief like this. My own eyes were filling as I rose and placed my hand on his shoulder. At first he did not notice, but as he became calmer it seemed to comfort him, and he took both my hands in his, and grasped them warmly.

"Thank you for your sympathy, my friend; I hope your heart may never feel the wretchedness of mine."

He took the photograph and looked long at the lovely face. It was so timid and trustful and so happy then; and now—The church near by chimed out the half hour to midnight, and the sound aroused him. He asked forgiveness for having given a stranger so much trouble, and then said, hurriedly:

"It was all my fault. I married a sweet wife, who loved me with a love that women—pure women—can feel, but men like me are too selfish to know or appreciate. I loved her, too, but it was not such love as hers—deep, and true, and lasting. I was tempted by a siren, and I— I shall never, never forget the wretched look in May's eyes when she understood my faithlessness; but I was infatuated." He stopped. "I cannot tell you more, my friend. Try and forget these past few hours; and perhaps some day, if you are not already married you may be. Be true to your wife in thought and deed; and if she loves you as May loved me, you will be blessed more than men deserve."

That was all; nothing to tell of her life and death; perhaps he did not know, and I was fain to be content and respect what confidence he had seen fit to give. I arose to go; he held my hand in his.

"I can never forget your sympathy, but try and forget my sorrow."

I never met the man again. A year after I was about returning to America, when I visited with some friends the Cemetery Montmartre, and just by accident came upon a grave, well kept and green, and on the headstone I read in English: "May Lawrence, aged 22."

L. B. BERTRAND.

"Now, my son, never interrupt an old man. No, my son, never fool with the old-timers—there are mighty few left; they are getting old and feeble; their shadows are falling far to the eastward; in a few years there will be none left, and then you and the rest of the hoodlums can come to the front and say as how you were personally acquainted with old Col. Baker, Senator Broderick, Lola Montez, Ralston, J. P. Jones, Sharon, Jim Fair, Mackay, Flood and O'Brien, a great deal better than I am with you, and slept with them, and ate with them, and loaned them a twenty when they were so poor they did not have a dollar in the world, and not a decent shirt to their backs; and tell about men who are not near as liberal nowadays. No, my son, do not pester the old boys. Let them indulge in their little sports of whisky drinking, pedro and swapping lies, and pattern after them so that when you are old, baldheaded, and carry a big bass drum under your vest, you will be a shining, profitable light to the coming generation. See here! If I ever catch you playing any more tricks on the old man I will break you in two—git!"

The boys were arranging for a circus, a *la* Barnum, and most of the preparations had been made, when some one discovered that no clown had been engaged. The leader looked the crowd over, and making a selection, he said: "Here, Willie, you must be the clown. Now then, Tom takes the tickets, Jimmy leads the band, I am the giant, and little Willie stands in the centre and talks bad and acts like an idiot!" There is no reason why the boys' circus should not be a success.

The grave of General Custer at West Point is not marked even by a stone; yet, on Decoration Day, it was covered with beautiful flowers by the hand of one who loved him—his wife.

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Coast can surpass the ARLINGTON in the airy cheerfulness and convenience of its arrangements. None can equal it in the natural and artistic beauty of its surroundings. The readers of the ARGONAUT will be pleased to know that the problem of combining solid comfort within doors, inexhaustible pleasure without, and calm contentment all the time, at a very economical rate of expenditure, has been solved at the ARLINGTON, and is respectfully submitted by

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gravers who flourished in Italy, France, and England during the last century are celebrated for their rarity, age, and unequalled workmanship. They are specially suitable for Framing. Prices are moderate. Visitors will be welcome to inspect a fine collection of the above between the hours of 1 P. M. and 5 P. M., at

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Flirting Scenes on the "Boulevard de Gallerie," and a special letter descriptive of those who engage in that pastime. Sketches at random in the garden. Bits of beauty grouped around the fountains. Character sketches, caricatures, and faces of visitors from different portions of the city and out of town.



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THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

CHURCH NOTICE.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6½ P. M.

\$30,000 WANTED.

A borrower wants \$30,000 upon real estate mortgage, for five years, at six per cent. per annum, offering for security San Francisco city property worth \$230,000, producing \$1,200 per month rent. Will deal only with principals. Address "Borrower," ARGONAUT office.

WANTED—Copies of the ARGONAUT of August 3d (No. 4, Vol. III.)

For silverware, go to Anderson & Randolph's, Clock Tower Building, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. She will be happy to see her former patrons. New Style Lace Patterns.

PERSONS ADDICTED TO THE USE OF OPIUM are informed that a regular physician is prepared to receive a few such as patients in his own family, in the country, upon reasonable terms. Entire privacy, and cure guaranteed. Address P. O. Box 87, Alameda.

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SATURDAY.....AUGUST 24
MATINEE AT 2; EVENING AT 8.

Sunday, August 25, Benefit of MISS SYLVESTER,

THE MARBLE HEART.

Monday, August 26, and every evening during the week,
ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

LADIES' MATINEE TO-DAY, AT 2 P. M.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24,

Also, this (Saturday) and to-morrow (Sunday) evening,
THE FAMOUS

HAVERLY MINSTRELS.

IMMENSE HIT OF

JULIUS THE SNOOZER,

Julius Caesar, a new Ethiopian Burlesque Extravaganza, redolent with tropical remarks, local sayings, puns, jokes, and real fun, to set all reeling with laughter.

GUS WILLIAMS'

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Ladies will please remember the JULIUS THE SNOOZER MATINEES Wednesday and Saturday.

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And the favorite actor,

MR. WILLIAM HARRIS.

Mooday, August 26, and until further notice, the new play written expressly for Miss Mitchell by Louis Vider, entitled

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Friday, August 30, Farewell Benefit of MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL.
Farewell Matinee Saturday, August 30.
Seats may be secured at the Box Office.

Monday, September 2, engagement of Messrs.

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A CARD.

R. C. MOWBRAY, M. D., DENTIST,
224 STOCKTON STREET, would respectfully inform his friends and patrons that he has entirely recovered from his late illness, and will resume practice on MONDAY, August 19th.

In reply to numerous inquiries Dr. Mowbray would state that HIS PRACTICE IS ENTIRELY SEPARATE FROM THAT OF DR. YOUNGER.

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(NORTHERN DIVISION.)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1878,

EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be sold by this Company from

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN JOSE AND OTHER POINTS AND RETURN.

(Tickets to San Jose good for return by either the Southern or Central Pacific Railroads.)

These Tickets will be sold ONLY on SATURDAYS and SUNDAY MORNINGS.

The Return Trip Ticket will not be good for passage after the MONDAY following the date of purchase.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets; Valencia Street Station. A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH, Superintendent. Ass't Passenger and Ticket Agt.

NOTICE.—SAN JOSE Excursion Tickets (via C. P. R. R.) can be purchased at the offices of the Central Pacific Railroad, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco; also, at the several Ticket Offices in Oakland.

LOCUST GROVE, SONOMA.

FAMILIES OR YOUNG LADIES wishing to spend the month of September in this Valley (the grape season) can, on early application, be well accommodated at this well known place on reasonable terms. MRS. A. E. LUBECK, Sonoma.

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A FLY MANUFACTORY.

The Wonderful Things Done in Paterson, N. J.

Flies are artificially propagated in New Jersey, near Paterson, where an association of men have invested capital, and are running the works to their full capacity. Flies are incubated from eggs by an artificial hatching arrangement, and the young flies are taught all the deviltry they know right in the factory. Some will look upon this statement as false, and wonder why any association of men should engage in the artificial propagation of the fly. We will explain. It is well known flies die at the end of the season, and if it were not for artificial propagation, there would be none the second season. The parties that are engaged in this industry are also sole manufacturers of fly-paper and fly-traps. We trust that the object is no plan. In order to sell their paper and traps, it is necessary to have game to catch. The gentlemen have engaged largely in the manufacture of fly-paper and fly-traps before they knew that flies only lasted one season, and after a year of success they found bankruptcy staring them in the face, as it was probable they would not sell a sheet of paper the next year. So they organized the "Great American Artificial Fly Incubating Association of New Jersey," and issued a million dollars' worth of stock. We have not room to describe the hatching of flies, but it is like hatching chickens by steam. Some of the best old flies are kept to lay eggs, and the eggs are placed on cards and put into an oven. They hatch out in twenty minutes, and are ready in half an hour to learn the business. First they are taught to wade in butter, to swim in cream, and to get into things around the kitchen. Then the young flies are taken to the dormitory, where men and women, engaged for the purpose, are pretending to sleep. An old fly and a hundred young ones are placed in each room, and the old fly, after lighting on shirt bosoms or female white goods, in order to teach the young flies the noble art of punctuation, begins to get in its work on the sleeper. The old fly, after seating the young flies on cuffs and collars, calls "Attention!" and after buzzing around a little, lights on the sleeper's nose. The sleeper pretends to be mad, and slaps at the fly—this is a mere matter of form, however, for if a sleeper engaged by the association kills an old stool fly, it is deducted from his or her salary. As the old fly gets away the young flies laugh and want to try it themselves. Then the old fly lights upon the lady sleeper's big toe and proceeds deliberately to walk up her foot, ankle, and calf, occasionally stopping to bite. This is very trying to the alleged sleepers, causing nervousness, and a twitching of the muscles, but they must not injure the fly. The little flies notice everything, and, after the old fly has caroused around, and tickled and buzzed, then the young flies are allowed to practice on them. The persons practised on get \$6 a day and board, as it is a very particular and trying situation. Then comes the expensive business of distributing flies throughout the country. Formerly it was done through book agents and lightning-rod peddlers, but that was found too expensive; so the association originated the idea of sending out regular agents, called tramps, to introduce the flies. The first year only about 10,000 tramps were sent out, but the business has grown to such huge proportions that it is estimated that this year the association has out 500,000 tramps, leaving flies around. They go from house to house begging, and before they leave they manage to drop a few flies. Each tramp has a card with a million young flies on. After he has partaken of his meal, and the woman of the house is out for a shotgun or a dog to drive him away, he slips his hand up his sleeve and tears off a piece of card containing, perhaps, 10,000 young flies, and drops it in the woodbox or in some convenient place. That is enough to start on, as the flies breed rapidly. The next day the woman will wonder "where on airth all them flies come from." The company has distributing points all over the country—Chicago, St. Louis, and St. Paul being among them—where the tramps go once a month after a new supply. A card will last a tramp thirty days. The introduction of the fly paper and the fly traps is easier, as the articles are sent directly to druggists, who sell them to consumers. Stock in the association is worth an immense amount, paying a quarterly dividend of twenty per cent. The only way that the fly nuisance can be abated is to kill the tramps as fast as they enter a community, or destroy the manufactory at New Jersey. We have exposed the nefarious business; now let the people rise up and crush it out of existence.

H. J. PLOMTEAUX, DENTIST,

HAS REMOVED HIS DENTAL Rooms from the N. E. corner of Broadway and Tenth Streets to the N. E. corner of Broadway and Twelfth Streets, over the Oakland Bank of Savings. Oakland, June 1st, 1878.

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JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

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RICHARD W. VICE, Vice-President.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

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HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1878, an assessment (No. 59) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of September, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth (19th) day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary. Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of July, 1878, an assessment (No. 59) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth day of September, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fifth day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. W. W. STETSON, Secretary. Office—Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, K. S. EGGERT AITKEN, wife of Charles H. Aitken, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 2d of September, A. D. 1878, the same being the first day of the September term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, to own and run a lodging-house, to buy and sell mining stocks, personal and real property, to lend and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to act as spirit and test medium, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business, and each of them. MRS. K. S. EGGERT AITKEN. San Francisco, Cal., A. D. 1878. WM. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE HIBER-

NIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. E. corner Montgomery and Post Streets, San Francisco, July 24, 1878.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend, at the rate of 7 1/2 per cent. per annum, was declared on all deposits for the six months ending July 21st, 1878, payable from and after this date, and free from Federal tax. EDWARD MARTIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Aug. 15th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 34) of three dollars per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, Aug. 20th, 1878. Transfer books closed until 21st inst. W. W. TRAVLOR, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of MICHAEL KELLEHER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco. Dated August 24th, 1878. WILLIAM DOOLAN, Administrator of the Estate of Michael Kelleher, deceased.

JOS. L. HOWELL,

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 31, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

"THE CHINESE MUST GO!"--II.

A Reply to Kwang Chang Ling, the Chinese Literate.

Having gleaned from the pages of history the proof that the Caucasian and Mongolian races are non-assimilative, I propose this week to present some ethnological reasons which seem equally potent in establishing the same general truth. I need not espouse the cause of either of the three great schools of naturalists regarding the origin of man. I need not combat the theory which Mr. Huxley denominates "the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrews," that the human race sprang from a single pair and constitutes but one stock subject to various modifications; nor follow the less orthodox school of Agassiz, that there were several independent creations constituting a diversity of species adapted to their geographical distribution; nor, finally, need I espouse the evolution theory of Darwin, that all existing species are developments of some pre-existing form, which in like manner descended from a form still lower. Neither of these respective theories of the origin of man stands in the way of the position I take, that the distinctive races of mankind are immiscible. Nor need I adopt either one of the numerous tests applied by ethnologists for distinguishing races. Whether the skin, the skull, the facial angle, the hair, or the language, is the true test of race, I need not discuss. It is sufficient to know that there are certain strongly-marked distinctive races among men. Hubert Bancroft, in his "Native Races of the Pacific Coast," truly says that "notwithstanding all these failures to establish rules by which mankind may be divided into classes, there yet remains the stubborn fact that differences do exist, as palpable as the difference between daylight and darkness." If I am asked how these differences were brought about, I may answer in the language of a noted scientist, that "the races of mankind came through the same factors as the race, and that race-making is simply a later stage of man-making; that there is a convergence of these races toward a common point of unity, but the lines do not meet within the horizon of history." Man-making preceded race-making. Race-making preceded history-writing. History-writing commenced with the dawnings of civilization. Race-making was a part of the process of fitting mankind for inhabiting the various portions of the earth. Whether the races originally sprang from one pair, or from various acts of creation, or from evolution, it is equally certain that the race distinctions enter into the blood, the bone, and the marrow, reach far back toward the period of creation, and are found imbedded in the very foundations of humanity. It becomes important, therefore, to inquire why it is that these great races of mankind are kept separate, distinctive, and immiscible. Why is it that the Caucasian and Mongolian races do not assimilate? I answer:—

- (1.) Because of a natural and incurable antipathy existing between the races.
- (2.) Because the offspring of the miscegenation of the races are mongrels—weak and short-lived.
- (3.) Because there is a total lack of affinity between the languages of the distinctive races.

The first two of the foregoing reasons have, from the earliest periods of history, tended to keep the blood of the distinctive races pure; while the last, like an impassable gulf, yawns between their respective civilizations.

(1.) *As to the antipathy existing between the races.*—We sometimes go a long way to find a reason when we have a good and sufficient one close at hand. Perhaps the best reason why these races do not assimilate is "because they do not." The vague, unreasoning, instinctive antipathy existing between the races of mankind, like the senses of taste and smell, which are placed as sentinels at the gateway of the stomach to keep out everything vile and unclean, is implanted within each one of us, and set at the gateway of our affections to keep pure and unadulterated the best breeds of men. Nor is it any answer to say that miscegenation is frequent between the races when thrown together. The stormy passions of men overlap the boundaries set by race as the wild waves of the sea overlap the rocks and glide far up the beach. One hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the African race was forcibly brought to this country; they have multiplied with such rapidity that they are everywhere among us, and yet we shriek with horror at the thought of intermarrying with them. The instinct of antipathy tells us that the blood of the races was intended to be kept pure—that the cross-breeding of the races is unnatural and revolting. The interbreeding of widely divergent branches of the same race, as between the Celts, the Teutons, and the Slavs results in an assimilation so complete that the first or second generation carries no distinctive mark of nationality; but the cross-breeding of distinctive races creates an offspring of mongrels, strange alike to the father and to the mother, and for whom there is but little parental affection, as instanced in the cases of the Southern planters selling their mulatto children, the pioneer settlers of the Pacific Coast deserting their Indian wives and progeny, and the Chinese of the Southern Islands leaving their families to return to China to die. The offspring of these revolting alliances belong to no race. They are mongrels. Like bastards they are *fili nullius*—the children of nobody. They invariably go with the lower race. The "half-breed" is an Indian; the Creole is a South American; the mulatto—ever the outcast—is a negro. They do not constitute in any sense a distinctive race. Thus the interbreeding of superior with inferior races which is caused by lawless passion results in deterioration and misery. History will never excuse the Spanish for brutality and mercilessly driving out the Moors who had dwelt among them for six hundred years; but the infallible sign of a distinct race had been set upon their features and they were forced to bow to a law higher than justice or mercy—the law of fate. If the races had amalgamated and imperceptibly melted

into each other, that cruel page of Spanish history never would have been written. The Chinese of California have been with us twenty-five years, and still they are aliens and strangers. No tender chord of sympathy or friendship binds any Chinaman to any American, for friendship implies equality, and there is no equality between the Chinese and Americans. The Chinese are despised as an inferior race. Not because they are clean or because they are filthy; not because they are industrious or because they are idle; not because they are peaceable or because they are quarrelsome; not because they are patient and long-suffering and meek, but because they are Chinamen. No inferior race can dwell among a superior upon terms of equality. The condition of the African race on this continent is anomalous and the solution is not yet clear. Judge John A. Boalt, in a learned address before the Berkeley Club, which was incorporated in the report to the State Senate of the Special Committee on Chinese Immigration, made the startling statement that "two non-assimilating races never yet lived together harmoniously on the same soil unless one of the races was in a state of servitude to the other." But we have all solemnly sworn that slavery or involuntary servitude shall never exist in this republic. Shall we introduce a system of serfdom?—a race of helots?—a class of burden-bearers? Never, unless we are tired of democracy. If we want to be true to the memory of our forefathers we shall build up a republic in which manhood is respected alike in the hod-carrier as in the Senator.

(2.) *The offspring of distinctive races are weak and short-lived.*—This fact is one of the many conclusive evidences of the truth that the distinctive races were never intended to amalgamate. The intermarriage of different branches of the same race infuses fresh life and vigor into the new stock, and has been found exceedingly favorable to strength and longevity; but when the races are distinctive and the offspring are mongrels, weakness, lack of vitality, and early death is the invariable result. It is on account of this fact that the lives of mulattoes, even of the first generation, can not be insured. The second generation of mulattoes enjoy still less longevity, and the third are hybrids—"afflicted like mules with sterility." Such is the evidence of Louis Figuier, in his work on the "Human Race." The well known, yet shameful, fact that the African race in America scarcely exists at all in its purity may account for the following most startling statistics of the comparative longevity of the two races in the city of Washington, as given by Dr. D. W. Bliss, the registrar of the district:

DEATH RATE FOR 1875.		
Whites per 1,000.....	19.22	
Colored per 1,000.....	47.6	
FOR 1876.		
Whites per 1,000.....	26.537	
Colored per 1,000.....	49.294	
The population of Washington City is: Whites, 115,000; colored, 45,000; and yet in one or two months of the year 1877 the deaths among the blacks were nearly equal to those among the whites.		
In the city of Chattanooga the white population is 7,500; colored, 4,500; and the death rate for five years, as tabulated from the records kept by J. H. Van Deman, registrar, was as follows:		
	Whites.	Colored.
July 31, 1873.....	22.1	56
July 31, 1874.....	21	41.3
July 31, 1875.....	17.8	31.8
July 31, 1876.....	20.1	39
July 31, 1877.....	18.6	37
Average.....	19.9	37

In Knoxville, Tennessee, the death rate for 1876 was as follows:

Whites per 1,000.....	18
Colored per 1,000.....	31.2

A writer, in commenting on the above statistics, says: "It is certain that in the cities of the South the colored race tends toward extinction; and unless there is a gain somewhere, philanthropists had better stop talking about the black man's vote, and take measures to save his life."

But this is no isolated fact. The same weakness and mortality has been observed in all mongrels. Mr. George Gibbs, in a paper printed in the Smithsonian Institute Reports of 1864, gives the result of extended observations on the Pacific Coast, from Oregon to Mexico, that the miscegenation of the European with the native races was disastrous to the health and longevity of the offspring. The offspring of the cross-breeding of the white and yellow races are as strictly mongrels as those of the white and black races, only less strongly marked. They are subject to the same general law of weakness and early death. The degradation involved in and resulting from these revolting alliances, the deterioration of physical power, mental strength and moral tone, could not but result in disaster to our race, and to our civilization, as has been abundantly proven in our intercourse with the black race. Whether, therefore, the Chinese come by millions to remain permanently, or whether they come among us simply as laborers, intending to return, they are equally a curse.

(3.) *The Chinese language and its effect on Chinese civilization.*—The mental characteristics of all nations and all races are influenced in a marked degree by their language. The German language is metaphysical; so are the German people. The French language is bright, sparkling, and delicate; so are the French people. The Italian language is musical and languid; so are the Italian people. The Spanish language is florid and passionate; so are the Spanish people. The English language, which seems to have been drawn from all the Indo-European nations, is characterized as terse, matter-of-fact, and lacking in fancy; the English people are a matter-of-fact, common-sense people. Whether a race is more influenced by its language than the language by the race I need not discuss; but there can be no doubt that the barrenness and utter insufficiency of the Chinese language to express the finer shades of thought have exercised a tremendous influence on Chinese civilization. I state but the exact truth when I say that the Chi-

nese language, like the Chinese race, is in a state of "arrested development." Mr. Brace, in his "Races of the Old World," says:

"If our readers will call to mind the first utterances of children, where each word or each syllable is a sentence, where the tone and gesture indicate whether the single sound emitted is a noun, adjective, or verb, or all three together; and if he will suppose this through some unexplainable cause petrified and transmitted as an enduring mode of speech, he will have an appreciation of the nature of the Chinese language. Its distinction is not that it is monosyllabic, but each syllable is a sentence in itself, as if the minds who used it never grew to the idea of a sentence."

We can begin to appreciate the above statement when we learn that there are on an average eight meanings to every word in the Chinese language, and that to interpret the meaning in any given case requires some gesture or peculiar intonation of the voice so observable in the conversation of the Chinese among us; that there are 212 characters pronounced *che*, 113 pronounced *ching*, 138 pronounced *foo*, and 1165 pronounced *z*; that there are 12,674 characters in the Chinese language with forms and meanings distinct from each other. "From this it will be seen," says Brace, "what a fearful barrier to advancement in learning, science, and general knowledge such a language must be." "It is this," he says, "which has most of all checked the progress of the Chinese people." Let it be further understood that the Chinese language contains no alphabet, but that each word has its own representation or character, so that there are as many characters—or letters, as we would call them—as there are words. It is this fact that makes it the work of a lifetime to become familiar with the written language of China. Rev. John L. Nevius, a missionary who resided ten years in China and who has published a book entitled "China and the Chinese," says:

"Learning to read Chinese is very different from learning to read English. We have an alphabetical system by which we read our own spoken language; but the Chinese must learn a new and different language from their spoken language, and also learn to read every word separately and independently. The consequence is, that not more than three per cent. of the whole population can read."

Louis Figuier, in his learned work on the "Human Race," adds his testimony to the utter poverty of the Chinese language as a vehicle for the expression of the higher forms of thought. He says:

"One marvels to hear that the Chinese language comprehends such a number of words that the life of a single man of letters is not sufficiently long to allow of his learning it. Thus this apparent wealth is the utmost poverty. To its imperfection must be attributed the smallness of the progress the people of Asia have made in intelligence and commerce. Their language is not only monosyllabic, but their writing is hieroglyphic, which accounts for the scant progress made in their civilization. It is the language of a barbarous nation, and must be exceedingly awkward for a civilized people desiring to express abstract ideas. While the Chinese have modified their language to satisfy the wants of their higher civilization, yet it has always stood in the way of their attaining a high state of civilization."

An American printer, with a case of type containing the twenty-six letters of our alphabet, can put into permanent form any thought or fancy that the human mind in its highest development can conceive. It would require 40,000 type to print a Chinese book; hence Chinese printing is but writing reproduced by carving on wooden or metal blocks. Thus it will be seen that this great, rude, childish, monosyllabic language of the Chinese, which but three out of every hundred can ever hope to read, and but the fewest number of even those who devote their lives to it can hope to master—a language which of necessity must be their only vehicle of thought—stands like the Great Wall between the Chinese people and any high degree of civilization. Can any good come out of such a Nazareth? Can a rude palanquin be made to carry the freight of a modern railroad? Can the light junk be made to plow the ocean with the rapidity of a great steamship? No more can the Chinese language carry modern civilization. It is as incapable of receiving and assimilating it as the mind of a child is incapable of understanding the depths of Emerson or Carlyle. Is it surprising, then, that the thinking world has been so sadly disappointed in the barren results to literature and science in the opening of the Chinese ports? No adequate compensation is found in the so-called Chinese classics for the life task of any European scholar mastering the language. It is true the Chinese boast of an ancient civilization; but what are the accompaniments of civilization? Science, art, commerce, and literature. Where are their achievements in science? Where are their works of art? What is their literature? Where is their commerce? Did they possess the art of printing? Wherein has it enlightened and educated the Chinese people? Did they possess the mariners' compass? Where were their ships and commerce? Did they discover gunpowder? Where were their artillery and their courage to use it? Did they possess the art of making silk? The sober old Romans deprecated it as a corrupt method of "exhibiting naked matrons through thin draperies." Did they excel in the manufacture of crockery? The best crockery in the world is now made in Europe. Were they rich? The luxury, wealth, superstition and weakness of the Chinese people have ever been at once the temptation and the opportunity of conquering nations. Were they learned, wise, and superior? Their learning was pedantic, their wisdom was foolishness, and their superiority the subject of contempt. Were they religious? There is no idealism in a Chinaman. Did they reverence and worship God? Over a million vile, loathsome, and vicious priests minister in their temples to wooden idols. Whom do they worship? Their dead ancestors. Thus everything they have attempted to do, everything they have ever succeeded in doing is in a state of petrification—of "arrested development." Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, the five great ancient monarchies, each rose and flourished in their magnificence, leaving something to speak to future ages of their greatness; something in art, something in literature or in science; but China has spanned the ages and cycles of time a dead level of mediocrity, leaving nothing except the Great Wall as a monument to her cowardice and her exclusiveness. Next week I will conclude by replying to some of the specific points of Kwang Chang Ling.

H. N. C.

THE NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

The Practical Working of the "Religion of Humanity."

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

The professor, like most serious thinkers, knew but little of that trifle commonly called "the world." He had never kissed any one except his wife; and even that he did as seldom as possible; and the curate lying dead drunk was the first glimpse he had of what, *par excellence*, is called "life." But though the scene just described was thus a terrible shock to him, in one way it gave him an unlooked-for comfort. He now saw the reason. "Of course," he said, "existence can not be perfect so long as one-third of Humanity makes a beast of itself. A little more progress is still necessary."

He hastened to explain this next morning to Virginia, and begged her not to be alarmed at the curate's scandalous conduct. "Immortality," he said, "is but a want of success in attaining our own happiness. It is evidently most immoral for the curate to be kissing you; and therefore kissing you would not really conduce to his happiness. I will convince him of this solemn truth in a very few moments. Then the essential dignity of human nature will become at once apparent, and we shall all of us at last begin to be unspeakably happy."

The curate, however, altogether declined to be convinced. He maintained stoutly that to kiss Virginia would be the greatest pleasure that Humanity could offer him. "And if it is immoral as well as pleasant," he added, "I should like it all the better."

At this the professor gave a terrible groan; he dropped almost fainting into a chair; he hid his face in his hands, and murmured, half articulately, "Then I can't tell what to do!" In another instant, however, he recovered himself; he fixed a dreadful look on the curate, and said: "That last statement of yours can not be true, for, if it were, it would upset all my theories. It is a fact that can be proved and verified, that if you kissed Virginia it would make you miserable."

"Pardon me," said the curate, rapidly moving toward her; "your notion is a remnant of superstition; I will explode it by a practical experiment."

The professor caught hold of the curate's coat-tails, and forcibly pulled him back into his seat.

"If you dare attempt it," he said, "I will kick you soundly, and, shocking, immoral man! you will feel miserable enough then."

The curate was a terrible coward, and very weak as well. "You are a great, hulking fellow," he said, eyeing the professor; "and I am of a singularly delicate build. I must, therefore, conform to the laws of matter, and give in." He said this in a very sulky voice; and, going out of the room, slammed the door after him.

A radiant expression suffused the face of the professor. "See," he said to Virginia, "the curate's conversion is already half accomplished. In a few hours more he will be rational, he will be moral, he will be solemnly and significantly happy."

The professor talked like this to Virginia the whole morning; but, in spite of all his arguments, she declined to be comforted.

"It is all very well," she said, "while you are in the way. But, as soon as your back is turned, I know he will be at me again."

"Will you ever," said Paul, by this time a little irritated, "will you never listen to exact thought? The curate is now reflecting; and a little reflection must inevitably convince him that he does not really care to kiss you, and that it would give him very little real pleasure to do so."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Virginia, with a sudden vigor, at which the professor was thunderstruck. "I can tell you," she went on, "that better men than he have borne kicks for my sake; and to kiss me is the only thing that that little man cares about. What shall I do!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Here is one of you insulting me by trying to kiss me; and the other insulting me by saying that I am not worth being kissed!"

"Ah, me!" groaned the poor professor, in an agony, "here is one-third of Humanity plunged in sorrow; and another third has not yet freed itself from vice. When, when will sublimity begin?"

XI.

At dinner, however, things wore a more promising aspect. The curate had been so terrified by the professor's threats that he hardly dared to so much as look at Virginia; and, to make up for it, he drank an unusual quantity of champagne, which soon set him laughing and chatting at a rate that was quite extraordinary. Virginia, seeing herself thus neglected by the curate, began to fear that, as Paul said, he really did not so much care to kiss her after all. She, therefore, put on all her most enticing ways; she talked, flirted, and smiled her best, and made her most effective eyes, that the curate might see what a prize was forever beyond his reach.

Paul thought this state of affairs full of glorious promise. Virginia's tears were dried, she had never looked so radiant and exquisite before. The curate had foregone every attempt to kiss Virginia, and yet he seemed happiness itself. The professor took the latter aside, as soon as the meal was over, to congratulate him on the holy state to which exact thought had conducted him.

"You see," he said, "what a natural growth the loftiest morality is. Virginia doesn't want to be kissed by you. I should be shocked at your doing so shocking a thing as kissing her. If you kissed her, you would make both of us miserable; and, as a necessary consequence, you would be in an agony likewise; in addition to which, I should inevitably kick you."

"But," said the curate, "suppose I kissed Virginia on the sly—I merely put this as an hypothesis, remember—and that in a little while she liked it, what then? She and I would both be happy; and you ought to be happy, too, because we were."

"Idiot!" said the professor. "Virginia is another man's wife; nor do wives ever like kissing any one except their husbands. What they really like is what Professor Huxley calls 'the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good,' which, as he says, exact thought shows us is the true end of

existence. But, pooh! what is the use of all this talking? You know which way your higher nature calls you; and, of course, unless men believe in God, they cannot help obeying their higher nature."

"I," said the curate, "think the belief in God a degrading superstition; I think every one an imbecile who believes a miracle possible. And yet I do not care two straws about the highest good. What you call my lower nature is far the strongest; I mean to follow it to the best of my ability; and I prefer calling it my higher, for the sake of the associations."

This plunged the professor in deeper grief than ever. He knew not what to do. He paced up and down the veranda, or about the rooms, and moaned and groaned as if he had a violent toothache. Virginia and the curate asked what was amiss with him. "I am agonizing," he said, "for the sake of holy, solemn, unspeakably dignified Humanity."

The curate, seeing the professor thus dejected, by degrees took heart again; and, as Virginia still continued her fascinating behavior to him, he resolved to try and prove to her that, the test of morality being happiness, the most moral thing she could do would be to allow him to kiss her. No sooner had he begun to propound these views, than the professor gave over his groaning, seized the curate by the collar, and dragged him out of the room with a roughness that nearly throttled him.

"I was but propounding a theory—an opinion," gasped the curate. "Surely thought is free. You will not persecute me for my opinions?"

"It is not for your opinions," said the professor, "but for the horrible effect they might have. We can only tolerate opinions that have no possible consequence. You may promulgate any of those as much as you like; because to do that would be a self-regarding action."

XII.

"Well," said the curate, "if I may not kiss Virginia, I will drink brandy instead. That will make me happy enough; and then we shall all be radiant."

He soon put his resolve into practice. He got a bottle of brandy, he sat himself down under a palm-tree, and told the professor he was going to make an afternoon of it.

"Foolish man!" said the professor; "I was never drunk myself, it is true; but I know that to get drunk makes one's head ache horribly. To get drunk is, therefore, horribly immoral, and therefore I cannot permit it."

"Excuse me," said the curate; "it is a self-regarding action. Nobody's head will ache but mine; so that is my own lookout. I have been expelled from school, from college, and from my first curacy, for drinking. So I know well enough the balance of pains and pleasures."

Here he pulled out his brandy-bottle, and applied his lips to it.

"O Humanity!" he exclaimed, "how solemn this brandy tastes!"

Matters went on like this for several days. The curate was too much frightened to again approach Virginia. Virginia at last became convinced that he did not care about kissing her. Her vanity was wounded, and she became sullen; and this made the professor sullen also. In fact, two-thirds of Humanity were overcast with gloom. The only happy section of it was the curate, who alternately smoked and drank all day long.

"The nasty little beast!" said Virginia to the professor; "he is nearly always drunk. I am beginning quite to like you, Paul, by comparison with him. Let us turn him out, and not let him live in the cottage."

"No," said the professor; "for he is one-third of Humanity. You do not properly appreciate the solidarity of mankind. His existence, however, I admit is a great difficulty."

One day at dinner, however, Paul came in radiant.

"O holy, O happy event!" he exclaimed; "all will go right at last!"

Virginia inquired anxiously what had happened, and Paul informed her that the curate, who had got more drunk than usual that afternoon, had fallen over a cliff, and been dashed to pieces.

"What event," he asked, "could be more charming—more unspeakably holy? It bears about it every mark of sanctity. It is for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Come," he continued, "let us begin our love-feast. Let us each seek the happiness of the other. Let us instantly be sublime and happy."

XIII.

"Let us prepare ourselves," said Paul, solemnly, as they sat down to dinner, "for realizing to the full the essential dignity of Humanity—that *grand être*, which has come, in the course of progress, to consist of you and me. Every condition of happiness that modern thinkers have dreamed of is now fulfilled. We have but to seek each the happiness of the other, and we shall both be in a solemn, a significant, and unspeakable state of rapture. See, here is an exquisite leg of mutton. I," said Paul, who liked the fat best, "will give up all the fat to you."

"And I," said Virginia, resignedly, "will give up all the lean to you."

A few mouthfuls made Virginia feel sick. "I confess," said she, "I can't get on with this fat."

"I confess," the professor answered, "I don't exactly like this lean."

"Then let us," said Virginia, "be like Jack Sprat and his wife."

"No," said the professor, meditatively, "that is quite inadmissible. For in that case we should be egoistic hedonists. However, for to-day it shall be as you say. I will think of something better to-morrow."

Next day he and Virginia had a chicken apiece; only Virginia's was put before Paul, and Paul's was put before Virginia; and they each walked round the table to supply each other with the slightest necessities.

"Ah!" cried Paul, "this is altruism indeed. I think already I feel the sublimity beginning."

Virginia liked this rather better. But soon she committed the sin of taking for herself the liver of Paul's chicken. As soon as she had eaten the whole of it her conscience began to smite her. She confessed her sin to Paul, and inquired, with some anxiety, if he thought she would go to hell for it. "Metaphorically," said Paul, "you have already done so. You are punished by the loss of the pleasure you would have

had in giving that liver to me, and also by your knowledge of my knowledge of your folly in foregoing the pleasure."

The professor having by some accident lost his razors, his moustaches began to grow profusely, and Virginia had watched them with a deep but half-conscious admiration. At last, in a happy moment, she exclaimed, "O Paul! do let me wax the ends for you?" Paul at first giggled, blushed, and protested, but, as Virginia assured him it would make her happy, he consented. "Then," she said, "you will know that I am happy, and that in return will make you happy also. Ah!" she exclaimed, when the operation was over, "do go and examine yourself in the glass. I declare you look exactly like Jack Barley—Barley Sugar, as we used to call him—of the Blues."

Virginia smiled: suddenly she blushed; the professor blushed also. To cover the blushes, she begged to be allowed to do his hair. "It will make me so much happier, Paul," she said. The professor again assented, that he might make Virginia happy, and that she might be happy in knowing that he was happy in promoting her happiness. At last the professor, shy and awkward as he was, was emboldened to offer to do Virginia's hair in return. She allowed him to arrange her fringe, and, as she found he did no great harm, she let him repeat the operation as often as he liked.

A week thus passed, full, as the professor said, of infinite solemnity. "I admit, Paul," sighed Virginia, "that this altruism, as you call it, is very touching. I like it very much. But," she added, sinking her voice to a whisper, "are you quite sure it is perfectly moral?"

"Moral!" echoed the professor, "moral! Why, exact thought shows us that it is the very essence of morality!"

XIV.

Matters now went on charmingly. All existence seemed to take a richer coloring, and there was something, Paul said, which, in Professor Tyndall's words, "gave fullness and tone to it, but which he could neither analyze nor comprehend." But at last a change came. One morning, while Virginia was arranging Paul's moustaches, she was frightened almost into a fit by a sudden apparition at the window. It was a hideous hairy figure, perfectly naked but for a band of silver which it wore round its neck. For a moment it did nothing but grin and stare; then it flung into Virginia's lap a filthy piece of carrion, and in an instant it bounded away with an almost miraculous agility.

Virginia screamed with disgust and terror, and clung to Paul's knees for protection. He seemed unmoved and preoccupied. All at once, to her intense surprise, she saw his face light up with an expression of triumphant eagerness. "The missing link!" he exclaimed, "the missing link at last! Thank God—I beg pardon for my unspeakable blasphemy—I mean, thank circumstances over which I have no control. I must this instant go out and hunt for it. Give me some provisions in a knapsack, for I will not come back till I have caught it."

This was a fearful blow to Virginia. She fell at Paul's feet weeping, and besought him in piteous accents that he would not thus abandon her.

"I must," said the professor, solemnly; "for I am going in pursuit of Truth. To arrive at Truth is man's perfect and most rapturous happiness. You must surely know that, even if I have forgotten to tell it to you. To pursue truth—holy truth for holy truth's sake—is a more solemn pleasure than even frizzling your hair."

"Oh," cried Virginia, hysterically, "I don't care two straws for truth. What on earth is the good of it?"

"It is its own end," said the professor. "It is its own exceeding great reward. I must be off at once in search of it. Good-bye for the present. Seek truth on your own account, and be unspeakably happy also, because you know that I am seeking it."

The professor remained away for three days. For the first two of them Virginia was inconsolable. She wandered about mournfully, with her head dejected. She very often sighed; she very often uttered the name of Paul. At last she surprised herself by exclaiming aloud to the irresponsible solitude, "O Paul, until you were gone I never knew how passionately I loved you!" No sooner were these words out of her mouth than she stood still, horror-stricken. "Alas!" she cried, "and have I really come to this? I am in a state of deadly sin, and there is no priest here to confess to! I must conquer my forbidden love as best as I may. But, ah me, what a guilty thing I am!"

As she uttered these words, her eye fell on a tin box of the professor's, marked "Private," which he always kept carefully locked, and which had before now excited her curiosity. Suddenly she became conscious of a new impulse. "I will pursue truth!" she exclaimed. "I will break that box open, and I will see what is inside it. Ah!" she added, as, with the aid of a poker, she at last wrenched off the padlock, "Paul may be right, after all. There is more interest in the pursuit of truth than I thought there was."

The box was full of papers, letters, and diaries, the greater part of which were marked "Strictly private." Seeing this, Virginia's appetite for truth became keener than ever. She instantly began her researches. The more she read, the more eager she became; and the more private appeared the nature of the documents, the more insatiable did her thirst for truth grow. To her extreme surprise, she gathered that the professor had begun life as a clergyman. There were several photographs of him in his surplice, and a number of devout prayers, apparently composed by himself for his own personal use. This discovery was the result of her labors.

"Certainly," she said, "it is one of extreme significance. If Paul was a priest once, he must be a priest now. Orders are indelible—at least, in the Church of England I know they are."

XV.

Paul came back, to Virginia's extreme relief, without the missing link. But he was still radiant, in spite of his failure; for he had discovered, he said, a place where the creature had apparently slept, and he had collected in a card-paper box a large number of its parasites.

"I am glad," said Virginia, "that you have not found the missing link; though, as to thinking that we really came from monkeys, of course, that is too absurd. Now, if you could

have brought me a nice monkey, I should really have liked that. The bishop has promised that I shall have a darling one, if ever I reach him—ah, me!—if, Paul,” continued Virginia, in a very solemn voice, after a long pause, “do you know that, while you have been away, I have been pursuing truth? I rather liked it, and found it very, very significant.”

“O joy!” exclaimed the professor; “O unspeakable radiance! O holy, O essentially dignified Humanity; it will soon be perfect! Tell me, Virginia, what truths have you been discovering?”

“One truth about you, Paul,” said Virginia, very gravely, “and one truth about me. I burn—oh, I burn to tell them to you!”

The professor was enraptured to hear that one-half of Humanity had been studying human nature; and he began asking Virginia if her discoveries belonged to the domain of historical or biological science. Meanwhile, Virginia, had flung herself on her knees before him, and was exclaiming in piteous accents:

“By my fault, by my own fault, by my very grievous fault, holy father, I confess to you—”

“Is the woman mad?” cried the professor, starting from his seat.

“You are a priest, Paul,” said Virginia; “that is one of the things I have discovered. I am in a state of deadly sin, that is the other; and I must and will confess to you. Once a priest, always a priest. You cannot get rid of your orders; you must and shall bear me.”

“I was once in orders, it is true,” said Paul, reluctantly; “but how did you find out my miserable secret?”

“In my zeal for truth,” said Virginia, “I broke open your tin box. I read all your letters; I looked at your early photographs; I saw all your beautiful prayers.”

“You broke open my box!” cried the professor. “You read my letters and my private papers! Oh, horrible! oh, immoral! What shall we do if half Humanity has no feeling of honor?”

“Oh,” said Virginia, “it was all from the love of truth—of solemn and holy truth. I sacrificed every other feeling to that. But I have not told you my truth, yet; and I am determined you shall hear it, or I must still remain in my sins. Paul, I am a married woman; and I discover, in spite of that, that I have fallen in love with you. My husband, it is true, is far away; and, whatever we do, he could never possibly be the wiser. But I am in a state of mortal sin, nevertheless; and I would give anything in the world if you would kiss me.”

“Woman!” exclaimed Paul, aghast with fright and horror, “do you dare to abuse truth by turning it to such base purposes?”

“Oh, you are so clever,” Virginia went on, “and, when the ends of your mustache are waxed, you look positively handsome; and I love you so deeply and so tenderly, that I shall certainly go to hell if you do not give me absolution.”

At this the professor jumped up, and, staring very hard at Virginia, asked her if, after all that he had said on the ship, she really believed in such exploded fallacies as hell, God, and priesthood.

She reminded him that he had preached there without a surplice, and that she had, therefore, not thought it right to listen to a word he said.

“Ah,” cried the professor, with a sigh of intense relief, “I see it all now. How can Humanity ever be unspeakably holy so long as one-half of it grovels in dreams of an unspeakably holy God? As Mr. Frederic Harrison truly says, a want of faith in ‘the essential dignity of man, is one of the surest marks of the enervating influence of this dream of a celestial glory.’” The professor accordingly redelivered to Virginia the entire substance of his lectures in the ship. He fully impressed on her that the intellect of the world was on the side of Humanity, and that God’s existence could be disproved with a box of chemicals. He was agreeably surprised at finding her not at all unwilling to be convinced, and extremely unexact in her demands for proof. In a few days she had not a remnant of superstition left. “At last!” exclaimed the professor; “it has come at last! Unspeakable happiness will surely begin now.”

XVI

No one could possibly be more emancipated than Virginia. She tittered all day long, and, whenever the professor asked her why, she always told him she was thinking of “an intelligent First Cause, a conception of which,” she said, “was really quite killing.” But when her first burst of intellectual excitement was over, she became more serious. “All thought, Paul,” she said, “is valuable because it leads to action. Come, my love, my dove, my beauty, and let us kiss each other all day long. Let us enjoy the charming license which exact thought shows us we shall never be punished for.”

This was a result of freedom that the professor had never bargained for. He could not understand it, “because,” he argued, “if people were to reason in that way, morality would at once cease to be possible.” But he had seen so much of the world lately that he soon recovered himself; and, recollecting that immorality was only ignorance, he began to show Virginia where her error lay—her one remaining error. “I perceive,” he said, “that you are ignorant of one of the greatest triumphs of exact thought—the distinction it has established between the lower and the higher pleasures. Philosophers, who have thought the whole thing over in their studies, have become sure that as soon as the latter are presented to men they will at once leave all and follow them.”

“They must be very nice pleasures,” said Virginia, “if they would make me leave kissing you for the sake of them.”

“They are nice,” said the professor. “They are the pleasures of the imagination, the intellect, and the glorious apprehension of truth. Compared with these, kissing me would be quite insipid. No truths are so pure and necessary as those of mathematics; you shall at once begin the glorious apprehension of them.”

“O Paul,” cried Virginia, in an agony, “but I really don’t care for truth at all; and you know that, when I broke your tin box open and read your private letters in my search of it, you were very angry with me.”

“Ah,” said Paul, holding up his finger, “but those were not necessary truths. Truths about human action and human character are not necessary truths; therefore men of science care nothing about them, and they have no place in

scientific systems of ethics. Pure truths are a very different character; and, however much you may misunderstand your own inclinations, you can really care for nothing so much as doing a few sums. I will set you some very easy ones to begin with; and you shall do them by yourself, while I magnify in the next room the parasites of the missing link.”

Virginia saw that there was no help for it. She did her sums by herself the whole morning, which, as at school she had been very good at arithmetic, was not a hard task for her; and Paul magnified parasites in the next room, and prepared slides for his microscope.

When they met again, Paul began skipping and dancing, as if he had gone quite out of his senses; and every now and then, between the skips, he gave a sepulchral groan. Virginia asked him, in astonishment, what on earth was the matter with him.

“Matter!” he exclaimed. “Why, Humanity is at last perfect! All the evils of existence are removed; we neither of us believe in a God or a celestial future; and we are both in full enjoyment of the higher pleasures and the apprehension of scientific truth. And therefore I skip because Humanity is unspeakably happy; and I groan because it is so unspeakably solemn.”

“Alas, alas!” cried Virginia, “and would not you like to kiss me?”

“No,” said the professor, sternly, “and you would not like me to kiss you. It is impossible that one-half of Humanity should prefer the pleasure of unlawful love to the pleasure of finding out scientific truths.”

“But,” pleaded Virginia, “cannot we enjoy both?”

“No,” said the professor; “for, if I began to kiss you, I should soon not care two straws about the parasites of the missing link.”

“Well,” said Virginia, “it is nice of you to say that; but still—Ah me!”

XVII

Virginia was preparing, with a rueful face, to resume her enjoyment of the higher pleasures, when a horrible smell, like that of an open drain, was suddenly blown in through the window.

“Oh, rapture!” cried the professor, as Virginia was stopping her nose with her handkerchief, “I smell the missing link.” And in another instant he was gone.

“Well,” said Virginia, “here is one comfort. While Paul is away I shall be relieved from the higher pleasures. Alas!” she cried, as she flung herself down on the sofa, “he is so nice-looking, and such an enlightened thinker! But it is plain he has never loved, or else very certainly he would love again.”

Paul returned in about a couple of hours, again unsuccessful in his search.

“Ah,” cried Virginia, “I am so glad you have not caught the creature!”

“Glad,” echoed the professor—“glad! Do you know that till I have caught the missing link the cause of glorious truth will suffer grievously? The missing link is the token of the solemn fact of our origin from inorganic matter. I did catch one blessed glimpse of him. He had certainly a silver band about his neck. He was rolling in a lump of carrion. It is through him that we are related to the stars—the holy, the glorious stars, about which we know so little.”

“Both the stars!” said Virginia; “I couldn’t bear, Paul, that anything should come between you and me. I have been thinking of you and longing for you the whole time you have been away.”

“What!” cried Paul, “and how have you been able to forego the pleasures of the intellect?”

“I have deserted them,” cried Virginia, “for the pleasures of the imagination, which I gathered from you were also very ennobling. And I found they were so, for I have been imagining that you loved me. Why is the reality less ennobling than the imagination? Paul, you shall love me; I will force you to love me. It will make us both so happy: we shall never go to hell for it, and it can not possibly cause the slightest scandal.”

The professor was more bewildered than ever by these appeals. He wondered how Humanity would ever get on if one-half of it cared nothing for pure truth, and persisted in following the vulgar impulses that had been the most distinguishing feature of its benighted past—that is to say, those ages of its existence of which any record has been preserved for us. Luckily, however, Virginia came to his assistance.

“I think I know, Paul,” she said, “why I do not care as I should do for the intellectual pleasures. We have been both seeking them by ourselves, and we have been therefore egotistic hedonists. It is quite true, as you say, that selfishness is a despicable thing. Let me,” she went on, sitting down beside him, “look through your microscope along with you. I think, perhaps, if we shared the pleasure, the missing link’s parasites might have some interest for me.”

The professor was overjoyed at this proposal. The two sat down side by side, and tried their best to look simultaneously through the eye-piece of the microscope. Virginia in a moment expressed herself much satisfied. It is true they

saw nothing; but their cheeks touched. The professor, too, seemed contented, and said they should both be in a state of rapture when they had got the right focus. At last Virginia whispered, with a soft smile:

“Suppose we put that nasty microscope aside; it is only in the way. And then, O Paul!—dear love, dove of a Paul—we can kiss each other to our hearts’ content.”

Paul thought Virginia quite incorrigible, and rushed headlong out of the room.

XVIII

“Alas!” cried Paul, “what can be done to convince one-half of Humanity that it is really devoted to the higher pleasures and does not care for the lower—at least nothing to speak of?” The poor man was in a state of dreadful perplexity, and felt well nigh distracted. At last a light broke in on him. He remembered that as one of his most revered masters, Prof. Tyndall, had admitted, a great part of Humanity would always need a religion, and that Virginia now had none. He at once rushed back to her. “Ah!” he exclaimed, “all is explained now. You cannot be in love with me, for that would be unlawful passion. Unlawful passion is unreasonable, and unreasonable passion would quite upset a system of pure reason, which is what exact thought shows us is soon going to govern the world. No! the emotions

that you fancy are directed to me are in reality cosmic emotion; in other words are the reasonable religion of the future. I must now initiate you in its solemn and unspeakably significant worship.”

“Religion!” exclaimed Virginia, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. “It is not kind of you to be making fun of me. There is no God, no soul, and no supernatural order, and, above all, there is no hell. How, then, can you talk to me about religion?”

“You,” replied Paul, “are associating religion with theology, as indeed the world hitherto always has done. But those two things, as Prof. Huxley well observes, have absolutely nothing to do with each other. ‘It may be,’ says that great teacher, ‘that the object of a man’s religion is an ideal of sensual enjoyment, or—’”

“Ah,” cried Virginia, “that is my religion, Paul.”

“Nonsense!” replied Paul; “that cannot be the religion of half Humanity, else high, holy, solemn, awful morality would never be able to stand on its own basis. See, the night has fallen, the glorious moon has risen, the stupendous stars are sparkling in the firmament. Come down with me to the sea-shore, where we may be face to face with Nature, and I will show you then what true religion—what true worship is.”

The two went out together. They stood on the smooth sands, which glittered white and silvery in the dazzling moonlight. All was hushed. The gentle murmur of the trees and the soft splash of the sea seemed only to make the silence audible. The professor paused close beside Virginia, and took her hand. Virginia liked that, and thought that religion without theology was not perhaps so bad, after all. Meanwhile Paul had fixed his eyes on the moon. Then in a voice almost broken with emotion, he whispered: “The prayer of the man of science, it has been said, must be for the most part of the silent sort. He who said that was wrong. It need not be silent; it need only be inarticulate. I have discovered an audible and a reasonable liturgy which will give utterance to the full to the religion of exact thought. Let us both join our voices, and let us croon at the moon.”

The professor at once began a long, low howling. Virginia joined him, until she was out of breath.

“O Paul,” she said at last, “is this more rational than the Lord’s Prayer?”

“Yes,” said the professor, “for we can analyze and comprehend that; but true religious feeling, as Prof. Tyndall tells us, we can neither analyze nor comprehend. See how big Nature is, and how little—ah, how little!—we know about it. Is it not solemn, and sublime, and awful? Come, let us howl again.”

The professor’s devotional fervor grew every moment. At last he put his hand to his mouth and began howling like an owl, till it seemed that all the island echoed to him. The louder Paul howled and howled, the more near did he draw to Virginia.

“Ah,” he said, as he put his arm about her waist, “it is in solemn moments like this that the solidarity of mankind becomes most apparent.”

Virginia, during the last few moments, had stuck her fingers in her ears. She now took them out, and, throwing her arms around Paul’s neck, tried, with her cheek on his shoulder, to make another little hoot; but the sound her lips formed was much more like a kiss. The power of religion was at last too much for Paul.

“For the sake of cosmic emotion,” he exclaimed, “O other half of Humanity, and for the sake of rational religion, I will kiss you!”

The professor was bending down his face over her, when, as if by magic, he started, stopped, and remained as one petrified. Amid the sharp silence, there rang a human shout from the rocks.

“Oh,” shrieked Virginia, falling on her knees, “it is a miracle—it is a miracle! God is angry with us for pretending that we do not believe on him.”

The professor was as white as a sheet, but he struggled with his perturbation manfully.

“It is not a miracle,” he cried, “but a hallucination. It is an axiom with exact thinkers that all proofs of the miraculous are hallucinations.”

“See,” shrieked Virginia, again, “they are coming—they are coming! Do not you see them?”

Paul looked, and there, sure enough, were two figures, a male and a female, advancing slowly toward them, across the moonlit sand.

“It is nothing,” cried Paul; “it cannot possibly be anything. I protest, in the name of science, that it is an optical delusion.”

Suddenly the female figure exclaimed, “Thank God, it is he!”

In another moment the male figure exclaimed, “Thank God, it is she!”

“My husband!” gasped Virginia.

“My wife!” replied the bishop (for it was none other than he). “Welcome to Chasuble Island. By the blessing of God it is on your own home you have been wrecked, and you have been living in the very house that I had intended to prepare for you. Providentially, too, Prof. Darnley’s wife has called here, in her search for her husband, who has overstayed his time. See, my love, my dove, my beauty, here is the monkey I promised you as a pet, which broke loose a few days ago, and which I was in the act of looking for when your joint cries attracted us, and we found you.”

A yell of delight here broke from the professor. The eyes of the three others were turned on him, and he was seen embracing wildly a monkey which the bishop led by a chain. “The missing link!” he exclaimed, “the missing link!”

“Nonsense!” cried the sharp tones of a lady with a green gown and gray, corkscrew curls. “It is nothing but a monkey that the good bishop has been trying to tame for his wife. Don’t you see her name engraved on the collar?”

The shrill accents acted like a charm upon Paul. He sprang away from the creature that he had been just caressing. He gazed for a moment on Virginia’s lovely form, her exquisite toilet, and her melting eyes. Then he turned wildly to the green gown and the gray, corkscrew curls. Sorrow and superstition he felt were again invading Humanity. “Alas!” he exclaimed, at last, “I do now indeed believe in hell.”

“And I,” cried Virginia, with much greater tact, and plunging into the arms of her bishop, “once more believe in heaven.”—*Contemporary Review*

POETS OF CALIFORNIA.

VIII.—FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

(Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor is a native of the State of New York, but was educated in Ohio, and has lived more among Western than Eastern people. When she was fourteen years of age and lived in Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio, she wrote her first complete poem, which was published in the *Wooster Democrat*. It was received by the editor, Mr. Sprague, with complimentary remarks, and this trifling encouragement unsolicited volumes of verse that continued to find its way into the newspapers for several years. These, though somewhat immature in thought, are remarkably correct in form, and bear the test of metrical rules quite as well as her later poems. When in her teens she wrote often for the *Cleveland Herald*, edited by Colonel A. J. Harris, and some of her poems were copied by an English journal, which so pleased the Colonel that he wrote her a complimentary letter and sent her the first pay she ever received for authorship. At this time her sister, Metta Victoria, though younger than she, was writing, and as the Cary sisters then lived in Ohio, the papers of that State often referred with pride to the two pairs of poet sisters. The Cary sisters afterward went to New York, but the Fullers remained in the West until they were married. In the meantime the two sisters wrote for the *Home Town*, then conducted by N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, both received great praise. Edgar A. Poe, in his criticisms on American female poets, made flattering allusions to the poems of the older sister. In later editions this has been expunged, probably because living so far from New York she had been lost sight of. While still young girls a collection of their poems was published by A. S. Barnes & Co. When Mrs. Victor came to the Pacific Coast she wrote for the *Golden Era*, then in its palmy days; also a series of articles, over the signature of "Florence Fane," with occasional poems for the *Bulletin*. Afterward she was correspondent for the *Bulletin*, and also wrote letters for the *Sacramento Union*, and at times for the *Call* and *Chronicle*, and was a regular contributor to the *Oregonian*. On going to Oregon she became interested in the peculiar topography of the country, its scenery, and its history, and finding it a new and almost untrodden field wrote several books relating to it; these were *The River of the West*, *Across Oregon and Washington*, and *The Vera Pacific*. Mrs. Victor, like many of our California poets, is better known and has done better work as a writer of prose than of poetry. Her work is fresh and vigorous, and without being very "finished" is always correct and agreeable.—R. E. W.]

Waiting.

I cannot wean my wayward heart from waiting;
Though the steps watched for never come near;
The wearying wait clings to it unabating—
The fruitless wish for presences once dear.

No fairer eve e'er blessed a poet's vision;
No softer airs e'er kissed a poet's brow;
No scene more truly could be called Elysian,
Than this which holds my gaze enchanted now.

And yet I pine—this beautiful completeness
Is incomplete to my desiring heart;
'Tis beauty's form without her soul of sweetness,
The pure but chiseled loveliness of art.

There is no longer pleasure in emotion,
I envy those dead souls no touch can thrill,
Who—"painted ships upon a painted ocean"—
Seem to be moved, yet are forever still.

Where are they fled? they whose delightful voices,
Whose very footsteps had a charmed fall;
No more, no more their sound my heart rejoices;
Change, death, and distance part me now from all.

And the fair evening, with remembrance teeming,
Pierces my soul with every sharp regret;
The sweetest beauty saddens to my seeming,
Since all that's fair forbids me to forget.

Eyes that have gazed upon you silver crescent
Till filled with light, then turned to gaze in mine;
Lips that could clothe a fancy evanescent
In words whose magic thrilled the brain like wine;

Hands that have wreathed June roses in my tresses,
And gathered violets to deck my breast;
Where are ye now? I miss your dear caresses—
I miss the lips, the eyes, that made me blest.

Lonely I sit and watch the fitful burning
Of prairie fires, far off, through gathering gloom;
While the young moon and one bright star returning
Down the blue solitude leave Night their room.

Gone is the glimmer of the silent river;
Hushed is the wind that sped the leaves to-day;
How through silence falls the crystal shiver
Of the sweet starlight on its earthward way.

And yet I wait, how vainly! for a token—
A sigh, a touch, a whisper from the past.
Alas! I listen for a word unspoken,
And wait for arms that have embraced their last.

I wish no more, as once I wished, each feeling
To grow immortal in my happy breast;
Since not to feel will leave no wounds for healing—
The pulse that thrills not has no need of rest.

As the conviction sinks into my spirit
That my quick heart is doomed to death in life,
Or that these pangs must pierce and never cease, I
Am abandoned to despairing strife.

To the lost life, alas! no more returning—
In this to come no semblance of the past—
Only to wait! hoping this ceaseless yearning
May ere long end, and rest may come at last.

Sweetser & De Long, manufacturers of sweet cider, have made a nice little point on the managers of the Mechanics' Fair. It appears they have been giving away samples of their beverage as an advertisement of its quality from the stand in the Pavilion, but the managers notified them to quit, as it conflicted with purchased privileges in the dispensing of cider. The firm promptly took the case into court, claiming that they entered their sweet and non-intoxicating drink at the Fair in consequence of circulars and advertisements of the managers, calling upon all persons to send to the great industrial exhibition whatever natural and manufactured products of this coast they might have, promising that all possible facilities should be extended to such exhibitors; therefore the plaintiffs brought their sweet cider to the Pavilion, and it was accepted as an exhibit. How the law will decide this question is as yet undetermined.

They were talking about the weight of different persons in a certain family in Oakland the other evening, and the daughter's young man, who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said: "I tell you that Jenny isn't so very light either, although she looks so." And then he looked suddenly conscious and blushed, and Jenny became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall.

Patti, says a sympathetic French chronicler, is now a drowsy woman, whose face only is seen floating in the water. She is beginning to suffer, and has aged visibly during the past year. She is thin, sad, nervous; her splendid hair is turning gray and going.

ARCHERY.

Within a very short time, comparatively, the Americans have taken up the old English sport of archery, which at one time was so peculiar a feature of English sport and practice as to make the names of Robin Hood and Littlejohn, the noted foresters of a by-gone age, and Maid Marian, famous in history. Since the sport was introduced here, it has so grown in favor, especially among the ladies who have a timid horror of touching any explosive weapon, that it bids fair to drive out the former popular game of croquet. Archery clubs are springing up in all parts of the United States with such rapidity that the importers of English bows and arrows find it impossible to supply the demand, as the English makers can not manufacture the weapons fast enough to meet the wants of clubs and private individuals. One importing firm in New York has orders on hand for over \$5,000 worth that it is impossible to supply, in consequence of the inability of the English makers to make and send on the goods. The English bows are usually made of yew and lance woods; the ornamental bows being pieced with fancy woods which would not be elastic enough in themselves to be so used, but which, when united with a tough, springy wood, make a very handsome looking bow, as well as being serviceable. As the United States Government has placed a heavy duty on imported bows and arrows, American makers have been stimulated by the great demand to attempt the manufacture of bows and arrows out of American woods. Handsome bows are being made in two pieces, after the style of the English, from snake-wood and hickory; the elasticity of the latter overcoming the brittleness of the former. The service bow is made from lance-wood imported from Cuba. Some arrows are made of Georgia pine on account of the wood being light and straight; and prize arrows are being constructed of Georgia pine with snake wood points, an improvement being added by binding the ends of the feathers in the head with silk, so that the damp will not remove them from their places—a disagreeable result which often happens to English arrows if left on the grass during the night. It is estimated that one of the Eastern firms has manufactured ten thousand arrows since the sport began to be popular, and has not in any way been able to supply the demand made upon it from all parts of the country. Orders, often peremptory, come in daily; and, as the English bows and arrows are oversold a long way ahead, and the American makers are not yet ready to fill the demand, many of the would-be archers have to wait for a supply of the articles they so much need. The archery clubs are mostly located in country places, where the owners of real estate have room to spare for archery grounds. The clubs, therefore, visit each other's residences, and form pleasant parties in which the ladies take an active part.

A London writer draws this sombre picture of the distinguished guests at the recent banquet of the Lord Mayor, when the Prime Minister was formally given the freedom of the city: "Never have I seen two faces more painful to look at than those of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, as they passed slowly up to the seat of the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall Library. The countenance of the Prime Minister was of a far more ghastly color than usual, and the only trace of life which it exhibited was a sepulchral and fearfully artificial smile. The really tragic effect was heightened by the Court uniform, the brand-new ribbon of the Garter, and the flash and sparkle of Sir R. Wallace's diamond star. Lord Salisbury looked in the last stage of physical exhaustion, a good twenty years older even than on the day of his return from Berlin. His gaze was fixed on the ground, as if he was not proud of the company in which he found himself, and his face seemed to quiver with intense and suppressed excitement. If this was the progress of triumph, what, I wonder, would that of humiliation have been like?"

Owing to the necessity of settling at once and forever the Chinese question, and many others of kindred importance, and of presenting to our readers, at the same time, the tolerably long selected story concluded this week, there is an accumulation of excellent original matter at this office, the writers of which will, we hope, be as patient and reasonable as we are ourselves. Who waits wins, but the impetuous writer who demanded back the article he had left with us because it did not immediately appear met with a fate that should serve as a warning to all others: he got it.

What a touching story is that of Abelard and Heloise! How they lived and loved away back in the eleventh century, more than seven hundred years ago, and are now lying peacefully side by side in the same grave, carved in enduring marble and stretched out full length upon the same stone! When last in Paris we visited their tomb in the Père le Chaise. It is an open temple built of stone from the ruins of the celebrated Abbey of the Paraclete, founded by Abelard, and of which Heloise was the first Abbess. The iron railing was rusty and brown, the grass was dry, the place was dirty, and, alas! each of the carved figures had its stone nose broken short off.

By thrift he had become a millionaire, and he had a splendid St. Bernard dog which he was very proud of. One day the servant came to him terror-stricken. "Master, master, Caesar is!" "Is what?" "Mad, I'm afraid. He won't touch water any more than if he were a crude apostle of temperance, and there's as much foam about his mouth as if he were the sea in one of Swinburne's poems." "Great Heavens, it is lucky you have discovered it in time. We must not lose a minute. Take the animal, at once, before he has bitten any one!" "Yes, sir." "And sell him!"

Mr. John Russell, who was himself shot while attempting to shoot an ex-Supervisor, is denied the sympathy of the public. This community does not approve the shooting of ex-Supervisors while there are a dozen Supervisors still in office.

"Of all Shakespeare's plays," says a witty lady, "that which shows the most creative power is the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; for I have been half my life in Verona, and could never find a gentleman in it."

TWO CHURCH ORGANS.

At the Metropolitan Temple there is a huge organ, thirty feet in height, twenty in breadth, and, we presume, thick in proportion. Having no music in our soul we can not say whether this monster of tubes and stops and pedals has any music in it or not. We attended a lecture recently at this place, and from the moment we entered its tremendous bellows was worked by some hidden monster in its cavernous depths at a tremendous rate. A strong-armed, broad-chested young man stamped its pedals, thumped its keys, tugged at its stops, and produced a most marvelous and unprecedented noise. A sick behemoth struggling with a pain in his vast stomach could not have uttered a more unearthly, and, to our uneducated ears, a more unmusical sound. We think perhaps the instrument is less to blame than the strong-armed young man, for he wearied after a time, and when he let the instrument partially alone it emitted some soft and pleasing musical notes.

Traveling once in Switzerland we stopped at Friburg to hear its organ played. It is the thing to do—that is, for tourists to do. Friburg seems to have been built in order to accommodate the cathedral, and the cathedral to have been constructed for the purpose of containing this most famous organ in the world. It plays at midnight. The tourists gather in the cathedral; it is dimly lighted; its solemn aisles are illuminated by only a single pair of wax candles. At the hour of twelve, as the chimes of the cathedral clock finish striking the hour of midnight, the soft and dreamy tones of this magnificent instrument come gently stealing through aisle and corridor, filling the vast vault with its voluptuous music and witching sound. Airy forms, shadows of angels, spirits breathing melodies, seem to outline themselves in the "dim religious light," to poise on tenebrous wings, and fill the cathedral with melody. Then one shuts his eyes and drinks in the fullness of a music that satisfies his soul. Anon comes the wild, crashing sound of some splendid composition that arouses the dreaming sleeper to the consciousness of a struggle of wilder shadows in the darkening air, and his imagination peoples the gloom with fiercer spirits. He listens, and from the streets he hears the tramp of armed men, the peal of military bands, the muffled drum, the clang of arms; and again, the lowing herds, the peaceful sounds of farm and cottage. The music dies away, and, like a pleasant dream, fades into awakening consciousness, and the untuned and unstrung soul of him who does not understand or appreciate music is conscious that it has been filled with divine harmonies.

How great the contrast with the glare and gas, the bounce and bang, the noise and clamor of the strong-armed young man, and the big organ in the Reverend Killoch's Baptist Meeting-house.

Some very touching particulars concerning the death of that good man, Michael Reese, come to us by way of Paris. This most exemplary citizen, whose virtuous life of self-abnegation was spent that he might accumulate money, who regarded himself, during his toilsome journey over the rough sands of time, as a trustee for charitable benefactions, and who at his death left more than three per cent. of the entire amount in discharge of that trust, visited his native land to see the graves of his parents. "In order to avoid paying the customary fee to the sexton, he surreptitiously climbs over the graveyard fence, lingers a while, and then scales the fence again. This time he was discovered by the sexton, who, running up, seized Mr. Reese and demanded to know what he was doing in there. Reese denied that he had been in the cemetery. The sexton, who had seen him, told him he was arrested, and should be taken before the Burgomaster, and started off to town with him. Reese became greatly excited over the humiliating position in which he had placed himself, and got into a wordy wrangle with the indignant sexton, whose ire had been roused by Reese's attempt to evade paying him his fee. It was during this heated discussion that the emotions caused by unusual excitement sent the blood rushing to Mr. Reese's head, and while angrily expostulating with the man who had him under arrest, he fell dead." Some of our readers felt hurt, when this rich man died, that we did not drool and snivel over him; did not lie about him; did not wrap the mantle of charity around him; did not pretend a sentiment that we did not feel, and that nobody felt at his death; did not magnify his charities, excuse his hard, useless life, and grow sentimental in describing his pathetic death at the parental grave, in his distant native land. Such lives, such deaths do not affect us. He lived to save \$10,000,000. He died to save a silver groschen.

San Rafael.

She sits within a nest as round and snug
As meadow-lark that broodeth in the grass;
The sweetest bills her shoulders white do hug,
And high above her head the tempests pass.
O peaceful town! O sunny, fragrant hills!
In autumn-tide all yellowed o'er with oats,
In spring made noisy by the tender bills
Of callow broods; in June with full ripe notes.

Dear their every slope and hollow,
Every linnet, lark, and swallow;
Pluck we there the lupines yellow,
Buttercups on long stems swinging,
Freckled bells for fairies' ringing,
Ropes of morning-glories fine,
Saxifrage, and columbine,
Baby's-eyes, and pansies thick,
With the rosy kiss-me-quick;
Snowy-hoods, like vestals praying
'Neath oak-leaves like cymbals playing;
Softest beds regale us there,
Banks of mint and maiden-hair.

Protective, behind us, tall Tamalpais standeth,
As standeth a bird and looks into its nest,
More grateful and prouder than king that commandeth—
His foot in the ocean, in cloudland his crest.
The loveliest stars that the pale evening showeth,
She sets in his coronet, one by one;
The moon smileth on him, the brown elves he knoweth,
And the sweet sylphs that live in the red kneeling sun.
M. E. S.

A muscular lady cowed Jones in Georgia, and Jones cowed the muscular lady's husband, who, on arriving at home, should have cowed his wife.

WIT AND HUMOR.

With Some Pointed Examples of the Former.

How extremely pleasant it is to be merry! If any one doubts this dictum, let him essay to prove it. Let him begin with a sense of amusement, however faint, and study carefully the "gay science" till he has reached the realm of hearty merriment; and the dawning smile has graduated, a full and rounded laugh. On the word of a philosopher, this man will grant that it is a delightful thing to be merry. And take a philosopher's word again, this man will not be he that is pinched by dyspepsia, or cadaverous from a long course of Calvinistic theology.

Comparatively speaking, it requires very little to amuse people. Though grown up, they are merely children of a larger size, and the tickling process needs only to be a few degrees more adroit to excite an equal risibility. Some one has said that a man's intellect may be fairly gauged by the nature of the jokes he enjoys. But what, then, shall be said of that highly respectable class to whom joking is unknown? Here comes at the outset the old question of the distinction between wit and humor, which so many writers have tried to settle. Perhaps all would agree thus far, that wit pertains to the pure intellect, the reflective part of our organism, and humor to the perceptive qualities. Humor is never wit, but wit may be, and often is, humorous. So, in gauging a man's intellect by his jokes, it must be remembered that many persons are keenly susceptible to humor while unappreciative of wit, and *vice versa*. Brilliant wit, like brilliant beauty, is a possession so rare that its undoubted presence draws all eyes upon it. It implies a mental mechanism so difficult of construction, depending on such delicate adjustment of the intellectual faculties, that Nature, with a whole universe on her hands, finds only a few leisure moments to spend upon it. Keen to perceive, instantaneous to apply; divining both fore and after thought in slower minds; pointed, pertinent, sometimes impertinent; often a delight, sometimes a terror; thus armored and equipped, wit makes its way through the world. It passes beyond the eternal aspect of a subject, and detects its hidden analogies. It educes a result all the more brilliant and startling, as the process by which it is reached is hidden. Such wit is imitable, defying repulse; it puts the truth of a matter more clearly in one short sentence than a long and logical exposition could do. For instance, the definition of a bore—one who talks so much about himself that you can get no chance to talk about yourself; or the startling brevity of Foot's rejoinder to one who told him that the Rockingham ministry were at their wits' end and quite tired out: "It could not have been with the length of their journey," said he. And again, Coleridge, when asked by a lady if he believed in ghosts, replied: "No, madam, I have seen too many to believe in them." Still one more, and this time Sidney Smith's definition of charity: "The instinct which leads A to take something out of B's pocket to give to C." For intense sharpness can this last be equaled?

In trying to recall witty sayings, how charmingly our old friends in the land of authors come to the front, and from their graves afford us merriment. Who is there that can tire of the oft-told jests, the delightful exaggerations of Charles Lamb? Even Coleridge, the serenely great, descends, on occasion, to quips and quirks. Smith and Sheridan sparkle like old wine. And Curran—if our dear Irish brethren will give us another like him we will try to forgive them for Kearney. Really, our "dear Irish brethren" are more amusing (though hardly more original) in the retort verbal than the retort political, in America, at least. God bless them; why cannot they keep to the one line and ignore the other? In the late Kearneyite affliction that fell upon Oakland and San Francisco, it was extremely amusing to note the Irish sense of humor struggling with the Irish beligerence. One Irishman, speaking of the Chinese, declared: "Be-gorry, we'll drive 'em to their last point of refuge." "An' that'll be the gallows-noose for shure," says another; at which pugnacity died, and a hearty laugh ensued. At Market Street station a workman harrangued a small audience on that fertile subject—"The Chinese must go." "Bedad," said he, in accent most unmistakably Hibernian, "bedad, we'll have no foreigners here; we'll drive ivery one of thim out and have the country to ourselves."

In this connection must not be forgotten the Irishman who jumped on the ferry-boat just as the plank was removed. He fell on his face, and by the time he had picked himself up some thirty feet or more lay between the boat and the landing. With mingled delight and admiration at his own prowess, he exclaims, as he surveys the widening distance: "Jaysus! what a lape!"

Volumes might be written on the fertile humor of Ireland, but we spare the reader. In strong contrast with her ready brilliancy is the slow action of the average English brain and the Scotch disposition to try a joke by the rules of logic. And again, how broadly these contrast with the acute wit of France. Indeed, there appears to be a subtle aroma in the French intellect that is rarely attained by our Saxon minds. It may be race, it may be a peculiar direction of culture, but, whatever it is, it is inimitable. It gives an iridescent glow to their entire intellectual fabric. Where have we anything like the random brilliancy of *Merrimée*, in his "Lettres à l'Inconnue"? Here are a few examples taken carelessly, almost as the book fell open: "Renan," he writes, "has just published an *idyl*, which he calls the 'Life of Jesus.'" "Women at Athens, in the time of Pericles, were already a recognized force; they made men commit follies." He was once taken seriously ill while paying a fashionable call, and wrote about it afterward to his friend, saying: "I almost committed the indiscretion of dying at a house where I was not sufficiently intimate to take the liberty."

In comparison with writers of this stamp, our Saxon perceptions lack fineness; our sarcasm, polish. Moreover, in America at least, our intellect is of that extremely practical and business-like order, which admits of the *reductio ad absurdum* method rather than of purely satiric analysis. Of humor, America is full; wit is almost lacking as a national characteristic. No other country has produced an Artemus Ward, a Mark Twain; but, on the other hand, we have no Heine or Charles Lamb, no Talleyrand or Curran, no Thackeray. If we are to possess their like, it will be a product of the future; the present knows them not. E. N.

THAT PROPERTY OF MINE.

"Thou shalt not steal."—OLD PLAY.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Your journal claims to be independent. Let us see. If you publish this, you are. I am the owner of five hundred shares of the Spring Valley Water Company's stock. I have owned it from the beginning; have thus been benefited by all the waterings, all the legislation, and all the litigation that have given it value. I am the owner of other property, and I am not an orphan. I am not a horny-handed son of toil. I do not even possess the virtue of poverty. I assert, without fear of contradiction by Mr. Fitch of the *Bulletin*, or Mr. Pickering of the *Call*, that my five hundred shares of Spring Valley water stock is as honest property and as honestly acquired as their newspapers. I assert that it has not done more in the way of creating fictitious values, that it has not been guilty of oftener controlling and securing beneficial legislation for itself, than these two papers; that it has not been oftener in the courts in defense of itself than they have; that its water-rate collectors are not as vexatious as the advertisement solicitor, nor as the agent that goes from door to door in search of subscribers; that it does more good in putting out fires, in sprinkling streets, in promoting the public health, in preserving the public morals, in sustaining property values, than the two journals in question, by their eternal, never-ending quarrels, their sensational scares, their dishonest misrepresentation of business men, their encouragement of sand-lot adventurers, and their minute exposition of all the disgusting details of crime. I assert that Spring Valley does not as dishonestly and meanly evade paying its taxes as do the journals in question. The ARGONAUT has said that the *Call* is worth \$300,000, and pays taxes on \$7,500. I assert that the papers—in proportion to the importance of their relation to the public—get more money out of the public treasury, for advertising and by other indirect means, than does Spring Valley. If more money is spent in San Francisco for water than bread, it is also true that there is more expended for newspapers than Bibles. As to the *personnel* of the management, I assert that the directors and stockholders of Spring Valley are as respectable, as honorable, and as honest as Mr. Fitch or Mr. Pickering. I assert that there is but one honest way to get the Spring Valley property, and that is to buy it. I assert that water is not more indispensable than bread, and that the city would have the same right to seize a bakery as to steal Spring Valley. I assert that there is no city where the cost of water is lower than here, and if the whole cost of water for fires, sewers, streets, parks, and public buildings is placed upon 17,000 rate-payers, and all property of non-consumers shirks its duty of providing water for security, health, and pleasure, is it not the company's fault? I assert further, that the company is so firmly entrenched in its legal rights that it cannot be disturbed by ambitious politicians or newspaper editors, who cover subversivity to one corporation by angry assaults upon another. This property pays me nine per cent. per annum; it formerly paid six, and for a long time nothing. To assault its value, attack its management, and misrepresent everything in connection with it, are cowardly and unjust things to do. Messrs. Fitch and Pickering ought to be ashamed of their course, and of the dishonorable motives that prompted them to the mendacious assaults they have made upon the rights of private persons. I write this communication, not to defend the Directors nor the President, but because I am indignant that my property, honestly acquired and lawfully maintained, is forever being undermined by these blind underground moles and gophers of the press. In order that this argument may stand upon its merits, I make the further admission that I am not an American citizen, thank God, and never intend to be. I am an Englishman, and I know enough of the law of both our nations to prophesy that when a debauched public sentiment shall be strong enough to justify the courts in stealing my five hundred shares of Spring Valley water stock, no other property in San Francisco will be worth holding.

JINGO.

Air-Flushed Sewers.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Some remarks of yours last week call my attention to a system of sewer ventilation which, it seems to me, might be adopted with very little expense at the foot of some one of our large sewers as an experiment. I would build a tall chimney, or tower, practically air-tight, which should be of equal capacity in cubic feet to the inlets or catch-basins above, and with a self-adjusting valve in the sewer just below the location of the tall tower to cut off the draft from the open end of the sewer. The top of this tower should be arranged with a cover supported on rods a sufficient height above the top of the tower to prevent downward or counter-currents. It seems to me that the large volume of air constantly demanded by the tower would draw the foul air down through the sewer, and out at the top. This might not be complete, but it might materially assist in promoting more satisfactory results than could be otherwise obtained. Such a tower for experimental purposes could be constructed at slight expense. T.

Everybody ought to know how to make ice cream in these days; so a lady has kindly sent us the recipe for what she considers the "best brand." It is necessary that the cream should be of the best quality; and the utensils in which it is made must be absolutely clean. With every quart of the cream mix six ounces best pulverized white sugar, a very little vanilla bean, and the white of one egg. The latter imparts a smoothness and delicacy to the cream that can not otherwise be obtained. The prepared mixture is then to be stirred in the freezer until it is entirely congealed. Those who desire first-rate ices or cream should follow these directions carefully, and avoid the use of corn-starch or other thickeners. Instead of vanilla as a flavor for the cream, a trifling amount of any desired flavoring syrup or juice may be used, as strawberry, pineapple, orange, lemon, etc.

When we reflect that Captain Bogardus is the only man living who can shoot 300 glass balls inside of twenty-one minutes, and that if he were prostrated on a bed of sickness, or laid in the silent grave, the world would contain no man who could shoot 300 glass balls in less than twenty-two and a half minutes, we can appreciate, to some extent, the importance of his health to the nation.

THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF LABOR.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In one of your late issues the employes of the California Street Railroad felt gratified that you alluded to them as gentlemen although they occupied so humble a sphere in life. Three-fourths of us did not believe that the article published reflected on us or needed a reply, more especially to insult you. In fact, we felt pleased to believe that it might prevent further flunkysim, and have some weight with the powers that be, as the cap was only a feeler for a uniform. But among so large a number of men as are employed on the road, a few flunkies, or suckers as they are vulgarly called on railroads, will creep in; the California Street Railroad is no exception, and the four men that head the *Call's* advertisement (three engineers and one conductor) are ours—four extras making from \$40 to \$54 per month, not \$75, as they say. This worthy four discovered some time ago that their exterior needed embellishing, and by persistent toadying induced the superintendent to allow them to wear the odious gold braid and bullion, and thus force it upon the rest of us, who are not proud to wear it. Soon after, they discovered that their pride could not endure the word "driver," although three of them are ex-bus-car drivers, and forthwith received permission to substitute "engineer." And had it not been for your timely article, that threw a bombshell into their camp, they would, by the same influence, have forced on us the blue uniform and brass buttons. They were balked in their darling object, but in their conceit thought they were equal to the emergency. They would appeal to the public, and concocted, and with the assistance of some one possessed of more brains than the whole quartet, wrote that absurd advertisement. It might be asked why so many of us signed this foolish document? I think I can give the answer of the majority. Because many of us are married, and all anxious to obtain an honest living, and it was generally understood that the superintendent wished it signed, and the quartet went round with "You will find it to your interest," or "Your situation will be in peril." Can the public or yourself wonder in these hard times that many of us sacrificed our manhood and did not refuse? I do not write this individually, but express the views of all but the four real flunkies and two or three of their friends. My object in writing is to give you the true facts under the hope that you may see fit to reply to these "noodles." Passengers freely express the opinion that we are all fools, and we wish you to disabuse their minds to some extent, and should you wish to verify the above I refer you to—* Yours, etc., "DISGUSTED EMPLOYEE."

(*Our correspondent here appends the numbers (which for obvious reasons we omit) of thirteen conductors and drivers.)

Conundrums.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Is Mr. Pond, now acting as agent of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the same who on one occasion in San Francisco was impresario of a dog show?

Has the sand-lot gone to the Rev. Mr. Kalloch, or the Rev. Mr. Kalloch gone to the sand-lot? On Tuesday evening's lecture at the Baptist Temple, I observed Messrs. Wellock, Dr. O'Donnell, Clitus Barbour, and other eminent agitators upon the stage.

If Clitus and his associates could be baptized by immersion—in soap and water—what a blessed conversion it would be. If cleanliness is next to godliness, they would be more than half way on their journey to regeneration—from dirt.

How many cases of baptism by immersion are known in the Scriptures? 1st, The flood, where the only family that was not immersed was the one that was saved. 2d, The swine that jumped into the sea, filled with devils, and they were drowned. 3d, Jonah, who was thrown overboard, and rescued from death by immersion by being swallowed by a whale, and thrown back upon dry land. 4th, Peter was sinking, and it took the power of the Divine Master to rescue him in response to his outcry.

If it is wicked to drink wine, why did Christ deem it necessary by a miracle to convert water into wine at the marriage feast?

Ought diplomatic relations to be broken off between the governments of the United States and China because of articles published in "an obscure weekly paper of limited circulation?"

[We don't know any of these things.—EDS. ARGONAUT].

It was a law among the Thessalians that women should not drink wine, but that, of whatever age they might be, they should have water only. Theophrastus affirms that a similar law prevailed among the Milesians. In the early ages of Rome it is certain that the use of it was altogether interdicted to the female sex. When any of them infringed this rule their husbands, or nearest relatives, were authorized to chastise them; and, in the time of Romulus, there was even a law which subjected them to capital punishment if found in a state of intoxication. While the women were thus wholly excluded from the pleasures of wine, the men themselves indulged in them but moderately; but when, in later times, drinking to excess became the vice and boast of the male sex, they could not in consistency refuse to the partners of their joys some share of participation in the dear excess. The laws on the subject, being once relaxed, fell quickly into desuetude; and at length we find the ladies of Rome boldly rivaling their husbands in their bacchanalian orgies. Seneca represents them as passing whole nights at table, and, with charged goblets in their hands, not only vying with, but surpassing the most robust debauchees.

A New Haven young lady snuffs candles and cores apples with a pistol, and when a young man in that town thinks that he loves her, and wants to propose, he mails her a letter from some distant town, or pokes it over the back fence on the end of a pole, and then makes a dash for home and his life.

Remorse is the least active of all a man's moral senses. We grieve at being found out, and at the idea of shame or punishment, but the mere sense of wrong makes very few people unhappy.

When Charles Fox's house was on fire, he found all to save it useless, and, being a good draughtsman, he went up to the next hill to make a drawing of the fire.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

MY DEAR EM:—I am more than glad to be able to tell you that it really begins to look as if business is getting back again to its old briskness. Everywhere I find brighter faces and more hopeful looks than I did even a month ago. Keane, one of the most industrious of men in catering for the insatiable feminine appetite for novelties (between you and me, we are not so very much worse than men after all, has just opened his new department this week, for cloak and dress making. The whole rear of his spacious store has been converted into a show room, lined with handsome glass cases to contain choice and delicate suits, and stands for the exhibition of cloaks. The samples already completed give promise of excellent work, and the prices are all that can be desired. Mr. Keane has put this department in the care of Mr. A. Keating, for years the head of an extensive cloak house in Philadelphia, so I can guarantee that everything will be done in first-rate style. Some very handsome novelties in outside wraps will be ready for showing during the coming week, and I shall give you a full account of everything handsome and new as it comes out. Over at the *Tiile de Paris* I chanced upon a "treasure-trove" yesterday, in the shape of some of the loveliest hand-embroidered cashmeres you ever saw. One was in the rich chocolate brown shade, the sprigs scattered over it being done in colored sewing silks, in that long "satin" stitch that used to be so much used in embroidering satin and velvet vests for gentlemen, the same, by the bye, too, as that piece of Marie Antoinette's court dress, which I showed you once, is worked in. You remember it, with its silvery, shimmering shade of green and net-work of peach color and white silk embroidery, that looks like a flower of the most delicate lace. Well, this, in its way, is almost as beautiful; and the patterns are only fifty dollars each. The new dress goods are still "bourette" in character, but so much more beautiful than anything we have yet had that one can forgive them for not being absolutely new. They are heavier, more silky, more oriental than ever, and there are a dozen at least of fresh patterns on the same counters, with the appropriate colors in velvets for combination suits draped against them in the most tantalizing fashion. Mr. Bernard called my attention to a pretty neck ruching for morning wear, made of colored satin, edged with Valenciennes, as a bit of home manufacture, made, I think he said, at Muser's. New ribbons for the hair and neck for misses come about an inch in width, reversible and figured in *chine* patterns. Neck ties of the latest styles range as high as five dollars, so you may know they are very elegant; chenille tags and embroidery of the same being largely used. But the cutest little things yet are the crib blankets, with the name "Baby" worked in the centre of each in worsted chenilles, some with large bunches of flowers or wreaths surrounding the name; others plainer. It was so long since I had been in to Vanderslice's, that I went in on Thursday for a moment's chat, and found myself well rewarded, for I saw one of the handsomest silver sets of the season, which had just been sold for a thousand dollars a day or so before. I should have fancied it a special design for some victorious General, for the design was purely military, soldiers, flags, cannon balls, and all the paraphernalia of war being used in the ornamenting; but it was bought by one of the most peaceable of men, whose name I regret I am unable to divulge. You will see and recognize it some day, I do not doubt. But the *pièce de resistance* in the exhibition way was the magnificent service of plate made by this firm and presented by Mr. L. L. Bradbury to the Superintendent of the "Tajo" mine in Mexico. It contains 108 pieces, two dozen of each size in forks, spoons and knives, and cost \$2,700. Nothing has been forgotten. There are tea and coffee urns, cake basket, castor, and an immense salver, rich, massive handles, in the middle of which is the inscription, "Tajo, Dec. 20, 1877," and the monogram of the recipient is made entirely of silver from the one mine. On each side is a fine piece of chasing; one design being a picture of the mill and works, the other, a miner with pick on shoulder, and implements scattered around. The set is made of silver from the one mine, and is a triumph of goldsmith's work. The chest that contains it is fully three feet high and nearly square. You can form an idea of it when I tell you that seventy-five dollars worth of silk velvet was used in lining it. I saw, too, the \$4,000 service, of solid silver, the fac simile of the one Mr. O'Brien presented to Mr. Flood not so very long ago. It is probably the only full dinner service in solid ware in stock in San Francisco, at present. Everything is massive and glistening, and the largest dishes furnished with covers of silver; but I really like the Bradbury set best after all. A graceful vase in silver and gold, a repetition of the one presented to Edwin Booth by the ladies of the San Francisco Hospital, stands on the counter, and attracts universal admiration, as well as the Centennial Trophy given by the city to the best marksman in the National Guard. The design of this last is very handsome. It is a vase, plate shaped, supported on one side by a Continental, on the other by a Union soldier, each resting on his gun. Back and front, in the centre, the appropriate emblems of war, flags, liberty caps, and so on are done in gold. There is a deal of work in these small figures, as they are all cast like any other statues before being wrought in the metal. The manufacturing branch of the business, suspended during the past year, is to be reopened the coming month—still another evidence of an improvement in the financial market. Those pretty "Marguerite" teaspoons you used to admire so much are a speciality with this firm. You recollect them; each has a daisy in white enamel and gold on the handle. "Our mutual friend," Charlie LeGay, has capital taste, if one may judge from several of his selections of jewelry for Mr. Vanderslice since he has been in Paris. There are some exquisite sets, paintings on pale blue and on black enamel, that will bear the closest examination with the microscope; and I have been told that the most elaborate piece of cameo cutting on the Pacific coast is their \$300 set with the design of a medieval knight and lady in a Romeo and Juliet attitude. I certainly never saw anything finer. The medallion head of Rubens, the painter, is another beautiful thing. There is an actual fascination to me in fine table linens, so that I am sure to scent them out whenever anything new and handsome comes in; and that special right-hand counter at the

White House frequently sees your friend lingering over its treasures in that line. Among the newest styles are the "Russe" and the "Oriental" patterns. The "Moresque" is a mass of graceful lines and tangles, and the "Grecian" combines the regular border of that school with a mingling of tropic palms, mistletoe, fuchsias, and convolvulus for the centre. The floral scroll is another beautiful design; the whole length is formed of cunningly joined flower wreaths, the upper portions of which are made light and airy by spears of wheat, rye, and graceful grasses, the lower being filled with lilies, asters, and other massive blossoms. The north of France, you know, is particularly famed for the gloss, finish, and beauty of design of its linen goods; though it would be difficult to make a choice sometimes on the latter point between them and the Irish goods, the designs for a single piece of which sometimes cost four hundred dollars, before it is put to the loom. For *à-la-lite* luncheons are the pretty checkerboard napkins that, in the larger sizes, are used as table covers. What are you going to have in the way of fall suits? Will you let me advise? There are some new cloths—just the thing for this weather—opened this week at Kennedy & Durr's—the Pavilion—on Market Street. They are heavy in appearance, but their softness makes them really light to wear; of the richest dark colors, and the pattern is a small square, or nearly square, in a heavy silk cord, in which gold is the predominant color. For all that, they are not at all glaring, and made up over velvet kilts of the same color, are simply charming. The deep blue would suit you to a "T." They are known as the "Princess Thyra" cloth, after Denmark's favorite daughter and the younger sister of the Princess of Wales; come in double width, at \$2, and are going to create a *furor*, I think. The \$2.50 and \$3 velvets, both in the dark colors for suits and the light shades for evening, are specially excellent. Black velvets, too, usually higher than colored, are here the same price—which is well to know now that the fall season is coming, when heavy suits will be needed. Rich black brocaded silks are another feature, the finest qualities coming from \$3 to \$4 a yard. I am glad you gave me *carte blanche* as to the corsets you desired me to get. I have sent you a pair from this same store to try, as they are something quite new, the front steel being made quite broad at the lower end and rounded into the figure, like the patent "Moody" corset, but much better in shape, and there are side lacing to insure a perfect fit over the hips. Where was I? Oh, yes, telling you of dress goods. Well, here are some points as to their make up: The "Lavandière," or washerwoman costume, quite short and fuller about the hips than has lately been allowed, is going to be a favorite this fall. The skirt is plaited up to the knee, above which is a second plait folded upward and fastened at the back, to simulate an overskirt. The body is made either in blouse form, gathered into a yoke, or else plaited back and front without the yoke, and belted in at the waist. The triple Carrick cape, or the sleeveless basque, are worn with it. The "Balsamo" is another novelty. It is short, coming to the ankles; kilts Scotch fashion, and the upper skirt slightly draped across the front, but looped in plaits at the back. The bodice is a cuirass and very long-waisted, and opens in front over a waist, either of silk or white piqué, or even of white cloth, for full dress. A deal of shirring, the finer the better, is the thing on all silks, just now, backs, fronts, cuffs, collars, pockets, vests, backs of sleeves; in fine, wherever shirring can possibly be compassed. For children's dresses it has come to be an absolute requirement of fashion, and in the light silks especially it is certainly very pretty for both old and young. Cashmere polonaises are handsome made with the "Princess" back and shirred fronts. I greatly fear that we are rapidly and surely drifting away from the simplicity of the ancient Greeks, those models for all ages. Just see the difference between the Greek "chiton" and the present fashions. It was made exactly the height of the wearer, from crown to heel, the width twice the length, so that, when sewed up, it forms a square. There was a hem at the bottom, perhaps a narrow band of embroidery just above it. Four loops on the upper edge, back and front; a small bunch of plaits at each and a length of ribbon crossed over the back and breast, and fastened at the waist before putting it on; two ornamental buttons just in front of the shoulders on which to hang the tunic, and if desired, one or two buttons and loops to form sleeves, and that was all. By the bye, if you want to make a change in your dressmaker, Mrs. de Lorme has gone back into the business for herself since you went away, and is doing very tasteful work, I hear. The present place, Thurlow Block. My friend, Mrs. Kate Boyd, who, I told you some weeks ago, is teaching a class in porcelain painting at the Clarke Institute, and another at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, has lately been doing those beautiful *menu* cards at Bancroft's that are being so greatly admired for their daintiness and originality. These are of the new shape, and similar in that respect to the latest visiting cards, about an inch wide and three inches long. I believe they intend decorating some of the turn-down corners of the large cards in the same way for "visites." I know they will be charming. The *billets de correspondance* get prettier and prettier with each new invoice. The last I saw have certainly reached a climax, for what with the cases of dark leather, "leatherette" I think they call it, lined with satins in pink, blue and purple, stamped on the top with a coronet, and fastened by a gilded lock, they are elegant enough for holiday gifts to any one. The boxes, when emptied, make very suitable little jewel boxes besides. Infants' cards, with envelopes to match, come in the same shapes as those for larger folks. On them is inscribed, either in printing or writing, the name and date of the arrival of the new-comer. As to shoes, there are really some novelties. One, the Chinese slipper, is quaint enough with its pointed, turn-up box-toe, and equally pointed Louis Quinze heel. They don't look comfortable, but at Maynard & Jones', where I saw them, they assure me they are exceedingly so. There is a strap across the instep and the back of the shoe extends and forms another for the ankle. Coarse linen and prunella slippers are a new affectation, or, rather, an old one revived. The latter are bound round the edges, and have ribbon bows of the same color as the dress worn. The prunella are always made with three narrow straps across the instep and cut-steel buckles in the fashion of daisies. Again, the linen ones may be embroidered with linen floss to look very pretty. The "Pompadour," a slipper of silk or velvet, richly embroidered with silk or chenille, with a thread of gold or silver in it, will come in with the later fall stock. Very handy and equally sensible are the

gaiter tops of check or plain goods, to be used with the low house shoes when one wishes to avoid the trouble of an entire change. The old proverb, "a lady horn and bred, dresses her heels and then her head," comes in here, and suggests that I have some pretty things in the way of millinery to discourse about to you. At Miss McCarrick's I found several novelties. Among them the "Cromwell," one of the prettiest of the new styles, which has a very wide brim that is either to be turned up or worn down to suit the fancy of the wearer. A pattern hat was trimmed with a full feather, black, with tiny golden tags on the tip of every spray, a full bow at the back of velvet and silk mixed, and a face trimming of black velvet with a double row of gilt braid on the edge. Another, a dress bonnet, was of cream-colored chip, ornamented on the outside with quantities of ivory satin ribbon an inch in width, and a massive wreath of rich red, pink, and tea roses on the top and one side. The face trimming consists of rose buds and half-blown blossoms. One of the most noticeable hats is a white chip with face trimmings of pale blue, and a blue ostrich feather and broad, flat bows of the same delicate shade on the outside. It is to be worn slightly tilted back on the head, and is as pretty and *à la mode* as can be. The new trimmings are striped velvets, the same plain or brocaded, and for lighter hats, the "Nabob" gauze, which combines all the rich oriental colors, and several new styles in ribbons. Among these last is the "palm-leaf" pattern, which has small palm-leaves scattered through it over rich, dark satin ground-work. The "mottled" ribbon is another new one, with minute designs in Persian colors on a similar background. Scarfs, even of velvet, will be much worn. The "bouquet bow," a pretty novelty, bids for popularity. It is made of twelve loops of ribbon in six different colors, and the whole is arranged in the form of an irregular rosette. The newest thing in feathers is the shaded ostrich and the cock's plumes, tipped with gold or steel beads. A pretty fancy, and one easily indulged in this climate where flowers are so plentiful, is to adorn the hat or bonnet with fresh, natural blossoms every day instead of the usual trimmings. For this purpose the "porte bouquet," an oxidized silver affair, usually in the form of a coiled snake which fastens by a pin in the bonnet, is the convenient thing. I hardly think, however, that the fashion will be largely followed, for artificials are now made so exquisitely as to rival even Nature herself, and they are, moreover, a deal more convenient. At Miss Stacom's, on Post Street, I saw some very tasteful mourning bonnets that by their graceful trimmings seemed to lighten them of much of their usually dreary character. The close-fitting bonnet seemed best adapted for this sort of wear, but the "Ruthven," a pretty shape, and likely to become a favorite here from its adaptability to our windy climate, and even the "Ellerslie," with its high, square crown, and brim turned up on the edges, trim very handsomely with crape and lustreless silk. In colored hats, the prettiest there were the "Jura," in split straws of all shades, and the "Cleopatra," a feathered braid of all tints and colors mixed together, are the newest for little girls and misses; but, as you see, in all of them, there is not yet a very marked difference from those of the past summer. The later fall will probably bring us the real novelties in the shape of the latest productions of English inventive genius—the "Mother Hubbard," the ancient poke bonnet, trimmed only with a huge scarlet bow on top, and strings of the same color tying directly under the chin; the "Dame Trot," and the "Mother Bunch." The "Beefeater," an exact reproduction of the headgear worn by the heralds in royal processions since the days of Henry of matrimonial memory, I hope will give us the go-by, for I am sure it must be simply horrid; the others, queer though they are, have something picturesque to commend them. The new millinery, Werner's, on Kearny Street, near Sutter, has opened during the past week or so with a handsome assortment of flowers, feathers, and untrimmed hats and bonnets. A new firm that will be in fine running order in the course of the coming week is that of Billings, Harbourn & Co., who succeed Mr. Beach, the popular stationer and bookseller of Montgomery Street. The business, I understand, is to be continued at the same place as formerly, together with the premises adjoining now occupied by Burr & Finck, as the large stock daily expected from the East will render extra room necessary for some months to come at least. The gentlemen themselves have all been with Mr. Beach for some years, and have a large commercial acquaintance. I do not doubt but that they will be fully successful in their new venture. Now I'll tell you of something lovely, but you must not breathe it to a living soul, for Mr. Ackerman told me the other day in the strictest confidence. He is thinking of giving a dolls' matinee before long, and *such* dolls as he has this year you never saw! The dresses were all made in Paris by leading dress-makers, of the richest brocades, silks, and velvets, and in the latest fashions; also the hats. Some of them—the dolls, I mean—are as large as a child three or four years old, and the faces are the most perfect I ever saw; teeth and everything complete. Don't, for mercy's sake, say I told you, or I shall never get a first look at anything again, and there were many of them of deliciously suggestive packed boxes clattering up their sidewalk yesterday; so I know the Christmas wonders must have begun to arrive. Write soon, and believe me always yours,

LILLIAS DUBOIS.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, September 1, 1878.

Okra Soup.	Fried Eastern Oysters.
Cold Tongue.	Macaroni (Neapolitan Style).
Green Peas.	Summer Squash.
Roast Beef.	Baked Potatoes.
Watercress Salad.	
Ambrosia (see Vol. I, No. 17).	
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Apples, Pears, Plums, Gages, and Grapes.	

To COOK MACARONI AS SERVING IN NAPLES.—Have a half pint of rich meat gravy in which there are some of the shreds of the meat; two tomatoes, half a clove of garlic, chopped very fine and well cooked in the gravy. Take half a pound of macaroni in long pieces, soak in warm water ten minutes; after which place in a tin pan, cover with boiling water, and immerse the pan in a larger vessel containing enough water to boil well. Pour off water and pour in the gravy. Season well with cayenne pepper and a little salt. Add three ounces of old cheese. Shake the ingredients occasionally (do not stir for fear of breaking the macaroni), and cook fifteen minutes. When done add a tablespoonful of butter, and sprinkle two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese over the top when dished. *A la mode* beef gravy is the best, and we find soup is better than water to cook it in. This receipt is given the second time by request.

An Indiana preacher made use of the expression, "the iconoclastic segregate of sin," last Sunday, and has already received a call to a church in Boston.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.--V.

By an Early Californian.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

Upon leaving Sonoma, our first stopping-place was the embryo city of Napa, and there we decided to pass the night, at the store of one of our acquaintances. The principal building in all our new towns is the store. We saw some very fine looking Indians here who came from Clear Lake, at the upper end of Napa Valley, to work for the rancheros in harvesting their crops. They did not appear to understand Spanish, but got along with a word here and there accompanied with signs. The men wore pieces of wood, nicely smoothed and rounded and about four inches long, in each ear, and their hair was tied with grass in a bunch on the front part of their heads in helmet shape, giving them a martial look. With the exception of the waist cloths, both men and women were naked, which gave us an opportunity of admiring their fine figures. As it was warm they frequently refreshed themselves by a dive into the waters of the creek, swimming like Kanakas, and apparently enjoying every moment like so many children. The next morning we were early on our way, and, after fording the creek, came up with a party just breaking up their camp. As they were undoubtedly for the mines, we rode up and assured ourselves of the fact. The party consisted of three trappers and a Columbia River squaw. My companion was acquainted with two of them, named — Kelsey and Jacob Green. So we concluded, although we knew from their pack animals that they would travel slowly, to join issue; they were to take a short cut which we hoped would be to our advantage. A very high mountain had to be crossed between Napa and Suisun valleys, but we at last climbed it and reached its foot, and came upon the house of some American settlers. Here Mr. — and I stopped for breakfast, letting our companions trudge on by themselves for a while. The breakfast was good, but the luxurious part of it, to my taste, was two large tumblers full of milk. The conversation, of course, turned upon the mines, and "I calculated" from it that our host would follow close upon our heels. We caught up with the trappers after a three-leagues' gallop, and found them squatting near the adobe of Don —, a New Mexican by birth and a great rascal by reputation. I admired some fine horses he was driving into his corral; and, upon introducing myself, he invited us all in to take a drink of milk. Our road, after leaving —'s, lay through a perfectly flat prairie, which to the extreme right joined the sky, forming a horizon like that at sea. We could distinctly see the windings of the Sacramento River, marked out by the trees upon its banks, but we could not approach it on account of the *tulare*—a sort of bog not dry at this season. Our course was a roundabout and monotonous one, with nothing to relieve the flatness of the view but an occasional band of antelopes or a solitary elk, which occasionally approached us from curiosity. Our mouths watered for one at supper time, but, with all Jacob's ingenuity, he could not get the wind of them. The little squaw, who was Jacob's property, amused me much. She seemed to be the happiest of mortals. She was a vaquero, and her little pony and herself seemed to have a perfect understanding as they twisted and turned in their efforts to keep the animals in the road. She rode Lima fashion; but so ingeniously had she wrapped a blanket around her left side and foot that we did not make the discovery, until sometime after we joined them. Whether this was her own idea to prevent shocking us or others they might meet I can not say, but it spoke volumes for innate delicacy somewhere. The sun left us on the banks of a dry creek. It was a pretty place for a camp, only that the wild oats were so high that we had to spend some time in treading them down. We placed our saddles around the spot marked out for the fire, and after watering our horses and staking them out to feed, we began collecting wood. We soon had a bright fire, in which Marie cooked dried bear meat and venison, and boiled the coffee for our evening repast. Delmonico never set before me a meal more to my taste, and we chatted over it and after it most pleasantly. Jacob and I had a long talk in French. I found that he was born in Switzerland, and had been in New York, where he knew Mr. de Rham; afterward he was tempted to go to Canada and turn trapper, and at last, a short time since, he had found his way to California just in time for the gold. There was something charming in the independent, healthy, out-door life which the old fellow was leading—every moment active and enjoyable, probably, until death approached, perhaps suddenly, and then a welcome rest. When bed-time came I laid my saddle-cloths and machillo on the ground, and, rolling myself in my serape, laid my head on my saddle-tree, and was soon sound asleep. In the morning I found my serape somewhat damp from the heavy dew, but it harmed me not, and I never felt more refreshed. Mr. — and I were early in the saddle, resolving, as our fellow-travelers were of the slow and easy kind, to push on and make our forty miles by times. When twenty-five of them were accomplished over the same prairie land, and we had passed Cache Creek, we stopped to refresh ourselves with a wash. Our next halt was at Knight's rancho, where we intimated that breakfast would be acceptable, tying our horses before the door in anxious expectation of the event. We found Mr. Knight to be a graduate from that great school, the world, and of wonderful experiences. Time passed rapidly as he related stories about Fremont, the Bear Flag, and the placers of New Mexico. A very pretty girl soon announced the *almuerzo*, introducing us to ham and eggs, beefsteaks, *frijoles*, good warm bread, and, above all, to fresh milk. I complimented Mr. Knight on the fair complexion, good looks, and the altogether American appearance of his son. "Yes," said he, "pretty fair complexion, considering that his mother was a Mexican, and hers an Indian. I took her from the mines of New Mexico." He was already preparing to leave for El Dorado. We wished him luck, paid our reckoning, and did not stop again until we had crossed the Sacramento River, which we did in canoes, towing the horses behind. We reached Sutter's Fort at supper-time, and were in the gold region, the largest placers being twenty-five and sixty miles away, with less important ones at intermediate places. On entering the only store yet opened here just outside the walls of the fort I saw a succession of rough customers coming and going, with gold to be weighed and with purchases made, and I began to realize that the

bags, and heaps, and rooms full of gold in the Arabian Nights were by no means impossible. What a pretty thing to look at is gold, whether it comes from a steel-beaded purse in mint drops, or a Hoosier's buckskin bag in the virgin dust! As my fellow-traveller was now called away on business, I determined to accept the convoy of —, of the *Brooklyn*, who was to leave the next morning for Mormon Island, and a placer which he calls his own. Little did I think when I saw him leaving New York that we could ever make a pilgrimage together, and to so golden a shrine. The lower placers were discovered by two Mormons, whom — induced to share their pickings with him. Being on government land the three insist that they have a preemption right to it, and by such title claim one-third of all the washings made within a mile of the spot. About thirty men work in the neighborhood and strange to say they pay the strange tax. Many of them I knew, and, after taking dinner, I borrowed a tin pan and tried my hand at washing. A young fellow very kindly showed me where he was working successfully, filled my tin basin, and instructed me in the art of cleaning it. The dirt is clayish, red in color, full of pebbles, some of them as large as paving stones. You see but little of the gold until you have washed the dirt all away, which is done by a rotary motion, which allows the muddy water to slop over gradually. When the remaining water becomes clear you see at the bottom of the pan what appears to be black sand. It is emery; and on pouring off the water and moving the emery with your finger, you discover bright particles and scales of gold. Generally the settling is dried, and then the emery is blown away, and with it often some of the finer grains of the precious metal. So I carried mine home with me as it was, determining to use quicksilver in its separation, and to send you the result of my half hours' labor. Unfortunately, however, after I reached home, it was put into a champagne glass with the quicksilver and left to amalgamate on the side-board. The servant, not looking particularly at it, supposed the glass was dirty and washed it with the others. Probably it would not have amounted to over \$2 worth. As I had seen enough to determine me to form an association by which the business of washing might be organized to make it very profitable, I arranged to return immediately to San Francisco. It would not be right, however, to take unceremonious leave of Captain Sutter to whom I have not even introduced you. Ere this you have undoubtedly seen his name in the paper, and have perhaps heard something of the history of this enterprising gentleman from —. A Swiss by birth, he held during the reign of Charles X. the rank of captain in the French army. He purchased the buildings at Ross, just north of Bodega, of the Russians, and as he proposed to settle the wilderness to the north of the Bay of San Francisco with European immigrants, the Mexican government made him a grant of eleven leagues of land on the Sacramento river. When he went to take possession of this property the portion of the country where it lies had never, I believe, been explored by the Californians. He reached it by launch from Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), manned by four Kanakas (Sandwich Islanders) and accompanied only by a few Mission Indians. After landing he camped, surrounded by hostile savages, in the open plain where the fort was afterward built, and the next morning after dressing in full uniform, he went, accompanied by his Indian servant, both well-armed, to the Indian village in the woods near by. The savages were informed through the interpreter that he came to them as a friend, and that if they would help him a little with their work, he would make them presents; and at last, showing them a colored shirt, he induced one of them to say that he would come next day and work a week. Fearing, as he took leave, that they might attack him in the rear, he got the chief to go ahead of him, and show him the way out of the woods, and reached his camp in safety. 'Twas several days before the Indian made his appearance. But at last he arrived with others, and all of them were set to work to make adobes, of which the fort was built. It is a parallelogram in form, with two bastions. In the middle of the square is a building two stories high, containing four rooms, and a counting-room up stairs. A blacksmith's shop, mill for grinding corn, serape manufactory, and dwellings are around it, built against the walls of the fort. The Californians, when they at last ventured into the Indian country, were surprised to find a castle there, and asked the Captain what it was for; he answered, "to protect himself from the Indians." At one time he had a well-drilled force of thirty Indians within its walls, with guards posted night and day for its defense. Although he has not performed his part of the contract with the Government, which was to induce European immigration, it has not seen fit to interfere with his possession so firmly established. The fort has been a refuge for our people. No one reached it without being fed and lodged, and employed in the various projects which the Captain always has on hand. Not being systematic and prudent in carrying them out, his business has been going behind-hand for some time past. He still owes the Russians for the Ross property, which he was to pay in wheat; and all the merchants in San Francisco for goods, tools, etc. In figure he is of medium height, rather stout, but well-made. His head is round, features regular, with smiling and agreeable expression; complexion healthy and roseate. He wears his hair close cut, and his moustache trimmed short, *a la militaire*. He dressed very neatly in frock coat, pantaloons and cap of blue, and with his gold-headed malacca in hand you would rather suppose him prepared for a saunter on the Boulevards, than a consultation with Simpon, his Indian alcalde, about hands required for the day's work, or ox-teams to be dispatched here and there over his estate. I passed the evening of my arrival, after supper was over, in his company, partly in talking over business long unsettled, but mainly in listening to his account of events transpiring. We did this over wine distilled from his own grapes, which was very palatable. His manners are polished, and the impression he makes on every one is very favorable. I left him in the sincere hope that he may derive, at an early day, from the mines or the increase of his property, what will enable him to pay off all his debts. I had an unpleasant trip of six days in our launch, or launches; for the first one I was in grounded, and I thought prudent to change into another passing at the time.

July 22, 1848.—We are interested in a gold-washing machine which can but succeed. It is built on a plan brought from Chili by admiral Wooster, late of the Chilean navy, a native of Connecticut, and he takes part interest in it. Dr.

F—, also, has a share. The machine is expected to wash three or four pounds a day. This place is almost deserted; so is every town in California as far south as the news has reached. We are about petitioning Congress for a mint. Coin is very scarce; it is much needed for duties at the Custom House. Although so many have left, we managed to assemble a sufficient number for a ball on the night of the Fourth by sending for the señoritas in all the country round. The last news from Mazatlan was not at all peaceful, and the squadron will remain there until September or October. When will the government open a way of communicating with us? Your last letters were dated January; this is too long to wait. The storekeepers are actively employed from early morn till eleven at night. Their customers are a strange looking set, made up of Californians, trappers, Oregon emigrants, and a very few late from the States—all from the mines, ragged and dirty, having perhaps landed from launches which came in during the night. Each man has his little bag of gold, and buys blankets, boots, shirts, fine tooth combs, and soap, paying the prices asked without question, and promising to return, after cleaning and feeding—to trade. They have from \$500 to \$5,000 apiece. Vessels are beginning to arrive from the Sandwich Islands, Peru, Chili, Canton, Manila, and the States, and many of them must remain for a while, as the crews all leave for the mines whenever they have a chance to desert. The United States soldiers—regulars and volunteers—are leaving in bands, and not a few of the officers are longing to follow them.

JAMES C. WARD.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XLVII.—An Ancient Toast.

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on a grateful heart,
Till memory be dead—
To one whose love for me shall last
Who lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true—
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstart at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then lowly bent his head, as though
To give that name the reverence due,
And gently said: "My mother!"

XLVIII.—The Playmate.

The pines were dark on Ramoth Hill,
Their songs were soft and low,
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear,
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For more to me than bird or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing Spring,
The music, and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walked, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the Spring
And reap the Autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her Summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There, haply, with her jeweled hands,
She smooths her silken gown—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnut down.

The wild-grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Folly Mill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth Hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems—
If e'er the pines of Ramoth Wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face—I hear her voice;
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours?
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

The winds, so sweet with birch and fern,
A sweeter memory blow;
And then in Spring the veeies sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth Hill
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of a sea of change
Between myself and thee.

J. G.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY,
 FRED. M. SOMERS,

Editors.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1878.

Stocks again are booming all along the line. Millions multiply on paper, and everybody rejoices. The street is lively, money is in demand, real estate feels the impulse of an occasional transaction, cheerful faces have taken the places of the doleful mugs that have for these last few months greeted us on the streets. Dry goods stores are doing a better business, and half our thread-bare friends have doffed their old, seedy coats, and spring hats, and come out in brand new suits. Either there is more credit or more coin, we do not know which; confidence and currency are about the same thing. This stock business is something exceedingly curious. There are no new discoveries, that we have heard of, on the Comstock. No new dividends have been declared, but there are new prospects, new hopes, bonanzas in expectation, developments looked for; and all at once the dark clouds of hard times roll away, the bright sun of prosperity shines out, banks give up their treasures, old red trunks under the bed pour out their coin, stockings and hiding places and savings banks give up their accumulations, and everybody is happy. We are a little suspicious that this is a deal and not a discovery; that the servant maids, mechanics, and clerks are to be milked again; that the hook is baited to catch the grain crop; still we know that our advice won't be taken; no one's advice will be taken in stocks. Everybody gambles. Utah is going to \$200. Union Consolidated will be worth \$500 a share before spring. There is a pool in Sierra Nevada that will send it to \$1,000. Flood is bearing California and Con. Virginia to buy them in, and then they will go back to old figures. Hale & Norcross has a bonanza flooded with water; Chollar will take a leap in a few days. Yellow Jacket has got it sure. Now is the time to go in; a homestead sold now or mortgaged may realize a large fortune before spring. Nothing venture, nothing have. Any one that has ever lost before in stock gambling should embrace this opportunity to get even. Look for your money where you lost it, is the thing to do. Money in a savings bank produces only 8 per cent. a year interest. If you happen to strike it you can make a fortune. Just think; Flood, Mackay, Fair, Sharon, Lent, Skae, Barron, Finnegan, Cook, Morrow, Keene, Baldwin, Graves, Jones, Hayward, Barton, and others, were once poor men, and now see where they are! We rejoice at this turn of fortune's wheel. Out of it we will get a new crop of millionaires; and if there is anything we do absolutely delight in, it is rich men. More new houses on Nob Hill, more villa residences in the country, more new carriages in the Park, more nice entertainments, with *pâté de foie gras*, truffles, champagne, and two-bit cigars, at somebody else's expense. San Francisco will, in time, become a city of palaces and princes. We hope none of our readers will allow this opportunity to go by without risking what little they have accumulated, to secure for themselves an ample fortune.

It seems almost too bad that the Bank Commissioners should just at this inopportune moment make their report on the Clay Street Bank, and after a careful and painstaking examination declare that it is solvent and well managed; that its securities are ample; that its losses by Pinney were carried to profit and loss two years ago, and that an unimpaired capital of \$500,000 is a guarantee to depositors against loss. Such a report as this is calculated to renew confidence in savings banks, locks up eight or nine millions of money in land securities, and takes away from depositors the excuse to withdraw their money and put it in stocks. It is evidently a bull movement in the interest of real estate.

Farmers should hurry up their crops, get their grain to market, and realize their money upon it as soon as possible. It is of course not improbable that as the season advances the market may advance in Liverpool, and by holding they might realize higher figures; but this is not to be considered

if the farmer proposes to invest his earnings in mining stocks. We are now on the eve of an immense deal. Every one that goes in early when stocks are low, and sells when they advance to the top figures, will make money. The prudent farmer who desires to avail himself of this opportunity of enriching himself, so that he may be able to leave his retired country life and reside in San Francisco, will let his mortgages remain unpaid from this crop, and not expend his money in farm improvements and agricultural implements, when he can bring it to the stock exchange with such a certainty of profitable investment.

A writer in one of the Eastern magazines has been severely criticised by our city press for pronouncing universal suffrage a failure. The sand-lot brigade wants a government by the people and for the people. But if that was all the idle and discontented needed they should rest satisfied, for ours is preëminently such a government. The people is the substratum on which it rests, and if the superstructure is unstable the fault must be in the people. The agitators from England, Ireland, and Germany have realized on this continent all they ever dreamed or hoped for in the way of government; still they are not satisfied. They were voiceless in the governments they were born under, but here they are invested with all the rights and privileges of freemen. Do they exercise those rights to their own advantage or that of their fellow-citizens? The sand-lot mutterings answer that question in the negative, and go far to show the incapacity of the people for self-government. If they understood their rights they would have no grievances to redress. And this brings us to the question of universal suffrage. In our municipal governments is it not a dead failure? Does not every intelligent citizen and every newspaper editor know it? But they have not the independence to confess it. The newspapers might lose subscribers, the politicians votes. The writer in the magazine was evidently controlled by no such motives. The bankrupt condition of almost every city in the Union is proof positive of the utter failure of universal suffrage in city government. In other countries, where none but tax-payers have a vote in elections, the result is that stealing, jobbing, dirty streets, and unflushed sewers are the exception, not the rule. San Francisco is the rendezvous of the lawless, the idle, the vicious, the bodily and intellectually lame, sick, and blind of the whole Pacific Coast. These classes toil not, neither do they spin. They are maintained at the expense of the industrious, with whom they have no feeling in common. They have no interest in good government, yet they control our elections. We can not expect a change for the better in city affairs as long as the non-tax-payers outvote the tax-payers. Let the Solons about to assemble at Sacramento embody a clause in the new Constitution disfranchising non-tax-payers in municipal elections, and a reign of prosperity will assuredly come to our now mis-governed city.

A friend of ours, holding an honorable position at the San Francisco bar, gives us the following piece of interesting information. We were discussing the question of the disposition of the estates of our rich men, and the writer was complaining that so few of our wealthy men gave largely to the endowment of public institutions. Our friend then said: "I am now being consulted from time to time by one of our millionaires and instructed to examine the law with reference to the disposition of what, if his life is spared, will be a most enormous accumulation. The gentleman is now not far from fifty years of age; he is in good health, lives a temperate life, comes of a long-lived race, and promises himself to retain his business faculties to the age of eighty years. At that time he will be worth (according to his calculation of the increase of his present wealth by the compounding of interest and by the actual employment of a part of his capital) not less than \$120,000,000. His idea is to pay the then debt of the city of San Francisco. It is now some \$4,000,000, but if Spring Valley water works are purchased, or if, as in his judgment, the city should own its own water and gas works, the municipal debt he figures at the time of his death will be, say \$20,000,000. He will have purchased and will own the entire bonded debt of San Francisco at that time. This debt he will cancel, and leave the balance of his wealth, say \$100,000,000, so invested in government securities that its interest will pay all the annual expenses of the city government except salaries. Salaries shall as now be raised by taxation; this in his judgment will secure the selection of the best men for office and those who will most economically administer municipal affairs. The fund will increase, he says, as the city increases, and if prudently administered will preserve the citizens for all time to come from any other municipal tax than is necessary to pay the salaries of its officers. It will provide a sufficient fund for streets, parks, and public places, and enable the authorities to beautify the city in the highest degree, and thus make it one of the most attractive of all cities upon the American continent. 'My monument,' he says, 'shall be the gratitude of coming generations, who live in a beautiful city, where they have no taxes to pay, and where every public edifice, every delightful drive, every pleasing comfort, shall remind them of my name.'"

An ill-natured and irreverent Bohemian writing for the Washington City *Gazette* thus satirizes Grant and his aspirations for power. It is a hit at San Domingo. The suggestion is to acquire the Samoan Islands, establish a kingdom there with Ulysses for king, giving to him the following gentlemen for his Court and Cabinet: "Prime Minister, Baron Belknap; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hon. A. R. Shepherd; Measurer-General to His Majesty, Baron O. E. Babcock; First Lord of the Samoan Admiralty, Rt. Hon. Secor Robeson; Minister of War to His Majesty, Baron Rufus Ingalls; Lords Commissioners of Woods and Forests, John O. Evans and Hallett Kilbourne; Keeper of the Privy Seal, Hon. W. J. Murtagh; Groom of the Stole, Hon. A. M. Clapp; Equerry in Waiting, Baron John Russel Young; Goldstick in Waiting, Rt. Hon. Richard Harrington; Puffer General to His Majesty, A. Dam Bad O; Men at Arms, McDonald, Joyce, Avery, Clephane, Sylph, and numerous other patriots." It is possible—we say possible—that Grant may be monarch of a broader realm and ruler of a greater people. It is possible—we say possible—that he may be a third term President of the United States, and, having thus broken down one of the traditions that seemed to guarantee the permanence of republican government, may work the initiative of a change that shall not end till the United States of America shall drift away from the simplicity of democratic form to something more in accordance with that of all existing European countries. It is possible—we say possible—that our present republican institutions may be improved upon, and that it would not be an unmixed evil to eliminate from our institutions some of those ultra democratic features which our politicians delight to magnify and our stump orators delight to dwell upon. Somehow, there seems to be a growing conviction among intelligent persons that the government and political organization of England, after nine centuries of progress and natural development, is very nearly as good as that which our beloved forefathers improvised upon the borders of a wilderness to govern a cluster of colonies. There is developing in our midst a sentiment that the elective franchise is abused and prostituted in the hands of the idle, the ignorant, and the vicious; that the judicial system, as in practice among us, does not secure the highest learning, the purest morals, nor the men of most incorruptible integrity; that the jury system, grand and petit, is abused, and is likely to be abused; that the legislative councils of our Nation are not, under our present arrangements, filled by the higher intelligence and the purer patriotism of the people; and hence, it is possible—we say possible—that the future may be pregnant with important changes, and that one of the first steps in that direction may be the election of General Grant to be President of the United States for the third term. In that event the Samoan Islands must look for another king.

The man who will take 20,000 acres of land, unproductive for want of water, bring water to it in sufficient quantity for irrigation, and divide it into one thousand parts, and so dispose of it that an industrious man with a working family may go upon it, and in time acquire the title to it, making of it a home for himself and family, will have builded for himself a monument loftier and more enduring than that of James Lick with his observatory, his baths and bronzes, or Michael Reese with his \$50,000 library, or A. T. Stewart with his memorial church of marble and stained glass windows. A thousand intelligent, industrious workingmen, with a thousand families in a thousand cottages, with orchards, gardens, and vineyards upon a thousand twenty-acre allotments, is a spectacle which any man might be proud to look upon and say, "This is my achievement. In the centre of such a colony he might plant his monument of bronze or marble, but the inscription of his achievements or his virtues would be stamped upon more enduring material. There are in California a hundred great land owners, men of enlarged ideas, who, if they would turn their minds in this direction, would acquire vast fortunes that no poor man would envy them the enjoyment of; would acquire a fame that would not dim, but grow brighter as fathers told their children the tale of their early struggles and blessed the name of the generous man who helped them. Such enterprises would solve the labor problem, would illustrate the communism that Christ preached, would answer the question of what to do with our boys, and would lay broad and deep the foundations of a government anchored in the virtues and intelligence of a moral and industrious people. The State that rests upon the men who till the soil they own has a perpetuity that no revolution can disturb. Intelligence, industry, and ownership of land, are the rocks against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

The newspaper that allows its columns to become the medium of distributing police news is by a distinguished lecturer likened to a common sewer. An apology should be made to the common sewers for a comparison. Sewers are necessary and indispensable for the purpose of carrying off the cumulative filth, while news journals of the kind alluded to gather the offal of police courts, the detail of crimes, the sensational recital of immorality and vice, for the purpose of distributing it through society.

AFTERMATH.

It is interesting to observe that a number of the public writers of this country have been dreadfully scandalized by the cable dispatch narrating the decapitation of the miscreant Hoedel for attempting the life of the Emperor of Germany. The manner of his taking off is variously characterized as "brutal," "disgusting," "medieval," etc., and one imaginative journal describes it as "despotic" and "monarchical." To the unaided human intelligence it is not quite apparent why it is not as merciful, and at the same time effective, to lop off a criminal's head with a sword or ax as to half pinch it off with a rope. We believe it to be the cleaner and better method, but if hanging is good enough for our contemporaries we shall not advise a change.

Mr. Beecher may not do as much good by his preaching as his admirers believe, but he had at least one notable success in quickening the conscience of a sinner. When his relative, Mr. William C. Gilman, was detected in his long course of forgeries and straightway confessed the crimes he could no longer conceal, Mr. Beecher "improved the occasion" to preach an eloquent sermon on the salutary effect of confessing sin. In the congregation, closely veiled, sat a lady who by copious weeping gave evidence of being deeply moved. This penitent little reprobate was no other than Mrs. Tilton, and she never rested until she had made a clean breast of her sin with Mr. Beecher—who at once published her as a liar and had her expelled from his church. He had preached "not wisely but too well"—had "builded better than he knew."

A local daily journal gravely asserts that the opal is a stone of ill-omen. Such absurd superstition in this age of reason is a disgrace to journalism: nothing brings such good luck as the opal if worn upon the left hand.

In a car of the overland train, the other day, two elderly gentlemen occupied the same seat, and one of them, fancying himself too warm, rose and threw open the window, the other, of course, vehemently protesting. A heated altercation ensued, and when it had lasted about half an hour with much exertion by the one to close the window, by the other to keep it open, the train stopped at a station, and there was a suspension of hostilities. When the train started again the battle recommenced. Just as the belligerents seemed about to come to blows a quiet person, who sat near by, arose and said: "Gentlemen, this is a most interesting controversy, and each of you maintains his argument with the intelligent firmness that his comfort demands; but permit me to point out that during the temporary armistice at the station you inadvertently changed sides. It was *you* who opened the window, and *you*, sir, who wanted it closed." When they remembered that this was so a great silence fell upon them, and they hated the peace-maker with a quiet intensity that transcended expression.

Our good Presbyterian clergymen do not seem to be quite in accord upon a Sabbatarian law. We would suggest that the old Scotch covenants, the Blue Laws of Connecticut, and the Puritan rules of early New England, be consolidated or crystalized into an iron code, be printed, and that our clergymen of the Congregational denomination just try it for a year, and see how they like it themselves. The writer had a grandfather who was a Presbyterian deacon, a godly man, and pious. He began to observe the Sabbath at sundown on Saturday, and if by any accident he did not feed his pigs on Saturday before the sun went down, those pigs went hungry all the Sabbath day. This was hard on the pigs, and the pigs thought so themselves. The pigs squealed.

The good grandfather gave his family cold brown bread and cold baked beans for Sunday's breakfast. The morning service at the meeting-house stretched out to seventeenthly. The recess brought a meagre lunch of caraway-seed cookies, and a Sunday-school that gave long chapters of Bible lessons to learn by heart; an afternoon sermon of awful length, and a dreadful, tedious, melancholy, fearful drag till the sun went down, when, with a bounce and a whoop, the children thanked God that Sunday was over, that it came but once a week. They hated God, and Sunday, and religion, and sermons, and progress, and Bibles, and preachers, and deacons, and Sunday-school books, and one of them resolved that if he ever grew up and edited a paper, he would proclaim emancipation from all this senseless and bigoted stuff, and rebel against the unchristian teachings of a smileless Sabbath.

In ten years the city of Boston has expended for the poor nearly \$9,000,000. The result is a permanent pauper class increasing from year to year. San Francisco has no pauper class, and if its citizens will provide a working fund, giving to every workman the choice in winter to earn a dollar for eight hours' labor on a public park, it will, at the end of ten years, have the finest parks of any city in America, and have no vagabond class to support. Our benevolent ladies made a mistake last winter that should not be repeated this. Free meals encourage the tramp and idler to come from all parts of the State to join the innumerable caravan of bum-

mers in the city. Let charitable ladies look out for poor women and children, and give them relief at their houses. The woman who busies herself in providing indiscriminate lunches for the idle poor may be suspected of motives other than charitable. If the ladies will look out for the poor of their own sex, their duty will be accomplished. We would deal with paupers without sentimentality. Work and bread for the willing; punishment for the idle and vicious.

An enthusiastic admirer of Henry Ward Beecher triumphantly asks us how, unless he be a great man, great orator, and highly esteemed, can he come to San Francisco and draw such audiences of intelligent people. And we answer: How is it that Denis Kearney can lecture at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, and travel through the East, drawing immense concourses of people to hear him speak? To be famous is one thing; to be notorious is another thing.

By "pooling our issues," Kearney probably means nothing more than that we are to fling them into "the filthy pool of politics." And then, we suppose, this celestial creature, like the angel at the Pool of Siloam, would come down and "trouble the waters."

The ARGONAUT office. Enter colossal and warlike man, scowling. He protrudes his arm with last week's issue of the paper in his fist: "See here, Mr. Editor, what the devil do you mean by this paragraph about me?" Facetious friend of ours, who happens to be occupying the editorial chair while awaiting the editor's return from luncheon, takes the paper, solemnly peruses the paragraph and mildly inquires: "Do you find this offensive, or in any way disagreeable, sir?" "Yes, I doooo!" "Ah, very sorry, very sorry, indeed; always willing to correct such oversights as this." So the facetious friend picks up the scissors and gravely cutting out the paragraph returns the paper with an engaging bow and a smile of angelic sweetness.

The New York editors have struck out something bright and original in the way of making one another unhappy, without violating the decent amenities of impersonal journalism. They nominate each other for Mayor, and nothing is in better taste than a dispassionate review of a candidate's personal history and antecedents, and a severely minute analysis of his mental condition and moral character. There is, we should think, no other city in the world where the press is so exacting with regard to the qualifications for municipal office, and at the same time so sensible of human fallibility.

Mr. O'Donovan Rossa is confined to his bed by his legs. While traveling in Canada recently he was informed that at the next station was an assemblage of those hardened characters who believe in law and order and support the existing government. The great Fenian prudently left the train (which was making at the time some thirty miles an hour) and received such injuries in the legs that it is feared that when his forces join battle with the Dominion troops he will be unable to run away.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, it is said, will not appear, on the stage with a woman who is attired in "tights." In deference to the scruples of this unusually sharp-sighted man most actresses are willing to leave them off.

Some benefactor of his race has invented, and is selling in New York, a "tidy" button. It is covered with plush of any desired color to match the furniture, and inserted with a corkscrew shank. If this useful device is not already in this market we implore our local philanthropists in the upholstery line to have the goodness to put them on sale at once. Then when a man rises from an easy chair with a "tidy" adhering to his back it can be neatly fastened there instead of being left to fall off in the street.

Mr. Troy Dye turns out to have been, at one time, the Superintendent of a Sunday-school, a man of exemplary piety and religious life. He then became a butcher, then a saloon-keeper, then an office-holder, and finally a murderer. His course has been ever onward and upward. Young man, begin at the bottom of the ladder.

Jones meeting Smith remarks: "I've struck it rich, my lad—reg'lar bonanza!" "What is it?" "Found a place where I can get first rate beer for five cents a glass. Save twenty dollars a month, clean!" "Why, that will go a long way toward paying your rent." "Rent? Do you think I'm so timid an operator? I shall put the twenty right in, and make the whole thing or lose every cent."

President Hayes has given utterance to the heretical sentiment that "the intelligence of the country ought to govern it." This is a direct blow at the Democratic party. It is a declaration against the sand-lot. It is the expression of an opinion that the 4,000,000 of enfranchised negroes are not to be trusted as the governing class.

Orvil Grant says that his illustrious brother now sees Babcock "in his true light." He can now afford to.

Mr. John Sherman, the Secretary of the Treasury, is a truly representative American statesman—not over honest, yet conscientiously devoted to the interests of the country where these are not in conflict with his own, which, in turn, he will on occasion subordinate to those of his party; a shrewd, hard man of business, practical in practice, sentimental in sentiment only; having, withal, a glib facility in the kind of pious cant which is not offensive because evidently not intended to deceive. Mr. Sherman's "record" is about as bad as the average, but if the Potter Investigating Committee do not succeed in "showing it up" and actually proving him to be as unscrupulous as we all know him to be, and are satisfied to have him, he will probably retire with honor at the end of his term, leaving the Treasury a good deal better off than it would have been without him, himself being a good deal better off than he would have been without the Treasury.

These remarks are suggested by Mr. Sherman's address to the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. The speaker began by congratulating his audience on the largest crop ever gathered in this country "since the world was born," and piously ascribing the credit to "the bounty of Divine Providence," a civility which no doubt every rascal among them vigorously applauded, and which we think entirely proper. He informed them that we were paying off our national debt at the rate of one hundred millions a year, a statement that he knew to be false, knew that his audience knew to be false, and knew that they knew he knew to be false. But it sounded well, and there is no good reason why he should not have made, in his character of entertainer, an assertion which, in his character of finance minister, it is his duty, and no doubt his pleasure, to constantly refute. Our unwritten code of political morality is broadly tolerant of lying if it produce the effect of a dash of light on a sombre canvas, and our Secretary is one of the most picturesque of all harmless liars.

It is curious to observe in Mr. Sherman's speech how fixed is the prudent habit among politicians of toadying the press. Alluding to a Cincinnati newspaper, which had an unpleasant way of charging him with all the bankruptcies of the country, and divers other villanies, the complacent statesman, with perfect seriousness and from the mere force of habit, described it as "an able and influential journal," a bit of politeness like that of the general who civilly mentioned the opposing forces as "our friends, the enemy," or that of the parliamentary orator who alluded to "the right honorable gentleman who lied about the revenue."

The *Call* goes in for the cultivation in California of the Egyptian lotus, by eating which men lose the love of home and friends, and are content to dawdle away their lives in a condition of dreamy indifference. But we don't need any vegetable diet to make us scorn a country in which the *Call* is published.

What we can't quite understand is this: When a reader sends us "the inclosed article," the publication of which "will increase the sale of our paper by five hundred copies," why he does not arrange with the Business Manager for that number of copies at carriers' rates and sell them himself at ten cents each, pocketing the difference.

A New York paper tells a rather bad one on Mr. Levy, the cornet player, whom the ladies of the San Francisco adored in their pre-Rignold-Montague days. While "out of town" for good reason he received a delicate note: "I met you at Brighton Beach recently, and your glances gave me courage to address you. I am a married woman, and, therefore, cannot invite you to my house. Will you meet me on Monday morning, at 10½ o'clock, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street?" Mr. Levy gallantly kept the appointment, and was promptly served with a summons by a Deputy-Marshal, from whom he had long been hiding. But his bold decision of character was equal to the emergency—he took to his heels and legged it up all manner of streets till he got away.

In one of the few articles which he did not bodily steal from this paper, the editor of the Boston *Courier* solemnly explains that the selfish propensities are uppermost in California.

When Admonition's hand essays
Our greed to curse,
Its lifted finger oft displays
Our precious purse.

Senator Spencer, of Alabama, declines to become a candidate for reelection because his private interests require his entire attention. One of the reasons why we shall be glad to see him out of the Senate is, because when he was in it we thought his private interests required too much attention for the public good.

"I vos meet mit an occident yesterday, Yawcup. I dakes mine dog Kaiser on dot warf to drown 'em, but shleeck mineself in and he bulls me owet and safe mine life." "Dot vos a goot lesson to you, Hans." "Yaw, yaw: I dr dot game no more: I dakes de dog und zhoots 'em."

OLLA-PODRIDA.

What an absurd little fantastic tea-pot of a city is San Francisco, after all. It simmers, and comes to a boil, and boils over, and cools off, and runs at the spout, and does all the things that our old nurse's little britania tea-pot used to do. When company was coming and there was to be a tea fight among the gossips of the village, the little tea-pot was conscious of its own importance. It puffed steam at the nose, its lid danced up and down, it was replenished and emptied, it listened with a wise silence to the most suggestive scandals, it would bubble and hiss at the slightest provocation, and, in its own opinion, it was a wondrous little tea-pot. It was full of self-conceit. It was too far away from tea sets and silver urns, and other more pretentious vessels, to have its self-importance wounded by the idea that any other tea-pot was its equal. It was the best tea-pot of the village, and in its complacent self-satisfaction, it did not know that there were any other villages in the world, or any other, or different, or larger, or better tea-pots in them.

San Francisco calls itself a city; but a city it is not. We delight to style ourselves cosmopolitan; cosmopolitan we are not. A cosmopolite is a citizen of the world, one whose home is in every place and who is attached to none. We have no such population. Now and then a stranger comes and goes; now and then are seen in our streets the strange garb of some foreign person; but the great bulk of our people are natives; some are fossils. Ours is a great, gossiping country village, smaller than a city, larger than a hamlet. Everybody knows everybody; everybody knows the business of everybody else; good society has only one circle; business men are all cogs of the same revolving machinery; the city has only one centre where loungers and loafers meet, only one place where business converges. Its press are cats and dogs in the same basket. Its politicians flounder in the same filthy pool. The real fact is we are the smallest small potato of a city in the United States of America. This comes from our isolation; we are so far from the world's great centre, so removed from the great throbbing arteries of trade and commerce, that we have but little in sympathy with the bustling, active world in which we do not live. Ours is a little side eddy in the great rushing stream of life where, like chips and bottles and apples, we swim around each other in eddying circles, exclaiming, "Behold, how we apples swim!" Every shower is a storm, every breeze a tempest, every agitation an earthquake, every incident a sensation. We go from the depths of despair to the dizzy heights of over sanguine expectation; to-day we are in the doldrums, to-morrow on tiptoe with exultant hope. Stocks are down, real estate declines, business is dull, and long-visaged mourners go about the streets. Stocks go up, real estate advances, business improves, and in anticipation the town smokes two-bit cigars, every gambler buys a fast team and drives to the Cliff. Like children we are tickled with straws, like school girls we are scared at ghosts. Some small scandal will amuse us for a day, but there is no scandal so small that it will not ripple through the whole circle of society from centre to circumference. One little sensation succeeds another in quick succession, each sufficient for the time to absorb the entire attention of the entire town. When we are in the dumps we are the bluest of the blue, and think that San Francisco is going to be desolated and ruined by Frazer River, Goat Island, or Oakland; when we are not, we boast in tones of loudest exultation of our future glowing prospects, of the trade of the Orient, of gold and grain, of inexhaustible resources, of wine and wool, of huge vegetables, of a climate where flowers bloom every month in the year, of the apple and the pine apple, the olive and the vine, of milk and honey, and all is *coulour de rose*.

Anon, the great corporations are going to gobble us up. The Central Pacific Railroad Company is expending its money and its energies grasping the trade of the East, the commerce of the Orient; building northward to Oregon, southward to Arizona; determining, with iron rail, to span the continent, uniting the Pacific with the Gulf of Mexico, the commerce of Europe, the agriculture of the valley of Mexico; bringing from all these sources and distances all the vast business of these empires now beyond us, in order to destroy San Francisco and ruin its people. The press, in discordant unison, howls its dismal prophecies of distress, and proclaims us the destined victims of a grasping and soulless power that has the senseless indiscretion to crush the community upon which it lives, and kill the goose that lays in its nest her golden eggs. Then the moneyed power is to destroy us, and the men who gamble on California Street, and milk the servant maids and tailors' apprentices of their gains to penetrate the hearts of mountains and drag out the hidden treasures of the mines, are held up to public scorn and scalped. Because men will gamble, we are alarmed at a business that snatches wealth from the rock-ribbed hills, and hides it in iron vaults, or wraps it up in national bonds.

Then the water works business is destined to drown us all in the extravagance of its costs, and the tyrannous nature of its exactions. The newspapers set to digging artesian wells on paper and sinking the augers of their dismal prophecies deep down into the fears of our oppressed people, and we are educated to the belief that, as cleanliness is next to godliness, and water is necessary to cleanliness, we have a right to steal the property of the Spring Valley Water Company. Why not steal a soap factory as well and thus make our salvation sure? And then the little municipal tea-pot boils over on the sand-lots, where a soapless gang of foreign idiots giber their senseless slang against republican institutions, against free government, and against the hospitalities of a nation that gave them rescue from pauperism, and lifted them up from bogs and huts, from starvation and military servitude in their native homes; that clothed them with sovereign rights as American freemen and presented, to them the opportunity of a boundless empire of free lands. Even this band of worthless gypsies frightens us, and the community springs to pick-handles, with its military enthusiasm aroused and its warlike ardor excited, to resist the breath of garlic, the smell of Limberger, and the fumes of whisky and the dadeen.

We shall be glad when Sao Francisco gets out of her long clothes, gets over her infantile diseases, has outlived the fol-

lies and indiscretions of youth, and begins to assume the dignity of a genuine, resolute manhood. We shall rejoice when she gets large enough to stop boasting, and so populous that everybody will not think himself charged with the responsibilities of everybody else's business; when good society is something more than a clique; when exclusion from one set will not be felt as exile; when business shall become so extended and classified that business men shall be content to confine themselves to their own affairs; when the press shall have the resolution and strength to exhibit some independence and individuality. We shall delight in that coming time when a municipal government shall be able to deal with its vicious and idle classes without fear of politicians and demagogues. We shall especially rejoice when a sufficient number of our rich men shall have gained enough to retire from active business and become a conservative element in the community. We pray for the hastening of the time when twinges in the toes, flatulence in the stomach, pains at the base of the brain, sleepless nights and nervous derangements may admonish our millionaires to lay down their poles, get out of the persimmon orchard, and give somebody else a chance. This time is coming; our consolation is that we are young and can bide it.

San Francisco is just now going through the experience that comes to all new cities, but it is going through more rapidly than most of the other great cities of the world. It is growing, not steadily, for no city advances with unchecked progress, but spasmodically; to-day slowly, to-morrow rapidly; a year of depression, a decade of advancement, but all the time moving steadily onward to become one of the great commercial cities of the world. The causes and sources of that prosperity are as infinite as the oceans, as boundless as continents, as enduring as the hills. It is the ocean and the continent, the plains and the mountains, that underlie that growth. It is the commerce of the Pacific, the fruitfulness of half a continent, the exhaustless treasures of eternal hills, that invite the restless energy of labor and reward the daring adventure of capital.

The Masonic Bank may go into liquidation, the Clay Street may call in its loans, Epstein & Co. may fail, Consolidated Virginia peter out in its lower levels, money grow scarce, times grow hard, real estate values decline; the railroad may oppress with fares and freights, the water company with excessive rates; taxes may be high and rents be low; these and all other vexations are but temporary, only tempests in the municipal tea-pot, to be followed by prosperous days. San Francisco has a destiny beyond the control of millionaires, of mine or railroad, of gamblers, grumblers, editors, politicians, and sand-lot adventurers.

If Henry Ward Beecher was a pulpit orator who had come to California to get up a Christian revival; if he had taken only his staff to tramp across the plains, leaving purse and scrip at home, that he might preach the gospel to all unbelievers; if he was on his Divine Master's business, and came to snatch us as brands from the burning, to warn us that the wages of sin is death; if, like Peter the Hermit, he came to preach the rescue of the holy sepulchre, we should feel the embarrassment of subjecting him to criticism. But, as he came like a circus, with his bill-sticker in advance, and charged us a dollar and a half to see the show, we feel quite at ease in submitting him to the same candid analysis of motive and the same estimate of powers as we would the theatrical star, the gifted tenor, or the most bewitching of *prime donne*.

Would it not sound funny if we should hear that St. Paul had gone from Jerusalem to Damascus for coin? But then Henry Ward Beecher is not St. Paul. We overcame a prejudice against this most famous of preachers and went to hear him. Our prejudice is not altogether based upon the fact that he is a preacher, or that he is famous; and yet we admit that in our judgment preachers and priests should only be famous for their piety, their learning, their pulpit eloquence, their zeal in their holy calling, their usefulness in a spiritual way to their sinful fellow-mortals. If religion is anything, and the ministry is aught but a money-making industry: if the soul of man is immortal and destined to a life beyond the grave, the happiness or misery of which depends upon the acts of this life; and if clergymen are the elect and chosen of God to become the teachers of men, and by precept and example to point them to the narrow way that leads to infinite joy beyond the grave, then indeed theirs is the grandest calling, the noblest mission, that an infinite God gives to man. If we accept this estimate which clergymen themselves put upon their profession, we have a right to regret the fact when politics, ambition, and money-making draw them away from their holy calling.

That the reverend Henry was the victim of a brutal conspiracy of mean-minded men and women, who undertook to blackmail him for coin, we have believed. Whether he was guilty of the crime alleged against him or not, it seems the veriest nonsense to inquire. That the investigation of this alleged offense should have engaged for months the attention of a legal tribunal, the talent of the ablest lawyers, the interest of Christian men and women, and absorbed the press of the nation, is one of those marvelous conundrums that no sensible mind can ever possibly find out. That this trial was public is the crime of the age; and, should Henry Ward Beecher live as long as the Wandering Jew, with the religious fervor of Savanarola, the eloquence of St. Paul, the innocence of the apostle John, he can not undo the infinite wrong and demoralization that that nasty trial wrought in the youth of the nation. He could have prevented the publicity of that trial by rising in his seat and saying: "May it please your Honor, I desire that spectators and the reporters of the press may be excluded from this court-room, and that in the interest of public morals this trial may be conducted in secret." He did not do it. He sat and smiled, accepted bouquets, received the congratulations of his friends through the long, wearisome, and nauseous details of a trial that made innocence blush throughout the nation.

We have heard the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher deliver his lecture, "The Reign of the Common People." His voice is not melodious, it is clear and distinct; his manner is not impressive, it is easy and self-possessed; his diction is

not elegant, it is common and simple; his imagination is not brilliant, and he did not display any oratorical pyrotechnics. He exhibited no poetry, made no flights, and no effort at elocutionary display. His theme was not an original one, there was not an original idea expressed in it, and he gave no utterance to any thought beyond the conception of an ordinary mind. He was earnest, at times forcible, and at no time uninteresting. His comments upon workingmen seemed to us harsh, cold, and unsympathetic; his estimate of the honesty of all public men, statesmen, professional men, artists, and the common people, cynical and suspicious of every man's honor, integrity, and patriotism. He suggested nothing for the improvement of the age, except in a general way to uplift the mass by education, and clearly admitted that the result of that education had been of but questionable success in the experiment of representative government. His argument was illogical, inconclusive, and to those of his audience who did not feel themselves listening to the oracle of a god of their own idolatry, unsatisfactory. Mr. Beecher is a man of superficial learning, but versatile talent. There are but few men in the nation more generally informed upon all questions, or who can better discourse upon a variety of topics. For thirty years he has held his position in a pulpit distinguished for the character and learning of the men and women who gather around it. He is beloved, esteemed, and honored by those who know him best; so far as we know he has been only traduced by the vicious and bad. During the war he did the country eminent service; his patriotism is admitted. Of his large earnings he gives largely to the poor, and benevolence is claimed as one of his distinguishing virtues. All these things, all these excellent traits of character, we concede him.

That we have written our estimate of this distinguished gentleman at all is due to a conversation of two friends drunk with Beecher, who claimed for him, in the enthusiasm of their partisanship, that he was the greatest, purest, best, most learned, most eloquent, most logical, most benevolent, most patriotic, most—take in all the other good adjectives—of men. As an orator we should not compare him with Tracy, Baker, Starr King, and others whom we might name. As a thinker we would not put him upon the same plane as Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, Harrison, Darwin. As a lecturer, if we had not known that it was the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher to whom we were listening, we should have thought that a dollar had been a fair price for admission. In religion he agrees with Ingersoll that an honest God is the noblest work of man. His religious belief is liberal, sensible, and consistent. He has thrown off the shackles that bind the ignorant mind and fetter intellectual freedom. He interprets the Bible in consonance with science, and makes the Christian faith keep step with the progress of the age. He is bold, daring, and resolute in the enunciation of what he believes to be true. He follows his reason. He thinks. Upon the whole, we have written ourselves into the conviction that the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher is, after all, a pretty good man, for a preacher.

To Sophie.

My light-winged yacht flew over the sea,
A sea that was blue 'neath opaline skies;
Fair were the waves and the wind it was free,
And sailed my boat as the sea-mew flies.

Sailed I for Ind for gems 'or for gold?
Spread I my sails amid Fortune's fleet?
Nay! With a heart and a hand, too bold,
I steered for the haven your breast holds, Sweet.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 10, 1878.

H. G. B.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

LE PREMIER AMOUR.

O charme des premières illusions, fraîcheur du sentiment, naïve jeunesse des désirs, vous passez comme le songe du proscrit qui rêve le soleil de la patrie absente! Qu'ils sont rapides ces jours si beaux que l'on nomme le temps des peines. O amour, quand la vieillesse vient dessécher le cœur, flétrir l'imagination et désenchanter la vie, si l'homme te regrette, c'est moins pour tes derniers plaisirs que pour tes premières faveurs.

Les femmes vont plus loin en amour que la plupart des hommes, mais les hommes l'emportent sur elles en amitié.—*La Bruyère*.

L'âge où les femmes sont encore femmes ne saurait se fixer; il dure autant qu'on les trouve aimables et qu'elles sont aimées.

L'amour ne se gagne que par l'amour. Si donc vous voulez être aimés, aimez d'abord vous-mêmes.—*Sénèque*.

Il n'y a point de femmes à qui il soit plus aisé d'être vertueuses qu'à celles qui manquent d'agréments.

On n'est point l'ami d'une femme lorsqu'on peut être son amant.—*Balzac*.

—Il importe peu que les amants s'aiment avant de se connaître, disait un jour M. de B., mais les époux doivent nécessairement se connaître avant de s'aimer.—Allons donc, dit Champfort, s'ils se connaissaient la plupart ne se marieraient pas.

La politesse est l'expression ou l'imitation des vertus sociales.

Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai qui tu es.—*Brillat-Savarin*.

La fierté est la pudeur de l'infortune.

L'amour rend chastes les plus voluptueuses jouissances.

Tous les plaisirs sont dans la jouissance, il n'en est pas un dans l'excès.

—Allez vous placer là-bas, disait au spectacle une dame à un de ses adorateurs, et quand il sera temps de sortir, je vous ferai signe (cygne). —Oui, mais à condition que vous serez Léda, répondit-il.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers the grave in which the past is laid.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Do you mean what you say? Did I hear aright?
Were you in earnest or in sport?
In love with a poet? Are you quite
At odds with sanity, to assert
That you, with beauty, and wit, and grace,
Instead of the station these might buy
Have smilingly set your feet and face
Toward paths where such low choosings lie?

A poet—a maker of verses—one
Who daily coins, for his daily bread,
The blood of his heart in rhymes that run
His brain to fever with fear and dread,
Lest that he mar, in speaking it,
The tone of the Voice that comes to him
Somewhere out from the infinite,
Somewhere out from the vast and dim.

You need not answer; I know your thought.
You tell me that, since there must be those
Whose lips, like the throats of birds, are wrought
Chiefly for singing, it follows close
That God, attuning them to such pitch,
Accepts their songs for service—thus
Making our sneers at a soul on which
He has laid his pressure perilous.

And this in a sense is true. But this
Is also mystical; we should take
The world in the gross; we must not miss
Of ease and elegance for the sake
Of dreams and dreamers; and I opine
It would strike fresh heat in your poet's
If you dropped some aloes into his wine—
They write supremely under a curse.

Will that invisible Truth of things
Which shines on your minstrel compensate
The lack of the visible comforts,
The tangible gifts and goods that wait
On stocks and dividends? Which are best—
These vagabond inspirations, or
Hard cash in hand, and the sense in the breast
That you have gained what you bargained for

It is good, no doubt, that a man should be
Cast in such weird and singular mould
As dowers his vision with power to see
God's splendors flaming, where you behold
Only the flaring of lighted gas;
But with a husband we demand
(Letting the gift of prophecy pass)
The coin that is current in the land.

Therefore I should advise you, dear,
To give your lyrical vagrant such
Sufficient hint of a prudent fear,
As—without wounding him overmuch—
May serve to smite his insistent hopes
Down to levels of lesser range;
Sending him back to his crowding tropes
Wiser and sadder for that change.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 15, 1878.

RICHARD REALE.

The Dead Bird.

"I saw some one kill a bird, and the world lost a song forever."

O little queen of bird-land,
Slain in the midst of a song!
A region of quavers and trills,
A region of blossoms and trees,
The murmur of passionate rills,
The music of infinite seas,
The love of the sun and the noon,
The peace of a star and the night,
Trill-flutters that swell to the moon,
Song-waves whose fringes are white,
Noon-bugles, star-voices, out led
In a victory-song, far heard—
All these lying dead, lying dead
In the broken heart of a bird;
For dead is the queen of bird-land,
And slain in the midst of a song.

NILES, August 5, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Recess.

The little folks have now recess,
In merry groups they play;
Once I, whom sorrows now oppress,
Was light of heart as they.
As gay was I in years gone by,
Though very sad to-day.

I close the tome of ancient lore
And rest it on my knee;
Sweet voices and gay laughter more
Of pleasure bring to me;
To me they bring youth's golden spring
And joys that used to be.

Life's Summer-time is on the wane,
Its fire is burning low;
Winds sweep the hearth, and lo! again
The dying embers glow.
They glow, they blaze, and bygone days
Come back from long ago.

The weary book aside I fling,
I stretch my arms apart,
And youth and love on spirit wing
Come fluttering to my heart.
Ah, nestle there, ye happy pair,
And nevermore depart!

SAN FRANCISCO, August 17, 1878.

R. E. WHITE.

Love's Trinity.

Kiss me!

It is the first, placid and pure as prayer;
Tender as kisses of saints in heaven are.
Peaceful as God's own smile; angels above,
We, too, have entered heaven—O love! O love!

Kiss me!

It is the first, which is of earthly dower,
Holding the flame and strength and passion's power.
O whirling world! we blot you out with this,
And make us gods, and crown us with a kiss.

Kiss me!

It is the first, which bears the cross of pain,
The cross that from the heart shall never lift again.
Kiss me! O God, it has the bitterness of hell!
Kiss me! It is the last—it is farewell.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 20, 1878.

SCOTT CAMPBELL.

OUR BITTER HALVES.

"We can call these delicate creatures ours."—Shakespeare.

Dog-Seller: "That 'ere animal's the real stock, mum, and dog cheap at twenty dollars." Young widow: "It's a sweet, pretty darling, black and white; but, in my present state of bereavement, you must procure me one entirely black. This will do very well for half mourning in about six months."

When the rich widower arrived with his two children, and servants, and horses, and equipage, etc., our stylish young lady was fully prepared for an attack upon them all. It was just after sunset when she came upon the piazza of the hotel with a volume of Taine in her hands. She looked at no one, but seated herself in the most graceful of attitudes, and in the very best light, and buried herself in the brilliancy of this great and persistent candidate for the French Academy. She was dressed in a gauzy black robe, all flecked over with old gold. Her black silk stockings were embroidered in gold tints, and her pretty little slippers did their very best for her delicate feet that refused isolation under her tie-back. All other ladies were costumed in white muslin with many ribbons, frizzed, or waved, or curled coiffures, but the stylish young lady. Oh! she knows but too well the powerful effect of contrast. The widower's pretty little daughter was wandering up and down in front of her, but the child was apparently unnoticed. (Oh! wasn't she?) Her little white dress and black sashes fluttered not in the eyes of the wise actress. (Didn't they?) By and by the heavy volume of Taine slipped from her hand, at the exact moment—by accident, you know—and it fell upon the little feet of the passing child. If you could have heard the purring sorrow, the sweet soothings, and the tender apologies, all mingled with flattery to the really unhurt child, while the father stood by endeavoring to say that it was of no consequence at all, which, of course, it was not, as the little one was laughing, and liked it, and also have seen the eloquent, upturned face of the stylish girl as she said to the father, "Pray permit me take the little one to its mamma and make apologies to her," you would have exclaimed, "What great genius is lost to the dramatic world while this young woman performs for only limited audiences." While I am writing (and the volume of Taine fell only five days ago), I look from my window to see him lift the stylish girl into the saddle for a gallop with him through the twilight upon one of his own superb horses. She never looked handsomer than in her riding-habit upon a fine steed.

It is the fashion nowadays for young wives to wear for a necklace a yoke of tinkling bells, so that when they go to pastures green their hobbies may trace them to their browsing grounds. Some fashions have homely precedents.

The late Miss B—, of Newtyle, Scotland, was an enthusiastic admirer of the Free Church. Sometime before she died she posted a letter, containing a five-pound note, with the following address: "To the Church of Christ, Edinburgh," meaning thereby, of course, her own denomination. A few days afterwards the letter was returned to her, with the startling announcement marked on it, "Not to be found."

She is a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely plump. Stupid, too. She is singing the popular piece entitled, "I Wish I Were a Bird." "If you were," thinks a guest to himself, "you'd be served with apple-sauce and sage dressing."

A graceless scamp who writes for the Baltimore *Every Saturday*, confesses that he has a sinful habit of going to camp-meetings and capturing kisses from presumably godless young women while the brethren and sisters are at prayers, and that he likes it. He'll get converted some day if he does not keep away from such places.

Ladies' long boots with a series of horizontal straps from the instep upward are called "Jacob's ladders." We really cannot imagine why.

A correspondent in Constantinople has been peeping into the seraglios, and of course "knows all about it." He says that while some of the Serailis are refined, others delicate and interesting, and all moderately pretty, there is one class who seem to have been made by the devil for the torment of the eunuchs. These are called Deli Serailis, wild, wanton and ungovernable. It is only necessary for one of them to know that anything is bad to at once make up her mind to do it. Walls, sentinels, scimitars and eunuchs are all in vain. They laugh at locks and bars, and flirt in spite of imminent death if found out. If, as is said, love's sweet favors be dear in proportion to the danger of the theft, then certainly a Deli Seraili must find flirtation heavenly.

Speaking of Turkish women, it is to be observed that while it is doubtless an exaggeration to aver, like Lady Mary Wortley Montague, that they are in all ways more free than Europeans, Signor de Amicis, who has recently written of them with keen judgment, instructed by long and close observation, assures us that whoever has been at Stamboul cannot but laugh when he hears them spoken of as slaves. Ladies, when they wish to go out, order the eunuchs to prepare the carriage, ask no one's permission, and come back when they please, provided it is before nightfall. Formerly they were obliged to submit to the company of a eunuch or female slave or friend, and if any woman appeared alone in an unfrequented street, some policeman or rigorous old Turk was sure to accost her with, "Whither goest thou? whence comest thou? why art thou alone? is this the way thou respectest thine *effendi*? return straightway to thine abode." But now they go out alone by hundreds, and are seen at all hours in Mussulman suburbs, and in the Frank quarters. Nor is there any sign of a man accompanying or following them, nor would any now presume to accost them, even when quite unprotected.

A woman named Jardine has just died in Scotland, aged exactly one hundred and eleven years. But she was a true woman for all that, and declared on her death-bed that she was but one hundred and ten years and eleven months.

A FEW FROGS FOR BAIT.

One day they wanted some frogs for bait. They found some boys.

"Bring us," said the tourists, "some frogs. Bring them to us this evening, fresh and alive, for we would fish on the morrow."

And the boys spake unto them: "How many frogs would they want?"

And they said: "Go to; bring us as many as you can catch."

For they wist not that the boys were lightning on frogs.

And the boys were astonished, and marveled within themselves, and said: "So many?"

And the tourists were wroth, and entreated the lads roughly, and said:

"Yea, so many. Up; get thee away, for the day waneth."

And straightway the lads got up and got.

And it was so that the two fishermen sought yet other boys, and spoke unto them in like manner as they had said unto the first, for they feared there would be no bait for the morrow's sport.

Now, the fishermen desired that they might have twenty-five frogs and no more, but they withheld this matter back from the lads, and said unto them:

"Bring us all the frogs you can catch. See, is here not silver and nickels?"

Now, when even was come the lads returned, and they brought with them frogs. In oyster-cans, in fruit-cans, sardine-boxes, old beer bottles, in earthen vessels, and in tin buckets, in baskets and gunny sacks, in their hats and in their pockets, yea, in everything wherein a frog might be contained brought they frogs, little frogs, fat frogs, lean frogs, old frogs, young frogs, male and female brought they them.

And the fishermen were amazed, and one said:

"Lo! what have we here?"

And the lads spoke unto them, saying:

"Frogs."

And the head fisherman entreated them, saying:

"Lo! Here are more frogs than we want, but we will take them. We will lump the lot at a hundred. Here is silver. Let that suffice thee."

But the lads said:

"Nay; we will count 'em."

And they tallied the tale of frogs, and the number thereof was two hundred and three score and nine. And the people laughed, and clapped their hands, and made merry.

But the fishermen were wroth without cause.

And it was so that yet other lads came in, by ones and twos and threes. And they brought with them, each lad his full share of frogs, so that the like of it had never been known before—no, not on all Lake Minnetonka.

And they counted each boy his frogs, and he said:

"Pay me what thou owest. Lo! is not there the frogs thou hast commanded?"

And they paid them, and entreated them that they would cast the frogs into the lake."

But the lads said:

"Not so. The frogs are thine. Do with them as thou mayest please."

And all the country round about Chapman's was filled with frogs, for it was so that they escaped from the earthen vessels, and the fruit cans, and sardine boxes, and baskets, and the empty beer bottles and gunny bags, and spread themselves abroad over the land. And they lifted up their voice, and made great lamentation, so that no man slept that night.

And the people sat at the windows, and at the gates, and said, with a loud voice: "Blasphem!" which by interpretation is, "Frogs!"

And when the morrow was come, the fishers went forth to fish, and they take with them, as was their need, twenty-five frogs. And they used four of them.

But they had paid for three hundred and eighty-seven.

R. J. BURDETTE.

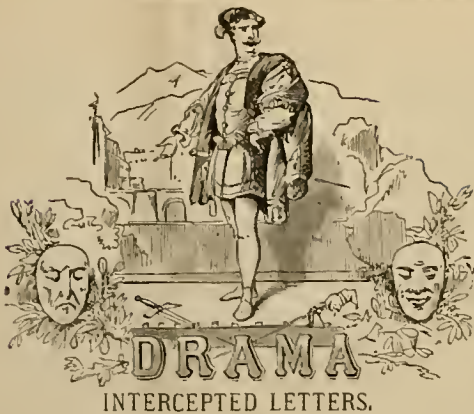
Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in a sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey;
Mr. Gotobed sits up until half after three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.

X., a Parisian Bohemian who is always on the lookout for a chance to borrow fifty cents till next Tuesday, presents himself at the door of a rich acquaintance. "My master doesn't receive to-day," says the servant. "That's all right. I don't want him to receive. I want him to give. Tell him the Shah of Persia wants to see him."

An orator who was much in demand in political campaigns, being asked by an admirer the secret of his success, replied: "When I have facts, I give 'em facts; but when I haven't, I yell and saw the air."

A German editor turned the leisure afforded him by the Easter recess to account by making a collection of mixed metaphors. "We will," cried an inspired Democrat, "burn all our ships, and, with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!" Justice Minister Hye, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the Revolution is rolling along and gnashing its teeth as it rolls!" A pan-Germanist Mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany, such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye."

When a man enters the post-office and sees a woman standing at the delivery, he braces up, smiles and concludes to wait patiently a few moments. If there are two women there he sneaks up behind them and tries to wink to the clerk to get his mail. But when one of the women enters into conversation with the official as to the reasons why her magazine has not come, and how long before it will be here, and if he is sure he looked in the right box, the citizen jams his hat down over his eyes and strides out of the post-office lobby in a way that would do credit to a professional trian. The next day he negotiates for a lock-box.



SAN FRANCISCO, August 30, 1878.

DEAR MADGE:—Do you remember the time we went together to see the *Romance of a Poor Young Man*? I fancy we were impressible then, and found something romantic in all young men who were poor. Dear me, what a very large section of the population we unconsciously embraced within the pale of our sympathies. I have met hosts of young men since, but have always found poverty more prevalent among them than romance. Jack looks over my shoulder to say that I need not expect present company. What an original remark! But to return to Octave Feuillet's poor young man, I still find him interesting. Madge, but realize that, to make him so, the author, although handicapping him with poverty, makes him an Admirable Crichton and a Marquis. I thought, even in my salad days, that the manner of showing off his accomplishments was something too ridiculously transparent, but it seems even funnier now. They are ticketed off as if he were an auction inventory. In the first act he volunteers to play the piano—a kind offer which is briskly refused by the leading lady in order to tide the leading man over a difficulty. Usually the leading man does not play the piano. There was a time when this would have been an item to his credit, but the days are past when the possession of an agreeable accomplishment qualifies a man, in the opinion of a great many, for the Retreat for Idiots. Some speech to this effect, which would once have brought down the house, falls from young "La Roque's" lips quite unmarked now. In act second young "Manuel" is a horsebreaker. I wondered the other night that, in these days of realistic effects, the stage manager did not introduce a wild, untamed steed, and let Mr. James O'Neill exercise the Rarey taming process upon him. But they forbore realism on this occasion, and gave the scene in the old way. A couple of supernumeraries stamped wildly on the floor in the wings, everybody cheered and hurrahed, and the poor young man entered calmly, with one hyperion look displaced, and shook hands with the old lady as if he had just returned from the next province. In the next scene he is an artist. We were not permitted to gaze upon his sketch—another realistic effect lost—but every one on the stage leaned over it rapturously and said it was charming. We unhesitatingly accepted the statement. In the next act "Manuel" is a gymnast, and makes a frightful leap of several feet, but comes safely out of the blood-curdling scene. In the next, he performs an act of disinterested generosity, and, in the last, is bountifully rewarded by having a very rude and disagreeable young woman throw herself into his arms and tie herself to him for life. I observe that she does not accomplish this little feat until it is found out that the poor young man is a Marquis, and inherits a few of the West Indies; just how many is left to the prolific imagination of the audience. But, with all its strained and superficial French sentiment, it is clean and wholesome, and has some very pretty quotable sayings. The *Romance of a Poor Young Man* had such a run in New York at the time of Montague's first season in America, that an actor can not play "Manuel" now without instituting comparisons, and comparisons are always odious to the party invidiously compared. I suppose the first duty of the actor in such a part is to make himself interesting. When "Mme. La Roque" complains, five minutes after he is brought upon the stage, that her new steward is a fine gentleman, when the entire party are completely paralyzed by his air of high breeding, when the group of young women in the background, arrayed in various tints of paper cambric, surround him like a parcel of ticket sellers at an orphan's fair, "Manuel" requires a native elegance of manner quite surpassing in extent to carry out the illusion. Then he must pay some tribute to the picturesque. There is no use in arguing the matter, Madge, dress has a great deal to do with success on the stage. There is no appreciable difference between a lot of people all dressed alike; that is to say, of course, excepting in the treasures of the mind; but people do not go about with diamond drills looking for treasures of the mind. They are content to judge by the face of the prospect. In the wood scene, for example, in the *Romance of a Poor Young Man*, you must remember how much that velvet morning coat and picturesque cap had to do with the sylvan harmony. A man sketching in the woods, in gray trousers, and frock coat, and a big six, is an anomaly. Some people do not mind these things, but you know how it is with "us girls," Madge. The eye must be satisfied first, and then the understanding. In justice to O'Neill, I must say that he did not wear a big six. He wore no hat at all, and, in this climate, one could not help thinking that he was exposing himself to influenza and neuralgia, to say nothing of earwigs and other trifles. His poor young man was really a very agreeable, manly, and spirited fellow. In fact, O'Neill plays it well enough to play it very much better, and make the part his own, if he will. But, he wants to study a thousand of its little possibilities, for oh, how many pretty little points he did miss which I looked and waited for in vain. You know how often, Madge, some little thing introduced by the player impresses itself upon your memory forever after as a material part of the play, and you really feel as if you had been defrauded of your right if some other player of the same part fail to give the same little touch of fancy. What a really excellent company they have at Baldwin's, and what a meagre return the public makes for all their efforts to please. Ah, well! the reaction must set in some day soon. I hope the management will not have become disgusted by that time and reduce the standard as John McCullough did. I am very much afraid that is what it will end in, for Mackay and Louise Sylvester, the very pick of the company, are going away, and they have not spoken of replacing them. Miss Sylvester, this week, quite reveled in the part of the lachrymose "Mme. Aubrey." She arranged her hair in four corkscrew curls on each side of her face, after the fashion of ancient maiden ladies a half

century ago, and accompanied this extraordinary coiffure with a harmonious toilette. To the toilette she added a most lugubrious expression of countenance, a low comedy sniff, and a wail of weeping which may not have been strictly according to the canonical rules of art, but which invariably brought down the house. To bring down a house when their apparent sympathies are several degrees below zero is a feat. Rose Wood played the naughty "Marguerite." She is a very natural actress, a perfect mistress of comedy, but she always falls short in the stranger situations. Perhaps it is because she is natural in them too, for of course people never do go on in real life as they must do on the stage to make a scene. How funny it would be if they did. Fancy us all going about the world striking attitudes after the ancient models, and expressing our feeling by Rush's or Russell's rules of elocution! Rose Wood, as usual, indulged in a superabundance of locks. She is too small a woman to wear such a bale of hair, and too pleasant to look at to disfigure herself thus. I wish she would not, but she will, and I find my eye enchained against my will by that great swinging braid when I should be studying her face, which is delightfully expressive. They have replaced Mr. Herne by Mr. Bradley, a most acceptable change. It is not pleasant to sit through a long evening contemplating what looks to be a case of semi-strangulation. I used often to find myself wishing that some one would loosen Herne's necktie. Miss Annie Adams played the governess, and seemed to have seized the opportunity to rehearse for a star engagement of "Lucrezia Borgia." It was really quite dreadful. I momentarily expected to hear her assure everybody that they were all poisoned, but she did not. That dear little fresh-natured child, her daughter I believe, had a few little lines. What a pity it will be if she ever becomes like other stage children. How I like to see Mrs. Farren play the *grande dame*. She is a very stately old lady, and has such nice, old-fashioned ways. In fact the *Romance* was very well cast and very nicely played, and if the scenery was rather miniature in some parts it served the purpose very well. At the California they have been giving a remarkable drama, called *Birds of Passage*. The gentleman who wrote it appears to have followed in the wake of some opera company, who sang by turns either light opera or *opera bouffe*. He has picked up a number of characters and incidents, grouped them, Americanized them thoroughly with dialect, idioms, and slang, and called the conglomeration a drama. As an instance of the delicate quality of his taste I must tell you that the heroine, a strolling singer of the *Perichole* pattern, falls in with the Viceroy of Mexico—I can not say in what period of Mexican politics the play is located—and he, being struck by her beauty, invites her to dine. She accepts the invitation with all the alacrity of the species. The Viceroy plies her with champagne until she gets gloriously tipsy. At a later stage of the play it transpires that he is her father. To say the least, the old gentleman would look back upon this earlier scene with very mixed feelings. Poor Maggie Mitchell! she is so often a foundling in the drama that I should think she would find a deep-seated satisfaction in carrying around her own baptismal certificate. She tried very hard to carry on her tiny shoulders the weight of *Birds of Passage*, but it was too heavy for her. Also, it was unworthy her consideration. I can imagine that even a professional reader can mistake the fate of some plays, but I can not imagine any one reading *Birds of Passage* and thinking that any rational audience of fifty people would ever sit it out. If any one ever did sit it out, I think he, or she, either must have fallen asleep, or been completely crushed by the sublimity of its stupidity. Truth to tell, Madge, Maggie Mitchell's style and plays have had their day. To succeed she must take a new departure, like Alice Lingard, who has passed through all the stages successively from highest burlesque up to modern tragedy, for they tell me she is a tragedienne now, and plays "Mary Queen of Scots." I wonder if she plays it with the *Fron-Fron* drawl. Perhaps if Maggie Mitchell had opened in *Jane Eyre*, or *Fanchon*, it would not have been so easy to count the chairs every night. Well, her doleful season is past, and next week Robson and Crane will be here with their new play—*Our Bachelors*. We shall have a good laugh once more, and I hope there will be people enough there to give a hearty ha-ha, for the laugh of a thin house has in it something of the ghastly hollowness of a demoniac revel. Also, next week we are to have *Olivia* at Baldwin's. Strange what an interest this hapless daughter of the Vicar of Wakefield rouses at this late day; and, stranger yet, that this simple, rural English story should be filtered through French imagination to become dramatic. They seem to like it everywhere, too. It is running yet in London, where Miss Terry's "Olivia fachu" has set a fashion. There's a triumph, indeed. In New York Fanny Davenport is playing it to crowded houses, although the newspapers publish her birthday about twice a week. I trust Rose Wood will have good luck with it here—but she will be obliged to create the part, while Fanny Davenport paid three guineas a night to sit and study Miss Terry in London; so she says. Dear Madge, have you heard of the production of *Zapha*? I suppose all the people who are playing in it feel as if they had died and gone to heaven—the heaven of an engagement. Only an intermediate Paradise perhaps, but acceptable, for there are many of them who have not had one for a long, long time before. I fear this week will preclude some of them getting one for a long, long time after. I was going to tell you all about *Zapha*, but, on second thought, I will spare you until we meet. The pen is inadequate to express it all. We continue to hear nothing more of Kennedy's theatre than that they have put backs to the seats. That, in itself, is a comfortable announcement, but it is not enough to open on. Wise man! he is waiting till the Fair closes, and meantime whetting our curiosity by letting us know nothing. This is a new kink in theatrical advertising. I will let you know how it works when the house opens. For the present, adieu. Yours, BETSY B.

We have received a printed circular reading as follows:

"You are hereby required, in the name of the Uncommonwealth of California, to appear before the Folly Court, holden at the Bush Street Theatre, within and for the County of San Francisco, on Friday, the sixth day of September, 1878, at eight o'clock in the evening, and from hour to hour thereafter until the action hereinafter named is heard by said Court, to give evidence of what you know relating to an action of Amusement, then and there to be heard and tried between Gus Williams, plaintiff, and Ben E. Fit, defendant."

If this is an invitation to go somewhere, we decline with thanks; if it is a command to do something, we won't; if it is a bill, we paid it last week. In the "action" obscurely mentioned, our sympathies are with Mr. Fit.

Speaking of Nilsson (says a writer in the *London Truth*), I was grieved to learn from her that America has run away with all her earnings; so that she has to recommence coming money with her *voix d'or*. It is almost good news for the musical public, which is guaranteed by this necessity from any defection from the stage it might have dreaded; but it is hard upon the poor little woman, who must now sing for her supper.

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Next Friday, Sept. 6, at 4 o'clock, the first edition of the

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THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING CO.

522 California Street, San Francisco.

CHURCH NOTICE.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6½ P. M.

EXCITEMENT.—We noticed quite an excitement in front of Messrs. Dames & Hayes' photograph gallery last evening. It seems the firm have been devoting some time to perfecting the art, and succeeded so well that they have "astonished the natives." The new designs and elegant effects they have just placed on exhibition at their door are perfectly exquisite, and fascinates the crowd as it passes along, eager to behold. Very good taste is displayed in their mode of taking children's pictures. Some are sitting in a boat, sailing on a miniature lake, dotted with pond lilies; others are enjoying the pleasure of a cool swing in the wood; and others, after wandering about till they are tired, have seated themselves on an old log to enjoy the refreshing shade on a summer afternoon. In fact, every picture is a scene of ease, comfort, and pleasure. The exterior and interior decorations for ladies and gentlemen are perfect. We understand they have applied for patents for many of them.

The "illustrated catalogue," published by Mr. Herrmann, the well-known hatter, is quite a work of art in its way. It is surprising how much character and expression a good artist can put into the picture of a hat. Some of those in this book have as much individuality as human faces; and if one were to take a pencil to draw heads below them, one would necessarily follow certain imaginary lines, and produce a face in perfect accord with the hat, determining the type. The book has a literary value, too; it is full of pleasant things, all variations of the one theme—Hat. The next best thing to having a nice hat is to have this catalogue.

It is said that the prophet is without honor in his own country. The same may be remarked of the jeweler. We go by the Diamond Palace every day; we see in its beautiful show window revolving gems and jewels of rarest beauty; we see the cheerful countenance of Col. Andrews, and say to ourselves, "fine store," "fine jewelry," "clever man, Col. Andrews." We note the effect of the mirrors, and stroll carelessly along, not reflecting that this very Diamond Palace has nothing like it in any city in the world. The New York Graphic, sending its artist to do San Francisco, lights upon the Colonel's show windows, and thus writes of Col. Andrews' Diamond Palace: "There is no institution, among the many constituting a nucleus of attraction in this beautiful city of the Pacific, so imposing in its arrangements, rich in its contents and rare in its collections, as the 'Diamond Palace.' Nor is there, in the world, a similar establishment. Eligibly located, on a leading thoroughfare, it is literally walled with mirrors, arched and frescoed in costly oil paintings, by a foreign artist of distinction, ornamented with crystal chandeliers, with reflectors attached, and set off with floors inlaid with black and white marble, like tessellated pavements, and wood work wrought in ebony and gold, with the most tasteful figures in relief. But no description can photograph its magnificence or convey a conception of its displays of elegant jewelry, of original and striking manufacture. Col. Andrews' exhibit at Paris is said to be unequalled by any other display. It is known as the great quartz casket, and has already received an offer of a fabulous sum for its purchase. It has been so much talked of by connoisseurs and written about by correspondents from the Exposition that any detailed account of this chef d'œuvre would be superfluous. It is pronounced a gem of the rarest cunning and artistic handicraft. It is universally conceded at the Exposition to be a superb specimen of jewelry, and is continually centering crowds of admirers. It is rich and massive, and in these, as in other regards, is considered without a parallel in the world. Many thousands of pieces of rare quartz and rich ores are introduced into the casket, forming a solid whole of tracing, arrangement and disposition of minerals of extreme beauty and uniqueness. It certainly establishes Colonel Andrews' priority in the line of master jewelers. No one visiting San Francisco should fail to see the Diamond Palace."

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Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. She will be happy to see her former patrons. New Style Lace Patterns.

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Robson as the bald-headed Bangle, Crane as the Jolly Jowler.

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224 STOCKTON STREET, would respectfully inform his friends and patrons that he has entirely recovered from his late illness, and will resume practice on MONDAY, AUGUST 19th.

In reply to numerous inquiries Dr. Mowbray would state that his PRACTICE IS ENTIRELY SEPARATE FROM THAT OF DR. YOUNGER.

OFFICE OF THE BODIE MINING Company, San Francisco, August 28, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held to-day, an extra dividend of five dollars per share was declared, payable on Saturday, August 31st. Office, Room 53, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street. WM. M. LENT, Secretary.

RUPTURE.

BUY NO TRUSS



Until you see what has been accomplished by DR. PIERCE'S late invention. Call, or send for New Illustrated Book. Prices reduced. MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS

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& OAKLAND.**

THE DANCER.

He met her at the picnic,
He melted at her glance,
And he murmured sadly in her ears,
"Dear heart, I can not dance."
Now the green shadowed woods resound
With airs of sunny France;
In many figures o'er the ground
The youths and maidens prance.
But who is he, far down the glen,
Who eyes this scene askance?
Who shuns the eyes of maids and men?
'Tis he who can not dance.
Not dance? Yet see, behold him there!
Observe him leap and prance;
High climbs he in the empty air
A wild, weird, fiendish dance.
He leaps, he kicks, he slaps his legs;
Ah, ha! His wide, wide pants
Are full of fifteen thousand times
Ten thousand thousand times.

The nose appears to be a rather reasonable and accommodating feature, easily estranged but readily reconciled, as many circumstances will prove. Sir Leonard Fioravanti, of Bologna, states that, when in Africa, he saw a quarrel between a Spanish gentleman and a military officer, in which the latter struck off the nose of the former, and it fell in the sand. The surgeon washed it in warm water, carefully replaced it, bound it up, and at the end of eight days found it perfectly healed. Taliacotus records a similar case, in which a man, losing a nose, left it in the gutter while he pursued his opponent. On his return the nose was applied, and adhesion followed. Dr. Bartholmey records the case of an officer at Lyons, in 1815, who had the end of his nose cut off in a duel. He put the severed portion in his pocket, kept it warm, returned home, and sent for a surgeon, who replaced it, and adhesion followed. Dr. Reynaud gives a case in which a nose adhered after it had been bitten off and kept in the owner's pocket for five hours. Garengot, a celebrated French surgeon, asserts that he has seen a nose, which had been bitten off in a quarrel, thrown upon the ground, and allowed to cool, taken up, fixed to the face, and made to adhere again; and he records in his third volume that M. Galio produced a similar union, when a large portion of a nose had been bitten off and spit out into a dirty gutter. The soldier who had lost it pursued his adversary, and the nose was replaced on his return. On the fourth day the union was complete. Blegny, Lombard, Loubet, and others, record similar cures where noses have been lost by sabre cuts. Time is of considerable importance in this matter: the nose must be replaced before it has formed another attachment.

To possess a brooch in the shape of a reptile of some sort seems to be the ambition of every well-directed young lady; out-streak lizards and coiling snakes, made brilliant with powdered garnets or some other sparkling substance, are the most acceptable novelty of the kind.

When a fellow's entangled
By a girl that is tangled,
If she smiles on him once
His hopes are bespangled;
But if he has dangled
On the book that was angled,
When she frowns on him twice
All his joy is bangles. —Doubtful.

Stepping into a larger beer saloon which was swarming with flies, on Saturday, a customer asked the proprietor why he did not get some fly paper and catch the insects. His reply was: "Well, you see, ven I gets dot baper und puts it on der gounter dey spile it in five minutes."

"The sun rises in the East," explained the teacher, "Yes, an' there's suthin' rises in the West, too," chimed in one of the smaller boys. "Well, what is it?" asked the school-ma'am. "Injuns!" shouted the urchin.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud
When the summer time comes with its insistent crowd
Of flies and mosquitoes and fluttering gnats
That utilize all of our features for mats?
That stab us and jab us and tickle our pates,
That swim in our saucers and bathe in our plates,
That drive us to words with iniquity fraught,
And make us say things that we oughtn't to ought?

"In love there is always one that hurts the other," —Ouida. But the other gets even after marriage.

American girls are said to scandalize all Paris by fanning themselves in church.

The horrible report has gone forth that Beecher eats with his knife.

The girls in simple white muslin capture the most beaux at Saratoga.



ARLINGTON HOTEL,
SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

NO HOTEL ON THE PACIFIC
Coast can surpass the ARLINGTON in the airy cheerfulness and convenience of its arrangements. None can equal it in the natural and artistic beauty of its surroundings. The readers of the ARGONAUT will be pleased to know that the problem of combining solid comfort within doors, inexhaustible pleasure without, and calm contentment all the time, at a very economical rate of expenditure, has been solved at the ARLINGTON, and is respectfully submitted by
GEO. T. BROMLEY, Manager.

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GYMNASIUM

The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the interests of higher education, and in opposition to the cramming system of the small colleges and military academies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th. Examination of candidates for admission July 22d and 23d. By request, instructions have been provided during the summer months for students preparing for the August examinations at the University. For catalogue or particulars, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

GOLDEN GATE ACADEMY



AND CADET SCHOOL.

Next year will commence July 30, 1878.
For circulars, address
D. P. SACKETT, A. M., Principal,
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STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

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pensing of which is entrusted only to the most competent
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AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

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I. G. GARDNER.....General Agent.

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A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of busi-
ness, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Vir-
ginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees, held on the 13th day of August, 1878, an assess-
ment (No. 59) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner
Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the 18th day of September, 1878, will be delinquent,
and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is
made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the ninth (9th)
day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,
JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.

Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine
and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia
Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of July, 1878, an assess-
ment (No. 55) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the fourth day of September, 1878, will be delinquent,
and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is
made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fifth
day of September, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, K. S.
EGGERT AITKEN, wife of Charles H. Aitken, of the city
and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply
to the County Court of said city and county and State
aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 2d of September, A. D. 1878,
the same being the first day of the September term, A. D.
1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of
said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole
Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own
name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the busi-
ness of buying and selling merchandise, to own and run a
lodging-house, to buy and sell mining stocks, personal and
real property, to lend and borrow money on mortgage or
otherwise, and to act as spirit and test medium, and to do
and perform all acts connected with or incident to said dif-
ferent branches of business, and each of them.

San Francisco, Cal., July 16th, A. D. 1878.

Wm. H. HART, Attorney for Petitioner, 230 Montgom-
ery Street.

NORTHERN BELLE MILL AND

Mining Company.—The fourth annual meeting of
the stockholders of the above named corporation, for the
election of Directors and the transaction of such other busi-
ness as may come before it, will be held on MONDAY, Sep-
tember 9th, 1878 (second Monday in September), at the
hour of one o'clock P. M. on that day, at the office of the
Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will
be closed on Monday, September 2, 1878, at three o'clock
P. M.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of
the Estate of MICHAEL KELLEHER, deceased, to the credi-
tors of, and all persons having claims against, the said
decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, with-
in four months after the first publication of this notice, to
the said Administrator at his place of business, Room 12, Ne-
vada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in the City and Coun-
ty of San Francisco. Dated August 8th, 1878.

WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Michael Kelleher, deceased.

MOODY'S
Drug and Prescription

STORE,

Northwest corner Polk and Pine Streets.

Prescriptions prepared with care from the purest of Drugs
and Chemicals.



COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. **2.57 P. M.** for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. **2.57 P. M.** Stage connections made with this train. PARLOR CAR attached to this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and Way Stations. **2.57 P. M.** Stage connection made with this train at SANTA CLARA for Pacific Congress Springs.

2.57 P. M. On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train at Pajaro for Aptos and Santa Cruz. RETURNING, passengers leave Santa Cruz at 4.30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

2.57 P. M. SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS only the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Monterey MONDAYS (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SUNDAYS AN EXTRA TRAIN will leave for San Jose and Way Stations at 9.30 A. M. Returning, will leave San Jose at 6.00 P. M.

2.57 P. M. EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and other points, and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

Also, Excursion Tickets to Monterey—good from Saturday until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at OAKLAND for SUMNER, MOHAVE, LOS ANGELES, WILMINGTON, ANAHEIM, COLTON, COLORADO RIVER, and YUMA.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after Monday, August 5th, 1878, the two new, fast, and elegant steamers SAN RAFAEL and SALITO will run between San Francisco and San Rafael as follows:

Leave San Francisco.	Leave San RAFAEL.
7.15 A. M. for San Rafael.	(Via San Quentin Ferry.)
8.15 " " " " " "	
9.40 " " " " " "	
1.45 P. M. " " " " " "	
4.10 " " " " " "	
5.10 " " " " " "	
6.10 " " " " " "	

(From Saucelito Ferry, Market Street.)
5.30 P. M. for all points between Saucelito and San Rafael.
1.45 P. M. Through train for Duncan Mills and way stations. Stage connections made daily, except Monday, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAYS.
(From San Quentin Ferry, Market Street.)
10.00 A. M. for San Rafael.
12.30 P. M. " " " " " "
3.15 " " " " " "
5.45 " " " " " "
(From Saucelito Ferry, Market Street.)
8.00 A. M. Excursion train, connecting at Fulton with train for San Rafael.

(Via Saucelito Ferry.)
8.35 A. M. for San Francisco.
11.15 " " " " " "
1.45 P. M. " " " " " "
4.30 " " " " " "
(Via Saucelito Ferry.)
6.45 P. M. for San Francisco.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Round Trip Tickets between San Francisco and San Rafael have been reduced as follows: Week days, 75 cents; Sundays, 50 cents.

W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.
JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, July 29th, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco (Washington Street Wharf), as follows:

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted.
Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the GEYSERS. **2.57 P. M.** Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10.15 A. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, via Donahue, for Cloverdale and way stations. Fares for the round trip: Donahue, \$1; Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2; Healdsburg, \$2; Cloverdale, \$2.50. Connection made at Fulton for Laguna, Forestville, Korbels, Guerneville, the Russian River, and Big Trees. Fares for round trip: Fulton and Laguna, \$2.50; Forestville, Korbels, and Guerneville, \$3. (Arrive at San Francisco 6.55 P. M.) Freight received from 7 A. M. to 3.00 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.
ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't. P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 SHERMAN BUILDING,
Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco (P. O. Box 707.)

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING WEDNESDAY,

July 10, 1878, and until further notice,

TRAINS AND BOATS

WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento, Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for (Arrive San Francisco 8.55 P. M.)

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Fallside (Eureka), Ogden and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at 1.00 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco 5.55 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY—
Special train via Oakland Ferry, arrives at Martinez 10.15 A. M. Returning, leaves Martinez 4.10 P. M., arrives San Francisco 6.00 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

9.30 A. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.
Northern Railway Accommodation Train (via Oakland Ferry) to Martinez. (Arrive San Francisco 3.35 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.30 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.30 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN
Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo and Martinez. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, EXPRESS
Train (via Oakland Ferry) for Lathrop and Stockton, Merced, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 6.55 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.40 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only, for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River; also, taking the Third Class Overland Passengers to connect with train leaving Sacramento at 9.00 A. M. daily. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Lathrop and Mojave, arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 7.30 A. M.)

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To East Oakland.		To San Le- andro and Hayward's.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		To Daly City Street.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
B 6.10	12.30	7.00	B 6.10	8.00	7.30	8.00	7.30	8.00	7.30	B 6.10	8.00	7.30	B 6.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	7.30	9.30	8.30	8.00	7.30	9.30	8.30	8.00	7.30	9.30	8.00
7.30	1.30	9.00	8.30	10.30	9.00	8.30	7.30	10.30	9.00	8.30	7.30	10.30	9.00
8.00	2.00	10.00	9.30	11.00	9.30	9.00	8.00	11.00	9.30	9.00	8.00	11.00	9.30
8.30	3.00	11.00	10.30	12.00	10.30	10.00	9.00	12.00	10.30	11.30	3.00	11.30	3.00
9.00	3.30	12.00	11.30	1.00	11.30	11.00	10.00	1.00	11.30	P. M.	4.30	P. M.	4.30
9.30	4.00	P. M.	P. M.	12.30	12.30	12.00	11.00	12.30	11.30	1.00	5.00	1.00	5.00
10.00	4.30	1.30	1.30	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	4.00	B 6.30	4.00	B 6.30
10.30	5.00	2.00	2.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00
11.00	5.30	3.00	3.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00
11.30	6.00	4.00	4.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00
12.00	6.30	5.00	5.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00
.....	7.00	6.00	6.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00
.....	8.10	B 7.00	7.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00
.....	9.20	B 8.10	8.10	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	at East	at West	11.00	11.00
.....	10.30	C 10.30	9.20	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	Oakland.	Oakland.	12.00	12.00
.....	11.45	B 11.45	10.30	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00			1.00	1.00


CHICKERING
PIANO WAREROOMS,
31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.
ELEGANT PIANOS.
L. K. HAMMER,
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.
Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.



MUSIC
KNABE PIANOS,
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THE CURRENT OF
TRADE REVERSED.



TO EUROPE.
STEINWAY & SONS
ORDERS FROM EUROPE

have increased to an extent, necessitating the establishment of Warerooms in London, England, and connected with it is a Concert Hall, the whole combined making the most elegant Piano Warerooms in Europe, and stands there as a monument of American genius and industry.

It is impossible to mention the limited space of an advertisement the immense list of vendors in Piano building in America, and in that respect, no small compliment to their inventions is the undeniable endorsement of all their competitors, as shown in their imitative efforts. Certain principles of the Steinways are however so completely protected, that no imitation or substitute is attempted at and the shallow method of crying such inventions down are resorted to and relied upon.

The Steinways designed and perfected the Overstrung and Iron Frame systems. The application of the Agraffe Arrangement to Square and Upright Pianos. The Patent Duplex Scale creating the most beautiful treble tones, (the Duplex Scale is of recent invention and only to be found in Pianos sold recently). The Improved Double Dampers. The latest idea extending the Agraffe to every string in the Piano. The highest finish to all parts of the instrument, including first qualities of ivory, ebony, felt, cloth, etc. The wood work and varnish of such first-class character, that the employment of large capital and experience alone permits.

The name of Steinway has become a "household word" in American homes, and the satisfactory record of 18 years' trial on the Pacific Coast, in itself assures the purchaser that the investment is no speculation, but one of perfect security.

The oft-repeated story of rival makers claiming to have been Steinways' foreman, etc., should have no weight with purchasers. An immense manufacturing business like the Steinway's is divided into departments for the various classes of work, and a foreman of one department superintends that alone, and cannot be perfect in other details.

The Steinways (a numerous family) are the inventors and designers of the principles of their Pianos, and are alone responsible for the thorough execution of their own ideas.

In the Machinery Department at the late Centennial Exhibition Steinways were awarded a special medal for an invention for testing their iron frames under a pressure of 8,000 lbs. per square centimetre. (This award was distinct from their medal for the best Pianos exhibited.) The iron frames in Steinway Pianos are the only ones so tested, and while other makers rely on castings from an ordinary foundry, the Steinways maintain their own foundry, and manufacture a frame of composite metal, which adds greatly to the resonant qualities of the instrument in general.

It frequently occurs that the attempt is made to raise the character of Pianos constructed on less costly principles to the rank that the Steinway maintain, by naming a price the same or nearly the same. This method is frequently exposed by the perfect willingness of the dealer to make astonishing discounts for cash or extremely long credits; systems not entertained in any first-class business. In selling a Steinway Piano, a guarantee of worth is given protecting the purchaser for 5 years, and catalogues issued by the Pacific Coast Agencies have on uniform rate of prices in gold, and where desired a liberal installment plan is offered to responsible buyers, with an additional charge of simple interest on deferred payments. Catalogues mailed on application to

M. GRAY, General Agent,
105 Kearny Street, S. F.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.
HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH
FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,
NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

A GREAT INSURANCE COMPANY.
THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO
OF BOSTON

Is one of the greatest trust institutions of the present age. It was organized over forty years ago, and under a conservative management it has grown and strengthened, and is now at the head of honored and trusted companies for the insurance of life in the U. S. Its policies are issued under the non-forfeiture law of Massachusetts. It charges no more for its insurance than those companies that forfeit the policy in case of non-payment of premium when due. Its present assets are \$14,893,427 78, and its surplus over all liabilities amount to \$2,759,965 04. Wallace Everson, No. 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, is the general agent for California and the Pacific States and Territories, and is ever ready to give all information desired.

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PRICES LOW
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RENT HOUSES,
COLLECT RENTS, MANAGE ESTATES
HOUSES AND LOTS FOR SALE
in this city, Oakland, and Alameda. Lands and Ranches for sale in all parts of the country. Agents in the principal cities. Collections made throughout the coast.
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WAKELEE'S
AUREOLINE
Produces the beautiful
GOLDEN HAIR
SO MUCH ADMIRER. SUPERIOR
to the imported article for reason of its freshness and the care used in its production. Price, large bottles, \$2.00. Manufactured by **H. P. WAKELEE & CO.,** Druggists, corner Montgomery and Bush Sts.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,
320 Post St., San Francisco.
LOCUST GROVE, SONOMA.
FAMILIES OR YOUNG LADIES
wishing to spend the month of September in this Valley (the grape season) can, on early application, be well accommodated at this well known place on reasonable terms.
MRS. A. E. LUBECK, Sonoma.

HOME IN THE COUNTRY.
NOOK FARM.
FAMILIES WISHING TO SPEND
the Summer in the country will find this a cheerful home, and beautiful scenery of such endless variety as tempt to healthful exercise and recreation. We furnish good accommodations and an excellent table. Good fishing and hunting on the premises. Four trains from San Francisco pass the station daily. Address **E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.**

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.
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LODGE SUPPLIES
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A. J. PLATE & CO.,
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CALIFORNIA
STATE FAIR
FOR 1878,
AT SACRAMENTO, CAL.,
COMMENCING
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 16,
AND CLOSING
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 21.
\$50,000 CASH

To be Distributed in Premiums.
THE EXHIBITION WILL BE DIVIDED into Seven Departments, and the SOCIETY'S GOLD MEDAL to be awarded to the most meritorious exhibition in each department. Those desiring Premium Lists will please notify the Secretary.
The Largest Stock Show and Most Attractive Speed Display
Ever offered by any Agricultural Society in the United States.
ATTRACTIVE MILITARY TOURNAMENT
Public Sale of THOROUGHERED STOCK on Friday of the Fair.
The Central Pacific Railroad and Steamers will carry articles to and from the Fair, free of charge.
Wells, Fargo & Co's Express will deliver all packages free, not weighing over twenty pounds.
Applications for stalls at the Park and space at the Pavilion should be made to **ROBERT BECK, Secretary,** at once.
Membership \$5.00
Single Admission 50 cents
M. D. BORUCK, President.
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DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
STERLING SILVER SPOONS & FORKS,
.925 FINE, AT
\$1.50 PER OUNCE.
Geo. C. Shreve & Co.,
110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
THE IMPROVED
FRENCH RANGES
(SET IN BRICK.)
VAN'S WROUGHT IRON
PORTABLE RANGES.
COOKING, PARLOR, AND HEATING
STOVES.

The largest stock and greatest variety on the Pacific coast. Over FIVE HUNDRED different styles and patterns to select from. Everything required to fit up a kitchen complete.
Nos. 110, 112, 114, 118, & 120 BATTERY ST.



SEWING MACHINES.
THE HIGH REPUTATION OF THE
Grover & Baker Machine is the result of true worth and long years of honorable service.
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FINE-ART DEALERS.
FREE ART GALLERY.
A complete assortment of ARTISTS' MATERIAL, GOLD FRAMES, etc.
19 AND 21 POST STREET.



WEBER
PIANOS ARE THE BEST
WAREROOMS, N. W. CORNER
KEARNY AND SUTTER STREETS.
SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.
SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

RARE ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS.
THE WORKS OF THE GREAT ENGRAVERS who flourished in Italy, France, and England during the last century are celebrated for their rarity, age, and unequalled workmanship. They are specially suitable for framing. Prices are moderate. Visitors will be welcome to inspect a fine collection of the above between the hours of 11 A. M. and 5 P. M., at
No. 417 KEARNY STREET, ROOM No. 1, SAN FRANCISCO.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence, 112 Kearny Street. Office hours, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. Sunday 11 to 1 only. Telephone in the office.

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FAIR,

AUGUST
1878.
Price 25 cts.

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Now receiving, New Styles of

MOHAIR SHAWLS, EMBROIDERIES, ETC.

From Paris and Berlin. Zephyr Worsteds, Embroidery Silks, Chenille, Yarns, etc.

FANCY GOODS, BRONZE AND MARBLE CLOCKS,
BRONZE ORNAMENTS, RUSSIA LEATHER GOODS,
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BRADLEY & RULOFSON,

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Received the Philadelphia Gold Medal for the best Photographs in the United States, and the Vienna Medal for the best in the World.

MR. RULOFSON received the Star and Decoration of the Order of Progress, and was elected President d'honneur of the Institut du Progrès. This is a record not approached by any Photographic Establishment in the World.


The old and well known house, established in 1853, of

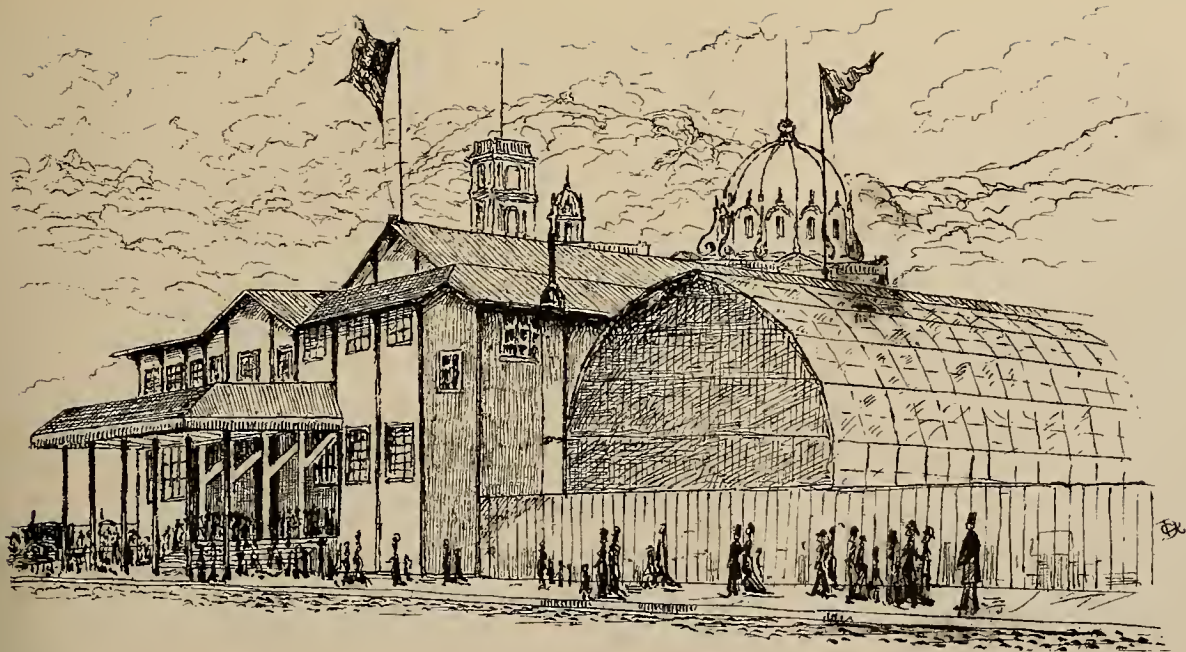
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IMPORTERS, AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALERS IN FINE GROCERIES, ETC.

215 and 217 Sutter St., adjoining Centre Market. P. O. Box 844, San Francisco.

 Our stock is large and one of the best selected on this coast. A full assortment of the finest Brandies, Wines, Whiskies, Bitters, etc., for medical use. Brandies and Whiskies from 8 to 12 years old. Sparkling and Still Wines, the finest the market affords. Native Wines, better than many of the imported articles sold in this market. Please forward your orders. They shall receive prompt attention.

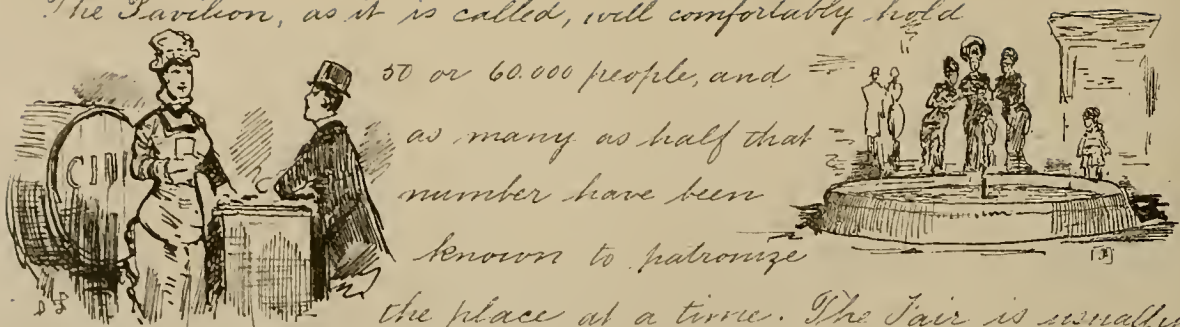


Mechanics Pavilion, San Francisco, Aug. 28. 1878.

My Dear M — This "Industrial Show" of ours, about which your curiosity has been excited by frequent mention, is an institution, so thoroughly sur generis, that I almost despair of being able to convey to you, any very lucid idea of the concern. Ostensibly the Mechanics Fair, is an industrial exhibit, made to illustrate the progress of mechanical art, and stimulate the inventive mind. Really it is a place of popular resort, at this season of the year, a huge, sheltered promenade, where people pay "four bits a head," to wander about in space, and look at each other. The building is a great barn like structure, covering nearly a block of ground, and noted for its architectural beauty. (see sketch). It is built of wood, and the interior is very open, and unfinished, after the manner of all such tremendous places.

The Pavilion, as it is called, will comfortably hold 50 or 60,000 people, and as many as half that number have been known to patronize the place at a time. The Fair is usually announced for the 1st of August, and lasts from five to seven weeks. At one of the little holes in the Pavilion front, you purchase your admission ticket—or if a customer for the season, you are loaded down with a small bale of card board, subject to bewildering purchases—consideration \$5.

But finally you are safely inside—a vast hall with arching beams, and trusses, confronting you.



To the left a band of wild musicians struggle frantically. Above are corridors, or promenades, running entirely around the oblong central floor, which is filled with exhibits of general merchandise, artistically stacked in pyramids, and grouped to a rather pretty ensemble.

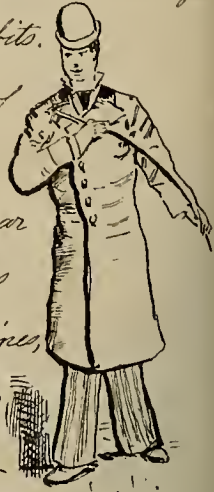


This sketch gives a good idea
of the general view from the entrance — showing the
barge fountain, leaping to the alarm bell, hung high in the roof above.



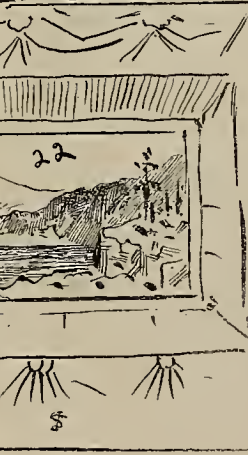
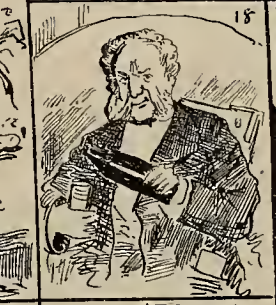
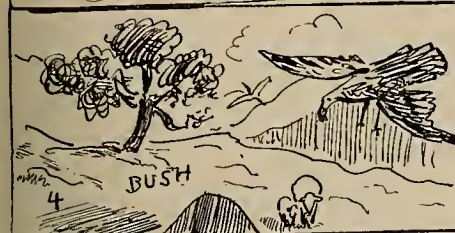
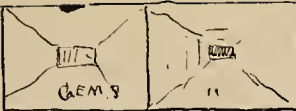
You wander about the lower floor for a while, and then moulding the stairway, at either hand, find yourself in a second story, or gallery, filled with lighter exhibits.

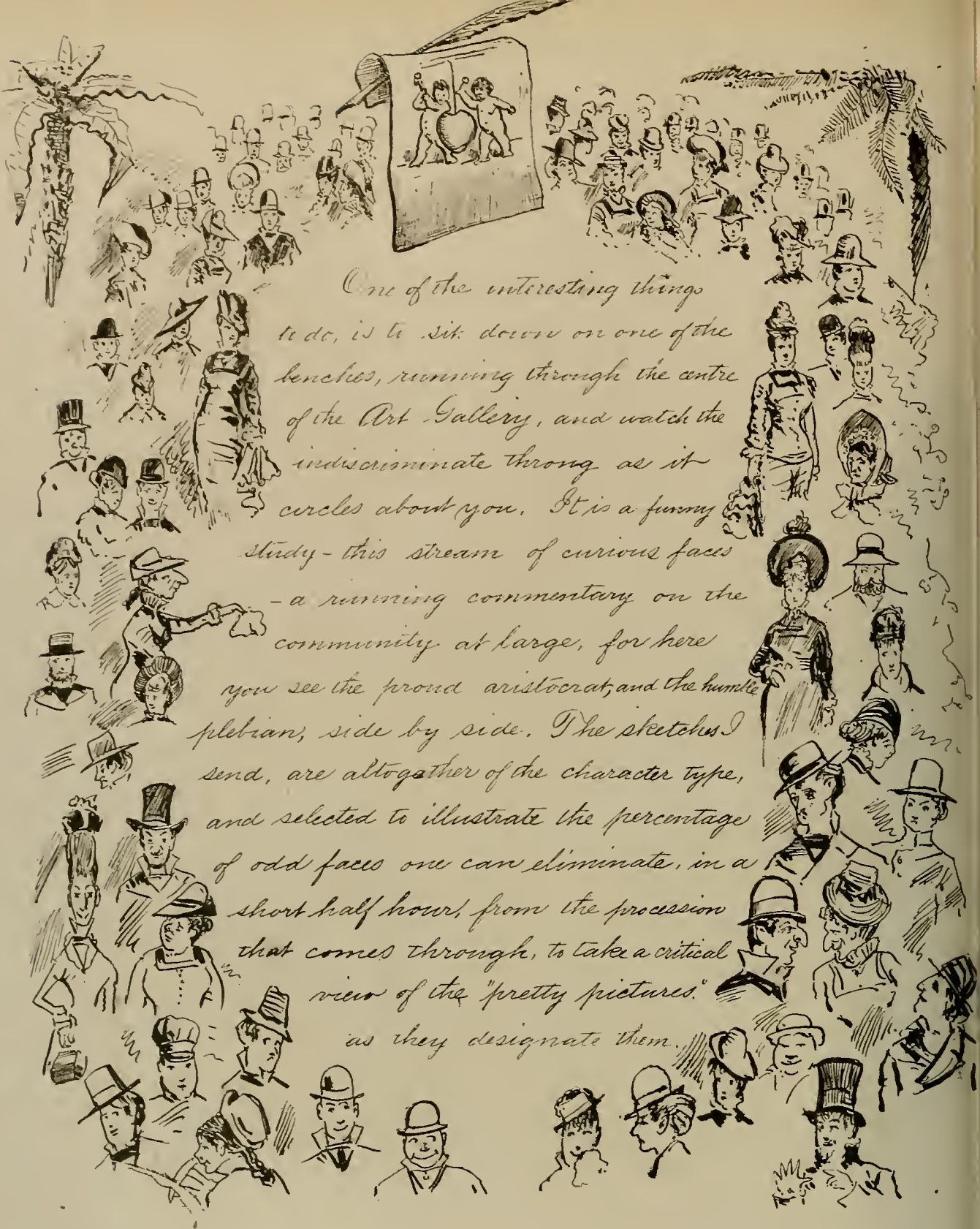
This is the popular portion of the Pavilion, being something like a Parisian boulevard, or bazaar



avenue, and is extensively used as a promenade. Here are located the sewing machines, and the pianos, and the glass blowers, and hundreds of miscellaneous exhibits. On one side is the Art Gallery, filled this year with a collection of pictures by our local artists. The illustrations on the next page, will be better understood by a visit to the gallery itself, and a very careful catalogue comparison.







One of the interesting things
to do, is to sit down on one of the
benches, running through the centre
of the Art Gallery, and watch the
indiscriminate throng as it
circles about you. It is a funny
study - this stream of curious faces
- a running commentary on the
community at large, for here
you see the proud aristocrat, and the humble
plebian, side by side. The sketches I
send, are altogether of the character type,
and selected to illustrate the percentage
of odd faces one can eliminate, in a
short half hour, from the procession
that comes through, to take a critical
view of the "pretty pictures,"
as they designate them.



POP CORN



I don't know that it is exactly the correct thing, to thus fix the features of people, but you will enjoy it nevertheless - especially the nasal features. The Pavilion noses are some of them very funny, and plainly indicative of the fact, that their ancestors once worshiped in the Temple.

And the faces belonging to these noses, are often as expressive,



as the noses themselves. When lighted up with joy, or expectancy, the fact is very apparent - see sketches above - and when the languishing look, and soul exhausting glance, has been repeatedly, generously, but alas! vainly bestowed, vacancy itself could not better tell the mournful tale, than does the pen and ink exhibit herewith presented. It made me unutterably sad, and sick, to see it.

But look here! I have gradually drifted from description, to drivel, and so abruptly shutting off your Pavilion panorama, I remain:

Yours &c.

F. M. S.



Illustrated by Robinson & Green



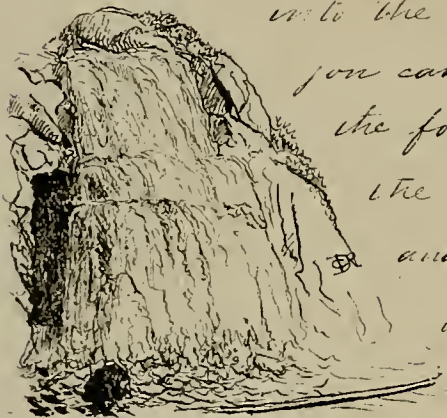
Mechanics Pavilion Aug 30 1878

My Dear M - With this I send you a view in perspective of the garden, or floral portion of the Exhibition. It is not in the main building, but is a separate structure, just at one side, like a great hot house, only the roof instead of being of glass, is made of canvas stretched across immense wooden frames. This tempers the wind which flows terribly at this season of the year, keeps out the dust that comes flying over the Pavilion in clouds, and gives a quiet, twilight effect to the interior, as peaceful, and soothing, as an autumn evening. Before this canvas covering is put on, the plants and grasses have attained a healthy growth, and blanche but little for



ment of the direct sunshine. The garden is, prettily laid out. From the Pavilion there is a kind of terrace, with steps leading down to a centre walk, which runs the entire length, and forms a cosy little promenade.

At the extreme end is a rustic tower, and in ^{the} left hand corner has been constructed an artificial rock grotto, over which a miniature cascade plunges, and bubbles, in the pool below—that is when the pumps are in working order. In front of the rustic tower, a prismatic fountain tosses up its silver spray, and over the top, a painted perspective lends distance, if not enchantment, to the supposed sylvan scene. Through the grotto, and under the miniature fall, there are passage ways into the Machinery Hall, and in a moment you can exchange the tinkling music of the fountain, for the mournful throbbing of the steam pumps, or the continuous and deafening clatter of the diamond drill, and the stamp mill.



All along the sides of the garden



evergreen trees have been placed, and they give a very charming effect. Among the prettiest of the exhibits are the two stands of ferns from Woodward's Gardens. They are artistically grouped, are in perfect foliage, and make a delightful setting to the Terrace, on the railing-

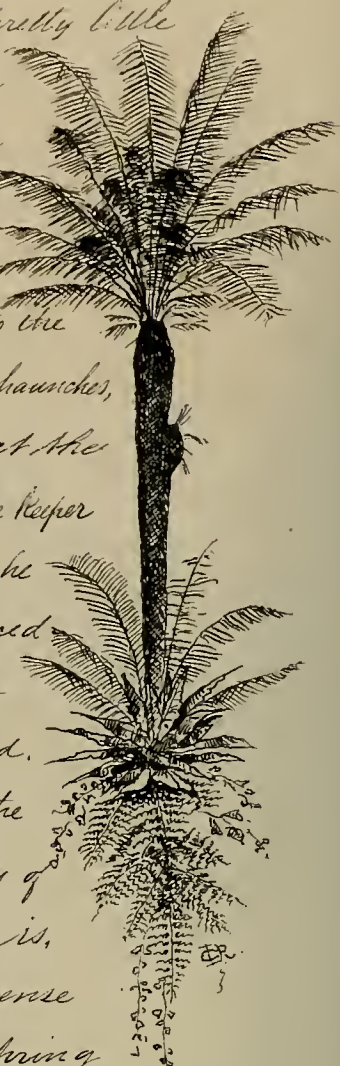


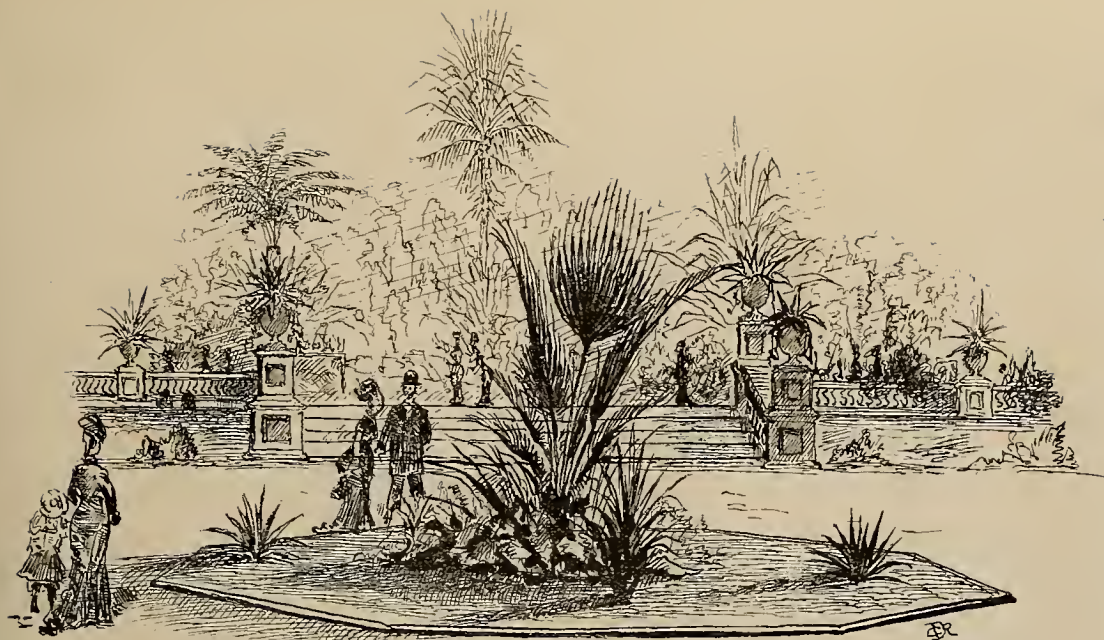
of which, other of the long-leaved tropical plants are clustered, in vases of elegant and unique design. I give a sketch of one of the many pretty little nooks, with a very

funny incident that occurred at the time it was taken of an inquisitive poodle belonging to a lady who had smuggled him into the Fair - deliberately sitting up on his haunches, like a small lion, and staring at the warning board - "Keep off the Grass." The keeper literally "fired him out" as soon as he was discovered, and his owner flounced out after him, in a most exasperating frame of mind. - the poodle never returned.

The sketch to the right, is of the Australian tree fern, common to many of our gardens, and a beautiful ornament it is. The stem runs straight up like an immense club, and from the top, as from a vase, spring the fern-like leaves, lightly tossing like a phantom plume.

At the back of the terrace, and to the right as you enter, Mr. J. Huffy - one of our local manufacturers of rustic wares has a fine exhibit, comprising every variety of garden





arbor, and hanging baskets, and knotted vases, and stands of wonderful form, and workmanship. The above sketch is a view from behind the huge fan palm - forming the centre piece of the garden - looking toward the Terrace steps. This is a favorite place for the beau and belle to linger, especially in the evening, when the line of gas jets on either side are lighted, and the immense reflectors throw a perfect glory blaze down on pretty faces, and buxom figures. There is nothing like gas light, and a ball room conservatoire, to show off handsome dress goods; and the fair ones knowing this, always congregate where the proper effects are produced. Nothing is prettier than the appearance of the garden on a Saturday evening, - unless it be the people in it. Here are sketches of some of the old habits ^(over)



Eucalyptus Thymum



Inter rose



Grasy



Carmellia



Alphacoma



Ammonium



Cahlea



Pygmaea



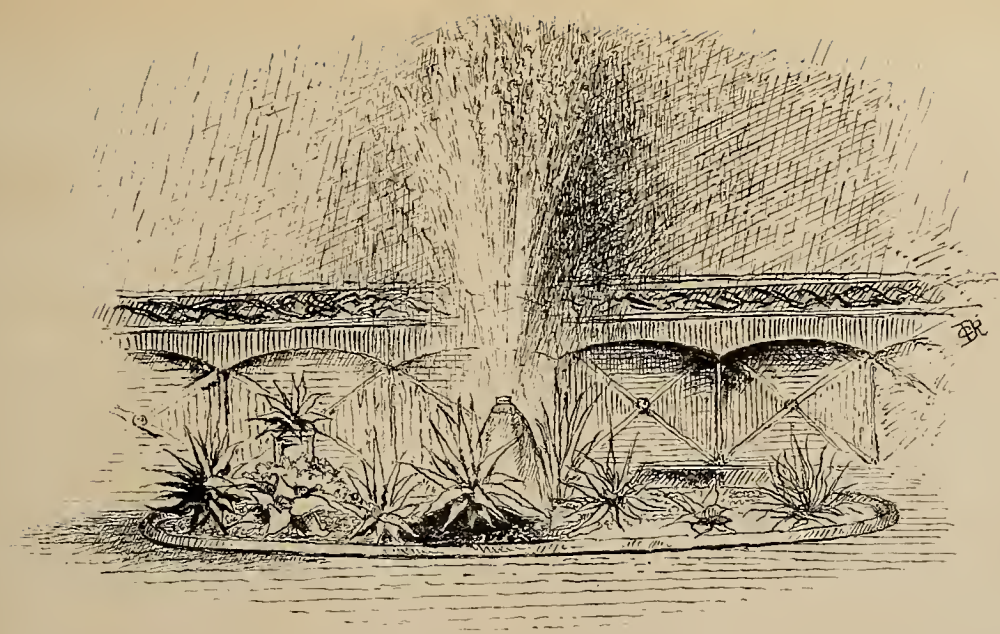
West-Mellman



Marigolds




Blossom



Like the girls the little prismatic fountain shows at its best in the evening. During the day it is quiet, and very lonesome looking, but given the gas light beneath the panes of parti-colored glass at its base, and the shimmer, and sheen of the light from above, and it tosses bushels of liquid diamonds high in the air, and gushes, and gurgles, and makes things generally interesting, for the plants that fringe the pool around, and the dissipated little fishes and reptiles, that have learned to bourn about in the water, half the night, instead of going to bed with the twilight. But with all its beauties the garden gets to be monotonous, and toward the close of the Fair, the grass begins to look sickly, and the invitation to "Keep off" of it is a miserable mockery, for nobody ever thinks of getting on, and the evergreens go into a decline, and things generally get cold, and damp, and dreary, and distressing.

There is just one thing lacking in this wilderness of



shortly green, and that is the rich, warm,
colouring of flowers - "the sweetest things"
as a celebrated lumee once said,
"that God ever made and forgot
to put a soul to."

There are a few waxy looking
legume blossoms, and a collection
or two of great, big, musty smelling,
dahlia's, stuck in the necks of
green glass bottles.

Outside of these, there is absolutely
nothing in the way of a floral display,
and this in a country of gardens, literally
loaded down with the choicest blossoms,
of tropic, and semi-tropic store.

But as some one practically remarks
"you can always see posies in big
bunches on the Oakland boat."

Good argument I hope why they
should not be a feature of the
Fair. But enough of this.

"Herb's Rosemary - that's
for remembrance" - Accept it?

Yours &c.

Illustrated by Robinson

S. —





The Pavilion Boulevard. Aug 31st

My Dear M.— This is a Saturday afternoon
— a time that I have especially chosen to describe to
you, the beauties of San Francisco's great social exhibit
at the Mechanics Fair— flirting.

It is by no manner of means a "mechanic
art," yet it has its little inventions, and improvements,
to display with each recurring season, and with open
handed liberality, give to a waiting world, without even
the handicap of a patent right.

Everybody appears to enjoy this exhibit am-
azingly. It is really a study— the most fascinating,
and absorbing one, I ever made. There is not much
of a crush at the doors just now, but there will be in
less than an hour, and in the early evening, a variegated

lital wave of beauty, will sweep through the corridors, sweeping many a susceptible, and unsuspecting soul. At present there is not much damage being done, - except by the omnipresent sewing machine girls, who are always adept enough in the art, to entertain the few masculines in the hall at this hour

- but there are indications of a desperate, and very animated engagement, bye and bye - plenty of them.

Singly, in pairs, in squads of three and four, the fair ones come sailing through the entrance vestibule, dressed in their best, and decked it with the most artistic touches of the toilet. There is no particular attraction at the Theatre; no matinee furore; the trade winds are whistling the bust on the down town sidewalks.

So they come here to see, and be seen.

Most of them are un-escorted, but the rest is a couple, piloted by an artist in the art of promenadeing. That graceful grip of the arm, I am sorry to state, is altogether too common. It suggests that of a policeman, running his victims in. To reverse the situation don't help the matter either.





Now the corridors begin to fill, and little groups fringe the railing, to watch those who enter below. They are coming in a pretty steady stream, and from every portion of the City — a panorama of pretty faces, and gorgeous hats, and bonnets, and tastefully trimmed dresses, and smiles of all possible dimensions. It is a fine time and opportunity to study styles — not only of dress, but of budding beauty. Here a brunette, rich, and rare in color, with eyes deeper than a mountain pool; there a blonde of the purest golden type. These are the magnificent extremes.



As glorious means, we have the seen, and seen, of each — the above being sketches of a few in my immediate neighborhood. No two faces alike in the Pavilion. Some fair, and fat; others lean, classically cut, and severe. Not all of them pretty, but full of character. As evidence of this, see ^{the} next page.



Ellis St.



Goyle St.



Miller St.



Stearns



Taylor St.



Jefferson



Folsom



California St.



Eddy



Parrell



Rich St.



West Hill Ave.



Third St.



J.D.S. 1888



Park



South Park



Park St.



Busti



Howard



Market



Tyler



Madison St.



North Beach



Minna



Sonnet St.



Western Blvd.



Webster St.



Madison St.



Valencia



Pacific Ave.



The little scene at the left, was one I witnessed not ten ^{ago} minutes, in the garden - nobody supposed to be looking - and the one to the right, is probably the beginning of a romance, of unknown proportions.



It is exceedingly interesting to watch the progress of these incipient flirtations. The eyes appear to be the skirmishers, for a closer acquaintance. A simple glance - perchance of curiosity - at the first meeting, a smile, full, and generous the second time around the Pavilion, a simper, and a snicker, at the third accidental jostle in the crowded corridor, and a flirtation is accomplished. "Stuff!" you say. Yes stuff it is; but such stuff is nearly all of us are made of. "Filly!! stupid! disgraceful!" Admitted, but you would be astonished to see the almost universal tendency to be thus complicated.

And the pastime "callow brood," I and the middle disgracefully disciples, the chosen and discreet -



is not confined to the can assure you. The old aged, are even as disreputable, as the younger. The Art Gallery is one of places for the more sedate - to flirt. The pictures are a most excellent excuse for sentimental conversations, it is quiet, and retired, very much different from the



boulevard de galerie outside, where the throng
singes the thickest, and the stairs are cluttered
with trail dresses, the air fragrant with
Upsonite cologne, and the place filled with couples
evidently enraptured with each other.

The review is now about at its full height.
The early evening hour has passed, and the
Pavilion is filled to overflowing - the
fun has commenced in good earnest.

Below in their own little gallery, the band
is crashing away, like a small thunder storm

Thousands of feet shuffle an accompaniment along the
corridor above, - the
maids - while
pre-empted hats
coat, and make
show, which drags
its never ending length along,
getting as many recruits, as it loses its worn out
stragglers, and never ceasing till the closing hour is announced



It is astonishing how precocious the youngsters
all are, and how readily they rise
to the example set by the
"children of larger growth."



The two sketches herewith
presented were taken from life in the lower
floor of the Pavilion, and near one of the
smaller fountains. Their parents, or guardians, or who
accompanied them, are in all human probability very
similarly engaged — in fact I happen to know they are.



The above sketch is a quiet afternoon scene, before the
crowd gets to be troublesome, and when the young married
women, are privileged to visit the Fair — under the protection
of their little ones — to renew for the nonce, the memories
of many happy, and interesting hours, before matrimony
and its requirements, divorced them from nonsense, and
the whispering, of soft, and sentimental nothings.



The scene above depicted, needs no particular explanation, the spirit being as apparent, and self sufficient, as the bearing of the two hoodlum girls, on the extreme right, who with their hands crammed hard down in their sack pockets, stroll along with the regulation swagger. The sketch to the left, is the "long," and the "short;" of this whole subject of love—as a broker would say. So you want a fearful ending? I give it in the shape of a bawling Cupid—so sorry that his task is done, regretful that it ere begun.

Sincerely and
Sentimentally
S.



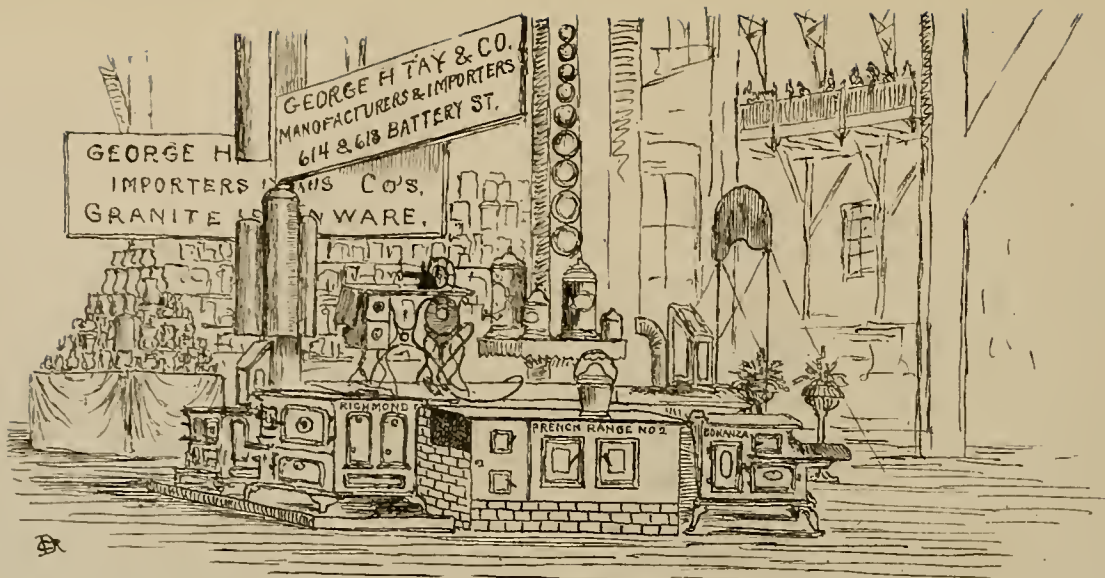
Illustrated by Strong

Anno domini



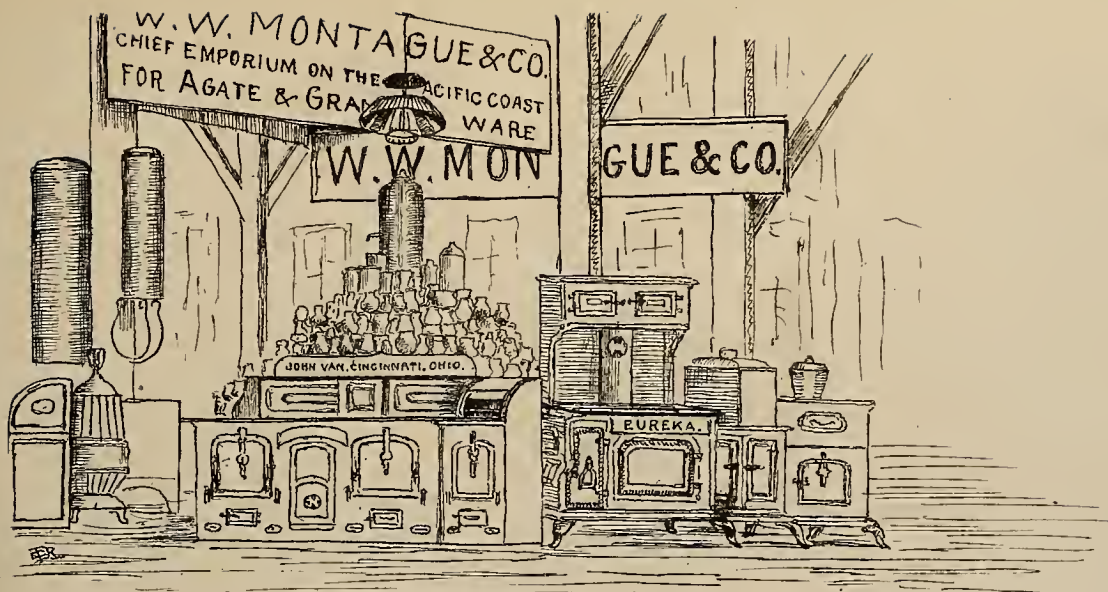
The Pavilion, Sept. 2^d

My Dear M— With regard to the different exhibits, I don't know that I can give you any lengthy or satisfactory description. The machinery department— usually one of the most interesting features of the Fair— is very commonplace this year. Of course there is a big, and a little engine, and steam pumps, and brass fittings innumerable, but the novelties are very few, and far between, the only new thing, being a steam mangle, or ironing machine, procured through the patent agency of John L. Boone, 320 Sansome St. The best displays in the Pavilion, are made by some of our wholesale, and retail, dealers in household goods.



The above sketch gives an idea of the display made by Geo. H. Tay & Co., one of the attractions being a sewing machine run by a neat little water power, which can be attached to an ordinary house faucet. & Landsberger & Co. also have a fine exhibit of their excellent Champagnes, and IXL. bottles, and the Pacific Pottery shows handsome terra cotta, and vitrified stone work.





W.W. Montague & Co. the well known stoves, and agate ware dealers, -110 to 114 Battery St. make a fine showing, with the celebrated Van, Eureka, and Magic ranges as specialties, and all manner of kitchen utensils, artistically arranged.

In the central floor P. Rieger & Co. 511 Front St. have a handsomely arranged exhibit of

flavoring extracts, and preserves,

and under the band gallery,

the sweet cider stand

Sweetser & Delong, is a

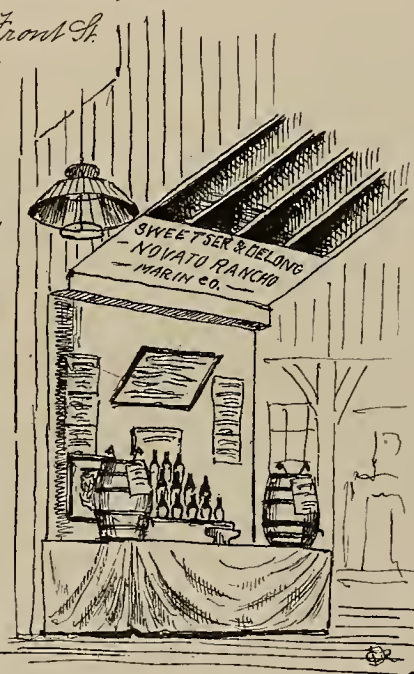
attraction to the lovers of

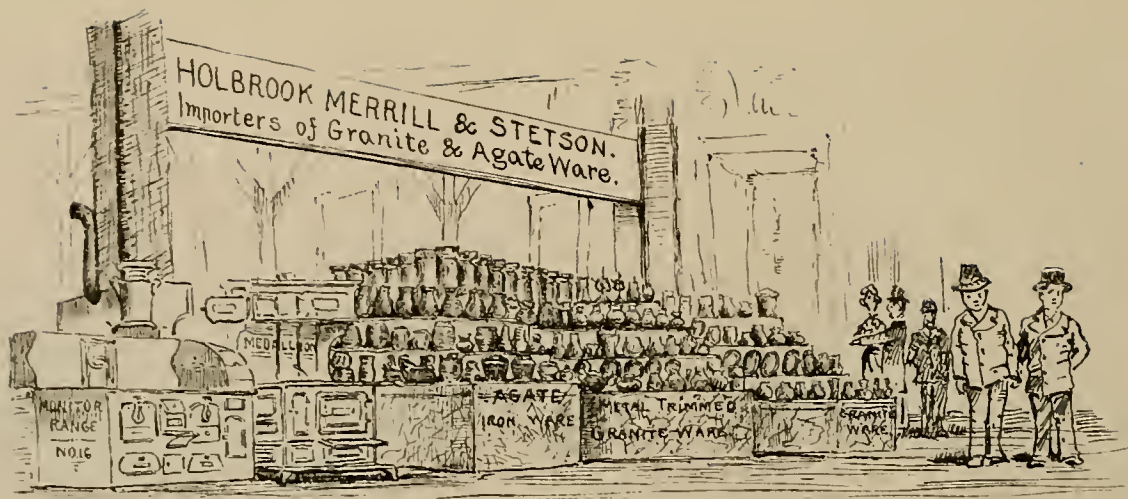
that beverage, because the

cider is given away in

delightful samples to prove

it a pure article and a harmless but agreeable tiffle.

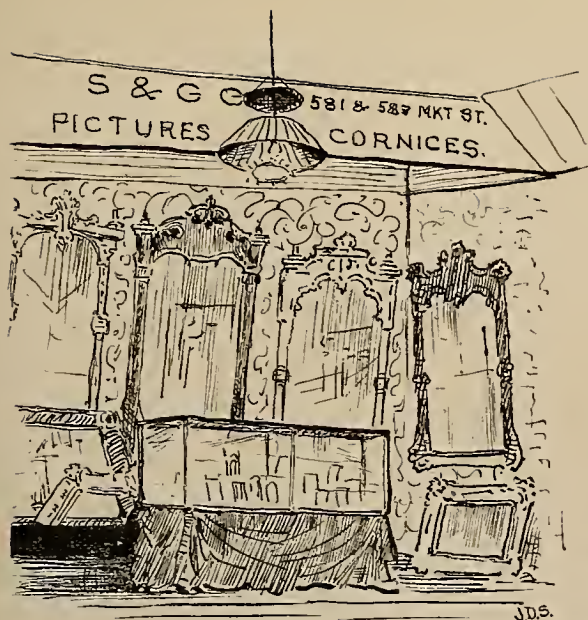




The display of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson - 11 & 13 California St and 17 & 19 Davis - is one of the handsome stove exhibits - agate ware being a specialty, together with the famous Medallion range of which they tell me over 5,000 have already been sold on this coast. I give special prominence to these stoves, and culinary exhibits, because they are really worthy of it.

The sketch to your right, is of the exhibit of ~~Wain~~ Main & Winchester, harness manufacturers - 214 & 216 - Battery St. - It is close to one of the entrances to the Art gallery, and is so picturesque, and pretty, that every season it attracts universal attention, and admiration. It is a picture in itself.





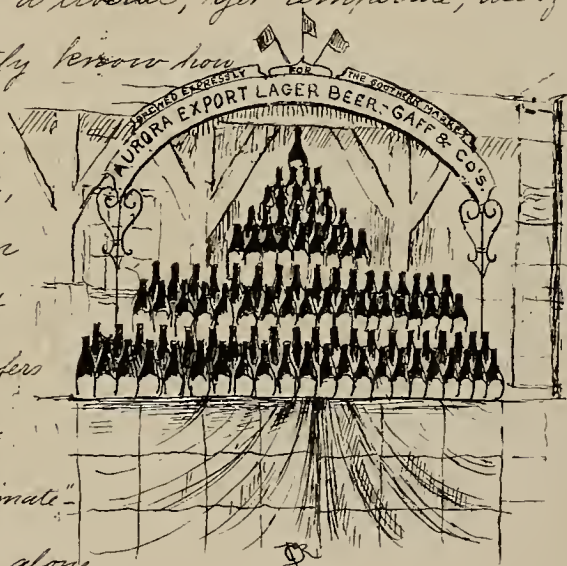
On the right hand side of the Northern corridor, just above the machinery department S & G Gump of 581 & 583 Market St. make a very tasty display and arrangement of handsome Mirrors, Picture, and Portrait frames, rosewood, and walnut mouldings, and everything that goes to beauty and adorn the drawing room,

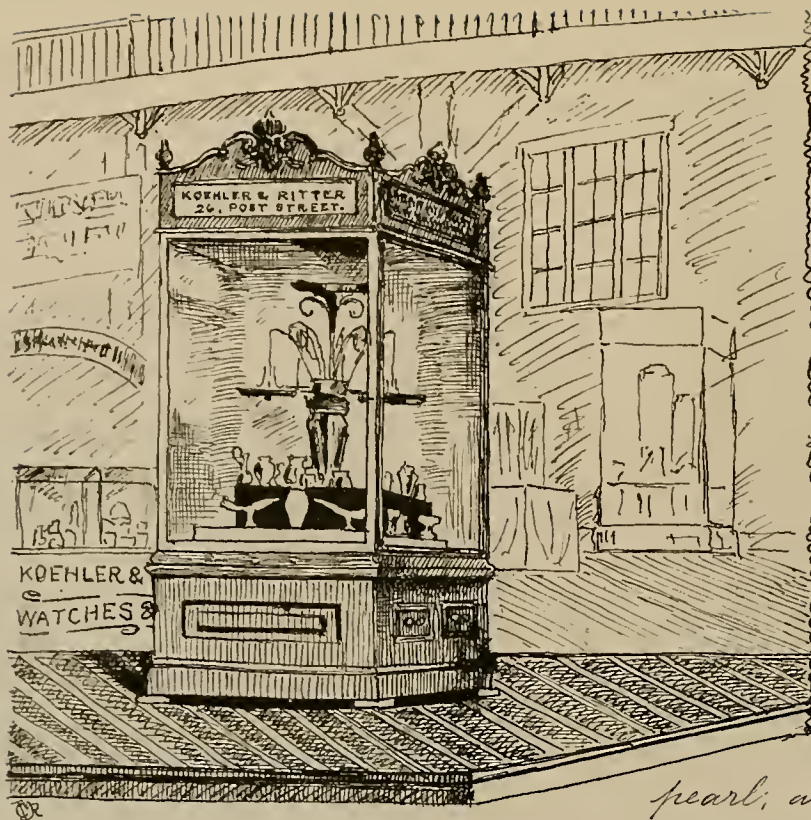
and make the boudoir handsome.

The "Aurora Beer" exhibit, a sketch of which is given below, is something very much admired, by certain individuals with portly bellies - not with good capon lined as in Bill Shakespeare's day - but brought to a jolly, and rotund degree of perfection, by a liberal, yet temperate, use of pure barley brew. I don't exactly know how many of our honest burghers

have had an itching of the throat, and a keen sense of thirst, when passing these beer exhibits; but I do know, that the beverage suffers outside of the Pavilion. The Aurora

Beer is "warranted to keep in any climate" - that is if you let the handle of the glass alone.





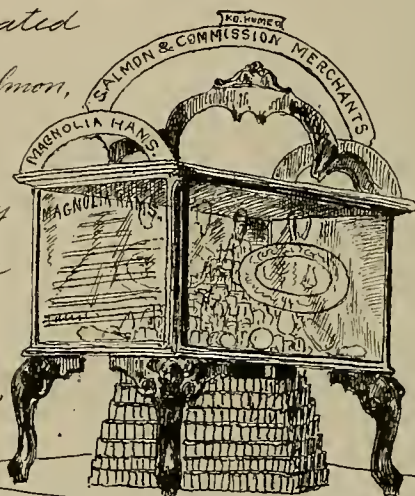
One of the handsome exhibits on the main floor, near the centre fountain, are the elegant cases of silver ware, from the Manufacturing establishment of Koehler & Ritter 26 Post St.

This firm makes a specialty of clocks, and bronzes, and also of diamond, cameo,

pearl, and quartz jewelry, which they make to order from original, and unique designs.

The sketch to the right is of the exhibit of R. D. Hume & Co. 221 Front St. agents for the celebrated "Magnolia Hams", and canned Salmon.

This same exhibit was made at the Centennial, and is very neatly arranged in an elaborate case. The Magnolia Hams, have a national reputation, and the canned Salmon, as a table article, is even more thoroughly appreciated in the East, than here where the rich fleshed fish, is a native of the waters.





The "Vienna Bent Wood Furniture" exhibit in one of the corridors, has attracted considerable attention from house-keepers. Chairs, and tables, that will neither strain, nor break, are a great desideratum - that is

when they are handsome, as well as strong. This exhibit is made by Ackerman Brothers - 123 Kearny & 209 Sutter Sts. The firm deal in a multitude of house furnishing articles besides, and their store, and warerooms, are a source of great delight to the ladies, who so thoroughly appreciate, you know, the new inventions, and improvements, in the domestic line. Near the head of the Stairway, to the right of the entrance, Carlson & Currier, Agents for Belden Bros. & Co. silks, have a case filled with skeins, and spools of silk, of the richest shades of coloring. It is an exhibit, the beauty of which, can by no means be conveyed by a sketch. It must be seen to be appreciated, and being appreciated, by being seen, a detailed description, becomes absolutely useless.



And now by this time, I sincerely hope, that you have
 had enough of the Mechanics Fair. I have covered the entire
 ground for you as faithfully, as circumstances would permit,
 and if the effort has been a failure, I throw the entire



responsibility, on the two artists, who instigated this
 thing. They have made all the mischief, obliging me
 to supplement it, with this most meagre, and miserable
 text - but I make no apology. Accepting any you may
 have to offer. I remain, Yours for the season. S.—

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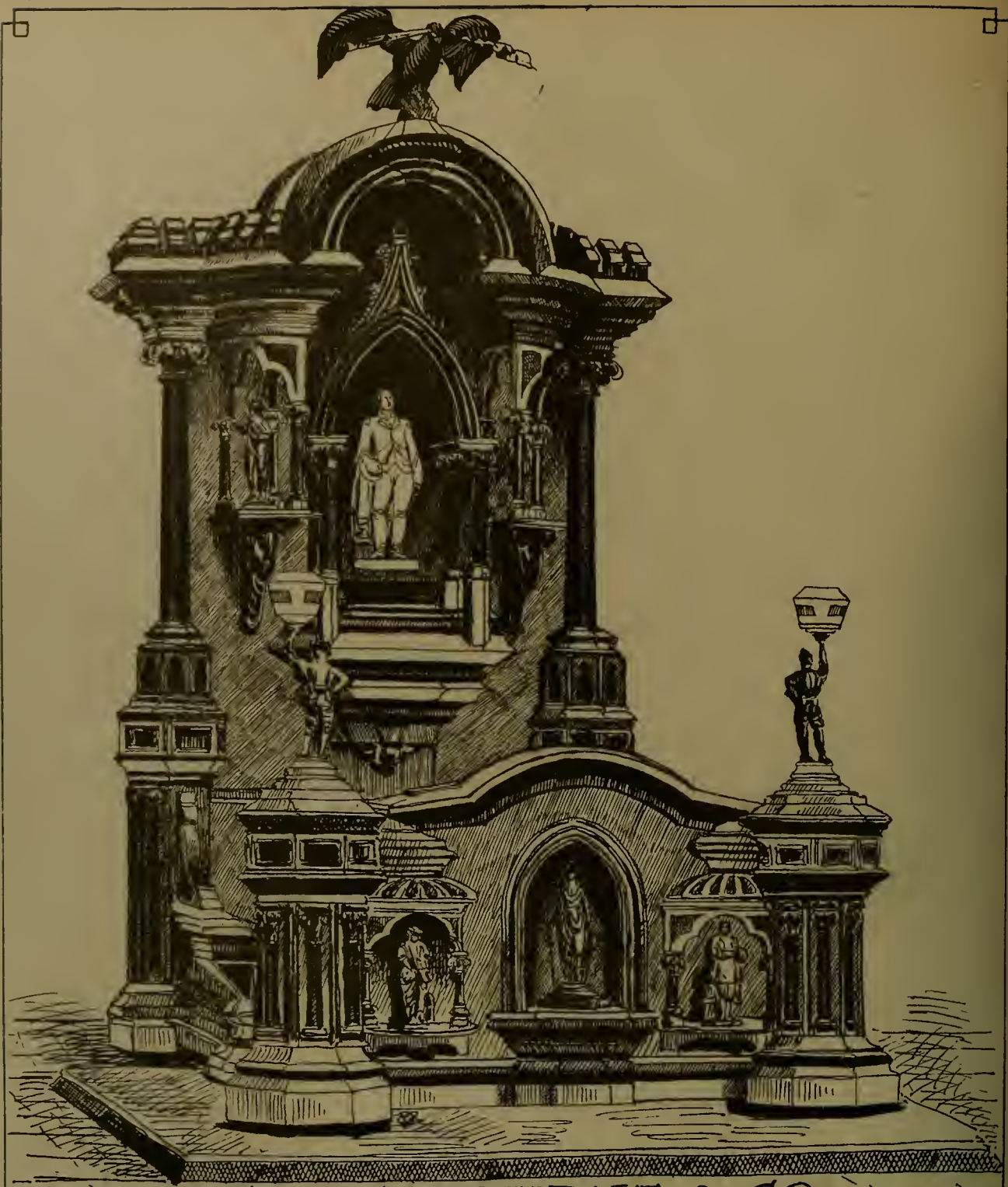
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The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE "AGGRESSIONS" OF RUSSIA.

The Impending Asiatic Conflict.

A cursory glance at the pages of European history over the eventful period embraced in the past three centuries will immediately attract the attention of the reader to the great changes and wonderful extension of the commercial and diplomatic transactions of the civilized nations. To mention and describe them fully would require volumes. Suffice it to say here, that the discovery, colonization, and conquest of America; the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope; the formation of the East India Company, which has led to the incorporation of India in the English Empire; the Turkish and Tartar invasions of Europe, and the subsequent wars which have forced the Asiatic hordes back whence they came; the immense expanse of Russian territory in Asia; the settlement of Australia; the opening of the Chinese and Japanese sea-ports to commerce; the extensive explorations in Africa by Europeans, to be followed by colonization; the construction of the Suez Canal; the proposed building of the railroads through the Euphrates Valley and across Central Asia—all these, and numerous other startling historical facts, make it plain to the dullest mind that this is, eminently the age of activity and liberal views. Unknown countries opened to civilization; barbarous nations put under control; immense deserts made fertile and habitable. These marvelous accomplishments of European energy and enterprise are sufficient to mark this as a most glorious century in the history of man.

There never has been a nation that has been more slandered and unjustly suspected than the Russian. To mention the epithets that have been applied to it would almost exhaust the vocabulary of satire and spite. We shall see presently that Russia, far from meriting such malignant opinions, has claims to the good and sensible judgment of mankind. The civilized world owes her a debt of gratitude which it can not afford to pay with insult and jealousy. We have been told that the European nations fear her, and that they should have interfered to save Turkey from her grasp. What ground is there for such a statement? There is nothing in the course pursued by Russia which should create the slightest suspicion. During the entire period of the recent struggle, the only noticeable symptoms of discontent appeared among the Turkish bond-holders, and those extreme English Turcophilists who would plunge their country into war for the maintenance of that dead-letter, the treaty of Paris. Beyond this, no protest against Russia was uttered. In Congress assembled, the European nations have in the main solemnly confirmed the accomplished results, and Turkey has been parted to the satisfaction of all except the Turk.

No one who is at all acquainted with the policy of Russia, as illustrated by her very shrewd diplomacy, will for a moment imagine that she expected that the treaty of San Stefano would be sustained by the Berlin Congress in its entirety. In that document Russia asks for a great deal more than she really expected to receive. She acted like many tradesmen, who put their merchandise at a value greatly in excess of the regular price, supposing that the purchaser will cheapen the wares. So we need not think that any humiliation has been heaped on Russia by the modification of the San Stefano treaty and the adoption of the Berlin compromise. Russia is sufficiently indemnified as the matter stands. The Berlin treaty can not be regarded in any other light than as giving to Russia all that she could have reasonably hoped for. Whatever may be thought of that agreement, the alternative of war has been temporarily avoided. It does not establish a permanent settlement. The guarantee given by England in the Anglo-Turkish treaty for the protection of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions, is like all other guarantees given by one nation to another, not only dangerous, but frequently useless. If England expects to act faithfully up to the spirit of the compact entered into, she will be involved in enormous risks. These arrangements will all have to be reconsidered and altered before a very great lapse of time.

Many persons who do not perceive coming danger until it is at hand, have sought to make light of Count Schouvaloff's earnest appeal to the Berlin Congress to protest against the employment of Asiatic troops in European warfare, and to draft measures so as to prevent the introduction of improved arms of war among the countless hosts of Asia. England may sneer and laugh at the warning cry of danger, but the other European nations which do not command Asiatic armies have given heed, and will take decisive measures to avert the calamity so vividly portrayed by the Russian plenipotentiary. It was not Russia that was "appalled at the potency of England and her dusky allies," but France, Germany, and Austria were alarmed at the appearance of an element that has more than once attempted to overthrow and destroy European civilization; and may, if not put under control, eventually succeed in doing so. The strong impression created by Schouvaloff on the diplomatic assemblage was very significant. The great English Premier remarked that the subject was foreign to the matter before the Congress. But Prince Bismarck and M. Waddington agreed that the question was of such momentous and overwhelming importance as to demand that another congress be called for the express purpose of discussing and acting upon it. I repeat that England did not frighten Russia by her Indian regiments and battalions at Malta, but she has aroused the

fears of Europe. Many writers on the subject maintain that England should receive the support of the continental Powers, as she is the only nation that is able to checkmate Russia and prevent her domination. What an idle, ridiculous bugbear! We are to believe that the absurd fears on account of Russian supremacy will cause the great nations, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy, to fall on their knees and worship the sun of England; or, in other words, they wish us to understand that the nations of Europe will, for fear of the rising greatness of Russia, lie quietly down and submit to the yoke imposed by Britannia. The old story of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Such an idea could originate only in a mind that is unacquainted with, or misapplies the mighty truths of history, repeated time and time again. Did the nations of the world ally with the great Alexander and Caesar, or did they resist them? When Europe was threatened with French domination under Louis XIV. and the Napoleons, did they submit, or did they fight? When Spain was in the ascendant under Charles V., were the European nations friends or foes? Did Europe worship the rising star of Prussia under Frederick, or did its nations combine against him? Are we not aware that the greater the power wielded by England is, the greater also will become the fear and envy of the continental nations, and the stronger will the alliance grow, that will curb any ambitious tendency on her part to become the dominating power of the world? The nations, instead of forming an alliance to aid England on to universal dominion, will more naturally array themselves against any such scheme on the part of the mistress of the seas. *Nous verrons.*

The outcry against the supposed plan of Russian aggrandizement is raised against a purely imaginary danger. Because Russia, like any other nation, has done some evil deeds in past times, she is to be made the object of a system of suspicion and slander, of which no other nation would be the object. We shall leave this groundless complaint to the judgment of those who can base their opinion on existing facts. No matter how often it is asserted that lust of conquest and ambition have been the causes of the growth of Russian Empire, the fact can not be successfully disputed that it has conquered and acquired territory principally in self-defense. The Turks, Tartars, and other Asiatic tribes, have committed her to strife, in which she had no option but to conquer or be destroyed. Russia has been forced to either annex and govern new territory, or relinquish what she already had.

It is the destiny of all conquering nations to be exposed to the necessity of advancing in their course. They are driven onward by invincible necessity. With them exertion is existence. Their fall begins with the first pause in their advance. Let us disabuse ourselves of all prejudice and speak fairly in the matter. Have not the Russians as much right to extend their dominions in Central Asia, as the English in the Indian peninsula? Were the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to fall into the hands of Russia, would she not be as much justified in retaining possession of them as England has to hold on to Gibraltar? England and Russia are only following out their "manifest destiny," as every master nation has done and will continue to do to the end of time.

After a careful and impartial examination, one must be convinced that it is unnecessary to assume the theory of a settled scheme of conquest in order to account for the relations between the various countries of Asia. The relations, although continually disturbed, are the inevitable results of many concurring circumstances and accidents. Russian history reveals to us the fact that the chief motives of expansion have been colonization, defense against nomadic tribes, desire to reach the sea-coast to promote the commercial interests of the nation. We shall readily discover that the process has been greatly facilitated by the peculiar geographical position of the country and the autocratic form of government. Besides these reasons, the Russians, like other nations, are not entirely free from the foolish lust of territory. But this feeling is rapidly dying out. All the more thoughtful and influential Russians have already learned that extent of area does not constitute national greatness, and that it is often a burden. The idea of forwarding the commercial interests of the nation must be confessed to be a more serious motive that will continually increase in force. Russia aspires to be a great industrial and commercial nation; she believes that she will succeed in this by means of her immense natural resources and the enterprise of her people.

For a long time it has been the object of Russia to become a great naval power, and she has constantly endeavored to reach the sea-coast. To some extent she has succeeded; but neither the Polar Ocean nor the Baltic satisfy the necessary conditions. Hence it is that she has turned her eyes south to the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, and south-east to the Pacific. After gaining the shores of the Black Sea with great difficulty, she finds her design only partially realized; for the only outlet from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean lies through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, which the Turks can open or close at will. Russia can not be at ease while the key of so large a portion of her empire is in the possession of the Turk. Is it, then, any matter for surprise that Russian policy should be so directed as to obtain possession of the straits, or at least to have them placed under European control?

Let us now turn our attention again to Central Asia. It is a truth confirmed every day that predatory tribes can be kept

orderly when they know that they may be attacked on their own territory, and that there is no sanctuary to which marauders and criminals can flee. Therefore Russia and England must advance their Asiatic frontiers, until they reach a country whose government will keep order within its boundaries and prevent its subjects from depredating. It is then certain that they will eventually meet. The approach of these two great powers to each other in Central Asia need not awaken any groundless fears of complications. There will be no more danger of an Anglo-Russian conflict than there is at present. The wars that have taken place between Germany and Russia have not been as numerous nor as dangerous as those between France and Austria, although in the former case the frontiers are merely artificial, and in the latter a broad intervening territory separates the combatants. The old theory, that the great nations can be made to keep the peace by interposing small, independent states between them, has long since been exploded. Have Roumania and Servia ever prevented Russia from attacking Turkey? Nor will the new states of Bulgaria and Rumelia serve any more effectively as barriers.

Regarding the relations existing between Russia and China, the reader will readily understand them from what has already been written. Russia now possesses more territory near the Chinese frontier than she can possibly utilize for many years to come. She thus has no inducement to annex new land in this region, provided the Chinese behave themselves, and do not molest their European neighbor. But if China allows her subjects to commit depredations and perpetrate crimes, Russia will probably find conquest and annexation less expensive and troublesome than the maintenance of a strong military force along the frontier.

Central Asia has been to Russia financially a losing investment. Neither by its agricultural nor mineral wealth, nor by its commerce, nor by the revenue derived from it, has it repaid its cost. Nevertheless, it is impossible for Russia to withdraw from her position there. The consideration of her prestige would alone be sufficient to keep her there even at a still greater loss. Furthermore, we have previously seen that she will be compelled to continue her advance. How long this financial drain is to last, and how Russia is ever to be repaid, is very difficult to say. Railroads may bind the country more strongly to Russia by the ease of communication, and by affording increased facilities for the transportation of troops; but they can hardly develop a region which, as long as it is inhabited by the races now living there, does not seem to be susceptible of a much higher development. Experiments have been tried repeatedly with Russian and other European colonists, but no appreciable improvement was apparent. One final resort which is very promising of success remains yet for trial. Under the Chinese several provinces in Central Asia, which are now nearly worthless, were productive, prosperous, and thickly populated. Perhaps the patient and economical industry of the Chinese would greatly enhance the prosperity and productiveness of Turkistan, Bokhara, Khokand, etc. At all events, this experiment should be attempted. Let England, Russia, the other European nations, and last, but by no means least, America, take this matter in hand and give it their most careful consideration. Perhaps by this means the tide of Mongolian immigration that threatens to overwhelm us may be turned in the direction of the Asiatic provinces before mentioned. This may be the correct solution of the great Chinese problem. "The Chinese must go" to Central Asia.

The marvelous progress of Russia and England in Asia are as little regarded as if nothing were involved in such radical changes; as if Europe was not threatened by the tremendous power wielded by the English in the shape of Asiatic warriors on the one hand, or as if it could not be endangered by the wondrous growth of the already colossal Russian Empire on the other. The events we have narrated are so extraordinary that the most extravagant speculator holds his breath in contemplating the possible results. Changes which would have formerly convulsed the civilized world from end to end, are now considered as matters of course. The Russian and English expeditions to Central Asia are some of the most memorable events of history. For the first time the armies of civilized Europe have pushed forward into the heart of Asia, and carried their victorious standards into the strongholds of Mohammedanism—the cradle of the Mogul Empire. Neither the almost insurmountable obstacles of nature, nor the formidable resistance of fierce and barbarous races, could stay their advance. The European race has asserted its superiority over the Asiatic. Such incredible and unprecedented events can not fail to awaken every thoughtful mind. They speak volumes as to the mighty step in progress taken by the human race in the past five centuries. They indicate the vast power of modern civilization which has reversed the heretofore order of nature, and caused the tide of conquest which rolled from Asia and almost destroyed Europe to turn back on itself and be overwhelmed by the still stronger tide of European civilization. Asiatic despotism and fanaticism have seen their doom sealed. In their stead will be substituted enlightened governments that will serve as aids, rather than as drawbacks, to the intellectual advancement of the age.

ISAAC FRED.

At the instance of the Mayor our citizens have tendered Postmaster-General Key a reception, on Monday evening, at the Palace Hotel.

HANDSOME JACK.

The Mystery of the Little 'Un and the Big 'Un.

All was commotion this evening in Sandy Flat; the excitement was greatest, though, in the Nugget, the general rendezvous of the miners. In fact, the conversation became so interesting that some of the most reliable and regular players pushed their chairs back near to the stove, and, assuming a comfortable position, determined to discuss the subject thoroughly and have it settled at once. There was a silence of a few moments after a while, each face wearing a thoughtful expression, as though each man was at his very wits' ends what next to say, when a solemn voice from behind the bar was heard, in hopeless tones, to say: "Well, boys, it beats me."

This remark produced a noticeable confusion among the miners, for it was Sam Noyes who spoke, whose remarks carried immense weight; for, besides being the most important man in town, in virtue of the functions devolving upon him as bar-tender, he was the acknowledged philosopher of the Flat, and for him to be "beaten" left scarcely a single ray of hope for any one else. Although they had been discussing the subject for two hours, still they were loth to forsake it, even after Sam Noyes had consigned its solution to utter hopelessness.

The silence was next broken by Jim Marshall, whose face was barely discernible behind the dense cloud of smoke that floated before him, and which spoke "volumes" in proof of the profound thought in which he had been absorbed.

"Boys," said he, "they're a mighty fine lookin' pair, anyhow, 'specially the little 'un."

This remark had been made no less than a dozen times by Jim since the arrival of the two ladies by the evening stage, and every time he reiterated it he added more stress to "specially the little 'un."

"The big 'un isn't to be sneezed at, neither," added Bill Turner.

Bill Turner's name fitted him exactly, for he was ready at all times to "go into" every new thing heard of or that happened to come his way. First in starting off to any new diggings that were heard of, and first to return with a big disgust; first to get into a row, and first to beat a disgraceful retreat. So to-night he was, as ever, ready to take part in the discussion; and, in fact, he took a most lively interest in it, for he had cast more than a friendly eye on the "little 'un" as she alighted from the stage, and, true to his fickle nature, he was immediately a captive to her charms; for indeed she was very pretty, as in fact was the larger one. The cause of his remark in reference to this latter was that made by Jim Marshall. Bill had a wholesome dread of James; and well he might, for their natures were as unlike as the stately pine and the scrubby chaparral, which difference had often been proved to Bill's shame; so when he heard Jim Marshall express such a decided preference for the smaller of the two ladies, he, true to his name and nature, immediately transferred his affections to the larger one; still he felt a little nettled, and ventured a depreciatory remark:

"But, boys, you know she looks a little—well—" catching the eye of Jim.

"Well, now, how does she look? Out with it," said Jim.

"That's what I was agoin' to say—she's a mighty fine lookin' gal," added Bill.

But Jim knew that that was not what he had intended to say; still he remained silent, and as the night was pretty far spent and adjournment in order, the convention disbanded.

There was a little scene that night, however, not witnessed by many of the miners, which took place outside of the Nugget. The actors were two, namely: Jim Marshall and Bill Turner.

"Now, Bill, I want you to tell me what you was goin' to say about that little 'un," said Jim.

"I wasn't goin' to say anything, I swear I wasn't," gasped Bill, for by the fierce visage of the man before him he knew that he was wholly in earnest.

"Now, see here, Bill, if ever you say a word agin them unpertected gals—"

Bill did not wait to hear the rest, but "You can jest chaw me up, if I do," he put in.

With an approving nod, Jim walked away toward his cabin, and Bill toward his.

Away down among the chaparral there glimmered a faint light that sent its timid rays out through the little window, which were soon lost in the surrounding darkness of the wooded mountains. If we take a look into the cabin through the window, what do we see? Two ladies, evidently sisters, but not the least alike in appearance. One tall and stately, rather dark, with long dark hair, that hangs carelessly down her back as she sits gazing affectionately at the sweet face before her—that of the one who had been christened by the miners the "little 'un." She, the smaller one, is fair, sweet-faced and child-like; her face as smooth and soft as the velvety wing of a butterfly; and now, over the sweet, deep blue eyes the lids unconsciously fall, and her nodding head slowly drops and is caught by the hand of her sister, who lays it gently on her breast; and there, like an innocent babe, she lies sleeping, with the arms of her sister encircling her, while two dark eyes look down with a love akin to pity upon the face of the unconscious girl. But why did they come here? The question might well puzzle the brain of the most thoughtful miner. Here, in this isolated cabin, far up in the Sierras, miles away from any of their kind—why did they come here, and what do they intend to do? These questions were again passed upon the next night at the Nugget, with the same result as the night before, although Bill Turner had called at the cabin that day, "Jest to see if they wanted anything, bein' strangers." His exclamations were loud in praise of the new-comers, but his curiosity was as great as before, his call not having elicited anything whatever that would give a clue to their mysterious presence in this rough mining camp.

The next evening Jim Marshall had disappeared from the Nugget, and reappeared to but very few in his best clothes, scaling the rocks around the edge of the camp, trying to avoid the gaze of his companions; for well he knew that if he was seen making his way toward the little cabin down in the chaparral his peace of mind would suffer utter ruin. So, unobserved as he thought, he reached the door of the cabin, and, in answer to his knock, the door was opened by the

"little 'un," who invited him in and spoke in the kindest and, as he thought, sweetest manner he had ever heard; and she offered her sister's excuses for not being present, she pleading illness. During the conversation which followed he plied questions (being originally a Yankee, of course he couldn't help it, but in no way did he make himself offensive; but, adroit as were his questions, he elicited little more information than Bill Turner had. He was ashamed to let the fair creature before him know that he had not yet learned her name—the fact being that no one in camp had—so he cautiously ventured:

"Hem, mum, how do you spell your name?"

A slight twinkle was visible around her eyes as she slowly spelled "S-m-i-t-h."

"Thankee, mum, thankee," he said, very much confused; "rather—a—peculiar—name;" and his tanned face grew almost blue with what would have been a blush had it been of a fairer hue. Jim was sorry he had put that question, for, as he expressed it several weeks after in the Nugget, he "had held his own" till then. What added more to his confusion was just the slightest ripple of laughter from the adjoining room where the ill lady was. He soon, however, pleaded the lateness of the hour, and, after a kind invitation to "call again," departed toward his own cabin, where he divested himself of his present clothes and put on more comfortable ones, appearing in his accustomed place in the Nugget, looking as innocent as a lamb, only an hour late. That night every miner in town knew what the name of the two young ladies was, which information Jim Marshall had the honor and indiscretion to impart.

"But how did you find it out?" asked one.

"Oh, I got it from the stage driver this evening," he replied, and resumed his pipe.

"Why, I asked him last evening, and he said he didn't know nothin' about 'em," was the bombshell that Bill Turner dropped on Jim Marshall's head.

There was a short silence; then Jim added, slowly:

"Well, mebbe he forgot." But it would not do. There were a few winks passed around, and then Sam Noyes put in, significantly:

"Say, Jim, where was you goin' to-night with your store clothes on when I see you crossin' the little cañon?"

Jim arose and made quick time for the door, to escape the roar which he knew was approaching, but which caught him before he reached the door; but, through his closed teeth, as he shook his fist at poor Bill, he was heard to hoarsely whisper, "Damn you!"

For a week after this disastrous night Jim Marshall was not seen at the Nugget, and did not care to talk with any one whom he met; but one thing was noticed, that he no longer made his visits to the cabin down in the chaparral a secret; and those visits grew more frequent, as did also those of Bill Turner. Jim soon returned to the Nugget, and, after suffering a little for the sport of "the boys," settled back into his original condition of comfort.

So the weeks passed on into months; still the same impenetrable mystery hung around the occupants of the isolated little cabin. At the end of three months it was pretty well settled that Jim Marshall and the "little 'un" were engaged, and Bill Turner frankly admitted that he and the larger one were.

One evening Jim called at the cabin, and, as it was no unusual occurrence, found that Bill Turner had preceded him; and, as was always the case whenever Jim called, the adored of William pleaded illness, excused herself, and disappeared. This seemed singular to Jim as well as to Bill, but still it was never spoken of; and on such occasions the latter would don his hat and also disappear; but this evening he saw fit to remain, and, as his chief topics of conversation were narrations of wild and romantic adventures, he started in with some of the most startling and blood-curdling, of which he generally was the hero. Jim took no interest in these recitals of imaginary adventures, and only wished he could have administered his boot to this loquacious gentleman and retained the good graces of the fair one before him. So he smothered his wrath, and forced himself to listen to Bill's stories until he heard him mention the name of a person who had been suspected of the murder of the sheriff in the adjoining county; this man's name was Jack Redman, but better known as "Handsome Jack." Bill said he knew that Jack was was guilty because he saw the murder. Both of the men were a little confused when they looked at the girl in front of them. Her face was deathly pale.

"Did you say you saw him kill the sheriff?" said Miss Smith, timidly.

"Yes, 'um; saw him shoot him," replied Bill.

"Say, Bill," put in Jim, "what kind of a lookin' man was Handsome Jack?"

"Well," he answered, "he was about six feet, had a heavy beard, and was a pretty fine lookin' feller."

"Did he have his thumb and forefinger on his left hand cut off?" asked Jim.

"Yes, yes; come to think of it, he did," he replied.

Jim thirsted for blood; so, seeing his chance, he bore down upon his enemy.

"Begg'in' your pardon, mum," said he, "this feller has been lyin' all this evening. Now, you see, I know Handsome Jack—"

"Do you?" broke in Miss Smith, quickly.

"Yes, 'um—do you?"

"O, no, no," she replied, "but—I've heard of him."

"Yes, 'um, I know him," he went on, "and he was one of the best lookin' fellers I ever see."

"Yes," said she.

"Yes, 'um; he's about five foot six." Then turning to Bill, "And he ain't got his thumb and forefinger cut off."

After a pause, he continued:

"Yes, 'um, and I'll jest tell you all about it. He was 'spected of killin' the sheriff; they caught him, and he had his trial; everything looked purty blue for him; the jury went out, and when they came back the next morning—they was kept locked up all night—they brought a verdict of 'Not guilty.'"

The fair face before the speaker grew still whiter as he spoke those words which have made so many hearts leap for joy, and then she arose and looked him in the face, and with trembling lips she asked:

"And he was saved?"

"That's mor'n I can tell," said he; "cause when we was let out in the morning the bird had flew."

"When who were let out?" she said, quickly.

"Why, the jury. I was foreman of the jury that acquitted him," he replied.

"Thank God," she said; and the fair head fell back, and she would have fallen had not the strong arms of Jim Marshall caught her.

At the same time there was a sound from the adjoining room, like a sigh of relief; then the inanimate form which Jim held in his arms began to revive; and soon the lids rose from the blue eyes, a smile flitted across the sweet face, and Jim, much agitated, and forgetting the presence of any one else, kissed the white brow of the lovely girl. She soon revived sufficiently to sit, and Jim, after putting some water to her lips, excused himself, and, followed by Bill at a distance, moved away from the cabin. Strange were the thoughts that passed through the minds of the two men that night and the next day. They felt that the mystery of these two persons was daily increasing, growing deeper and more insoluble. How do they live? Why do they live here? Where did they come from? And many other questions, equally mystifying, arrayed themselves defiantly before their minds.

The next evening, at the Nugget, the incidents of the previous evening were fully detailed, for, sure enough, Bill Turner had told the whole thing, including the kiss, and it was with much trepidation and misgiving that Jim Marshall ventured to face the frequenters of this rendezvous; but when he entered, the excitement in the immediate vicinity of Bill Turner was so great that he slipped into his place almost unnoticed.

In a few moments, Sam Noyes came running out of the back room, into which he had just stepped, and cried:

"Where's Jim Marshall?"

Seeing him at the same instant, he beckoned him into the room which he had just left, and the men waited breathlessly for his return; and, in fact, some of the more curious followed him, and then they saw a sight that made the blood of at least one of their number boil.

But what was it? Through the window of the cabin down in the chaparral they saw the sweet little Miss Smith, with her head lying affectionately upon the breast of a man, his arms encircling her waist, while he imprinted kisses upon her upturned lips. It was too much for Jim; he rushed out through the saloon, and down toward the cabin, with pistol in hand.

"Foller him, boys, foller him," cried Sam Noyes, fearful lest the infuriated man should commit a rash deed.

The saloon poured forth its occupants, Bill Turner heading the crowd, and who reached the cabin at almost the same instant that Jim did, and in a moment the cabin was full of breathless, panting men. Standing at one end was a fine-looking young man, supporting the trembling form of the frightened girl. In his hand he held a pistol, ready to shoot the first man who made a move. No one seemed to know the stranger. His eyes were fixed on Jim Marshall, who in return glared at the intruder like a panther, and was the first to speak.

"Handsome Jack!" said he.

"Jim Marshall!" was the reply.

"Who is she?" gasped Jim, pointing.

"My wife!" came in a firm, manly voice.

The next morning there were two deserted claims over in the cañon; the cabins that the day previous had covered the heads of Jim Marshall and Bill Turner were now untenanted, and at night, when Sam Noyes looked out of his back-window toward the little cabin down in the chaparral, all was darkness.

L. H. CUMMINS.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Le style des vrais amants est limpide. C'est une eau pure qui laisse voir le fond du cœur entre deux rives ornées des riens de la vie, émaillées de ces fleurs de l'âme nées chaque jour et dont le charme est enivrant, mais pour deux êtres seulement. Aussi, dès qu'une lettre d'amour peut faire plaisir à un tiers qui la lit, est-elle à coup sûr sortie de la tête et non du cœur.—*Balzac.*

Tous nos goûts sont des réminiscences.—*Lamarline.*

L'homme doit se mettre au-dessus des préjugés, et la femme s'y soumettre.—*Mme. Necker.*

L'oubli est la fleur qui croît le mieux sur les tombeaux.—*G. Sand.*

La vie ne semble souvent qu'un long naufrage dont les débris sont l'amitié, la gloire et l'amour. Les rives du temps qui s'est écoulé pendant que nous avons vécu en sont couvertes.—*Mme. de Staël.*

Dans la jeunesse, nous vivons pour aimer; dans un âge plus avancé, nous aimons pour vivre.—*Saint-Evremond.*

De toutes les ruines du monde, la ruine de l'homme est assurément la plus triste à contempler.—*Th. Gautier.*

En amour, les vieux fous sont plus fous que les jeunes.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

M. de Richelieu envoyant une invitation à souper à Mme. de la Popelinière, Voltaire, qui était présent y ajouta ce quatrain:

Un dindon tout à l'ail, un seigneur tout à l'amour,
A souper vous sont destinés;
On doit quand Richelieu paraît dans une chambre
Bien défendre son cœur et bien boucher son nez.

Les femmes aiment la ténacité. Quand on les étouffe on les intéresse, et quand on les intéresse on est bien près de leur plaire.—*Ch. Nodier.*

Tous les hommes sont fous, il faut pour n'en point voir
S'enfermer dans sa chambre et briser son miroir.
—*Marquis de Sade.*

La coquetterie est le premier pas de la galanterie.

L'hypocrisie est une trahison permanente.

La calomnie est un assassinat moral.

Il n'y a rien de moins innocent que les jeux innocents.

La vie est une fleur, l'amour en est le miel.—*V. Hugo.*

Le sage ne se repent pas, il se corrige. Le peuple ne se corrige pas, il se repent. Les femmes se jettent dans la pénitence sans se corriger, et même sans se repentir. La pénitence est le dernier plaisir des femmes.—*Lemontey.*

LOVE AND LOVING.

With Testimony of the Poets Thereof.

"Somebody's courting somebody
Somewhere or other to-night;
Somebody's whispering to somebody,
Somebody's listening to somebody,
Under the clear moonlight."

Ah, yes! Somebody's courting somebody—somebody, always the same indefinite somebody—and, as well might be said, everybody. Everybody loves somebody, and a good many somebodies pretend to love everybody—though they don't. Queer thing is love, as we can all attest. Adam knew, Eve knew, and so have known their sons and daughters after them. Man may master everything but his own passion. With it he was endowed by nature; until nature deprives him of it he remains its slave. Prudes may draw in the corners of their mouths, may prate of virtue in love, or denounce its absence; but look well to them, fathom their motives, and you will find that either nature has slighted them, or their love has been allowed to die within them. A clear case of "sour grapes" can be proven against them. Despite their pratings, nature will govern; love, coming whence and why for no one knowing, will still sway the world, and defy comprehension. Nothing more than its duties and minor emotions can be experienced (not solved) by man. Shakspeare found that to love

"—is to be all made of sighs and tears,
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy;
All made of passion, and all made of wishes:
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obedience."

Thus, to love in accordance with an ethical view, one must be an epitome of heavenly virtues, a condition that, lamentable though it may seem, as yet very few may boast of. Nor is it at all likely that any very strenuous efforts will be made to acquire it. One writer says that "love gives wits to the fool and manners to the clown," but an intelligent observer would opine that love makes fools and clowns of the wise and mannerly. Colton's definition is the most pertinent. He says it is an alliance of friendship and lust. "If the former predominate, it is a passion exalted and refined"—and he might have added, but it doesn't predominate. Dryden believes in loving. He says:

"Ah, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love are sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are."

Spenser, too, admitted the all-absorbing pleasures of love. Life to him was nothing if bereft of love.

"Ah! I shouldst thou live but once love's sweets to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live unless thou live to love."

All writers concur in that youthful ardor is conducive of the most passionate love, and concede that it is the shortest lived. The old song "Love me Little, Love me Long," first published in 1569, commences:

"Love me little, love me long!
Is the burden of my song;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold—
Nor too backward nor too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste."

Sir Philip Sidney, who charmed alike the maids and matrons of his native land by his clever verses and his magnetic love-making, who inspired them with love more by apparently mesmeric contact than by passionately professed vows, believed in "The Silence of Love."

"Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say their love."

In Sidney's days, and especially to a man possessing his accredited attractions, this may have proven the most successful way of making and proving love; in this age of spoiled tastes and unmistakable "gush," however, it would prove an unpopular innovation. To be an acknowledged successful lover nowadays necessitates the possession, in addition to wealth and good looks, of an ability to flatter and gush, and a cast-iron conscience (with which, fortunately, we are all endowed) that such ability may be used unreservedly. Occasionally genuine "love matches" may be formed, and the sentiments of either party may find expression in the words of Hartley Coleridge:

"She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
O then, I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light."

Moore leaves one bit of consolation for those who, in the first pangs of spasmodic love, are so fond to imagine it everlasting. He pitied them, perhaps, as they afterward pity themselves, and says that it at least was sincerely intended:

"Love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar
The songs repeat.
'Tis when the sigh—in youth sincere
And only then—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again."

This is probably the line alluded to by the cynical paragraphist, who said: "Love is like the measles—we can have it but only once." The same unsympathetic person acknowledged that love has its sweets, and straightway spoiled his confession by saying: "Falling in love is like falling in molasses—very sweet, but very dauby." These things, however, do not prove more than momentarily discouraging, as was evidenced by the rash promise of a sanguine and somewhat sanguinary youth, who, for love, said:

"I'll grasp the loud thunder,
With lightning I'll play,
The earth rend asunder,
And kick it away."

"The rainbow I'll straddle,
And ride to the moon;
In the ocean I'll paddle
In the bowl of a spoon."

"The rain shall fall upward,
The smoke tumble down—
I'll dye the grass purple,
And paint the sky brown."

Queerly enough, this modern would-be wonder-worker withheld his name. Where is he? Almost anything would seem capable of being done "for love's sweet sake." The mythical story of "Pygmalion and the Statue" evinces a belief in such accomplishments, at least. Pygmalion was a sculptor of Cyprus. He chiseled the image of a woman so fair and beautiful that he fell in love with it as if it had been a living creature. So violent became his passion for it that he prayed to Venus that it should be endowed with life and love. Venus heeded his prayer, transformed the model into a beautiful woman, and Pygmalion wedded her:

"She reached her hand to him, and with kind eyes
Gazed into his, but he the fingers caught,
And drew her to him, and midst ecstasies
Passing all words, eye, well nigh passing thought,
Felt that sweet breath that he so long had sought;
Felt the warm life within her heaving breast,
As in his arms his living love he pressed."

Coventry Patmore, who penned so many bright stanzas of love and loving, whose verses betray the recollections of one deep in experience (else how account for his accuracy in them?), writes thus:

"I grew assured before I asked
That she'd be mine without reserve,
And in her unclaimed graces basked
At leisure, till the time should serve.
Twice rose, twice died, my trembling word.
Her dress that touched me where I stood,
The warmth of her confided arm,
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood,
Her pleasure in her power to charm;
Her look, her love, her form her touch!
The least seemed most by blissful turn—
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And, O sweet meeting of desires!
She, answering, owned that she loved too."

All of us, did we have the power of expression, could truthfully write in the same strain. Life and love, and oft-repeated "sweet meetings of desires," would seem almost the chief end of man. He at least devotes a liberal part of the former to the qualification of the latter two principles. Of course, there is a bitter cynic who would decry love and all its devotees. He sings in his cracked voice:

"Love is the gold who outward hew doth pass,
Whose first beginnings goodly promises doth make
Of pleasures fair, and fresh as summer's grass,
Which neither sun, nor parch, nor wind can shake;
But when the mould should in the fire be tried,
The gold is gone, the dross doth still abide."

Rosalind found the wanton Love a bitter sweet; yet while she would chide she would conciliate him. She was little different from present-day Rosalinds, or other womanly treasures. She muses:

"Love, in my bosom like a bee,
Doth suck my sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah! wanton! wanton!"

Rosalind was deserving of some punishment, if not for herself, for her fickle sex. Even as far back as the time of Meleager, the Greek poet, cause was abundant to thus speak of women; and of one in particular he wrote:

"In holy night we made the vow;
And the same lamp which long before
Had seen our earthly passion grow,
Was witness to the faith we swore.
Did I not swear to love her ever?
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not own a rival never?
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?
Yet now she says these words were air;
These vows were written all in water;
And by the lamp that saw her swear,
Has yielded to the first who sought her."

—Merivale's Translation.

Sir Robert Ayton, too, came in for his share of experience regarding woman's inconstancy. But his ideas were more practical than his Grecian predecessor; and, instead of putting himself into a fever about it, or seeking solace in self-destruction according to the enlightened ideas of modern minds, he viewed it rather philosophically:

"I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fast their love away."

This unpleasant sort of treatment usually comes from women who pass the early parts of their lives in "society." They acquire by contact the same *blasé* manners of their initiated companions—the same follies, vanity, and desire of conquest; and, when they ripen into lovely womanhood—the time when true love and lovers should most strongly appeal to their sympathies—they find their inborn sympathies stifled. There are some women so cold and passionless it would seem as if they had been sent into this world "custom made;" so devoid of sense or sentiment that to call them women is like perpetrating a huge joke upon an unsuspecting community. We all admire "rose-buds" of women—those just merging into the fullness of life, passing from maidenhood to womanhood. How much we find in them, how sincerely we can love them, when they are like—

"The morning pearls
Drop in the lily's spotless bosom,
Less chastely cold
Ere the meridian sun
Hath kissed them into heat."

And how different they are, how great a contrast they form,

how much of our love we manage to waste upon them, when they pass that stage of chastity, grow old with the world, and no longer reap their beauties from nature but from art. We may say of them, then, as was once said of Madame de Sevigne, and yet with no intent to slight:

"You charm when you talk, walk, or move,
Still more on this day than another.
When blunder—you're taken for Love;
When the bandage is off—for his mother."

As a fitting termination for an article of love, Byron's definitions of the characteristics of man's and woman's love, taken from "Don Juan," is adjudged worthy of quotation:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, or the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory; offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange:
Men have all these resources, we but one—
To love again, and be again undone."

So far have been presented the varied observations of the most prominent commentators on love and lovers. So far have been followed love's chief features, its foibles, its pleasures, its sorrows. In the story that can here be traced can be found a history of love from the time its emotions first showed themselves by Divine intention, preconceived idea, ultimate force into the nature, the heart, and breast of man and woman; into their every thought and action; handed by them to their successors in the land of life and love, and followed by them in the same path of action, with all the same characteristics, with diligence, even to the present day. Love and passion will be for always—so long, at least, as there be man and woman. And when they cease to be, it will be a certain evidence that this world will have seen its best days—entirely "played out." WHISTLECRAFT.

Beauty Adorned.

Lingerie is being trimmed with colored embroideries.

The imported bonnets and wraps are ornamented beautifully with garnet beads.

A heavy cord of satin is now used to finish the edge of dresses with flowing trains.

Among novelties for trimmings are plaid foulards. Plaids will be worn early this winter.

One of the new dress materials shown is called Palmyra broché, with small flowers in brocade.

The velvet pockets mounted in silver, which are so fashionable for ladies' wear, cost as high as \$125.

New buckles for belts are silver, engraved in quaint designs. Others are of pearl, and very handsome ones are of jet.

The inevitable boutonniere is no longer worn at the belt or throat by Paris ladies, but just below the shoulder on the sleeve.

Ladies now embroider their wide silk belts in the brightest colors. These belts are an ornament to black and dark silk dresses.

New frills on the dresses are pinked on both edges. This is a pretty fashion that economical ladies will be glad to use again.

An odd-looking necklace, worn by a St. Louis lady at a watering-place, is composed of silver quarter-dollars, washed with gold, with raised monograms riveted in.

The ladies of Vienna dress very richly, wearing soft silks and exquisite laces at dinner parties. Jewels, too, are never lacking, and are always worn with good taste. The young ladies from fifteen to twenty have the most perfect forms imaginable. The waists are round and slender, the shoulders slope with Venus-like accuracy, but the bust is the crowning beauty. It is the form and development of a woman with the face of a young girl. Usually they wear white and fleecy folds of soft tulle adorning every corsage. The arms are always bare from the elbow, and sometimes entirely so from the shoulders. At present all the ladies wear black shoes, like those known by the name of Oxford ties.

It is the custom among the Greeks to deck out their dead, especially young married women and girls, in the gala attire of festive occasions. The Stefanos, or crown, in shape resembling more a bishop's mitre than a bridal wreath, and made up of the brightest flowers of the parterres, intermingled with gold thread, is carefully put away after the wedding ceremony, only once to be worn again, at the lying in state of its owner, and at her funeral. As the lid of the coffin is carried in the procession, and only nailed down when the coffin is about to be lowered into the grave, nothing is lost of the elaborate get-up of the funeral toilet; and if the departed spirit could see and still feel the weaknesses of the flesh, its vanity would be not a little gratified at the excitement caused by its funeral procession, as evinced by the curious, eager faces thrust out of windows and doors as it winds its way slowly along the streets. Young ladies go to their graves in ball-room costume, kid gloves, and white satin shoes complete; so important are these details of the toilets considered, that cases have been known where the gloves and shoes were bought before the sick persons had breathed their last.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, September 8, 1898.

Cauliflower Soup.
Cantaloup.
Boiled Turbot, Sauce Poilette.
Beef-steak Saute, with Mushrooms.
Broiled Tomatoes. Lima Beans.
Roast Lamb, with Currant-Jelly. Sweet Potatoes.
Olive Salad.

Strawberries and Cream. Lady Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Apricots, Pears, Peaches, Plums, Grapes, Figs, and Gages.

TO MAKE CAULIFLOWER SOUP.—Cut in small pieces two small sized cauliflowers. Put in a stewpan two ounces of butter, and set it on a moderate fire. When hot put the cauliflower in, stir until quite brown, then add a sprig of thyme and of parsley, a bay-leaf, one onion with a clove stuck in it, salt, white pepper, and three pints of soup stock. Simmer until the whole is well cooked. Throw away the onion, clove, thyme, and bay-leaf, and mash well the cauliflower, strain, put on the fire with the broth. Give one boil, pour on cream, and serve.

TO MAKE SAUCE POULETTE.—Set a small saucepan on the fire with a piece of butter the size of an egg in it. When melted, sprinkle in it a tablespoonful of flour, stirring the while; pour gently in it a glass of warm water and a wine-glass of white wine; salt, pepper, a sprig of parsley, one of thyme, a bay-leaf, a chopped shallot, a little nutmeg, four small white onions, and two or three cauliflowers, strain, put on the fire with the broth. Give one boil, pour on cream, and strain and use.



Senator Sharon, it is said, has concluded to go to Washington and take an active part in engineering the ship of state. It is further intimated that he will live in a style befitting his wealth and social and political position. His daughter Flora, who is developing into a bright, witty, and altogether charming and graceful lady, is engaged in selecting a wardrobe that will help her to shine in Washington circles.

I was the other day with honest Will Funnell, the West-Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life; which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogheads of October, four tun of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of elder, and three glasses of champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and wets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnell, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Thus an unknown but not unwise writer in the *Spectator*: It is not my intention to write a lecture on temperance; that can safely be left to such eloquent moralists as John B. Gough and Augustus Caesar Williams. Wine-drinking is a part of the etiquette of dinner-giving and average social gatherings. If we discontinued the use of everything liable to abuse, gastronomy, and other social pleasures, and perhaps all eating and drinking, would soon be numbered among the lost arts, and our entertainments would be lenter indeed. True temperance possibly lies somewhere between Will Funnell (or Squire Chevy, let us say) and Father Mathew. The pendulum of sympathy oscillates between the host, when giving a party, who keeps one eye on the wine-cellar, and the free-and-easy young gentleman who is endeavoring to bribe the butler to give him an extra bottle of champagne. All this indirectly relates to the matter in hand. At a recent fashionable ball and party singular things passed under the eye of this *nom de plume*. Punches of all kinds had been concocted by the order of generous hospitality—of brandy, of whiskey, and of champagne—ready for the arrival of guests. These were liberally patronized from the first, and a few disciples of Bacchus, from a fanciful bibulous preference, lingered about the receptacles until dawn silvered the east, as time had already silvered their whiskers. Later, wine was freely served. Rumor fixed the quantity furnished during the evening at a sliding estimate between 2,500 and 3,000 bottles. The indulgence was coordinate with the supply. Young men came again and again, perhaps in some manner as Rogers says they went to see Geneva's picture, that they might throw it up when far away. An army officer, it is said, concealed four or five effervescent bottles under his ample waistcoat. The secreting instinct developed itself in young men. Furtive whiskey and surreptitious champagne, asked by juvenile aristocrats of willing lackeys, and drunk in corners by masculine trios and quartets, were the rule of the festive hour. Wending their way homeward the forms of some of them looked unsymmetrical, padded with fragrant cigars and awkward fitting packages of cigarettes. The significance of all this can, of course, lie nowhere else but "in the application on't." Says the author already quoted: "The person you converse with after the third bottle is not the same man who at first sat down with you." Therefore, "he who jests upon a man that is drunk injures the absent."

The method of responding to invitations seems not to be perfectly understood in San Francisco society. At a large party, given so long ago that it lingers a mere speck on the horizon of memory, there was a long list of invitations, three-fourths of which very properly brought acceptances or regrets. Many of them were couched in, curious form, and many more were curiously irregular in orthography. A gentleman and wife bluntly replied to those who had done them the honor of soliciting their company: "Mr. and Mrs. B. do not find it convenient to accept the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. C. for Monday evening." How absurdly discourteous to use here the word "convenient." One response bore in staring letters the imprint of the Timbuctoo Gold and Silver Mining Company, and under it the following epistle:

Mr. and Mrs. Goldquartz, of the Timbuctoo Gold and Silver Mining Company, present their compliments, and would be glad to accept your kind invitation for Monday evening, but we will be out of town.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN GOLDQUARTZ,

Superintendent of the Timbuctoo Gold and Silver Mining Co.

Among the responses was one, not inelegant in form, from a young army officer regarded by mammas as an eligible party, who "excepts with pleasure," etc. Another from a lady well known in San Francisco society read: "Mrs. X. excepts with pleasure your kind *inver-tusion*," etc. Of course the young officer was posted in the weightier matters of the law. He knew more of triangles, lines of circumvallation, and the technical deploying of a skirmish line than of the elements of his native tongue. As for the lady, she doubtless thought, like the highbred dames of England a century ago, that correct spelling was quite beneath a woman of fashion. These are specimens—genuine specimens, let me say—of the acceptances and regrets alluded to. Some had grosser solecisms of language and more extravagant errors of form. Some were written on half sheets of paper, some upon letter-heads, some one or two on bill-heads, and in cirography as varied and chaotic as the individuality of this coast. Now,

nothing could be easier than the writing of a reply to an invitation to a party. Use plain, elegant paper, and let the form be simple and straightforward. Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay. For instance, either of the following forms will do:

Miss G. accepts with pleasure Miss M.'s polite invitation for Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. regret that a prior engagement (or illness, etc.) will prevent their accepting Mr. and Mrs. Omega's kind invitation for Thursday evening.

Senator John P. Jones and his accomplished lady have been freely and generously entertained since their arrival in San Francisco. Invitations have literally poured in upon them. They have been entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Head, Colonel and Mrs. Fry, and at lunch by Mrs. Samuel Wilson. Mrs. Jones has been spending the week at Napa, but returned yesterday, having been invited to pass Sunday at Mr. Castle's residence at Menlo Park. Next Saturday they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Flood at their country house at Fairview. Senator Jones and his wife were guests of Senator Sharon, at Belmont, from Saturday until Monday last. The entertainment was with the usual lavish hospitality of the wealthy host. Among those present were Mr. Barron of Mexico, Mr. Bell, Mr. Neely Thompson and daughter of New York, Dr. and Mrs. Bucknall, Mr. Brittan, Mr. Alden, and a few others, principally the magnates of the neighborhood.

Milton S. Latham leaves for Europe in a few days, to rejoin his wife, who is at present in Paris. It is understood that he will remain some time abroad. He regards himself as almost entirely recovered.

Mrs. Charles Crocker, her two sons, and her daughter are at present sojourning in Paris.

Mrs. John Skac, the new Queen of the Bonanza, is in Paris having a costly wardrobe prepared for her coming coronation.

Mrs. General McDowell had a "kettledrum" on Saturday, August 31st, to which the invitations were general. She has also recently given a lunch to Mrs. General Kantz.

There has been a general desire expressed for the revival of the hops which were such a pleasant feature of social life at the hotel winter before last. It is possible that the effort at resuscitation may fail for want of matronly superintendence.

Mr. Charles Crocker gave a dinner to Judge Black week before last, at which only gentlemen were present. Among the guests were Leland Stanford, General Colton, Mr. Huntington, and other gentlemen of distinction.

An amateur entertainment will shortly be given for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers under the tasteful supervision of Mrs. Gwin. Among those who will take part will be Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Maynard, and Miss Heth. There will be an amateur concert for the same good cause. Among the vocalists will be Mrs. Low, Miss Carrie Colton, Miss Bessie Simpson and Mrs. J. W. Brown.

Mrs. Butterworth and her two daughters, Mrs. Pringle and Mrs. Louis Haggin, have gone to Carlsbad on account of the illness of Mrs. Haggin.

Mrs. Jessie Moore and her daughter, Miss Newlands, are for the present at Belmont.

It is expected that Mrs. Mark Hopkins will return from New York the first of November, by which time her new residence on Nob Hill will be ready for occupancy.

Mr. Huntington, his wife and daughter, and a handsome widow, Mrs. Worham, who is their guest, are residing at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. James White, of England, and wife and daughter, have just returned from China, and are at the Palace Hotel. Mr. White will investigate the stock market, look after his bonanza securities, slightly fallen from grace during his Oriental wanderings, and then return to England to pick up the dropped thread of his social intercourse.

There is scarcely a ripple on the surface of Oakland society. In the absence of elderly dinner-giving and formal receiving the young ladies of our "sister city" have instituted a series of informal receptions. The most recent was that given last week by Miss Hattie Green. The next will be given by the daughter of General Houghton at his new residence at the corner of Thirteenth and Jackson Streets, on Tuesday evening, September 17th. Miss Bella Roe went East last Thursday, with the intention of not returning for the present. Miss Hussey left yesterday by overland route for a visit to friends in Cleveland. Mr. and Mrs. John B. Harmon also left for the East yesterday. Mr. Harmon to attend the Odd Fellows' convention at Baltimore.

Miss Minnie Watson, a young lady well known in Oakland social circles, was married last Monday to Alonzo M. Grim, of San Francisco. The ceremony was performed in Stockton while the bride was visiting at the residence of her uncle, Dr. Shurtleff, Superintendent of the Insane Asylum, and was, if rumor be right, a surprise to the bride's parents. Mr. Grim was formerly a member of the class of '79 in the University of California.

Flibbertigibbetings.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—You ask, what's on the tapis? Any weddings, any parties, or any anything? Yes, mes-sieurs, there are quite a number of marriages to take place soon, and that's something new to be sure; so, clothed in our purple and fine linen, we will hire a cab with a horse that has many fine points about him, and go around on Nob Hill, Harrison street, and South Park calling, and cull the news from our dear five hundred friends. I understand (softly let me whisper it) that the "black" captain of the *Flying Dutchman*—I mean the *Usadnic*—is coming back to the City by the Sea to claim the hand of a tawny-haired and blue-eyed blonde in marriage. Her jolly fat father swears by all that's good and lovely that is, by his daughter, of course, that the porcupine-haired Russian shall not have his comely daughter. We will see whether the American sire is out-generated by the fierce little captain. Everybody knows that the brunette sisters were married last week—quietly, elegantly and sensibly. They both looked handsomer than ever before in their lives. White satin is becoming to brunettes; remember that, girls. Mr. and Mrs. Lonsberry will go East to spend their honeymoon. The other bride and groom will remain at home. They suit each other to a T. She is a rich brunette, of the Andalusian type, while he is as blonde as Prince Paul. He, being a lawyer,

will make a fee; she, being a woman, will—make a fuss. The next marriage on the programme will be another double wedding—the two little sisters of South Park, who laugh so joyously, and entertain so many fine-looking foreigners. The youngest one, they say, will espouse "Bill"—Bill of the fierce mous'ache and languishing eyes. According to the rumor of the day, Monsieur William has made some ducats in stocks, and can better afford to get married than he could some months ago. We wish him joy of his "cole" little wife. Every one knows who Miss J. C. is going to marry, as the engagement has been talked of in society for the last six months. Who says that the handsome Doctor Key-knee is going to be led into the matrimonial halter? Madame Rumor. But, then, Madame Rumor is like a worn out old story, not re-lie-able. I, for one, do not believe the report, and will not until I know that the gordian knot is tied. His innamorata is handsome, with her dusky eyes and blue-veined complexion, but she is too much of a "brune" to suit him. Two dark people never agree, they both want the supremacy. He is making a sad mistake, and this is the only way that I dare tell him of it. He ought to marry a blonde. The modern Don Juan, J. C. A., will also again enter the matrimonial bondage this week. The bride is a charming young lady well-known in society. It is to be hoped that there will not be a mirror in close proximity to the "handsome Spaniard," while the ceremony is being performed, else his gaze might wander from his bride and the priest. Perhaps he will see himself reflected in her eyes. Alameda is still the fashionable resort of those who would "wash and be clean." Last Saturday a goodly number of the frisky Friscans were over there frolicking in the waves. There were at least five hundred bathing at once. No? I tell you it is true, and figures won't lie—except the figure of a woman. Mr. C. F. Stetefeldt, the inventor and eminent mining engineer, will leave in a few days for Utah. He is in a state of mental depression at the thought of leaving his petite wife. The Kentucky "Aristocracy" are still at the Coffee House. They are marshaling their forces for a winter campaign in Washington. They will leave for the East in a few weeks. Mrs. Gwin gives private theatricals at her residence. It will not be as exclusive, as purely blue-blonded, as absolutely *crème de la crème*, as though there had been no money in it. I wish there were "millions in it." Millions of money, and that they would buy a cold, frost-laden, chilling storm—a frozen blast from the icy, gracious North—to sweep down and destroy the fever that is now desolating our unhappy Southland. I feel how trifling, how almost wicked it is to write of love and weddings, society and gossip, plays and pleasures, with this yellow fever fiend gathering with his guant, skeleton hand the loved ones of our Southern homes. Mrs. George Hearst and son have gone to Europe. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keyes and Mr. and Mrs. George Oulton have just returned home. The Hon. John F. Swift and wife are now in the Switzer Alps enjoying a milk-and-water cure, long walks, and a cheese diet. Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Crocker are at Baden-Baden. No gambling there now; this fashionable vice is concentrated at Monaco, the oldest dynasty and the smallest principality in Europe. The bonanza's richest prince, J. W. Mackay, having enjoyed his summer abroad, shortly returns to San Francisco, leaving Mrs. Mackay with the Roseners at Trouville, a fashionable watering place in France. Mrs. Mackay will spend the winter in Paris at her hotel, Rue Tilsit, fronting the Arc du Triomphe. Two new palaces are to be erected on Nob Hill. Messrs. Flood and Fair are to crown the summit of this aristocratic place with residences that shall excel in architectural elegance even the residences that now cluster upon this nobbist of earth's small wars. We commend to Mr. Mackay the ambitious endeavor to outvie these palaces with some splendid dream of architectural effort that shall dwarf all the other and lesser mansions; and then we shall hope that Wm. M. Lent and Johnny Skac shall make Stanford, Hopkins, Colton, Haggin, Crocker, Graves, Flood, Fair, and Mackay all feel how poor, and mean, and unpretentious are their feeble efforts at palace-building. Thus was Venice built till clusters of palaces were reflected in the blue waters of the Adriatic. FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

A most fearful epidemic is desolating our southern cities. The condition is most appalling. The yellow fiend has turned the beautiful city of Memphis into a charnal house, and all over the Southland death is reaping a dreadful harvest. Noble men and brave, generous, Christian women are acting as volunteer soldiers, offering their lives in the heroic effort to fight this most frightful enemy. Poverty, disease, death are abroad in our native land. Men, women, and children are dying by the hundreds. Benevolent institutions everywhere are straining themselves, and putting forth their best efforts to aid our southern people. In the city of San Francisco Mrs. J. K. McLean, Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. E. P. Baker, Mrs. W. E. Jams, Mrs. S. E. Henshaw, Mrs. W. C. Pond, Mrs. S. B. Blakeslee, Mrs. K. M. Fox, Mrs. T. K. Noble, Mrs. R. S. Smith and Mrs. R. E. Cole, as officers of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Congregational Churches of California, report they have sent \$1,130 to Western Turkey, \$700 to Western Mexico, \$630 to Japan, and voted \$5,000 to build a schoolhouse for Miss Rappelze, at Broosa, near Constantinople.

Congressman Frye tried in a recent speech to express in words the length, breadth, and depth of the greenback delusion. He said: "You go over to Augusta, Maine, and pick out the craziest man in that insane asylum, and you take that crazy man and wait for the darkest night that ever was, and you put that man in the worst sleep that ever could be, and you get an angel to bring him the wildest dream that ever came to the craziest man in the most troubled sleep on the darkest night of this earth, and it would not begin to compare with this insane delusion." This is the most lucid and reasonable argument in answer to the demand for national currency that we have as yet heard from any of the paid advocates of the national banks.

The demand for copies of the ARGONAUT containing the letters of Kwang Chang Ling has been so great that we have been unable to supply it. We have therefore determined to issue them in pamphlet form, and they will be on sale at our business office early.

"YELLOW COVERS."

A Sermonette by a Laywoman.

Milton wrote: "He who is born to promote the public good should read the law of God above his years and make it his whole delight." This was no doubt the poet's lofty view of the minister, the legislator, and the writer. The mission of the unacknowledged legislators of the world should be kept holy. With solemn steps and slow, they should walk abroad and be the pure exemplars of their doctrine. The crozier, the wand of office, and the pen should rest in unsullied hands. It is of the first importance to the moral dignity and the physical well-being of a State, that every man that bears a crozier or wields a pen should labor to ripen his judgment and keep his conscience sweet and tender. Since Milton wrote pens have fallen into many hands that were unworthy to hold them. Gifted men have basely misused their genius. A price has been paid to the poet for his lute; the orator has been in the open market place; the priest has stained his cloth. Still these unworthy servants have been few compared with the noble army of righteous thinkers and brave actors on the state scene, who have sped the world along "the ringing grooves of change." The hired scribe who wrought any pattern has well nigh disappeared with the Vicar of Bray. The shameless songster and the nefarious author of indecent fiction no longer hold place in the body social. They are hidden away in foul corners; they speed their work in the shade, for society will none of them. But this is not enough: it is a scandal and disgrace that they are in our midst, albeit they are treated as social lepers. Of late, these writers of scandalous fiction have, there is too much cause to fear, been on the increase, since their corrupting wave has found its way into open places, and their "yellow covers" are unhesitatingly laid on the counters of book-vendors, who consider themselves reputable traders. These books may be seen also in the hands of people who are slaves to public opinion; they are advertised and are to be had at railway stations, uniform with the cheap editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, Bulwer, and other standard authors of repute. A taste for them is growing; they are teaching the young idea. It is the thing to have read them, and the popularity of these "yellow covers" has moreover brought a certain amount of unscrupulous talent to bear upon their production, so that, escaping from the filthy coarseness of the purlieus of New York, they reach hands that would shrink from anything externally more contagious. Many of these books published abroad are to be seen in the windows of most prominent stationers in our large cities, and people have no idea that they are either better or worse than the novels, which, having attained a certain favor, are reprinted in a cheap form. They are not without a degree of cleverness, not to be called indecent, but simply infamous, all having the same object and the same aim, which is to give pictures of the life and manners of persons of whom one would wish the rising generation, at all events, should be ignorant. Void of genuine wit, but abounding with conversational banter—not quite repartee—which is the settled speech (in light literature) of intelligent people who belong to good society, the humor which generally redeems the class of writings of which we speak gives to them an insidious palliation, vitiating to all taste. Especially to be condemned are female authors who class themselves with those who take a fierce delight in writing flavorful stories, aping masculine vulgarity, and giving immoral tone to their ugly creations. In women it becomes nauseous indecency, and they do not represent the manners and habits of any class of men known to the world. Passing in an atmosphere reeking with the worst forms of corruption, we can not imagine persons of refinement reading such books with pleasure, any more than taking delight in seeing and making part of them. Yet these "yellow covers" are popular! There are people who relish reading of sins which they have yet a little too much conscience to commit, and tolerate daring language from an author, because it is contrary to all instincts of right that *woman* should be familiar with those particular forms of impropriety. In looking over many of the French novels of the modern school, from the *Dame aux Camellias* to M. About's study of all that is rotten in the society of his country in the person of "Madelon," it is difficult to write of these works with patience; they are brimmed with poison—presenting to the rising generation a gallery of portraits, not of famous men and women who have done noble works in their day, but of the dregs of society, the heroes of vice and crime, here painted and flaunting in a brougham, and there sweeping (to quote Béranger) the stairs as *concierges* of the house in which the sometime *Madame de M.* once occupied the gilded entresol. These are the familiar presences of the young generation of all countries. They are in the couturière's garret, and in the boudoir of the countess on the first floor; they are subjects of conversation in every grade of society, and we see the woful result that already stands clear in the near distance. If the strong feel degraded by a cursory perusal of these works, what must be the condition of those to whom they are daily mental food? Should books like these be permitted to enter the houses of the virtuous and respectable, to fall into the hands of matrons or maidens? We are warned that the "yellow covers" already appear in places deemed respectable; we see that they are crowding from the press—a conclusive proof that they find a ready sale. How then is this stream of pollution to be stemmed?—these books, not within the meaning of any statute—infamous, subtle, with their deadly poison in them. Representative men are apathetic, the press remains passive, heads of families continue indifferent while every opportunity requisite for their suppression is afforded by legislation, denunciation, and prohibition. MRS. C. STEEFELDT.

"Olla Podrida" got things very much mixed last week by using the firm name of a leading house of Pine Street brokers, "Eppstein & Co.," for the bankrupt concern of "Einstein & Co.," boot and shoe manufacturers. It was a *lapsus penne*, which sent a great many people to the Pine Street firm, anxious to inquire if their stocks and accounts were safe; but the substantial character of the house of Eppstein & Co. made our blunder a harmless one.

Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.

FROM MY SKY-PARLOR.

Something Very Like a Wall.

I am the sole inhabitant of a sky-parlor at No. 138 Grub Street. Our street is as near Nob Hill as it can squeeze. We are quite aristocratic on Grub Street, and if there are any impecunious writers living in our street we have no acquaintance with them. Any "gent," as Thackeray would call him, passing through our street at about eight o'clock in the evening, would be "blessed" by the sound of so many nice pianos, and the pure uncultivated soprano voices of our young ladies. I often wonder how it is, as I sit in my sky-parlor, with so much music all around me, above me, beneath me, and each side of me (Ariel could not furnish it in so many places at once)—across the way at Nos. 137 and 139, and on both sides, at Nos. 136 and 140, and in our drawing-room at 138—I say I wonder that it does not give me inspiration. Why, with such influences, can't I write a poem—

"through which my passion runs
Like honeysuckle through a bridge of June?"

From No. 137 float the sweet notes of "Baby Mine," from No. 139 is borne on the evening air, "Hear me, Norma;" No. 136 is patriotic, and gives me, "Marching through Georgia." There is a young gent, an officer of the Invisible Greens, visits there. From No. 140, the "Anvil Chorus," with goblet accompaniment, by another young gent who has a high position in the hosiery department in one of our "palatial" dry goods stores on Kearny Street. And yet I can not write as one inspired, even with all these surroundings. I open my window and "look out on the night." Perhaps gazing at the beautiful stars will, to use a trite expression, "fetch me." But, no; I have tried that for three nights in vain. The envious smoke of factories and the fogs hide the poetry of heaven from me.

Can any one tell a young man what to do for himself who wants to write and can't write? I had an inspiration about two weeks ago. I determined to write an article "On the Prevailing Styles" for the *Gazette of Fashion*, and strolled down the streets of our beautiful city to gather my materials. It was Saturday afternoon, the mystic hour of matinees, and when so many of our young gents are released from the bondage of offices. The ladies did not know there was "a chiel amang them takin' notes." At the corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets I furtively put down for future elaboration, "the ladies are wearing black silk trimmed with black velvet." Opposite a well-known store I rested my note-book against the post-office box, and, after a careful scrutiny of the various costumes, I hurriedly entered the fact, "the ladies are wearing black silk trimmed with black velvet." On Market Street I saw the fair dames pass in review before me, and after scanning with eagle eye all their toilets, in another fit of enthusiasm I wrote: "The ladies are wearing black silk trimmed with black velvet." Eagerly I rushed with my note-book to my sky parlor. Washing my hands "with invisible soap in imperceptible water," I joyfully congratulated myself: "Now for a stunning article for the *Gazette of Fashion*." I opened my note-book and read my notes. I was dismayed. Can a man, even if he is gifted with genius, which I flatter myself I am, write a brilliant article when he has nothing but this one fact: "The ladies are wearing black silk trimmed with black velvet." Well, I can only say that it is a fact. I have tried to persuade some of the young ladies on Grub Street to array themselves in bottle green, in claret color, in morn-on-the-lake, ashes-of-roses, anything but black silk and black velvet, but I

"Might as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate its usual height."

Oh, that there might be some change, something to relieve the black silkiness and black velvetiness! M.

A thorough and truthful knowledge of the most curious history of the Pinney-Carr-Burr-Sargent-Gorham-Culver-Page-Crawford-La Grange-Corey-Rogers-Spaulling-Flora complication will probably be never arrived at. Some future romancist, like Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade, delving among the rubbish of the Mercantile Library, will fall upon this strange story, and from it develop the plot of an exciting tale. A careful perusal of the Carr letter, and an analysis of the entire testimony justify, doubtless, the exoneration of Wm. B. Carr from the imputation of any improper use of the moneys drawn by Pinney from the banks. It would be equally generous to admit also that Senator Sargent's hands are clean of the stain of improper money transactions, if any were ever imputed to him. But that Mr. E. W. Burr should bear the burden of being charged with a conspiracy that involves forgery, perjury, subornation of perjury, and compounding felony, we are not disposed to credit. His long and honorable life among us does not justify such a conclusion. The bank president who has handled a hundred millions of the people's money and lost not a dollar of it, who has betrayed no trust, who has held office without the suspicion of neglecting any duty, whose private and official life have been equally honorable, ought not to be hastily condemned. When the history of the case is remembered, and the character of the testimony is considered, it is at least only just for society to withhold its opinion till the truth of such serious charges are fully examined. Mr. Burr seems to have loaned the money of his bank upon questionable security. This is the more surprising when his great caution and financial ability are taken into account. But he promptly met his loss, paid it, struck it from his bank assets. This fact and the solvency of his bank, so recently certified by the Commissioners, must all be considered. It looks to us very much as if there had been a striking of hands all around, and that the two bank presidents had been made the scape-goats to bear away into the wilderness of forgetfulness a load of political sins for which they at least are in no wise responsible.

Madame Zeiss-Dennis gives a concert at the Metropolitan Temple, on Monday evening, in aid of the yellow fever sufferers. It is a charity pure and simple: no rent, no paid orchestra, no paid singers. Every dollar will go to the aid of the sick and destitute. It will be dispensed by the brave men and women who are fighting this epidemic.

PARISIAN BONBONS.

"Fickle and fine and French."

M. Prudhomme leads his son to contemplate the statue of Joan of Arc.

Son—Who was that woman, pa?

M. Prudhomme—Mark her statue well, my son. She was one of our greatest men.

Proud mother (to the new governess): "And here is a pencil, Miss Green, and a note book in which I wish you to write down all the clever or remarkable things the dear children may say during your walk."

The lady was leaning on the arm of an elegant and wealthy young man and leading her little daughter by the hand, when suddenly the child cried:

"Oh, ma, ma, look there! See that gentleman that's passing. Don't you know him?"

"N-no, my child."

"Why, mamma? he was pa last year."

Professor—What methods does man employ to express his thoughts?

Scholar—(after mature deliberation)—He usually employs speech.

P.—Right, but when he cannot employ speech what does he do then, eh?

S.—He—

P.—See here! Suppose you were a hundred miles away from some one you wanted to say something to, what then?

S.—I would—I would—

P.—Suppose you had to announce to your father that you had been plucked—had failed in your examination—had been fired out of the academic hall, what would you do, then, eh? How would you announce it?

S.—Oh, I'd write him a letter.

P.—Go and write him one, then. Next!

Baron Taylor, now past eighty, was recently waited upon by one of his friends, a man of about half his age, who happened to have rendered him some service. The old man began sounding his friend's praises in a truly dithyrambic tone.

"Thank you, Baron, thank you," said the friend, with a grateful blush; "you are very kind, but then, you know, it would be better to say such things after my death, you know—carve 'em on my tombstone."

"I'll see it done, my boy; I'll see to it myself," said the hale old man, with conviction.

The Colonel—it was in the Guards—was unaccountably late in returning, and the orderly, who had been with him for twenty-two years, got ravenously hungry, and, knowing that his kind master would not object, slipped away for a snack, writing a note to explain the cause of his absence and pinning it to his huge bearskin shako, which he left on a chair, being thus satisfied that it would meet the eye of any one entering the room. He was right. The colonel's wife entered the room, saw that her husband was absent and like-wife missed the orderly. The orderly's shako met her eye; then she saw the note. She opened it, and no longer had any reason to wonder that her husband was not there and that the only thing left of the orderly was his shako. There it was in the soldier's plainest and most painful handwriting: "I am eaten."

One lady read in the paper how a smitten youth had expended \$120,000 on one of the most distinguished queens of the demi-monde.

"A hundred and twenty thousand dollars," says one of her auditors; "you wouldn't catch him spending \$120,000 on a decent woman. Oh, those men!"

A critic met at the salon the other day a young painter, a youth of some ability but of more vanity.

"My young friend," said he, paternally, "do you wish to become a great painter?"

"No," replied the artist, who didn't want any advice.

"Oh, you don't want to," said the critic, gently, "then keep on as you're going."

The final communication of Kwang Chang Ling will be carefully perused by those who would subject the Chinese question to an unprejudiced consideration. If it be true that the population of China does not exceed one hundred and twenty millions of people, that within its empire there are vast areas of productive and unoccupied land, and that the rates of wages are increasing in China, so that the inducements to emigration are lessening, we may somewhat abate our fears of being inundated by the "barbarian hordes." We place the highest confidence in figures of this very careful statistician and able writer. His estimate of Chinese numbers, and his statement of the present condition of the Chinese Empire, are calculated to put a very different phase upon this important question. China, with 400,000,000 of people working for two cents per day, subsisting upon a meagre diet, threatened with famine, would with our cheap steam communications and quick transit be considered a most dangerous neighbor to our sparsely settled Pacific States, and would present a national question of grave importance. We have given the series of communications of Kwang Chang Ling because they are the best presentation of the Chinese side of the Chinese question that we have seen—because they are argumentative, historical, and bristling with facts, presented in a style and language that the American writer might well afford to imitate. We have presumed upon the generosity and intelligence of our readers that they would desire to hear an argument from the Chinese standpoint, if conducted in fairness, although they might altogether dissent from the conclusions of the writer.

After returning to London from Berlin, Lord Beaconsfield's first act was to send to a bookseller for the last half dozen French novels. He remarked to Lord Salisbury that after the fatigues of recreation nothing was so restful as to get back to work again.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

MY DEAR EM:—I had not been to Plum's for some time, and so I thought I would refresh myself with a sight of pleasant household furnishings the other day, and accordingly dropped in. Luckily for me it turned out, for the loveliest carpets and rugs, just come from Scotland, were strewn all over the floors. There were several patterns of those quaint Japanese styles that the Glasgow factories so excel in. One, for instance, in grays, browns and yellows, is a mixture of squares, circles, and parallelograms that is quite bewildering, a sort of a *fugue* in woolen, a thing without any end, hardly any visible beginning, but charming withal. The circles, that are scalloped on the edges like a dinner plate, and sprayed all over with the disjointed fragments of reeds, rushes, and sedges, intermixed with small blossoms of peach color and blue, and here and there a huge flower of amaranth that bursts into unexpected luxuriance at all sorts of odd and unlooked-for places, are set in the midst of the sharp-cornered squares, from which, obliquely, start out bands of gray on either side, filled with more straggling vegetation of browns and grays. Have you ever seen the Scotch grass pattern? It is one of the most admired of all the many novelties of the new season, and deservedly so, for it is grace itself. I like that on the turquoise blue ground better even than that on a black, although the latter is exceedingly rich. Turquoise, you know, is to be the favorite background for all styles of patterns this season. A beauty is one with a mixed design of China asters and leaves in dark and light blues, mottled with yellow. The border is particularly noticeable. It consists of a band one-half blue, the other half of rich golden bronze, edged by an inch wide stripe of deep indigo. Over the lower edge, half flowers are seen peeping up like stars just rising above the horizon. The same pattern comes in browns and yellows. The "Marguerite" design, scattered daisies of white and gold on a velvety black ground, is one of the richest in the flower styles. I should like to describe a velvet there is there, in the light shades, but it is beyond me; only the bordering, a floral scroll in natural colors, is one of the handsomest things you ever saw. The Scotch rugs at Plum's are a real reform in patterns. Personally, I object to walking over sleeping dogs and long-suffering tabbies, or being confronted every time I sit down for a quiet "think" by a screeching parrot doing circus business in a gilded ring; I fancy flowers at my fireside far better, or even geometrical problems, if need be. These suit me exactly. Another comfort is the Shaker rocker, the genuine ones, made only at Mt. Lebanon. A number of them, large and small, and in different colors, were being undone while I was there. They are light, easy and unbreakable. I know a great many ladies will be glad to find them here, for these are the first that have been brought and Plum is the only importer of them. The Shaker rugs, and the cutest little footstools to match, are among the lots. I never go there without traveling up stairs and down with the laudable purpose in view of seeing everything there is to be seen. This time, I found some of the last pieces of Mrs. McDonough's furniture for her house at Menlo Park just being finished up; among them a massive bookcase in old English style that would grace any establishment. It is divided into three compartments above, the middle being the wider and higher, and below are three doors to correspond, which inclose more shelves. Something odd which I never knew before is the manner in which horse hair for mattresses is kept. It comes in long coils, looks exactly like clothes lines, and is picked apart by hand. I saw the difference between the genuine and the imitation hair, the latter made up of pigs' bristles, and now know why the mattresses made there are so superior to those in many other stores. If you want a handsome fan for Christmas, I'll put John up to getting one at Anderson & Randolph's, for they have some of the handsomest and the newest I have seen. What shall it be? Feathers? There is the ostrich tip, with stems of mottled shell; and, newer and costlier still, the clear shell, untouched by spot or shading, clear as amber, with cloudblike tops of downy marabouts in gray and white, or the odd white feathers of the Japanese pheasant curiously curled at the points. Or you may have the daintiest and creamiest of satins, with those exquisite figures by Rudeaux, famed for his wonderfully lifelike skin tints, or some of Marie Bonheur's or Comte Nils' characteristic work. By and by, you may choose of Gavarni's, Hamon's, or Diaz' masterpieces, for there is coming from Paris and Vienna a collection that will carry you, in fancy at least, right into the midst of fan-land. The French carving in precious woods and metals is said to be superior now to even the Chinese in softness, and equally intricate and original in design. A French manufacturer has lately patented a silk in which different tints, blue and white, pink and gold, are wonderfully blended, one seeming to actually melt into the other. On this are to be painted figures and flowers—"Faust," "Undine," "Macbeth," "Hiawatha," are the favorites among serious subjects; "Tom Thumb," "Cinderella" (this latter done in gray and white only on a black ground), and "A Goose Tender," for comic designs. Nothing prettier for mourning has been made than the design called "Winter," which is said to be a combination of mist, whirling snow, icicles, and other cool fancies. Those sets of Neapolitan shell (there is one of a naked baby lying in the lip of a fluted shell, as tenderly pink as the heart of a wild rose, take my fancy amazingly. Dear old Mother Goose is not being forgotten in these days of high art. She comes out resplendent in the richest of materials. Here is a bowl and platter, with an accompanying spoon, designed for baby suppers of bread and milk. It has authentic portraits of Jack and Jill on its silver outside, together with an explanatory line from the poem, all engraved in the style so much in vogue, and each piece is lined with gold. Birds, the most perfect of the imitations of nature yet devised, are entering largely into all these ornamental articles of late. Particularly original in design are the gray and black cranes and quails that are harnessed to large-wheeled carts of silver that contain a single glass toilet bottle each. This is the prettiest conceit of the kind I have seen yet. This is surely the age of the grotesque. *Pour faire rire* seems to be the motto of the day. Consequential looking toads and frogs gravely playing on musical instruments are certainly not conducive to serious and philosophic writing when acting as

paper weights; and card receivers of precious metals, upheld on the shoulders of stalwart negroes, their shining black faces full of lazy good nature, lizards "going for" unconscious flies on the most natural of green leaves, crabs, lobsters, serpents, in all sorts of positions and ludicrous situations, do not suggest any but amusing thoughts. There is a new design in this same establishment—a round-topped jewel casket of oak, a little longer than it is broad, bound with bands of silver, and ornamented with gold cubes in place of nails. When closed, it is impossible to detect the fastening, for back and front are exactly alike. Oxidized silver, in combination with gold, is one of the most expensive and beautiful styles. The casket is square, the silver, on which are florid arabesques, is the centre portion of sides and top, and is surrounded by richly-carved gilding in *repoussé* work, the corners being finished by carved columns of the same. A chest mounted on a trestle-work, and borne between two stalwart and scantily dressed Africans, is another conceit. I see that Liebes, on Montgomery Street, has received some of the newest styles in silk fur-lined sacques from Paris. I shall tell you about them next time I write. The Eastern embroglio, as the newspapers call the grab game that is going on in Europe now, has had one pleasant result, at all events. It has made the gorgeous Oriental hues and quaint patterns as cosmopolitan as the most republican of us could wish. There are at least fifty distinct varieties of silk and woolen goods of that character already in our markets, besides the gauze-like fabrics, camel's hair, and pineapple materials, the latter coming into use again after a hiatus of some fifteen years or so. Some of the all-silk brocades are so rich in color and expensive in make as to be used mainly for vests, cuffs, and pockets only, particularly for the long Louis Quinze vests now so much worn. The richest of these goods is a mixed pattern that is no pattern at all, but just a mass of fine dots of brilliant colors, from among which the gold thread shines out dazzlingly. Among the novelties are several especially noticeable, as the "Palmira" broché, a fine woolen goods with a close ribbing and small satin flowers brocaded all over its surface; the "Chud-dah" cloths, that have a slender stripe like herring-bone stitch in a blending of all colors—genuine camel's hair these; the "Burrpoo" cloths, with patterns, mainly of small flowers, either pressed into the fabric or raised out of it in a series of fine knots, one color and shade being preserved; and the different varieties of India cashmere, that this year comes in somewhat less shaggy designs than heretofore, and in some new shades as well, the notability among the last being the Russian gray, which is really a violet with an ash shade over it. But the real novelty of the season is the "Velours de Pekin," a modification of the "bourettes," so long favorites. They are really a new triumph of the loom, light and soft to wear, yet massively rich in color and design. Some have just a zigzag line of color, like a raised cord; some are in squares, triangles, stripes, and the like, and in a single shade; and there are yet others, somewhat similar to the silk brocades, that are only pin-points and specs of color, with all the sparkle of the turquoise, the ruby, and the amethyst, and the glint of gold running throughout. There are many that will make up beautifully for street wear, coming in the darker shades—browns, plums, blues, and blacks—that have a twilled surface broken by lengthwise stripes of raised and knotted threads, almost like fine astrakhan cloth. Mrs. Riordan, on Market Street, has some very handsome hats and bonnets this week. The "Portland" is something quite new and very odd. It is melon-shaped, and has a narrow brim. Trimmed with a rich scarf of amaranth red, with ornaments of mingled jet and gilt, it is extremely stylish. A cream white straw with a broad, almost flat brim, shows well under pale blue and cream feathers and a twisted leaf of gauze of the same shade. The face trimming is a band of twisted gauze and silk, and a butterfly just alighted on a spray studded with pearls; ivory white silk lines the brim. Hats seem to maintain their ascendancy. The close turban with slightly turned up sides, but compact, is one of the favorites. There are at least one hundred and twenty-five different varieties this fall, and many are really pretty. The combinations in color are equally varied, bright and dead-leaf tints being much used as foils for each other. There is a new bow, called the "grebe"—why, I do not know, but, any way, it is made to simulate a sheaf of wheat by binding down the corner ends of the loops and spreading out the upper ones. These loops are made of silk rather than ribbon, as silk maintains its stiffness best. An exceedingly stylish hat is the "Bourbonnaise," an exact copy of those worn by the fashionables of Louis XV's reign. The brim droops low in front, and there is a curtain at the back, through which is run a black velvet ribbon, to be tied in a very large bow and rest on the hair at the back. When the hat is of Leghorn, as it most frequently is, the trimming most worn is a strip of the finest possible white linen, with a triple plaiting of Alençon lace, tied a little to one side in a large bow. There are pretty newnesses in hats coming up now every week, and there will be many more before the season is fairly opened. The Habit-Franklin dress, Mrs. Coleman tells me, will achieve a great success here this fall. I fancy it will exactly suit your figure, so I will try to give you an idea of it. It is a trained robe, with a waistcoat and coat-waist, which has down the sides long coat-tails that may be trimmed or plain, as one likes. The train projects slightly below the waist and under the fulness so produced hang two square ends, or flaps. Two pockets finish the back breadths; the waist is cut away to show the rest, and the sleeves are severely plain to match. White and black are the combination most used, but the vest may be of a third. Foulards are being much used for the five o'clock teas so fashionable, and for other demi-toilet occasions. The new cashmere flannels, at Keane's, are being extensively used for morning *négligé* paletots for summer wear. They are as pretty as the "Jurah," or twilled silk goods used for the same purpose. Spiral *jabots* of lace and narrow *plisses* of silk are the train wings; watered and satin ribbons mingled for bows. Lawton is earning the good will of all housekeepers in adding a very full stock of house furnishing goods to his other wares. It contains pretty much everything in that particular line. I shall attend Miss Mary Prince's interesting lectures on the "Fine Arts" that she is giving at her residence, No. 218 Eddy Street. I am exceedingly pleased with the preliminary one; she is so well up in her subjects, and, moreover, speaks of them *con amore*.

Yours as ever,

LILIAS DUBOIS.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY,*--VI.

By an Early Californian.

* By mistake these articles were marked concluded last week.

The little town seems quite deserted. Most of its inhabitants have either removed to the mines, or are on the wing to and from stores or posts near "the diggings." A few merchants remain, receiving cargoes from below, and selling and distributing them with their launches to different points above. Notwithstanding the income from ports along the Pacific Coast, from the Sandwich Islands, and from home, the place looks bare. Many prophesy its decline and the uprising of a great commercial city somewhere above us, either at Benicia, or the *embarcadero* of Sutter's fort, or at other points equidistant from all the mines. Larkin has been shaking his wise head and lamenting over the departing glories of San Francisco; and Dr. Semple is all smiles, and, in his enthusiasm over the promised success of her rival (Benicia), almost dislocates the fingers of every hand he shakes. I told you of having met him soon after my arrival, dressed in *gamuza*; he was then, or had been shortly before, the editor of the *Californian*. On Commodore Biddle's arrival Semple was presented to him, and extended his great palm in welcome; the little Commodore put his fingers into the trap, not expecting to be lifted on to his toes and shaken to his very centre by the hearty old giant. Up and down went the arm, while a long tirade was poured out like water upon the head of the impatient listener. When the Doctor was delivered of his address the Commodore, swearing not loud but deep, made for his boat, resolving to give a wide berth thereafter to the Doctor and all his Bear-flag companions; and, as he met Major this, and Captain that, on shore, who had been attached to the Stockton brigade, ordered them, as Lieutenant or Midshipman so and so, "to repair on board and report for duty." Semple put down the pen to take up the oar, and, starting a ferry at the Straits of Carquinez, has earned many an honest penny transporting passengers from the Martinez ranch (El Pinole) to Sausalito. His charge being fifty cents per man, and one dollar for man and beast, his receipts are said to amount to ten dollars per day. He was the *inventor* of Francesca, and of the sale of its lots as advertised, and when Yerba Buena became San Francisco, he changed its name to Benicia, "to prevent San Francisco receiving any advantage which might come to it from the confounding of names." Don Timoteo Murphy, Alcalde of San Rafael, has also become aware of the prospective importance of his little town. He, too, for some time past has advertised "Lots for sale." Where the inhabitants are to come from it is difficult to imagine, unless he discovers placers in the neighborhood or is planning country seats for the nabobs of the future. Some time since, Dr. Phillips, surgeon of the —, called upon me, saying that he was ordered home and would leave very soon. In the course of conversation as to the country and its future, he asked if I did not want to buy a hundred-vara lot he had taken out. I answered that I was surprised to hear that he wished to sell, and advised him to keep it, as it might be valuable at some future time. But, as he seemed determined to get rid of it, I begged him to offer it to no one else, but to go on board and sleep over it, and come to me next morning if his mind was unchanged. The next day he brought me a deed, and I paid him \$500 for hundred-vara lot No. 113 (the present corner of Townsend and Third Streets). As no survey has been made, and no stakes are driven in that part of the town, I don't know exactly the position of the lot, but will find out in due time.

The water lots are receiving more consideration and will become valuable in time. At the late sale some of them brought \$400. The lots are one-third as large as a fifty-vara lot. The most desirable property lies between Sacramento Street and North Beach. Leidesdorff's cottage, its adobe walls and the lot on which it was situated having been purchased from Bob Ridley, is the last house on Montgomery Street towards the Mission—no, not the last, for an old watchmaker named Russ, who came out in Stevenson's regiment (bringing his family with him) took out a fifty-vara lot some distance beyond him on the other side of the sand-hill, which hides it from the rest of the town. On it he has placed an old ship's caboose, to which he made additions sufficient to accommodate his wife and children, who have moved in from the Presidio. I think I have heard he has more than one lot, having taken out others in the name of his boys, but I am not certain of this. In January the *Angelique*, consigned to us, arrived from New York with a part of its precious cargo. A very important part was left behind at Valparaiso. Believing that a useful ingredient would be wanting in the society of San Francisco a lady of New York conceived the idea of leading to the just-conquered country a certain number of her sex, who were to assist in its refinement. Whether matrimony was thought of in this connection is known only to the benevolent few who accompanied the lady on her pilgrimage. As they were not young and gold was not dreamed of then, their devotion to a cause or principle seems worthy of all praise. The leader has given such evidence of strong-mindedness as has put us to no little trouble, and will, we fear, put the owners to no little expense. The Captain's story is, that at Valparaiso, where the vessel stopped for provisions, the ladies went on shore. He told them of his plan for sailing, and how important it was to him and the owners that no delay should occur, and notified them that, after the signal was made (the firing of a gun, I believe), they must all repair on board. As Mrs. Farnham left the ship she said: "You must wait for me, at any rate, and not sail until I am on board." The captain answered that he had given due warning, and after the signal was made and reasonable delay occurred, he should weigh anchor and sail, no matter who was left behind. And so he did. Mrs. Farnham was missing, and, unfortunately, her child, with nurse, was brought to San Francisco without the mother. She, of course, received much sympathy in Valparaiso, was sent on in another vessel just ready to sail, and arrived here in time to bring suit against the captain. He succeeded in getting away with the ship, but I think the owners will have to pay the damages awarded by court and jury.

JAMES C. WARD.

Coöperative dollar stores are wanted, where people can get trusted for things they do not need.

THE DECAY OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

Another Letter from Kwang Chang Ling.

TO THE ARGONAUT:—Do not be alarmed. It is not proposed to bore you with any further argument concerning the Chinese question in California. Should it ever assume the form of discussion I shall be happy, if permitted, to take part in it; but such is not yet the fact; and I am too well aware of the inveteracy and rancor of race prejudice to expect to convince my opponents so long as they refuse to join issue with me, and are satisfied merely to reiterate that demand for the expulsion of the Chinese which it has been my endeavor to show was both unjust and unwise.

There are, however, some topics connected with China which, although they relate remotely to the Chinese question, must possess a higher interest for you in other respects; and this interest must remain, whether the Chinese question is settled by our expulsion or not. They relate to the general question of civilization; to the world's civilization; to Asiatic, to European civilization; and—which is more to you—to these civilizations considered apart. One of these topics is the population of the Chinese empire; and, with your honorable permission, I will lay before you certain facts and inferences in this connection which I have reason to believe will possess some interest to you, quite separate from the question concerning the Chinese in California.

There are few events in history more remarkable than the settlement of the recent war in Turkey. A power commanding nearly 90,000,000 of subjects overruns, in the course of a few months, the territory of another power, commanding less than 25,000,000, and is upon the point of entirely destroying the latter, when a third power, summoning to its aid a force of Indian allies, puts a stop to the conquest, and, with little change, restores the enraged belligerents to their previous positions and relations. The novel means employed to bring about this extraordinary and unlooked-for result did not fail to elicit the indignation of the baffled conqueror. Count Schouvaloff significantly warned Europe that arms of precision in the hands of Asiatics convey a menace to all European civilization. But these are not all of the means employed. The other were the brains of a British Premier, who is himself of Asiatic blood, and deeply imbued with the characteristics of Asiatic civilization—strong passions, a powerful imagination, and disregard for the conservation of national religions.

Lord Beaconsfield belongs to a race who, up to within a very recent period, were hated and despised in Europe as much as the Chinese are to-day in America. They could not own land; they could not even drive a horse; they enjoyed no civil privileges; their residences were confined to noisome ghettos; they were restricted to the most disreputable and repulsive vocations; they were compelled to wear peculiar dresses, and forbidden even to assume surnames. There is not a country in Europe which has not repeatedly plundered, massacred, and driven them forth. There are but two to-day—England and France—where they do not have to struggle against civil disabilities; and it is only a few years since these were removed in England. Precisely the same charges that are to-day made against the Chinese were but quite recently urged against the Jews. They were an alien race, unfit to mix with Christians, whose civilization was menaced by their presence. They were filthy and leprous; they poisoned wells; they ate Christian babies; they were incorrigible cheats, and void of conscience; they lived upon refuse, and underbid the labor of honest men. They were hated by man and accursed of God.

That the entire power of the British Empire, embracing, as it does, some two hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants and greater wealth and resources than all the world besides, should have been recently intrusted, without hesitation, to the disposition of one of this race, would appear to contain a still more serious menace to the conservation of European civilization than the event noticed by Count Schouvaloff. But every thinking man knows that it does not. Why? Simply because the Jews are a decaying people. There are not half as many Jews in all the world to-day as there were two thousand years ago in Palestine alone. Has persecution killed them? Not at all. Under persecution they have invariably thriven and increased. What, then, has diminished their numbers, and must soon extinguish them altogether? Absorption. Merely absorption. The great sponge of European civilization, which first opened its pores during the French Revolution, has absorbed and nearly extinguished them. Lord Beaconsfield is himself an example of the process. He is a member of the Church of England. And myriads of similarly absorbed Jews surround you upon all sides. They not only abjure their distinguishing religion and customs; they change their names; and in the course of two or three generations there is nothing left of their original characteristics, but a trace of their highly-organized blood and ancient refinement.

So, too, have the Chinese been a decaying race for more than a century past. My government does not admit this; my confreres vehemently deny it; but many years spent in the Western world during my youth, and some familiarity with Chinese affairs, combined with a knowledge of Western histories and books of travel, enable me, as I believe, to perceive what my government would conceal and my companions are loth to admit. It belongs to history, to science, and to civilization, to reveal the truth in this matter. The truth can do no harm to any one; certainly not to my countrymen. Under the policy of concealment in this respect they have suffered all that men can endure. Let the truth now be tried. It is the inheritance of all mankind; it is the bequest of Heaven.

According to the various official enumerations which I have been able to find mentioned in European authors, the population of China proper at various periods of history was as follows:

POPULATION OF CHINA PROPER AT VARIOUS PERIODS, AS ASCERTAINED BY OFFICIAL ENUMERATION (CENSUS).

Christian Year.	Emperor.	Number of Families.	Total Population.	European Authority.
B. C. 1001 to 248.	Chow dynasty	13,704,920	65,000,000	Martin's Hist. Ch., I, 217.
B. C. 202 to A. D. 255.	Han dynasty	83,000,000	83,000,000	Martin, I, 217.
1st cent., A. D.	Han dynasty	12,233,062	59,594,978	Malte-Brun, II, 94.
A. D. 740.	Tip-tung	8,412,800	48,143,600	Malte-Brun, II, 94.
A. D. 997.	Chin-tung	9,995,729	50,000,000	Martin, I, 225.
A. D. 1393.	Hung-wu	16,012,860	60,241,812	Malte-Brun.
A. D. 1491.	Hiao-tung	9,213,449	53,321,158	Malte-Brun.
A. D. 1506.	Ching-te	10,000,000	50,000,000	Martin, I, 229.
A. D. 1578.	Wan-te	10,621,436	60,692,856	Malte-Brun.
A. D. 1662.	Kang-he	21,063,600	105,000,000	Martin, I, 29.
A. D. 1668.	Kang-he	23,386,209	125,000,000	Martin, I, 29.
A. D. 1710.	Kang-he	23,312,200	115,000,000	Martin, I, 29.
A. D. 1711.	Kang-he	28,605,716	140,000,000	Martin, I, 29.
A. D. 1743.	Keen-lung	198,213,713	1,113,713	Allerstein, in Malte-Brun.
A. D. 1760.	Keen-lung	16,837,977	106,837,977	Allerstein, in Appleton.
A. D. 1761.	Keen-lung	198,214,624	1,113,713	Allerstein, in Appleton.
A. D. 1830.	Taouk-wang	142,632,000	1,426,320,000	Macgregor Com. St., V, 7.
A. D. 1854.	Taouk-wang	125,000,000	Estimated as in text.	
A. D. 1875.	Tsai-tien	100,000,000	From previous numbers.	

From this table it will be seen that the population of China reached its greatest numbers more than a century ago, and that at the present time it amounts to little more than one half as many as it did then. As these results will probably be questioned, I will now proceed as briefly as possible to substantiate them.

It will be observed that I have adduced no enumerations which have not been mentioned in European authors. This course has been observed because of the non-acquaintance of Europeans with our native authors and language. The enumerations previous to the reign of Kang-he (1662-1722) are not important in this connection. They, however, serve to show that our population has retrogressed more than once before, and to some extent indicate the limits within which the numbers may be found at various periods. Kang-he was one of the greatest princes who ever sat upon the throne of China. He was an indefatigable student, a thorough mathematician, and by far the best scholar in the empire. He visited the provinces in person, caused them to be surveyed by Europeans, and ordered the geographical positions of

all important places to be ascertained. The enumerations made during his reign were subjected to the inspection of Europeans—Messrs. Gerbillon, Bouvet, and others. Kang-he reigned sixty years, during which time the population increased from 105,000,000 to about 150,000,000. "His whole life was an arduous struggle to benefit his subjects." (Martin, I, 233.)

Very different was the character of Keen-lung (1736-1796). This prince also reigned sixty years; but they were sixty years of foreign and domestic wars, turbulence, imperial rapacity, social decadence, and political retrogression. Between 1763 and 1769 nearly 1,000,000 of men were lost in the war with Burma. Civil wars occurred in nearly all parts of the empire; the crops failed repeatedly, and vast numbers died from famine. From nearly 200,000,000—at which number the population stood when Keen-lung was called to the throne—it fell to little more than 150,000,000 at the time of his death in 1796. Yet but one year previous to this event he permitted Chu-ta-jin of the imperial foreign office to communicate to the British Ambassador, Lord Macartney, a statement to the effect that the population of the empire amounted to 333,000,000 souls! It is out of this false statement that have sprung all the erroneous statements which appear in your books of reference concerning the population of China.

Some of these works pretend to quote from a census of 1812; others from a census of 1842; the truth being that no such censuses were ever taken, and that all these pretended enumerations are conjectures based upon the falsehood conveyed to Lord Macartney in 1795, and the equally false assumption that the population has gone on increasing ever since. There is no country in the world where better opportunities exist for taking a census than in China. Every district has its officer; every street its constable; every ten houses its tything-man; and every family is required to have a board always hanging up in the house ready for the inspection of the regular officer, on which board the name of every man, woman, or child in the house must be inscribed. Yet no actual census of China has been published since that of 1761. Decaying countries are never known to publish censuses; it is the act only of growing ones.

However, the best evidence of the population of China is afforded by the extent of its cultivated lands. The productive capacity of their lands, and the usual quantity of food necessary to support human life, being known, the numbers of those who dwell upon them can be deduced within a very reasonable degree of certainty. From these data it will be found that the population at the date of the last cadastre, viz.: about the year 1834, did not exceed 125,000,000.

China proper consists of eighteen states, or provinces, containing a total area of 1,297,999 square miles, or 830,719,360 acres. Of this area, it has been stated that the extraordinary proportion of three-fourths, or 640,579,381 acres, are cultivated (2). The mountainous and desert character of a very large portion of the empire is a sufficient refutation of the statement; but be this as it may, the cultivated portion has never been held by any author to exceed 141,119,347 acres (4). This figure, however, appears to relate to the last century, the latest figure of the area actually cultivated being 108,907,338½ acres (3). This result is obtained from our official cadastral works, is given by provinces, contains internal proofs of correctness in the character of its details, and is supported by the collateral evidence afforded by the land tax.

The principal, though not the only, grain of China is rice. This grain forms the staff of life chiefly in the southern and eastern provinces; whilst in the northern and western, barley, wheat, buckwheat, maize, and millet constitute the dietary of the people. Meat is scarce, but fish affords an important article of food, and is said to supply a tenth of all consumed.

In the fertile districts of the southern provinces two crops of rice are raised every year from the same land, and, in some very exceptional spots, as many as three crops have been obtained. Two annual crops in the south and one in the north is, however, the rule. Sometimes the secondary crop is not rice, but vegetables and even cotton. But there is little gained by this system, and it has been decry by modern agriculturalists. It exhausts the land too rapidly and renders the succeeding crops feeble. This system, and the fact that the land has been used from time immemorial for the same kind of crop, has reduced the harvest returns of the Chinese Empire to a condition that can not surprise the cultivator of overcropped lands in your Eastern and Middle States, but may seem small to those of fresh and exuberant California. Even with two crops a year from the same land in a considerable portion of China, an acre of land in that country will on an average of good years produce only 14.04 bushels of paddy or 9.36 bushels of clean rice (4). Were the entire cultivated area of China sown in rice, and every crop a fair average one, the entire annual harvest of the Empire would amount to but 1,010,880,000 bushels. As a considerable area is planted in tea and other crops, the grain harvest does not probably exceed 900,000,000 bushels.

This estimate is supported by others. De Gidgnes stated the grain tribute for the year 1777 at 28,000,000 taels on the first crop, and 22,000,000 on the second. Together these sums are equal to \$81,250,000. Regarding the tribute as one-tenth of the whole crop, and reckoning the value of the rice as low as 12 cents per pound, this would make the crop equal to 1,083,000,000 bushels.

Wells Williams gives the grain tax for a recent year at 95,700,000 bushels. Regarding this as a tithe of the whole, we have for the entire crop 957,000,000 bushels. In round figures let us say it amounts to 1,000,000,000 bushels. It remains to ascertain how many people this will support.

The average consumption of rice in China by men employed in agricultural labor is three shing per day, or 15.77 bushels per year; in the cities it is one shing, or 5.26 bushels per year, fish and other comestibles eking out the remainder of the fare. As the principal portion of the population is agricultural it is fully within the mark to estimate the average annual consumption of grain throughout the empire at ten bushels per head, supplemented by some fish and vegetables and a very little meat. With a crop of 1,000,000,000 bushels, this bespeaks a population of not over 100,000,000. Making due allowance for possible errors of calculation and for the numbers of people supported from the profits of foreign commerce in tea, silk, metals and manufactures of various kinds, it appears liberal to estimate the population of China at the period to which Gutzlaff's cadastral figures belong—namely, some forty odd years ago—at 125,000,000. At the present time they can hardly amount to 120,000,000, and may not exceed 100,000,000.

But while from these evidences China appears to have declined in population during the past hundred years or more, there are not wanting evidences that she is upon the point of becoming, if indeed she has not already become, a growing nation again. During the last fifteen or twenty years there has been a notable rise of wages in China; the condition of the poor has materially improved and the incentives to emigration are being fast overcome by the superior advantages of remaining at home. This change is attributable to the influence of a liberal imperial policy, foreign intercourse, the introduction of more rapid and certain means of transport and communication, of certain Western arts, and of improved methods and implements of husbandry—the latter forming the merest beginnings of a new era, but nevertheless counting for something.

China is by no means dead, but only sleeps. So far is she from threatening to let loose upon the Western world a pauper population of four hundred and odd millions of people, she does not possess over a hundred millions of people. To these have lately been afforded such powerful means of future prosperity, that, instead of being obliged to permit her sons to wander upon distant and inhospitable shores in search of a scanty living, she may be able at no distant time to offer homes, within her own domains, to foreigners.

KWANG CHANG LING.

(a.) Wells Williams' *Middle Kingdom*, I, 218. Macgregor, V, 12, 12, says that one-third of the land is cultivated; but this, though nearer the mark, is more conjecture.

(b.) Martin's *History of China*. Table prefacing Vol. I.

(c.) Gutzlaff's *China*.

(d.) Chinese Repository, XIII, 26. In Java the average product of rice is 575 pounds, or 17½ bushels to the acre. *Ibid.*, III, 234.

A boy over eight years old was observed to sit down on the curbstone on Washington Street and lean heavily against a hitching-post. He looked pale, even through the dirt on his face, and several pedestrians halted to make inquiries. One of them observed an old stub of a cigar in the boy's fingers, and he, queried: "Bub, is this your first cigar?" "No-o; it's m-m-y second," gasped the boy, and after a long pause, attended by increased paleness, "b-but I don't see any change in the symptoms!"

ELLAIR.

I.

Slowly we went one moonlit eve
Through the wide garden sweet and pale;
We saw the fragrant locust weave
Its net of shadows pure and frail;
The graceful eucalyptus spires
Caught each fair star's melodious fires,
And, trembling in the wind's control,
Each outlined tree revealed its soul.

We talked of books, and birds, and flowers;
At last the dewy night grew chill;
We spoke of absent friends of ours,
Then for a moment we grew still,
To watch the twinkling town and bay,
And the glad lights in long array.
Oh, underneath the moon, how fair
Was thy pure face, serene Ellair!

We had been children side by side
Through many softly flowing years;
What wonder if, that eventide,
We found a little space for tears?
So at the last no word was said,
But quiet hands were clasped instead,
And then a softly closing door
Shut in my world forevermore.

II.

For me the great world loomed before,
With unsealed height and hidden deep;
I could not wait on any shore,
With spurs to win and truth to keep.
I hardly thought the way was long,
I only knew my youth was strong,
I only saw a sunrise vast,
And heard a trumpet's eager blast.

Years passed. I never saw thy face
Except at midnight, in the sky.
In ranks of men I won my place—
To some a foe beyond reply,
To some a friend of royal grace,
To all at times a mystery;
And every song of wave and air,
Took shape with thoughts of thee, Ellair.

I could not think you changed or grew;
Each woman for your sake was pure;
In dreams the childish ways I knew,
In dreams I saw the carved door,
Or heard the music of the rills
In those memorial hills,
And watched the heavy-laden bee
Search the white-tufted buckeye tree.

III.

At last, when many years were dead,
I thought to find the cottage gate,
Where roses wandered overhead,
And snow-white lilies, with their freight
Of endless fragrance, leaned to greet
My wayward but remembering feet;
There might I see thy face, and there
Should touch thy bands, serene Ellair.

Oh, it was but an empty space,
A weary, hopeless, bitter land.
I could not see you face to face,
I could not touch your gentle hand;
For your white soul had longed to hear
Divinest songs, till earth grew clear,
And, smiling, in a happy place,
You saw the angels face to face
In their celestial sphere.

I found where memory's marble lay,
And hid my mute lips in the grass;
I felt a wave of weeping pass,
As if the world were full of tears, alas!
But tears could not be mine that day.
At last the loving starlight crept
About me as a babe's soft hands,
And, in the falling dew, I wept
With the sad earth, and lonely lands,
And drifting cloud. "O lost Ellair!
If I can find you anywhere,
Or bond, or free, or quick, or dead,
The troubles of the world to bear
Were blossoms on my bended head."

So I went out, where currents cross,
To mingle with the tides of men,
And weave my lonely hours again.
I found a world of toil and pain,
Whose need I measured by my loss,
And better loved my dreaming pen;
But no more brimmed the fragrant wine
Of mirth in any song of mine.

And all day long I hear in dreams
A rustled dress across the sill;
Your name is writ in sunset gleams,
And waves of dusk when winds are still.
I never sink to rest, Ellair,
But that a nameless presence thrills,
A pearly glimmer somehow fills
The outlined shadow of my chair.
And we shall meet, shall meet somewhere,
When this poor soul has grown so strong
That it can climb the spaces long
To thy pure realm of peace, Ellair.

NILES, August 25, 1878. CHARLES H. SHINN.

"The Childer."

It is "nasty hot"; it is dusty; the city smells naughtily. Diphtheria is at it again. Why not take the little ones off this pestilent peninsula and give them a run in the gulches? The field: are brown, but over in Contra Costa, Alameda, and Marin, and down the road in San Mateo, are cool, green corners—reentering angles of the hills—where the sun is stronger, and ferns, and mosses, with some late flowers, hold capacities of pleasure for the tiny men and wee women of our streets and schools. Was it for nothing, do you suppose—just for so much a line—that Bret Harte wrote this:

"And so one day she planned a picnic on Buckeye Hill, and took the children with her; away from the dusty road, the straggling shanties, the yellow ditches, the clamor of restless engines, the cheap finery of shop windows, the deeper glories of paint and colored glass, and the thin veneering which barbarism takes upon itself in such localities. What infinite relief was theirs! The last heap of ragged rock and clay passed, the last unsightly chasm crossed, how the waiting woods opened their long lies to receive them! How the children—perhaps because they had not yet grown quite away from the breast of the bounteous mother—threw themselves face downward on her bosom with uncouth caresses, filling the air with laughter."

What if you did take them last spring and Willie got poisoned with poison-oak? Take them again and give him a chance to get even.

When a base ball player comes home for the season his fingers look as if he had been talking the sign language.

* Number of men between fifteen and sixty years of age.

† Given by Martin as the whole population, but evidently meaning families.

‡ Am. Cyc., Old Ed., 1377.

§ From one hundred to one hundred and twenty millions.

NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

Just published. "The Argonaut Sketch Book" of the Mechanics' Fair. Thirty-six pages. 500 illustrations. Character sketches and caricatures. 25 cents per copy. Be sure and see it.

One of the embarrassments of a republican form of government is the fact that the best and broadest minds, the most honest and earnest intellects, are driven out from the possibilities of political success. The underlying vice of democracy is that policy and not principle must rule. In all other forms of government, autocratic, monarchical, or aristocratic, there is an opportunity afforded for proud, well born, gifted men to serve the nation, to become diplomats or statesmen. To rise by earnest, long, and patient toil to the higher employments of the state is the prize for which scholars and gentlemen will labor. The honors of office are inducements to the highest and loftiest exertions. The result is, that in England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and indeed in all the governments of Europe, we find the noblest born, the most gifted, the wealthy crowding around the throne, the parliament, the council, impelled by a higher motive than mere spoils of office. The road to these honors may be long and wearisome, the way may be impeded by those who, by the accident of birth, jostle to the front, but the proud, gifted, ambitious man may overcome all this if he is not compelled, as in a republican government, to play courtier to the mob. In the United States of America the best men do not serve the state. Politics, elsewhere honored as an honorable pursuit, is here a disgraceful industry. From public life the sensitive, honest man shrinks as from pollution. The road to office is here a slimy and tortuous path. It is intrigue, and not merit, that wins the race, and when an honor is attained by an honest man, he becomes the target of almost universal abuse. The result is that young men who start out with an ambitious desire to win for themselves an honorable name in the public service turn around, disgusted and beaten back by the base rivals who, in the arts of the demagogue, can outbid them for popular favor. The result is apparent to-day, both in our national and State politics. It is a noticeable fact that the best men are not found in the public service. The man who succeeds to any office is either some obscure man of mediocre talent and blameless life, against whom nothing can be said, or the bold, resolute, unprincipled adventurer who, with tireless energy and accommodating morals, will pander to the prejudices of the mob, and through intrigue beat his way to position, or the man of accident struck by the lightning of popular favor. The tendency of this thing in America is a downward one. In the earlier days of our republic the Senate, the Congress, and the Presidential and gubernatorial offices were filled by our best and greatest representative men. Later we saw the falling off, and one by one in all the higher offices adventurers and political charlatans drove from their pedestals the abler men, till now, where in the councils of the nation, or in the higher positions, do we find men that adorn them? Let us ask, in all respect to our present Chief Executive, could he, with his blameless life and feeble intellect, have achieved in England the position of Premier? Let us glance at the Senate of the United States and compare it with the Parliament of England or the Chamber of Deputies in France. Let us compare it with half a century ago in statesmanship, intellect, eloquence, and personal pride of character, and ask whither we drift. Let us contemplate the later Cabinets, and draw the same comparison. If we turn to Congress, whom do we see? The able-minded men of the nation? The great thinkers, writers, orators? On the contrary, we note a vulgar mob of common minds, composed in about equal parts of political adventurers and obscure accidents. In California it is strikingly apparent that no really great mind-

ed, proud, and honorable man can aspire to a leading position with any hope of success. Even the meaner offices of emoluments, where the profits of place are the controlling inducements for obtaining them, it is obvious that a respectable man and gentleman has very little hope of success; while from the under-current of ward politics comes some ignorant, base-born, dishonest adventurer, who has intrigued and plotted to control the party machinery. Fit men in office are now the exceptions to the rule.

Who is to be the next President of the United States? There was a time in the history of our republic when, upon the recurrence of a presidential election, some Saul stood up conspicuously above the common herd—taller in intellect, in honesty of purpose, in public service, and in promise of usefulness, by a head and shoulders than any other man. There are no giants in these days, and warring partisans are now contending to secure a presidential candidate who shall possess the elements of success at a popular election. The considerations are confined to the question of availability for election, not fitness for office. Tilden, with his barrel of money; Tammany, with its dirty intrigues; Ben Butler, with his possibilities of enlisting the workingmen; General Grant, with his prestige of military success. The word that expresses qualification, honorable purpose, statesmanship, will never be uttered till the conventions have nominated their most available candidate; then the zeal of partisanship, the press, the orator, the office-holder, and the office-seeker will clothe the chosen aspirant with all the virtues that ought to adorn the highest station. If Tilden be renominated the "slogan" of the battle will be "fraud," "fraud," "fraud;" the old wounds of the South will be torn open, the old intrigues in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana reenacted. If Ben Butler shall, in defiance of every principle that makes the endurance of republican institutions possible, receive a presidential nomination, we shall hear from the sand-lots and the purlieus of society appeals to such passions and prejudices as will make his election a menace to the life of our republic. If General Grant shall be renominated, it will not be in recognition of his military service to the Government, not in recognition of the fact that he possesses in any preëminent degree the qualities that adorn the republican Chief Magistrate, but because officials can renominate and wealth reflect him. In his campaign the appeal will be to the people to take the first step in the direction of a strong government—strength meaning bayonets in the hands of a paid army—the first step in the way which when republics enter upon they can never stop or turn back.

The people have not made up their minds whether they will consent to the renomination and election of General Grant or not, and they do not want their minds made up for them. The matter is under consideration, and while there are many reasons that render it undesirable that he should receive a third term, there are certain possibilities that may occur to reconcile the better men of the nation with his candidacy. If the office-holding class think it can press his nomination through the party machine, and either in advance of, or in opposition to, popular opinion, thrust General Grant upon the nation as its candidate, they may make a serious mistake, and one that in event of success at the National Convention would provoke revolt and end in defeat. There is very little party loyalty now remaining. The great mass of intelligent and thinking Republicans feel grateful to General Grant. In memory of his distinguished military services they are generously disposed to overlook some of the graver mistakes of his civil administration, the most serious of which was the genius he displayed in selecting for his confidants and party friends the most unconscionable rogues and adventurers of the country, and adhering to them with an obstinacy that to better men would have been regarded as fidelity. And yet there may arise certain political exigencies that may reconcile the nation to accept General Grant's candidacy as the lesser danger. We see embarrassing complications arising, the extent and importance of which no man can foretell. The reflecting minds of the nation are awaiting the development of political events. They are determined that there shall be no opinions manufactured of artificial party enthusiasm, and no action predicated upon apprehended dangers that may not exist and menaces that may never be carried into execution. If General Grant maintains his present attitude of silent expectancy; if his friends of the ring and his partisans in place shall not too plainly unmask their designs; and the democracy shall strike hands with sand-lot, communism, and Molly Maguire; if the counsels of Tammany or the plottings of Tilden shall gain ascendancy in the Democratic ranks; if the Republican extremists shall again raise the banner of the bloody flag, and rally upon some blatant demagogue for its candidate—it may happen that the great rank and file of sober-minded, intelligent, moral, and property-owning Americans may unite upon General Grant as their candidate. In such an event they will expect to call him, and not have him thrust upon them; they will expect to be the judges of the necessity that will ask him to serve them a third time. The less exertion made by his party friends, the greater the probabilities that he may be regarded as a necessity.

We have been revolving in our minds the question whether insurance companies are such an unquestioned advantage to our community as we are all in the habit of conceding. Now, we are not expressing an opinion, we are only asking questions. There are some eighty-four agencies in San Francisco, with active officers and solicitors, with a perfect army of employes, with expensive business places; and the question naturally suggests itself that it must take a mint of money to support this business. The next idea that comes to us is, that the companies must receive a great deal more in premiums than they pay in losses. Then it is suggested, that out of the eighty-four companies seventy-nine are foreign, and that the excess of premiums over losses is a constant drain upon us, and that the money-flow from the insurance business from San Francisco to the East and London must be very large; that foreign capital is not brought here, as in other occupations, but only foreign credit, to deplete and exhaust us by carrying on a pursuit which if not profitable would be abandoned. We ask ourselves this question (and it covers the whole ground), Would not San Francisco be richer to-day if it had never a foreign insurance company doing business here? Home companies keep the money here and in circulation. The number of millions that have been sent to Hartford, New York, and London must be great. If, therefore, the business of insuring property had been confined to local companies and our own capital or our own credit, San Francisco as a community would be doubtless richer by very many millions. As yet there has been no loss by fire which home capital could not have met, and we have an idea that some of the capital as figured upon sign boards is delusive. If we understand this business we are unable to tax the capital of foreign companies to support our fire department or maintain our municipal government. Hence, it has occurred to us to ask the question whether there are not certain principles involved and certain considerations that it would be well for our constitution-menders to consider in reference to this insurance problem. Life insurance is a horse of another color. There are people who think it an unmitigated swindle; but we are only asking questions.

If there is a Providence that deals with man, and has a care over His creatures, it demands a blind confidence to reconcile God's justice with His guardianship of the Southern people. It would almost seem as though they had drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of affliction. First, slavery, with all its attendant ills; then a war to enfranchise slaves, with its long harvest of horrors; then a reconstruction policy that precipitated upon the community the rule of bayonets in support of a government of carpet-baggers and negroes. And now, after a loss of property, the death of sons, brothers, and husbands on the battle-field, and before the wounds of civil war had healed, comes this dreadful scourge of the yellow fever, desolating the community and carrying fear and death to every home. We of San Francisco, with our cool sea breezes that come in their daily visits fresh from five thousand miles of ocean breadth, can not appreciate the agony of a people that must wait till November for the frost that shall destroy the spores of this deadly and mysterious epidemic; an agony that can devise no relief, finds no remedy, that must patiently wait while loved ones die. Brave men and women, in the care of their sick and burial of their dead, can only exhibit the heroism of despair, and we of the North can only send them food, and medicine, and money. We doubt not that generous hearts will bountifully respond to this wail that comes up from the fever-stricken South. It is the North's opportunity to do now that which shall undo all that party strife, sectional jealousy, political hatred, a bloody war, and a mistaken policy of reconstruction has done to alienate the hearts and embitter the feelings of a divided people. We are more than sure that the North, and all of it, all its parties, religious denominations, its charitable, social, and commercial institutions, will enter upon a generous rivalry to sustain the Southern people in this the hour of their affliction.

The Rev. Mr. Beecher, in giving the causes that have produced the present hard times, has omitted the one which seems to us to have most largely contributed to the present condition of things. The invention and use of labor-saving machinery in all the branches of industry has caused an over-production of all products, has thrown laborers out of employment, filled our warehouses with fabrics beyond the demand of present consumption, and thus caused stagnation in trade; has closed manufactories, and enabled a few laborers to accomplish by the aid of machinery results which formerly gave a wider field of employment. This is an evil which only time can remedy by giving opportunity for adjustment of the relations of labor and capital on new bases.

The unexpected death of the Hon. Henry H. Haight is at once a shock and a loss to California. His was a useful and honorable life in this State. He adorned all the positions he filled; alike loved and respected in the private, professional, and public stations. He was a conscientious, intelligent, honest gentleman, and we are sorry he is dead.

Mr. Clement's concluding article in reply to Kwang Chang Ling will appear in our next issue.

AFTERMATH.

"My brother 'Lyss" is called upon to mourn the untimely insanity of "that fellow Orville," who has been consigned to an early asylum where interviewers cease from troubling and the garrulous are at rest. In the overthrow of this powerful intellect we discern a public misfortune that is not "altogether displeasing." Should "my brother 'Lyss" be elected for a third term it is better that Orville should be a lunatic than a rascal, for it is better that he should be supported by some one State in a style to which he has not been accustomed, than by the whole country in a style to which he has been. It is to be feared, however, that his incarceration as a maniac is merely a bit of "political chicanery"—that he is no more demented than he always has been, only a good deal more *de trop*. The management of the third term scheme requires delicacy, tact, and moderation; there must be seasons of significant silence, and Orville will talk, and talk all the time. It may have been thought best to have his thunder ignored as the explosions of a self-cocking lunatic of the bull-dog pattern.

Mining stocks continue to "boom," and there is every prospect of harvesting a new crop of millionaires. This delights us, and throws a rosy glow of real sunlight over everything. The horse market is reviving, and as soon as the summer winds are over, our Golden Gate Park and ocean drive will be filled with fast pairs and fours-in-hand, with drags and tandems. This rise comes just in time for fall bonnets and gewgaws of French fashion. If there is anything we delight in it is the millionaire; and if there is one kind of millionaire that pleases us better than another, it is a new one. Old wine, old families, old books, old pictures, old china, old silver sets of solid bullion, old family mansions, with their old traditions, are well; but new millionaires are something superlatively charming, with their new clothes, new airs, new carriages, new houses. They make the money fly, and make everybody happy.

Sierra Nevada is going to \$1,000 per share. It is the most promising bonanza that has ever been struck on the Comstock. It is the best defined ledge of mineral ore that the world has ever seen. It is a better buy at \$100 a share than it was at \$8. Everybody that has any sense should pawn his jewelry, sell his homestead, and buy Sierra Nevada. One hundred millions of dollars will be declared in dividends. And if not, and it peters out, and you get burst, you can do without jewelry; and if you lose your homestead you can board at the Palace Hotel. Buy Sierra Nevada is the advice of Senator Jones.

Buy Mexican. They have found it in Sierra Nevada, rich. There is a bonanza in Ophir beyond any doubt—covered up, but waiting to be unearthed. Mexican lies between the two discoveries. It is sure to advance; it will go to a hundred dollars within thirty days. Barton and Mark McDonald advise everybody to buy Mexican.

Buy Union Consolidated; it lies next to Sierra Nevada. The bonanza is on the disputed three hundred feet, and is pitching toward Union Consolidated ground. It will go to five hundred dollars. The chances are that the Union Consolidated will get the bulk of the best ore in the lower levels. The Nevada Bank advises everybody to buy Union Consolidated.

The ARGONAUT, after a careful examination of all the mining news—after a personal interview with all the mining experts, and confidential conversations with all of the stock millionaires and the leading brokers of both boards—advises all its readers, without distinction of color, race, or previous condition of servitude, to buy stocks. Go it blind. The excitement is just begun, and it will make but little difference what stock is purchased, as all will advance. Then sell out just before the decline begins, for when the market makes its final break it will go down by the run. There is no surer way of making money than by purchasing stocks upon a rising market, if you sell before the reaction sets in.

We are called upon to mourn the loss of an old and highly esteemed friend. He was the comrade of our boyhood days, the companion of our riper years. He was a man of many virtues and his unexpected loss we deeply deplore. He was taken suddenly rich about thirty days ago, and has been out of his head ever since. Upon calling upon him a few days since we found that our friend was dead—to us. He will be buried in his riches in his elegant mansion on Nob Hill—as soon as he erects it—attended by a large concourse of new friends. His family has our deepest sympathy. He leaves a wife—at home—to mourn his loss.

We know of no one who has searched longer or more diligently for a gold mine than William M. Lent. He has found it in Bodie, and at once he steps to the front in our line of millionaires, a man of solid, real wealth. We know of no one who better deserves the luck and no one who will make a better use of it. He will distribute it, and wherever in Nevada, Arizona, or California there are promising outcroppings of gold or silver-bearing ore, there Lent will sink

a shaft, run a drift, erect a mill, and if there is a mine he will develop it. He has been a miner in a broader and better sense than those stock gamblers in San Francisco who only drift for ore in other men's pockets.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in a letter to a Boston lecture bureau, says: "I have never had the slightest idea of visiting America. If ever I should do so, I could not preach or lecture for money. Excellent as your services doubtless are to those who need them, they could not possibly be needed by me. I should regard it as an utter prostitution of any gifts I possess, if I were, as a servant of God, to use them to make money for myself in the way in which lecturers very properly do." The point of these remarks is in the application of them.

We presume that it is untrue that the police authorities of this city are to be arrested for violating the pure air ordinance, under which they take fifty Chinamen out of a room twenty feet square and thrust them into a cell fifteen feet square, for the good of their health. There are so many of the authorities that if arrested they could not be confined even in the public squares and parks, the dog pound and the cemeteries, or anywhere under the dome of heaven, without a violation of the pure air ordinance.

Mr. Beecher says we have no parasites here. This is a mistake; we have not only those that he enumerates but some others that he does not. Eminent among the latter is the priestly peripatetic who charges fifteen hundred dollars for a lecture in aid of a charitable fund.

A negro minstrel, named Harrigan, who appears to have visited this Coast recently, has been interviewed by a New York reporter, and has given a rather longish opinion of San Francisco. It is generally favorable, but that is not what we complain of. It is published *in extenso* in one of the leading New York journals; but we can stand that. What we cannot forgive is that a negro minstrel should have the metallic audacity to entertain an opinion.

An impenitent contemporary complains that the religious press, which last year overwhelmed the country with prize dictionaries, and the year before with heart-rending chromos, is now overlaying this continent with watches. There is in our mind's eye a touching picture of a serious young man who has for three years "got up the largest club of subscribers" to the *New Jerusalem Jamboree*, standing by the kitchen stove with a prize watch in his hand, to see how long it will take to boil a prize dictionary for his dinner, over the flaming colors of a prize chromo. Alas! the chromo is a copy of one of Bradford's icebergs, the dictionary gets more indigestible every minute, the watch falls to pieces in his hand, and one more immortal soul joins the innumerable caravan of hardy blasphemers. And away in a far city sits the proprietor of the *Jamboree*, crosses one fat leg over the other, caresses a fat purse with a fat hand, and knows that he has a dead sure thing on salvation if money will buy it.

America is naturally credited with all wonderful inventions, but we really must disclaim the electric pill which a European journal avers that we have contrived. This useful bolus is described as containing a minute apparatus for the production of electric light. The patient swallows it and it straightway lights up his interior; he becomes transparent, and the doctor scrutinizes the mechanism of his in'ards, not, as heretofore, through a glass darkly, but face to face, as it were. We are disposed to accord the honor of this invention to the despised but ingenious race that thought out the Chinese lantern.

Kearney is "pooling his issues." Ignorance, blasphemy, profanity, vulgarity, and a cheeky sort of flatulent vituperation are all that have issued from him since the beginning of his career, and a very filthy pool they make.

A physician writes in refutation of the charge that tippling in women is caused by the wine prescribed by the family medico: "Every doctor in large practice finds that one of the greatest evils with which he has to contend is the alcoholic tendency in women—a tendency which more often springs from insufficiency of wholesome occupation than from the occasional prescription." Drink, pretty creatures, drink; but don't drink because you have nothing else to do. Ah! mesdames, might you not find a "sufficiency of wholesome occupation" in pulling your own corks?

On some of the railway lines in England—there are but few which have only a single track—they have what is called the "staff system." It is, in principle, this: The road is divided into sections, and each section can have but one train on it at a time. The guard or conductor carries a staff, or baton, which, on arriving at the terminal station of the section, he surrenders to the station-master, receiving from him another staff, which is his authority to enter upon the next section. The staff he has surrendered is retained by the station-master until the guard of a train coming from the other direction requires it. As no guard is permitted to start upon any section without the staff belonging to that

section, and there is but one belonging to it, it will be seen that this arrangement is a protection against collisions as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can devise. We do not know if the same or any similar system is in use in this country, where nearly all the roads have but a single track for trains going both ways at once.

The English system of interlocking signals is a good one, too. These signals, placed near every switch, are semaphores about as tall as telegraph poles. The arm is projected horizontally to indicate that the track is closed, and falls to a vertical position to show that it is open—or *vice versa*, we forget which. At any rate, it is so connected with the points that these can not be moved without the signal showing how they stand, nor can the signal be moved by any other means.

Most Americans would be surprised at the development of railway traffic in England. At one junction near London—Clapham, if we rightly remember—more than nine hundred trains pass daily, most of them in the hours of daylight. This is lively work, and makes apparent the importance of such mechanical aids to do his thinking for him as man can invent and control. But in proportion to the number, complexity and efficiency of these devices is the frightful destruction of life and property when they *do* fail to work. Of course no machinery, however ingenious and "automatic," can dispense with the human eye and the human hand in the control of its supreme function; nor can these be so educated by habit as to get on without the human judgment. But the human judgment is fallible, the human hand sometimes disobedient, and the human eye will occasionally go to sleep at its post of duty. The effect, in a ten-acre field of interlacing side-tracks with a half-dozen trains spinning sinuously through them from all the points of the compass, is ghastly.

His name was Watch; he was a large, ugly, one-eyed brindle dog. He would fight with other dogs, kill sheep, bite in a sneaking way, without a bark; all the boys stoned him, all the neighbors gave him a bad name; he was shot at, poisoned, threatened; yet he died a natural and peaceful death, upon his own dung-hill, and his remains were gathered to the shade of a sweet apple tree. Moral: A threatened dog lives the longest.

"In answer to prayer, the finger of Providence always moves from six to ten per cent." Mr. Beecher thus illustrates the beauty of his own preaching, that "confession is good for the soul."

It seems scarcely ingenuous on the part of the Masonic lodges to deny that the Order is responsible for the losses to depositors in the Masonic Savings Bank. Of course we understand that the Order can not engage in banking; but when a part of the Temple is rented for bank purposes; when all its officers, from President to Janitor, are leading Masons, and the bank allowed to appeal to public confidence as the "Masonic Bank of Savings," we can but think the Brotherhood morally responsible to depositors for the safe-keeping of the funds. The same idea suggests itself in connection with the "Odd Fellows' Bank," in the Odd Fellows' building, where the Odd Fellows kept their lodge accounts, and the officers of which were Odd Fellows, and whose leading advertisement was in the Odd Fellows' journal.

"Good morning, Impycu," said his friend, as that gentleman emerged from a tailor's shop. "Bless my soul," was the reply, "how did you know me in this disguise?" "What disguise?" "Why, for the last six months I've been wearing another man's clothes. I am now in my own: I have just paid my tailor." "See here, Impycu; it strikes me you have donned a disguise just when you had ceased to need one."

That otherwise interesting weekly, the *London Truth*, has recently fallen into the bad habit of boasting of the number of libel suits against it. This test of merit in a journal was, we believe, discovered by the *Chronicle* of this city, which, however, now seems unwilling to be judged by it, for it has passed a splendid opportunity to provoke another suit. Indeed, in the Carr-Sargent matter, it has improvidently made an abject apology.

Here is a problem in mental arithmetic: If President Hayes is unpopular, and if the procession that escorted him in Chicago was five miles long, how many times five miles long would a procession escorting him have to be if he were popular? Here is an easier one: If President Hayes drove into Chicago in a barouche drawn by four horses, at the head of a procession five miles long, with Attorney-General Devens at his side, what would we have thought if he had merely ridden into Jerusalem on an ass? One more: What Attorney-General would have been the ass?

The inconvenient scarcity of five-cent pieces is now explained. Instead of banking the contents of their contribution boxes, as heretofore, the churches have taken to hoarding them for the purpose of withdrawing the small coins from circulation in the hope of getting larger ones. Thus far the plan has not been altogether successful; the men who formerly gave five cents now give nothing.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

We hear bad news from San Diego. The climate of this part of our State is represented to be very delightful. The port is, next to that of San Francisco, the best upon the Pacific Coast. There has been some prospect that Tom Scott might connect his railroad with the harbor of San Diego; in which event the route to China would be shortened some seven hundred miles, and the entire oriental trade would be diverted from its present line. San Francisco would find itself abandoned of the rich prospective commerce of the Orient, and be left as the *entrepôt* of a local coast trade. These considerations have caused considerable anxiety in our business and financial circles, and contributed doubtless to the decline in the values of our real property. Now, there comes to us seemingly reliable information, which, if true, will cast a blight over the prospects of San Diego, arrest its material progress and forever prevent it from realizing its anticipations of becoming a great commercial metropolis and the seat of the trade of India. It is charged, and even admitted by the leading journals of that city, that a Mr. — has succeeded in growing the banana, and that there is imminent danger that it may become so acclimated that the banana fruit shall become a leading production of the county of San Diego. If the fear is realized, this portion of the State is ruined and will be given over to hopeless poverty; its people will become idle and worthless. It is well known that no people flourish where the banana grows. This fruit is capable of sustaining life with so little labor that it has become a recognized fact that where it is grown civilization must decay. Unless the authorities take this matter promptly in hand, uproot the plant, and impose severe penalties upon those who grow it, we shall have reproduced within our own borders a Central American civilization—Bob Ingersoll's idea of a community, wearing broad-brimmed *sombreros*, through the holes of which uncombed hair protrudes; riding bareback on Sunday to a bull fight; women barefoot, in cotton gowns, whose sole industry is to raise children, comb their hair, and eat watermelons.

There is a great deal in climate. If it were not for our climate we should have no hoodlums. We have no firesides in San Francisco. Some one has said there can be no fire-side circle around a hole in the floor, meaning the aperture over a heating furnace in the cellar. There can be no fire-side circle around an ornamental grate that for more than half the year has no fire in it, and for the remainder of the season is only piled with a handful of smoldering coal; there is no fire-side circle around a poor man's stove, the fuel for which the children must gather in the streets. Our boys are not, like those of New England and the North, driven to their homes at night for a large part of the year to find protection from cold. Blankets and roaring fires are not in demand here as there. After a boy is ten years of age he has very little necessity of a home at all; and it is not surprising that the children of the vicious find it more agreeable to lead the life of street Arabs than to hang around the desolate and uncomfortable home, where poverty, dissipation, and perhaps cruelty reign. Children of ten years and upward, attracted by the mildness of the climate, charmed by the society of street associates, delighting in the adventurous incidents and attractions of absolute freedom gather together in little societies and plan for themselves a life of independence. Every boy is more or less a "Tom Sawyer;" at some time there comes to him the desire of being a pirate or a Robin Hood, and he takes to the wharves, the hay piles, the empty houses, the sand-dunes. He gathers around him kindred spirits; they live upon fruit in its season; the refuse of restaurants and hotels furnishes them food; they sell papers, run errands, pilfer, and pick up here and there a dime; the dime novel excites their imaginations, and prompts them to imitation by romantic stories of vagabondage and crime. Boys and girls thus neglected by parents, driven out from unattractive homes, unnoticed by society, and abandoned to idleness, come naturally to be criminals and hoodlums. Thus we are producing a class of vagrants and criminals peculiar to ourselves. Vicious boys from the interior, breaking away from parental restraint, come to San Francisco to swell the crowd. From this class of boys we are educating a class of criminals and tramps; the more daring and adventurous develop into thieves and burglars; the more timid grow up to become vagrants and idlers. Our city is as yet too young to realize the extent of danger to which it is exposed, but this is an evil that is yearly growing and assuming most serious proportions. The parent who has a home of plenty, where every comfort is provided, where there is a mother with her love, and a father with his discipline, realizes oftentimes how difficult it is to restrain the waywardness of his boy; how serious a responsibility it is to direct him safely through the temptations that beset boys in a city like this, and how frequent it is that the children of the best homes break loose from every moral influence and drift away to the bad. Is it then strange, that from these homes of poverty and pinching want, where one or two rooms are all that are furnished for kitchen and dormitory, from these homes where the parents are drunk, where crime is a familiar presence, and where a moral sentiment is never heard, that a bright, keen-witted boy should go out in disgust with a resolution never to return? He can find no employment because the "order" of artisans, in its cowardly selfishness, has conspired against his becoming an apprentice to some useful trade. He can find no innocent amusement; the theatre is closed to him because he has no money for admission; the saloon, the brothel, the gambling hell are the only places open and attractive. The Mechanics' Fair demands half a dollar for him to listen to its music and watch the play of its fountains. His clothes are ragged; the dress of the girl is torn and dirty; they are quick to note the glance of scornful contempt thrown sidelong at them; they are proud; they have a sense of being injured and they resent the wrong they can neither right nor philosophize upon. They resent the wrong society puts upon them by warring against it, by confederating and banding together, boys and girls. Society stamps them as hoodlums, gathers up its skirts and scolds.

The remedy for hoodlumism is not the church, for its teaching never reaches down to it. The grave old Deacon

Buckram, or the stiff and prudish Miss Black Bombazine, never gets within talking distance of a hoodlum girl or boy, and if they did the hoodlum would get the best of any theological discussion they might enter upon. Prayers may move the finger of Providence to point from six to ten per cent.; the prayer that invokes the Divine consent for a clergyman to accept a "call" at a higher salary is often answered; but we have never witnessed any intervention of Providence in behalf of our boys and girls gone astray. The remedy for hoodlumism is not the criminal code; the county jail, the industrial school, the Magdalen asylum, are in no sense reformatory, and over their portals might be written the words that Dante found inscribed over the gates of hell. We have a suggestion to make, not in the way of remedy, but prevention. Our suggestion is, however, premature and will not be heeded for at least ten years. It will take that time for this evil to develop its full proportions, before society will very seriously undertake to consider it. The crop must ripen and begin to drop its seed; and when we finally have a perfectly developed criminal class, and when its burdens shall be more keenly felt by our tax-paying and property class—when our wild boys shall have become full grown criminals—then we will look around us for a remedy. Our suggestion is in the nature of a prevention and not a cure, and it rests in this idea: Boys will be boys, and girls will be girls. They must have amusements and recreations. If innocent amusements and harmless recreations are not provided for them, they will improvise criminal and hurtful pleasures for themselves. Wealthy people may make their homes attractive, and thus rescue their children from the dangers of the Arab life. For the children of the poor we would, at the public expense, furnish a pleasant, instructive resort, where they might enjoy themselves in innocent recreations, and where instruction should be mingled with pleasure: where there should be plenty of fun and of a kind that would improve and not demoralize. We would take Union Square, and, at an expense of say one million of dollars, would build a glass and iron palace. It should be an ornament to the city of San Francisco. It should be divided into compartments; it should cover the entire square and be of proportionate height, with stairways and galleries leading to all its parts; it should have in it fountains, birds, music, flowers, and an aquarium; it should have at least an elephant or two and several cages of monkeys; it should have a splendid promenade, where in the evening a band should play; it should have a dancing floor, with appropriate music, where young people might dance; it should have a reading-room for free books, a lecture-room for free lectures, a Punch and Judy, and a marionette show; a theatre for amateur theatricals, a gymnasium, and a ball court; halls, which literary societies and social clubs might use free of cost. There might be rented, at a moderate price, a restaurant where a lunch should be provided; a nut, candy, and fruit store; a saloon for ice cream, soda water, and temperance drinks; a court for baby wagons, where children with their nurses might romp; a garden with caves, and beautiful flowers; and a fountain with miniature lakes, with speckled trout, and swan, and toy boats. This palace should be placed under the charge of a commission of gentlemen who should, without salary, act as guardians of the property and mentors of the of the institution. The price of admission should be cleanliness and good conduct. It should be open Sundays and every day till say ten o'clock at night. It would be free from wind, free from dust, and free from sectarian influence; a place where children, young boys and girls, young people, old people, poor people, everybody, might go and stay, might go and come as they pleased, and where the leading idea should be to provide innocent amusement and healthful recreation without cost. Such an institution as this would do more good to the rising generation, and rescue more boys and girls from lives of idleness, profligacy, and crime, than all the reformatory institutions now among us. It would rival the Sunday-school in the good it would accomplish; it might supplement the free common schools in the good they are presumed to do.

In order to meet the expense of this pleasure palace, all the higher teachers from our common schools might be dispensed with, the cosmopolitan schools might be abolished, and the system brought back to the point from which it started, *viz.*: the education of the children of the poor in the rudimentary elements of an English education. In this way saving of \$750,000 a year could be effected. There might be some economical and decent system suggested for working the street department, some intelligent and honest man placed at the head of it, and an additional million be saved for the tax-payers. The salaries of all our officials might be reduced one-half, and another half million of money captured. Commander Glass' pleasure yacht might be laid up, and thus a few more thousands might be turned into the maintenance of a pleasure palace. Then some of our rich men might be induced to die and leave a fund to endow some special sport for this popular pleasure university; say a professorship for the dancing hall or gymnasium, a band of music, or a band of monkeys for the perpetual delectation of our boys and girls. It would in time, we hope, become popular for people to die that they might have the privilege of leaving something to this kindergarten of fun. If such a place as this, free and open to all, attractive music, fountains, birds, flowers, innocent recreations, pleasurable amusements, and instructive teachings, would not withdraw our boys and girls from the vicious association of the streets, we do not know what would. There are, we think, very few boys who would not rather be gentlemen than loafers, honest boys than hoodlums; very few girls who, with a kind word and encouragement, would not infinitely prefer a life of virtuous industry to one of shame. There are, in our opinion, very few irreclaimables among the young. We never saw a gang of boys stoning a Chinaman to whom we could not appeal with effect. Only a few days since we tested our powers over half a dozen of these little wretches whom we found going for a heathen Chinese, endeavoring to solve the great political and labor problem with stones. We accosted them as "young gentlemen," and in a conciliatory way discoursed with them the Chinese question. We were amazed at the intelligence and information they displayed; we were not a little surprised at the ingenuity with which they argued in defense of the right of pelting the heathen, and we were quite satisfied at the result of our

lecture, which was not given till we had patiently listened to them, after which they politely listened to us.

Let it not be thought that this plan of ours is suggested as a panacea for all ills, nor as a solution of the problem, "What shall we do with our boys?" There are other questions that should accompany a proper consideration of this question, one of which is involved in the idea of technic schools, where boys and girls may be taught trades and be educated to useful employments. Another is the reform of our school system, to the end that we may escape the evils of mis-education and over-education. Another is some plan where the home influence may be purified and uplifted to a higher plane. Nor do we suggest this plan of ours as one at variance with the teachings of church or Sunday-school; nor do we underrate the exertions of Christian people in their endeavor in their own way to exert a moral influence over the lives of our youth.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

XLIX.—Memories.

It was in the depths of the cool green wood,
The sunbeams filtered over her hair;
On some happy thought she seemed to brood,
And I kissed her unaware.
The sun had gone from the purple skies,
And each bird had flown to its downy nest.
Still I bathed my soul in her eyes:
"Dearest and best,
Darling, till all that can die of me dies,
On my heart rest."
He lifted his eyes from the lettered page,
And half forgot the gray in his hair.
"How well I remember the hour!" he cried;
"Where is she—where?"
Watchers gathered about a bed
Whence a woman sunk to her last long rest;
This she whispered: "I mind what he said
In the cool green wood with the sun in the west:
Dearest, till all that can die of me dies,
On my heart rest."
Men forget sooner than women," she said,
"Does he remember how we met there?
O for a kiss from him ere I lie dead!
Where is he—where?"
So she parted from life with a sigh.
Know we naught of death's mysteries yet?
Did his soul thrill as her soul passed by?
Men are prone to forget.
But his cheek was wet with a sudden tear
As he turned to his old law book again.
O Love, so full of joy and fear,
Despite thy trouble, despite thy pain,
Who would not summon thee back again?
"As we sow we must reap," he said, with a sigh;
"Perhaps our parting was all for the best,
But until all that can die of me dies
In my heart she must rest!"
The rain beat fast on the window-pane,
The pine trees shivered and sighed in the blast,
A ghostly whisper fell on his ear—
She had spoken and passed!

MARY KYLE-DALLAS.

L.—A Retrospect.

In the year since Jesus died for men
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company;
Riding o'er land and sailing o'er sea,
Oh, but we went merrily!
We forded the river and clomb the high hill;
Never our steeds for a day stood still;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;
Whether we couched in our rough capote
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow.
All our thoughts and words had scope,
We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds;
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church.
And some (or I mis-say) of neither;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead and some are gone,
And some are scattered and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills
That look along Epirus valleys,
Where Freedom still at moments rallies
And pays in blood Oppression's ills;
And some are in a far cointree,
And some all restlessly at home;
But never more, oh, never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew cheerily,
And when they now fade drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
And bear the spirit back again
Over the earth and through the air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.

LI.—The Water-lily.

O star on the breast of the river!
O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall straight down from heaven
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the golden city,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven,
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the blackoes
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace.
White souls fall not, O my poet!
They rise to the sweetest place. M. F. BUTTS.

Bogardus, when not glass-ball shooting, can make way with forty-nine fish-balls out of a possible fifty.

THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Curiosities of Ancient Errors and Customs.

Knowledge consists in the acquisition not merely of new facts, the recollection of old ones, and the coloring of faded impressions, but it may also consist in forgetting or discarding a great many things accepted and cherished as truths. We must forget sometimes in order to learn, or rather learn by forgetting. It is amusing to observe, and encouraging to those who feel disheartened at their own ignorance, to note how some of the greatest intellects of antiquity—the accepted teachers of mankind—have themselves been mistaken on very commonplace subjects, and propagated their errors among their admiring followers.

Every school boy nowadays knows that snow and ice, for example, are water in a congealed form; and yet Pliny, and Gregory the Great—many centuries after Pliny—believed that ice and snow were converted into crystals. Plutarch believed that goat's blood could melt diamonds; but that the blood should be warm and the goat fed on wine and saffras, and then it would not only melt diamonds, but break hammers and anvils, and was, in fact, an infallible cure for calculus in the bladder.

Wonderful and various was the efficacy ascribed to the mandrake. It would poison him who pulled it; it shrieked when pulled, and would only grow at the foot of a scaffold. A plant called *ferum equinum* would draw the nails out of the horse-shoe that pressed it. Bay leaves warded off lightning; so did the fig tree and the skin of a seal. A cup-of-ivy-leaf, filled with wine and water, separated these liquids, retaining the wine and letting the water ooze through the pores of the leaf. A snake could not live in the shade of an ash, and an elephant had no joints. Aristotle asserted that solopodes (animals not split in the hoof) had no gall, neither, according to others, had the dove or pigeon—this, because of the meekness ascribed in Scripture to those birds. According to Seneca—the tutor of Nero—the she-bear licked her offspring into shape. It was said by the ancients that, if a wolf saw a traveler before the traveler saw the wolf, the traveler was struck dumb or hoarse. This notion gave rise to the expression among the Romans, *Lupus in fabula* (the wolf in the fable), and was applied on occasions when a sudden pause occurred in a conversation. Sudden surprise and the natural alarm at encountering such a furious animal may have given rise to the fable.

Another idea was that deer, crows, hawks, and eagles lived to fabulous ages. A deer, it was believed, lived a hundred years; crows five hundred, and hawks seven hundred years. The periods of gestation in the one case, and of incubation in the other, ought to have corrected this notion, for length of life in all animals is proportionate to their respective periods of gestation. Thus, the deer is in gestation eight months, and the elephant fifteen; and as those longest in gestation are slowest in maturing, it is probable that the life of a deer would extend to thirty years, and that of an elephant to sixty or seventy. But birds of any kind can not, according to this theory, be long lived, since the period of incubation is short and they arrive at maturity early. Yet it is a popular belief even in the present day that eagles live a hundred years. Who has not heard of the poetic fiction of the phoenix first introduced by Homer? There was but one phoenix in the world, and it lived a thousand years. At the end of that time it was consumed by fire, from the ashes of which, and procreated by its own energy, it arose renewed after the lapse of another thousand years. It is possible that Homer meant to typify by allegory the life of a nation which can not be annihilated by whatever disaster, and must revive in some form or another. Mention is made in Scripture of the phoenix, but Greek scholars think it is the bark of the palm tree—*stelekos joinikos*, and not *joinix*—which is alluded to as renewing itself.

A salamander was so cold as to extinguish fire when placed in it, and the female vipers bit off the head of the male, in revenge of which the young in parturition ate their way through their mother's side. The Romans for this reason, when drowning a parricide in execution of the law, inclosed a viper in the sack with the criminal. In the construction of this fable, it was forgotten that the young vipers, when apprehending danger, take refuge in their mothers' mouths.

Change of sexes in the hare was also an accepted theory. The hare might be a male one part of the year, and a female another. Lamprey eels were believed to have nine eyes in each side of the head. A camelion lived on air until it was discovered that flies afforded the necessary food. The ostrich, and still later, the emu, digested iron; but though these birds are known to swallow iron nails as ducks and turkeys swallow stones, to promote digestion, it is scarcely likely that iron would dissolve in the stomach. The horn of a unicorn, made into a drinking-cup, was an antidote to poison and a preservative against apoplexy. But as there are several kinds of unicorns, such as the rhinoceros and Indian ox, besides several sorts of fishes and insects, and the horn of no particular unicorn is stated, the recipe loses its value. That all animals have their counterpart in the sea is a fiction not yet exploded; but though there might be some points of resemblance sufficient to suggest a name, still the dog-fish is no more like a dog than the latter is like his namesake in the heavens.

That the swan sings sweetly immediately before its death is a very pretty poetic fiction not yet exploded. It is founded on the well-known mythological fable of Orpheus having been changed into a swan. But that a peacock should be ashamed of his feet, and that a stork couldn't live in any other but a republican country are fables, for which one fails to see the slightest foundation. The lion, after centuries of patient endurance under the imputation of being afraid of a cock, had at last vindicated his courage by springing from the King of Bavaria's managerie into a neighboring poultry yard and eating up the denizens thereof—cocks and hens together.

Rings are worn on the left hand and on the third finger, because the heart is in the left side, and a nerve from the heart descends to third finger. But when rings first began to be worn they were put on any finger of either hand. The Romans wore their rings on the forefinger of the right hand, and sometimes on one finger and sometimes on another. This was when iron rings were worn. But when they began to wear gold and precious rings they shifted them to the left. The most plausible reason for shifting the ring to the left seems to be that the left hand is less used than the right, and the ring on that hand is less liable to injury. The right is the place of honor from time immemorial. Nature and custom give preference to the right for many reasons, but chiefly because of its superior strength—its strength, because of the alleged crassitude or thickness of the blood and

its vigorous circulation; its vigorous circulation, because of the superior activity of the members of the right side.

That a drowned man floats on the ninth day, because at that time the gall breaks, was another popular error, and is largely prevalent in the present day. The fat and not the gall is the agency in this case. When the fat begins to ferment, putrefaction sets in, and the body becomes swollen and inflated, and therefore lighter. The fattest people float soonest. Fat animals, whose galls have been taken out entirely for experiment, and thrown into water have been known to float sooner than those containing the gall. Eels, which have little or no fat, seldom or never float.

The custom of saluting or invoking the protection of the Deity on a person sneezing is of very ancient date, practiced in all countries, and in ancient and modern times. The custom is said to derive its origin from a pestilence, prevalent in Italy about the time of Gregory the Great, when the force used in sneezing proved fatal to those affected, and the protection of God was invoked in the perilous juncture by saying, "God bless you," or, "God bless us." But long before Christianity the custom had obtained and been religiously observed. The Emperor Tiberius, though a sullen, morose man, invariably observed the custom of invoking Jupiter whenever he sneezed, and expected others to invoke Deity for him as well. Still further back, among the Greeks in the time of Cyrus, when that potentate was preparing for his retreat, one of the soldiers sneezed, and the High Priest, who was consulting omens at the time, invoked the assistance of Jupiter Soter. When a certain Emperor of Africa sneezed the acclamations and salutations of his subjects rang from one end of the city to the other. Sneezing was regarded as a good or bad sign: when good, it was hailed with thanksgiving; when bad, the evil that was supposed to follow was deprecated by invoking the interposition of Jove. In apoplexy, cataplexy, etc., it was regarded as a good sign; in pleurisy and sore throat, a bad one. If one of the ancients sneezed while dressing in the morning, he went to bed again. Aristotle has a problem why sneezing from noon till midnight was a good sign, but sneezing from night to noon, the reverse. Sneezing to the right was a good omen, but sneezing to the left a bad one. Plutarch relates that when Themistocles sacrificed in his galley on the eve of a battle, Xerxes and one of his assistants sneezed to the right, and the soothsayer presaged victory to the Greeks, and an overthrow to the Persians.

In the three great climacterics—forty-nine, sixty-three, and eighty-one—sixty-three was held to be the most dangerous. If death is escaped at this climacteric, the person was likely to live to eighty-one.

The term "bosom friend" is derived from the position occupied by the ancients at the symposia or supper tables, when guests, reclining on couches, sat in circular form, so that the head of one would be nearly opposite the bosom of another; hence, bosom friend. This must have been the position occupied by our Saviour when John reclined on his bosom at the Last Supper.

Owls and ravens were birds of bad omen. When Alexander entered Babylon ravens appeared; and an owl was seen by Crassus on the eve of his ruin. The falling of salt was a bad omen. Salt, the emblem of purity and incorruptibility, and the symbol of friendship, was the first service presented to a guest; if it fell, it presaged friendship of brief duration. The ancients at convivial meetings wore chaplets of roses, and therefore spoke *sub rosa*. Nothing that transpired at such meetings was revealed, as a rule of hospitality. The Germans described a rose in the ceiling over the table a sign that all that should pass should be kept a secret. The rose was the flower of Venus, consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of Silence.

JOHN MANNING.

American Luxuries in England.

Six years ago ice was such a rarity in London, says a correspondent, that extra charges were made at the hotels if a glass of ice-water was called for, and in most cases the guest had to wait until some could be sent for. An Englishman at that time considered ice-water unhealthy, and looked with amazement at Americans who persisted in calling for it. It was then not kept at the taverns, and it was seldom required. Now the waiters go around at the hotels with bowls of cracked ice and supply all the guests, without extra charge. That it is a recent innovation is evident from the fact that all the drinking-houses in the city of any character have cards extending across their windows, with the word "Ice" emblazoned in large black letters about fifteen inches long. It is evidently paraded as an attraction to customers. "American whisky" is also a new card in their store windows. While dining in a restaurant, the other day, a young Englishman came in there and called for "a go" of American whisky. They brought him about a half-tumblerful, which he swallowed down raw. His red nose and watery eyes gave evidence that he was not a stranger to this kind of drink. Turning to the bill of fare, we found the following rates: "A go" of brandy, one shilling; "a half-go" of brandy, sixpence; "a go" of whisky, sixpence; "a half-go" of whisky, three pence; "a go" of gin, four pence, and "a half-go" two pence. Gin is the favorite drink of the toppers, but whisky is commencing to rival it.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the marked superiority of women over men is on few points more remarkable than in their superior powers of smelling and tasting. A woman will detect the faintest odor of tobacco when a man, even though a non-smoker, often fails to discover any symptom of it. As with smell so with taste. Women are marvelously acute and fastidious in the matter of sauces and all flavoring ingredients. This faculty has been recognized in a most pleasing manner by the composition of the jury who are to decide in Paris on the merits of the mustards of various nations. The mustard congress is to consist of twelve gentlemen and an equal number of ladies. This arrangement, it is stated, is owing to a suggestion that the palates of men are vitiated by smoking; whereas, women, who do not, as a rule, indulge in that pernicious habit, are likely to be better qualified to form a correct opinion on the merits of condiments.

"Have you got your lesson to-day?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a little maiden, whose head was bandaged in red flannel. "No, ma'am," said the child. "Well, then, have you got your cat-chism?" "No, ma'am," again answered the child. "Well, have you got your hymn?" The child drewled out, "No, ma'am." "Well, then, I'd like to know what you have got?" impatiently continued the teacher. "Please, ma'am, I've got the mumps."

INTAGLIOS.

Two and Two.

A brown head and a golden head
Above the violets keep in sight;
Dark eyes and blue (with tears to shed)
Look laughing toward me in the light.
A dove hides in another tree;
"The world is glad, is glad!" sings he.

A golden head and a head of brown,
Below the violets, miss the sun;
Dark eyes and blue—their lids shut down—
With fears (and there were brief) have done.
A dove hides in another tree;
"The world is sad, is sad!" grieves she.
Through song and moan, I hardly know,
Between the red bird and the dove,
If most I'd wish that two below
The violets were with two above,
Or two above the violets lay
With two below them deep to-day.

Suicide.

Invisible as the wind along the sky,
She ever wanders about the earth immense,
A lonely spirit of strange malevolence,
With noiseless feet and vigilant furtive eye.
She loathes and shuns each halcyon haunt where lie
Love, peace, and all sweet happiness born from thence,
Yet greedily seeks for woes and discontents,
For agony's hottest tear, its deepest sigh?
But when some dreary sufferer darkly fails
To find in life's chill heaven one starry trace,
One vital hope no ruinous harm assails,
Toward him she steals with sure triumphant pace,
And slowly to his desperate look unveils
The maddening splendors of her lurid face!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Endeavor.

A moaning cry, as the world rolls by
Through gloom of clouds and glory of sky,
Kings in my ears forever,
And I know not what it profits a man
To plow and sow, to study and plan,
And reap the harvest never.
"Abide in truth, abide,"
"Spake a low voice at my side,
"Abide thou and endeavor."

And even though, after care and toil,
I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
Though late yet blossoming ever,
Perchance the prize were not worth the pain,
Perchance the fretting and wasting of brain,
Wins its true end never.
"Abide in truth, abide,"
"The tender voice replied,
"Abide thou and endeavor."
"Strive, endeavor; it profits more
To fight and fall than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idle ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never.
"Therefore in faith abide,"
The earnest voice still cried,
"Abide thou and endeavor."

The Swan.

From cloud with purple sprinkled rim
A swan, in calm delight,
Sank down upon the river's brim,
And sang in June, one night.
Of Northland's beauty was his song—
How glad their skies, their air;
How day forgets the whole night long
To go to rest out there.
How shadows there both rich and deep
"Neath birch and elder fall;
What gold-beams o'er each inlet sweeps,
How cool the billows all!
How fair it is, how passing fair,
To own there one true friend!
How faithfulness is home-bred there,
And thither yearns to wend.
When thus from wave to wave his note,
His simple praise-song rang;
Swift fawned he on his fond mate's throat,
And thus, methought, he sang:
"What more? Though of thy life's short dream
No tale the ages bring,
Yet hast thou loved on Northland's stream,
And sang songs there in spring!"
FROM THE SWEDISH OF RUNEBERG.

A Vision.

From the tropic air of the city
I'm turning, my darling, to you;
Where your feet tread the fragrant lilies,
White and shining with morning dew.
I catch a breath of their perfume,
Of the busy, life-giving air;
I catch a glimpse of your face, love,
In its framing golden-touched hair.
I hear again the sweet tones, love,
Of the words that have answered my own,
And I walk with you through the meadows,
And list to the wind's low tone;
With you 'mid the ferns and mosses,
When the shadows are lying asleep;
With you where the waterfall rushes
Through the wild glens dark and deep.
Ah! sweetest of all the sweet visions
That are borne on the morning air,
The glimpses I catch of your face, love,
Framed in gleamings of golden-touched hair.
LILIAN WHITING.

Night and Morning.

I stood alone in the porch last night,
And watched the moon rise over the lea,
Till the shadows waved in the silver light,
And the night wind sighed to me.
And down in the garden-paths I knew
That last year's leaves were lingering yet;
Leaves that had taken the sun and the dew
Of days I would fain forget.
I found no peace in the summer night;
"Old joys," I said, "like the leaves lie low,
And I can not rest in this tranquil light;"
So I wept, and turned to go.
I stood again in the porch at morn,
While the boughs shook down their sparkling spray,
And the sun rose over the springing corn,
And the fields of scented hay.
A wain went by with its fragrant load;
The wagoner whistled loud and clear,
But I heard a step on the quiet road,
And I knew that my love was near.
Blow, morning wind, o'er the sun-lit slope,
And carry the dead leaves out of sight;
For my heart beats high with its new-found hope;
Ah! why did I doubt, last night?

"You have a nice soft thing of it here, Charley," said the gushing heiress, as she fondly patted her simple young husband on the spot where his center-parted hair is.

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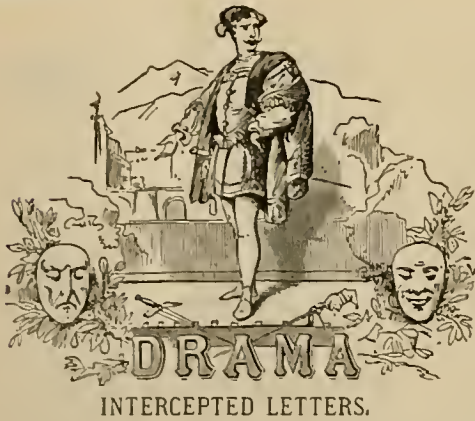
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SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I had thought if there was a family in English literature which did not seem to invite the attention of the dramatist it was that of "Dr. Primrose." I never expected to see the dear old vicar and his wayward girls before the footlights, and, having seen them, I must say that they did not appear peculiarly Goldsmithian. It was not, however, because the pretty household picture was not faithfully reproduced, but one so misses the Vicar's happy style of narration that everything seems transformed. Occasionally a bit of the original didogone is introduced, and it is like the face of an old friend peering out from among a crowd of strangers. What a providential dispensation it was that Herne ceased to be a member of the company before they brought out *Olivia*! I never saw an actor who looked more at home in a powdered wig and knee-breeches than did Bradley. He is a very fair actor, too, if they do not surcharge him with comedy, and played the "Vicar" very acceptably, if somewhat funnily. I was quite enchanted with the first act, and thought everything promised to go off admirably. The scene was really pretty. A comfortable-looking apartment, which, in the stage-like fashion, served the triple uses of parlor, library, and dining-room, was arranged with some cosy-looking, old-fashioned furniture. A ramification of woodwork inclosed the piano, and was supposed to represent the musical instrument most in favor with the Primrose girls. I can not tell you what it was, Madge, but it looked like a progenitor of the Metropolitan Temple organ. There was an old-time dresser filled with blue china, an antique looking book-case, and the inevitable checker-board table-cloth. Looking with prophetic eyes into the dim future I can see the stage manager at Baldwin's in his last hours lift his voice like the dying swan, and sing:

"Oh, wrap the cloth around me, boys,
To die were far more sweet,
With the good old red-checked table-cloth
To be my winding sheet."

There is nothing wrong about the cloth, Madge, but, like Mr. Crumple's "props," it is introduced so frequently as to invite remark. The powdered locks of the vicar and his wife, the bright dresses of the younger ones of the flock, and the homely comfort of everything, made a picture such as the eye delights to dwell on. It was with a pang that I realized that the California model savings bank was not a new institution, and that the poor old Vicar of Wakefield suffered his first misfortune from their eccentric custom of closing up when such a course is least expected. Aside from the savings bank bombshell there is not much in the first act, which is simply introductory. But the second act, oh! the second act introduces Mr. Lewis Morrison in his great specialty, the micro-dramatic villain. I like to see him enter. I always feel as if a full brass band were playing, "See, the conquering hero comes," and he were keeping time to the inaudible music. I think he feels so, too. "Olivia" and "Thornhill" seem to have arrived a pretty fair understanding by the time the curtain rolls up on the second act, although "Mr. Thornhill" has not made the acquaintance of the audience previously. "Olivia" is a very trying part for Miss Rose Wood. It is difficult for the most superior actress to satisfy the ideal which readers build from a well known author. It is "Olivia's" story which is interesting rather than herself, for, after all, she is in the book but a vain, forward, ordinary girl, and as such would not be an acceptable stage heroine. Miss Wood plays one little scene very tenderly, although it gives her scarcely a word to speak. But I have frequently observed that she has a genius for posing herself in attitudes of supplication and despair. She received a call after this act, which can only have been for this graceful posing, for, really, when one looks back upon it, although one may enjoy the play, there is nothing to call any one out for. I had hoped that Miss Wood would give us some picturesque costuming to delight in, but she did not. She was wrong. There is as great a charm in the quaint costumes of an older time as in the elaborate setting of a stage; and we all know that a stage manager must be an artist to acquire a reputation, when they will copy the model of an apartment from continent to continent, as they did in *Diplomacy* for example, although it was but a modern comedy, enacted in a modern salon. Miss Wood, and every one else, conformed in a degree to the fashions of the period in which the play is laid. Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Farren, and Mr. Willie Seymour only conformed to them absolutely. These three might have been reprints of some of the etchings of that day. The latter looked as guileless as a baby in his long fair hair, and pitched into his by-play in the hay cart with genuine industry. He is very neat in small parts, and on this occasion was the most interesting member of the "Primrose" band, although Robinson got two distinct rounds of applause all to himself. "Olivia," of course, is excepted. I find myself getting back to "Olivia," and may as well say my say, although Jack thinks he has broken me of the habit of looking at people's feet. But he has not, and can not so long as I see every opera glass in the house leveled straight at the floor when the actresses are obliged to wear short dresses. What a slender, arched, pretty Spanish foot "Olivia" has; but oh! Madge, why are not vivid pink hose and Oxford ties with vivid pink laces tabooed? Well, there, I will say no more. My attention was distracted by something much worse, I assure you. A young lady, whose name was billed in large letters, was entrusted with the part of "Sophia." I believe "Sophia" was that one of the "Vicar's" daughters whose "soft, modest, and alluring manner vanquished by efforts successively repeated." I can not say that this young lady successively repeated any efforts. She was the most remarkable specimen of inflexibility I ever saw. She had the stage to herself now and then, and seemed to be telling herself something, but

her remarks reached us only once or twice through the evening. Jack thinks she has a delicate, pretty face, and I rather liked the tones of her voice when I did hear them, but she needs to be galvanized. It was madness to imperil the success of a new piece by giving her such an important part; but I am inclined to think all the managers have spells of lunacy nowadays. Bishop made rather a rollicking villain, and joined in the wholesale repentance in the last act. How absurd this is! After making their villainy—more especially "Thornhill's"—so depraved and revolting that it is unpardonable, they do a little eleventh hour business in the last act, and are forgiven, even by "Burchell." O'Neill, as "Burchell," had nothing to do until the last, except to glide around mysteriously in a long black cloak. But they gave him one speech finally, and he made the most of it. I like to see O'Neill in earnest. There is considerable strength in his Celtic warmth. What a difference there is between the idyllic quiet of *Olivia* and the boisterous fun of *Our Bachelors*. It can hardly be called a play, for it is a mere farcical melange; but the people seemed to enjoy it as much as if it were constructed by every Boucicalutian rule of art governing such matters. When the two comedians emerged from opposite sides and met in the centre of the stage, "at once there rose so wild a yell" as only a crowded gallery can give. They are quite unchanged. In fact, one can hardly expect a complete metamorphosis in the course of one year, although they have both "done" Europe since their last visit, and, I think, must have run up some long tailors' bills. Robson's only attempt at make-up is a remarkably natural-looking wig, only half covered with "hay-er," as he expresses it in that remarkable way he has of bisecting a monosyllable. The remainder of it glistens like a sea of glass. In fact, he glistens from head to foot; actually beams and gleams with the suggestiveness of soap and scrubbing. Crane is an irascible old chap, with a very tufty pair of whiskers and turbulent opposition standing out in every lock on his head. The plot of the play is as transparent as crystal, but some of the situations are very amusing, and the people laugh as if the sayings of Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and the Danbury man were all combined. First, one heard a subdued giggle in the dress circle, then a shriek of mirth from the gallery; this was broken in upon by the diapason of an orchestra guffaw. Anon, timid womankind expressed itself in a te-he-he; amused age, in a subdued cackle; then came a chorus, at regular intervals, over some fusillade of witty dialogue—ha-ha-ha—pause—ha-ha-ha—pause, and ha-ha-ha. Now and then there was the solo explosion; and what is funnier than one single person out of several hundred seeing something that no one else sees and laughing at it all by himself. How inexpressibly foolish he feels after he has laughed. How wonderfully every one turns to him. How doubly distilled is his misery if it happens to occur a second time. Now and then one hears the fresh, gurgling laugh of a child; but the complications of "Bangle" and "Jowler" are not exactly adapted to childish appreciation. I believe they are rehearsing *Forbidden Fruit*. That is a very attractive title, Madge. Whether it is the title or the play I can not say, but I have heard a great many say who would not go to see *Our Bachelors* that they were waiting for *Forbidden Fruit*. They are getting a company together at last at the California. *Our Bachelors* introduced three of the new people, and, I believe, we are yet only to hear from the comedian and leading man. I have scarcely formed an opinion of Miss De Forrest. At all events, if she is no better, I think she is no worse than we have had. She is somewhat hard in her style, and is perhaps, therefore, better as "Mrs. Eva Clinton," a rich widow, than she will be in more ingenuous parts. She has a fair stage presence, and inclines to the striking in toilets. She was excessively nervous in her first scene, for which no one can blame her, for it is a most ill-advised situation in which to introduce a heroine or a hero. Mr. Cotter sustained the latter role on this occasion, and appears rather well, aside from the remarkable regard he manifests for his hat. I could not exactly ascertain whether he were afraid of losing it, feared to catch cold, or thought it remarkably becoming. He clung to it like a drowning man to a straw; it might not be called a very handsome hat either. We were next introduced to Miss Eliza Long, the soubrette. Is it not strange that all the Longs are so short? She is the merest dot of a woman excepting her head, which is large enough for a leading man. She has some nice little ways, but is not at all vivacious, and is not, I should think, especially talented. If she is it was not visible on this occasion. As for beauty she has a magnificent pair of eyes. Is it not strange that one sees so few really beautiful women on the stage when the world does so abound with them? It is not often that one sees two like Maud Granger and Jeffreys-Lewis on the stage at one time. I looked around the auditorium on Monday night and saw so many pretty faces. There were at least twenty handsome women and three whom I considered peerlessly beautiful, who would challenge the attention in any assemblage, and this without the charm of light and colors, in those disfiguring California Theatre shadows, with no rouge and no blacking. A little powder perhaps, but what woman nowadays does not give her nose a little sly, innocent caress with the powder puff? I meet several girls on the street shabbily dressed, or bedecked with cheap finery which is as bad, who are quite as handsome as Adelaide Neilson, and yet how world-famous is her beauty because she is one of the few handsome women on the stage. Do the pretty girls never get stage struck, or is the disease confined to the plainer ones only. After all it is only expression we seek. It is this eternal false stage-smile that makes them all look alike, all the stupid ones I mean. What does it matter whether the nose be too long or too fat, whether the mouth be too broad or too thin, so that the face says something which comes from the inside, and oh, how many of them say nothing but "aint I sweet!" I can not accuse Alice Oates, who comes next week at Loek's Bush Street Theatre, of this sort of insipidity. I shall be glad to see the frolicsome, frisky, jovial little woman back again. She will have a good season, for the people are beginning to languish for a little opera bouffe. We need it periodically, as ague patients require red pepper tea. She commences the season with the *Chimes of Normandy*, and I hope next week to tell you how they ring.

BETSY B.

A writer in a London journal thus describes the lodgings of our American prima donna, Albani, who has recently married the famous impresario, Mr. Gye: "One's first impression on entering the drawing-room is that he is in the saloon of a rich Florentine of the sixteenth century. The furniture is of ebony inlaid with ivory. Imposing buffets and balthus stand in the place of cabinets and chiffoniers. The curtains and mural hangings are in crimson brocade. Settees are ranged round the walls. In the palace of Fontainebleau there are some like them, in the Henri II. gallery. Mixed with them and scattered about are modern fauteuils inviting visitors to be seated. A smaller saloon, in blue and white, the Diva and her sister have made their music and sitting-room. You see at once it is the habitat of a lyrical star.

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BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

General H. D. Watson, of the Johnson's Cyclopaedia, reconnoitres in force, and captures the very light rigade that Appleton throws out as skirmishers. Knowlton must get his Ebenezer up, brandish his little hatchet, and come scalping back upon the war-path. Chaw-ink-sky, Warsaw's last champion who shrieked when Appleton's Cyclopaedia fell, must rally for another bluff. In this battle of the Cyclopaedias, the schoolmaster and the second-hand dealer in old do'-th-covered novels seem to be getting the worst of the conflict. Watson's last broadside is thus entitled:

THE LOST CAUSE AND EBENEZER KNOWLTON.

Appleton's revised American Cyclopaedia is blighted and doomed. It deserves to be, for it has falsified the facts of history in the interest of a church which has for centuries stood in the way of human liberty and intellectual progress. Let intelligent American parents and patrons and friends of our Public Schools ask themselves the question, Why are the Catholic priests and the Jesuitical foes of our Public School system so strenuous in their efforts to force this lying Cyclopaedia into the schools of this State? Why do they so zealously recommend the faithful of their flocks to buy this costly and worthless production? No doubt their object is to preserve the minds of the school children of this State and the hearts of their parishioners free from the taint of sectarian prejudice! They have every confidence in a book made up by Father O'Reilly, and most heartily sanctioned by Cardinal McCloskey. Why shouldn't they?

And now comes the redoubtable "Professor" Ebenezer Knowlton, after his perilous ascent of Mount Shasta, "alone and without a guide" (?), with his deep chest and brawny arms and his "words of learned length and thundering sound," to prop up the falling fortunes of James T. White and his blighted Cyclopaedia. The "Professor," however, "having jointly and severally in the aggregate examined over a thousand test topics," comes to the sage conclusion that "the American Cyclopaedia is unquestionably and very decidedly the better book." The learned "Professor" would do well to invest twenty-five cents in a composition primer and devote his next year to the mastery of its contents before he ventures to appear before the public in the role of a literary critic. I trust that those who know me will give me credit for possessing too much discernment and knowledge of men and things ever to leave to Ebenezer's determination the merits of Johnson's Cyclopaedia, or of any other book. For the benefit of those who do not know me, I will state that I never challenged White to leave the two Cyclopaedias to the judgment of Ebenezer Knowlton, or to the judgment of any Committee of which the renowned Ebenezer was a member.

The "Professor" accuses me of attempting to bribe him! Will the doughty "Professor" tell the public when, where, and how? I assert that I never tried, either directly or indirectly, to bribe Ebenezer Knowlton, and I defy him to prove that I ever did. It is hard for me to say this where many young ladies still live to whom the immaculate "Professor" once exclaimed, "My children, you see before you a man who, thanks to the training of his good mother and the kindness of his Heavenly Father, never told a lie." Oh! Ebenezer, lesser than Washington, yet better, how has the mighty fallen into the hands of Appleton's agent!

And now a word or two in reference to the card of the almost equally renowned Choynski, the far-famed antiquarian who sells second-hand books on Geary Street. Let me inform the gentle antiquarian that either he or his friend White can have all the Appleton's American Cyclopaedias which he or his friend will furnish bonds to pay for, at the following rates: Revised, in sheep, for \$60; agents' price, \$56. Condensed American, 4 vols., \$19; agents' price, \$38. On my return to the city last Saturday I found three cards, from the courteous Choynski in my post-office box, in one of which he threatened to publish my offer in last Sunday's *Chronicle* as mere buncombe. Now, to settle this question forever, I hereby challenge either Choynski or White to place \$5,000 in the Bank of California of this city, and if I do not deliver at any place they may direct one hundred sets of Appleton's Revised 16 vol. American Cyclopaedia for \$5,000 within ninety days, I agree to forfeit \$100 for every set I fall short, and I will place \$5,000 in bonds in the above mentioned bank as an evidence of my good faith in making this proposition. Among the one hundred sets which I am ready to furnish will be those that were kicked out of the Oakland schools by the unanimous vote of the Board of Education of that city, in order to make room for Johnson's Cyclopaedia. White has not accepted my challenge, which, I submit, was a fair one. Neither he nor D. Appleton & Co. dare accept it. I dare Choynski or White to put up money to take Appleton's Cyclopaedias at \$60 a set. H. D. WATSON.

One of the most attractive and beautiful features of the Mechanics' Fair is the exhibit of musical boxes made by M. J. Paillard & Co., 120 Sutter Street. The display is a fine one, embracing some of the best instruments in the country. Visitors to the Pavilion should not fail to see and hear these exquisite boxes.

The Saturday evening train of the Santa Cruz Railroad (for Aptos and Santa Cruz) which has made connection at Pajaro with the Southern Pacific Railroad train leaving San Francisco at 3:30 P. M., has been withdrawn for the season. The Monterey and Salinas Valley Railroad has also withdrawn the Saturday evening train (for Monterey), which has connected at Salinas with the above-mentioned train of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

For silverware, go to Anderson & Randolph's, Clock Tower Building, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. She will be happy to see her former patrons. New Style Lace Patterns.

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HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH, Howard Street, between Second and Third. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Guard, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Praise service at 6 1/2 P. M.

WANTED—Copies of the ARGONAUT of August 3d (No. 4, Vol. III.)

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

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G. R. CHIFMAN.....TREASURER.

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MR. J. C. WILLIAMSON and MISS MAGGIE MOORE will shortly appear at this Theatre.

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Saturday Evening, Benefit of the QUARTET.
Sunday Evening, Benefit of J. H. HAVERLY and the entire Company.

Monday Evening, Sept. 9th, 1878, engagement of the peerless Queen of English light Opera,

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Monday Evening, September 9th, last week of
OUR BACHELORS.

SES PACKED TO THE ROOF.

"Merrier men, within the limits of becoming mirth, I have not spent an hour's talk withal."

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JOWLER.....MR. ROBSON.
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"I say we shall have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live. The rest shall keep as they are—Old Bachelors."

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Robson scares Crane at 8 o'clock.

Crane bullies Robson at 9.

Robson thrashes Crane at 10.

Both demoralized at 10:30.

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THURSDAY EVENING.....September 12
Subject, "Law of Inheritance."

Admission, 50 cents. Lectures commence at 8 o'clock.

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MONDAY EVENING.....SEPTEMBER 9, 1878.

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Given under the patronage of the Citizens' Relief Committee for the benefit of the

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It is respectfully announced, that a grand Extra Matinee in aid of the

YELLOW FEVER SUFFERERS,

Will be given on

THURSDAY.....SEPTEMBER 12.

The following eminent artists and combinations have generously volunteered: Alice Oates and her Opera Company, the Haverly Minstrels, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Messrs. Robson and Crane, and the Company and Management of the California Theatre.

Sale of seats will commence Monday, Sept. 9th, at nine o'clock.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THE SOUTHERN PLAGUE.

The management has the honor to announce that a Grand Matinee will be given on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11th, at two o'clock, for the benefit of the

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A bill of unexampled attraction will be presented.

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Impressions of America. By R. W. Dale. Paper... 25
Sea Bathing. Its Use and Abuse. Paper, 25 cents; cloth..... 75
Back to the Old Home. By Mary Cecil Hay. Paper 20
Pottery Painting. By J. C. L. Sparks. Paper..... 20
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Prairie Days. By M. B. Sleight. Cloth..... 1 50
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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES J. HENRY, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by reference to the complaint on file herein, to which your attention is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL OF COURT.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,

No. 629 Kearny Street.

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A CARD.

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224 STOCKTON STREET, would respectfully inform his friends and patrons that he has entirely recovered from his late illness, and will resume practice on MONDAY, August 19th.

In reply to numerous inquiries Dr. Mowbray would state that HIS PRACTICE IS ENTIRELY SEPARATE FROM THAT OF DR. YOUNGER.

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A contemporary referring to a contemporary, says: "A word to the wise will hardly reach him."

The ex-Empress Eugénie, who has been of late in Vienna, proposes buying a large estate in Austria and making that country her residence. The waters of Ems lately cured her of a cough.

Sir George Bock, the distinguished Arctic navigator, is dead. He was not the inventor of Bock beer. And although water was his favorite, he has finally come to his—Infant class in paragoning, what did the gentleman come to?

Charles Reade has sent a manuscript play to Clara Morris for her consideration. He says if she doesn't accept it she is a mendacious ignoramus, an unmitigated lout, and a fractured idiot. Miss Morris is considerably embarrassed.

One of the end men of a newly organized minstrel troupe applied at one of our bookstores recently for a comic almanac fifty years old. He explained that the troupe wanted to study up a stock of jokes a little fresher than those used by the minstrels at present on the road.

The Niagara Falls Indians complain that their sales have fallen off seventy-five per cent. One of the noble red men remarked: "To the devil wid the Injun business, onyhow! Be jabbers I'm thinkin' I'll have to go back till dhruvin a shtrake caragen." Lo! the poor Indian!

Speaking of gambling, it is not out of place to note that at the recent sale of ex-Queen Isabella's diamonds, her celebrated diadem was broken up and the brilliant sold by weight for 166,615 francs to the widow of M. Blanc, who used to keep the gambling tables at Monaco and Homburg.

"Suppose you were out in a jungle somewhere," said Strobel to Billkins, while walking through the Zoo, "and should see a tiger come charging down upon you, with fur up and his mouth open, what would be your first thought?" "Well, I rather think," replied Mr. B., "that for about two seconds I'd conclude Marthy Ann's mother had just got back from her trip to camp-meet'g. It would be a comfort though, when I found out I'd been mistaken about it."

"Throughout the hot and dusty day
The sprinkler sprinkles its way,
And sprinkles sprinkles up and down
The sprinkful precincts of the town.
In vain have sprinkled ladies swore
At crossings sprinkled o'er;
In vain the sprightly sprinkling hoots:
Who sees the sprinkler sprink his boots;
That sprinkling sprinkler sprinkles on
Until its sprinkling sprink is done,
Nor pauses for a curse or thank
Unless its final sprink is sprank."

Worth, the Paris man-milliner, is not a Frenchman at all, but a Protestant Englishman with a Catholic and Parisian wife, and two sons just out of college. His home is at Suresnes, a suburb of the gay capital, immediately under the guns of his chief defense, Fort Mont Valerian, which the Germans failed to reduce in 1871. Here he plays the genial host in an elegant chateau, planted in the midst of extensive grounds, which are fenced in by high brick walls. One day and night each year house and grounds are thrown open to Worth's employes, the women appearing in dresses given them from his store, and each trimmed according to the great milliner's directions.

Just now we are told that experiments have been made at Krupp's manufactory of Bredlar on certain big guns, producing big results in connection with such a big treaty as that of Berlin—Peace! Let us see what these peaceful pets, these artillery infants, can do. At 10,000 yards the ball from one of these charmers will perforate the thickest ironclad; at 2,000 yards two such shot will disable or sink the largest ship afloat. And every one of these shots cost some \$150 in money and six minutes in time to do its deadly and destructive work. Thus, in twelve minutes and for \$300, you can destroy an ironclad costing \$1,600,000, provided the shooting is good. Include the other minor matters, such as the death of the crew, consisting of 600 or 700 men.

The train was just going out of the station, and Mr. De Barth thought that he would have some fun. Several rough-looking country lads stood on the depot platform, and D. B. squared himself for a jolly time. All the passengers watched him.

He shook his fist at the tallest of the party, and said: "Oh, you son of a gun! I'd like to have you in this car for about five minutes; I'd make your head look like a coal sieve. O-o-o-h, you son of a gun!"

Then he put on a fearful look, and made believe that he was mad; but he wasn't, for he had never seen the countryman before. All hands laughed.

The countryman didn't say a word, but he had that satisfied look which betokened extreme good nature, or a hope of getting square.

The train went merrily on its way, and soon the little incident was forgotten. D. B. had had his little joke, and quietly settled down for a little nap.

Suddenly the train slowed up. Then it stopped. Then it began to back.

Heavens! Was it going back to that station?

Yes! there was a car full of freight that had to go to New York, and the train must take it on. D. B. turned pale. Then he began to get up. Then he got up. There was no chance for flight. Ah, ha! The seat! Under it went D. B. When the train stopped, the countryman entered. Let us draw the curtain. When D. B. arrived home in a week, he wrote a long letter to the newspapers about the unkind treatment of patients by hospital nurses.



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GEO. T. BROMLEY, Manager.

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JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

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RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveor

OFFICE OF THE BODIE MINING

Company, San Francisco, August 23, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held to-day, an extra dividend of five dollars per share was declared, payable on Saturday, August 31st. Office, Room 53, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street.

WM. M. LENT, Secretary.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1878, an assessment (No. 50) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Wednesday, the ninth (9th) day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.

Office.—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

NORTHERN BELLE MILL AND

Mining Company.—The fourth annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named corporation, for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before it, will be held on MONDAY, September 9th, 1878 (second Monday in September), at the hour of one o'clock P. M. on that day, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on Monday, September 2, 1878, at three o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of MICHAEL KELLEHER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco. Dated August 8th, 1878.

WILLIAM DOOLAN,

Administrator of the Estate of Michael Kelleher, deceased.

ALASKA

COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

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Drug and Prescription

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Northwest corner Polk and Pine Streets.

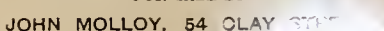
Prescriptions prepared with care from the purest of Drugs and Chemicals.

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Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

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TO EUROPE.

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ORDERS FROM EUROPE

have increased to an extent, necessitating the establishment of Warerooms in London, England, and connected with it is a Concert Hall, the whole combined making the most elegant Piano Warerooms in Europe, and stands there as a monument of American genius and industry.

It is impossible to mention in the limited space of an advertisement the innumerable triumphs of this enterprise. They stand foremost as victors in Piano building in America, and in that respect, no small compliment to their inventions is the undeniable endorsement of all their competitors, as shown in their imitative efforts. Certain principles of the Steinways are however so completely protected, that no imitation or substitute is attempted at all, and the shallow method of crying such inventions down are resorted to and relied upon.

The Steinways designed and perfected the Overstring and Iron Frame systems. The application of the Agraffe Arrangements to Square and Upright Pianos. The Patent Duplex Scale creating the most beautiful treble tones, (the Duplex Scale is of recent invention and only to be found in Pianos sold recently). The Improved Double Dampers. The later ideas extending the Agraffe to everything in the Piano. The highest finish to all parts of the instrument, including first qualities of ivory, ebony, felt, cloth, etc. The wood work and varnish of such first-class character, that the employment of large capital and experience alone permits.

The name of Steinway has become a "household word" in America homes, and the satisfactory record of 19 years' trial on the Pacific Coast, in itself assures the purchaser that the investment is no speculation, but one of perfect security.

The oft-repeated story of rival makers claiming to have been Steinways' foreman, etc., should have no weight with purchasers. An immense manufacturing business like the Steinways is divided into departments for the various classes of work, and a foreman of one department superintends that alone, and cannot be perfect in other details.

The Steinways (a numerous family) are the inventors and designers of the principles of their Pianos, and are alone responsible for the thorough execution of their own ideas.

In the Machinery Department at the late Centennial Exhibition Steinways were awarded a special medal for an invention for testing their iron frames under a pressure of 6,000 lbs. to the square centimetre. (This award was distinct from their medal for the best Pianos exhibited.) The iron frames in Steinway Pianos are the only ones so tested, and while other makers rely on castings from an ordinary foundry, the Steinways maintain their own foundry, and manufacture a frame of composite metal, which adds greatly to the resonant qualities of the instrument in general.

It frequently occurs that the attempt is made to raise the character of Pianos constructed on less costly principles to the rank that the Steinway maintains, by naming a price, the same or nearly so. This method is frequently exposed by the perfect willingness of the dealer to make astonishing discounts for cash or extremely long credits; systems not entertained in any first-class business. In selling a Steinway Piano, a guarantee of worth is given protecting the purchaser for 5 years, and catalogues issued by the Pacific Coast Agencies have a uniform rate of prices in gold, and where desired a liberal installment plan is offered to responsible buyers, with an additional charge of simple interest on deferred payments. Catalogues mailed on application to

M. GRAY, General Agent,
103 Kearny Street, S. F.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

HERRMANN'S



FALL STYLES

ARE NOW OUT AT

336 KEARNY STREET, BETWEEN BUSH AND PINE,
.....AND.....

910 MARKET STREET, ABOVE STOCKTON.

A GREAT INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO OF BOSTON

Is one of the greatest trust institutions of the present age. It was organized over forty years ago, and under a conservative management it has grown, and strengthened, and is now at the head of honored and trusted companies for the insurance of life in the U. S. Its policies are issued under the non-forfeiture law of Massachusetts. It charges no more for its insurance than those companies that forfeit the policy in case of non-payment of premium when due. Its present assets are \$14,893,427 78, and its surplus over all liabilities amount to \$2,759,965 04. Wallace Everson, No. 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, is the general agent for California and the Pacific States and Territories, and is ever ready to give all information desired.

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SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR LADIES UNATTENDED.

Reached in thirty-five minutes from San Francisco by steamer NEWARK—depot on the premises; or C. P. R. R. to Mastic Station, or from Oakland by horse-cars at Broadway Station, running within two blocks of the Baths. BATHS, 25 CENTS, including Private Room, Bathing Suit, Towels, Shower Baths, etc.

R. HALEY & C. A. EDSON, Proprietors.



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RARE ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS.

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customers and the public that he has removed to a larger and more convenient office at No. 23 Kearny Street (next door to Snow & May's), where he has a large collection of these beautiful and rare Works of Art. To those who can not visit his collection, he will be glad, on receipt of a postal card, to take a portfolio of Engravings for inspection at their residence any forenoon or evening. 23 Kearny Street. Hours, 1 to 5 P. M.

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DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

STERLING SILVER SPOONS & FORKS,
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IRON MANTELS

—AND—

ENAMELED GRATES.

The perfection which the manufacture of Marbleized Iron Mantels has attained brings them in direct competition with the best qualities of slate for all purposes where mantels are used, and they are in a great measure taking the place of marble. The soft rich color in which these mantels are finished renders them a much more agreeable article of furniture to a room than the cold, repulsive-looking marble slab, and colors may be selected to harmonize with the furniture. In ELEGANCE OF DESIGN, QUALITY OF FINISH, AND DURABILITY OF POLISH, they are every way superior to slate or marble. In point of economy, also, they cost very much less, are stronger, and certainly far more durable than either.

The Largest Stock and Greatest Variety on the Pacific Coast. For sale by

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.,

NOS. 110, 112, 114, 118, & 120 BATTERY ST.

"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE,

The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine in the market.

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Elegant, stylish, and reliable.

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A complete assortment of ARTISTS' MATERIAL, GOLD FRAMES, etc.

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KEARNY AND SUTTER STREETS.

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MILITARY FURNISHERS

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LODGE SUPPLIES

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BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

"THE CHINESE MUST GO!"--III.

A Reply to Kwang Chang Ling, the Chinese Literate.

"Who is Kwang Chang Ling? Is he a Chinaman?"

These are the doubting questions propounded by many who have read the able and scholarly presentation of the Chinese question from a Chinese standpoint by one claiming to be a Chinese Mandarin, who signs himself "Kwang Chang Ling." The authorship of the Palace Hotel letters is a matter into which I, in common with the community, have no valid right to inquire, unless it in some way affects the question at issue. If Kwang Chang Ling is a veritable Chinaman, it may be claimed with some force that these very articles, which so eloquently set forth the Chinese cause, are an evidence of the mental capacity of the Chinese people to surmount the difficulties and absorb the essences of modern civilization. If, on the other hand, it should be ascertained that "Kwang Chang Ling" is a mere pseudonym adopted by some glib-penned Bohemian writing for coin—"a Caucasian hireling"—or one of those very sincere but idiosyncratic gentlemen, who, observing the majority of the community, the "common herd," taking one side, immediately adopts the other upon "the rule of contraries;" or one of those strictly "business men" who view all questions in the light of "commerce," or, more properly speaking, through the colored goggles of their own self-interest, and who, in order that their profits may not be endangered, deem it expedient to employ "one of them literary fellers" to ransack history and gather statistics to justify themselves before men; then, and in either of these events, it may perhaps be well said that, as no Chinaman has yet appeared on this continent capable of assimilating sufficient modern thought to be able to present even in the humblest degree his own cause, they may be set down and judged as they have ever been, an isolated, mediocre, barren people, who have never as yet risen to a full appreciation of any question, much less exhibited the ability to discuss it. Notwithstanding the positive yet harmless assertion of the author, in his opening article, that he is "a warrior, a noble, a leader of the Chinese, and a representative by authority," I do not hesitate to say that I believe Kwang Chang Ling to be a pure myth. No such Chinaman ever did live or ever will live. "The power of statement, the aptness of expression, the myriad evidences of a mind schooled in the intricacies of modern civilization, all unite to convince us that no Chinese 'literate' could have written the papers signed 'Kwang Chang Ling.' And yet, even with these admirable features, it must be admitted that the Palace Hotel letters are singularly barren of logic and painfully lacking in any system of connected reasoning. While they are sufficiently fertile of thought and abundantly suggestive, yet they are strangely lacking in conclusiveness. While they abound in tersely expressed truisms, industriously accumulated statistics, and ingenious historical references, the truisms are unfitting, the statistics are irrelevant, and much of the history erroneous. Lord Bacon said: 'Histories make wise men; poetry, witty men; the mathematics, subtle men; natural and moral philosophy, deep and grave men; logic and rhetoric, men able to contend.' Kwang Chang Ling may be a historian, a mathematician, and a philosopher, but he has abundantly demonstrated that he is not a logician.

At the close of his first letter we are informed, with an air of genuine "celestial superiority," that "the trouble with the Chinese question is that it has been viewed from too low and narrow a standpoint." Now, let us right here determine, if we can, what is the highest and broadest view to be taken of the Chinese question? Is it true that our Casserlys, Booths, Sargents, Hagers, Pixleys, Davises, and Haymonds, have, with all their scholarship, their experience, and their study on this question, been so narrow and pig-headed as never to have been able to take a broad and statesmanlike view of the Chinese question?

The Chinese question may be viewed from three distinct standpoints: (1.) As a question of social science, (2.) as a question of political economy, and (3.) as a question of political policy. Let us briefly review the leading arguments under each of these heads:

(1.) *As a question of Social Science.*—The social scientist looks at the effect of Chinese immigration upon society. He observes that the Chinese have been coming and going among us as well as among other nations for twenty-five, fifty, and even a hundred years, and that they are as much strangers and aliens now as they were the first day of their arrival. He observes that they do not come like the European immigrants seeking homes, bringing their families, and adopting our institutions, but as aliens, strangers, laborers, intending to return to China as soon as possible; that they do not come to escape the feudal oppressions of China in order to seek a free government, where they can have liberty of thought and freedom of action, but solely to make money. Freedom of thought, he observes, is nothing to Chinamen, for they have no thoughts above their stolid and unvarying round of duties. He observes that they have absolutely no conception of our society, of our laws, of our government, or of our institutions; that society gains nothing by them; that they are a menace to our system of educated labor; that they bring with them muscle, but no brains; that they do not aspire; that they degrade labor by their stolid and servile habits and manner of living, instead of elevating and dignifying it by holding up their heads as men, citizens, and voters, having ideas, principles, and thoughts of their own; that by reason of their inferior civilization they have few wants, and can, therefore, underbid even the most economical American laborer who takes newspapers, buys pictures, sends his children to school, and enjoys the myriad luxuries incident to our superior civilization—for civilization is expensive, while barbarism is cheap; that the influence of Chinese immigration upon the laboring classes of our country is, therefore, demoralizing in the extreme. He studies their

history to ascertain whether there is not some hope for the future only to find that they have always been an exclusive, conservative, unchangeable race who have ever refused to mix and amalgamate with other races. He finds that they are a decaying race, and that if they should change their policy and come among us to dwell permanently, the mixing of inferior and decaying races with superior races results in harm and deterioration to the superior. He learns that even their very language is in a state of "arrested development," and has from all time stood like a bulwark in the way of their attaining a higher state of civilization. He learns that the offspring of the cross-breeding of distinctive races results in weak and short-lived mongrels, and that the moral degradation involved in such mixtures is an evil to society and to government. From all these facts and circumstances, and myriad others, the social scientist concludes that Chinese immigration is an injury and a curse to any civilized people, and he, therefore, is not disposed to listen with any degree of patience to the cold-blooded arguments of the political economist who welcomes the Chinese immigrant as a cheap laborer.

(2.) *As a question of Political Economy.*—Political economy as generally taught is a cold, calculating, commercial science (if indeed it should be called a science). It looks at things as they are, not as they ought to be. It takes it for granted that whatever is right. It ignores the great Godlike principle of human sympathy. It deals simply with the law of adjustments. It sees the Chinese in California, but it does not ask nor care whether they come as immigrants, seeking homes, or whether they intend to return to China. It does not ask nor care what the influence of their coming is upon our civilization or upon our people. It does not ask nor care whether they are intelligent or whether they are ignorant; whether they are aliens, or whether they are citizens; whether they are assimilative, or non-assimilative; whether they are white, or whether they are black. It simply asks them one great, all-absorbing question, and that is: "Can you work, and if so, will you work cheap?" This is the sum total of the political economy view of the Chinese question. If it has any ideas outside, above, or beyond this, it answers and settles them all by one wise and stunning proposition: "If they are here it is because they ought to be. It is manifest destiny that they should be here. If it were not so they would not be here." It has some dim, shadowy idea that there are times in the world's history when commerce, or some other mysterious power, causes a shifting of some races and the displacement of others. That in obedience to some such law as this the Chinese are here, and in spite of all we can do and all we can say, they will stay here. Thus the average political economist is a pure, unadulterated fatalist. He thinks it would be interfering with some great natural law to stop Chinese immigration. He may not have a very intelligent reason for believing so, but he is none the less unyielding and dogmatic in his opinion. If there is any one principle the one-idea political economist will fight for, it is the principle of "cheap labor." He regards that as a cardinal principle of his creed, never to be given up under any circumstances. He thinks that the country was made to be "developed;" that the only way it can be developed is to procure cheap labor; and that therefore Chinese cheap labor is a blessing. There are political economists, however, of eminence and respectability, who recognize the element of humanity even in political economy; who determine the prosperity of a nation not by the wealth of a few, but by the prosperity of the many; who recognize the fact that cheap labor means low diet, few comforts, and no luxuries for the laborer; who have observed that to deprive the laboring classes of the incidents of high civilization renders the whole community less prosperous; that the true prosperity of a nation consists in all classes of society enjoying the comforts and luxuries of civilization; who have observed that as we recede from the more highly civilized countries, to Hungary, Turkey, Southern Russia, and the steppes of Asia, toward the borders of barbarism, wages become lower and still lower, and the comfort and welfare of the laboring classes are totally neglected; that as we approach the more highly civilized and prosperous nations wages become higher; that low wages mean stagnation and decay, and high wages, growth and progress. Thus there are two schools of political economy—one favoring, the other opposing Chinese immigration.

(3.) *As a question of Political Policy.*—The Chinese question is of course a political question. It must be settled, if at all, by statesmanship. It comes to this country, unfortunately, in a three-fold aspect, namely: As a local, and at the same time as a national and an international question. It is unfortunate in another aspect, in this, that it arouses the sleeping fires of "State rights." Many of us who were strenuously opposed to States rights in the Southern contest begin to see that, as a matter of principle, the Southern States were not so far wrong after all—that no local State government ought to be yoked under a social burden it does not want to bear, and the enormity of which it cannot make the stolid millions of this great empire of States understand. Be this as it may, we are forced to meet the question. Whether as a local, a national, or an international one, it is a problem for our statesmen to solve, and statesmanship involves everything. The statesman ought to be noble, and good, and great. He ought to be a prophet, to know the future; a seer, to know the past; and an archangel, to know the present. Yea, he ought to be a very God in omniscience. Alas! how rare is statesmanship. It is not, however, for humanity to rise to the level of Deity. The graces and virtues are dealt out to us only as we are prepared to receive them. There were, a few years ago, some choice spirits in the vicinity of Boston who formulated a political creed something like the following: "This, the best government on earth, was established under the especial guidance of Divine Providence, as a fit place in which to usher in the millennium; a government to which the down-trodden and oppressed of every nation on earth may come, and be welcome to enjoy with us the rich blessings of liberty, fraternity, and

equality; a government where the 'brotherhood of man' shall be fully recognized, and all prejudices of race be forgotten; a government in which all mankind shall meet on one common level, speak the English language, love one another, and constitute a high and noble example for the benefit of other nations." How beautiful in theory, how hideous in practice. It arose as many another error has arisen and thrived, in a good cause. It was the offspring of a noble but mistaken impulse of humanity. It was prompted by sympathy for the slave. We hated slavery because it was wrong. We said the slave ought to be free, and we made him free. The Republican school, in which many of us were educated, was a school of humanity, but we learned some lessons in it which we must now unlearn, and one of them is that there is a vast difference between the right of a slave to be free and the right of a Chinaman to come to America. The humanity which would free a slave from bondage does not extend so far as to declare that this nation is a great common sewer into which the vile offscourings of the nations of the earth is expected to flow. The humanity which declares that "all men are created free and equal" cannot apply to Asia and Africa, and to the islands of the sea, nor be interpreted as an invitation for the barbarians of the world to come and dwell among us. There is some limit to this doctrine of humanity. Enlightened minds long ago discovered that nations as well as individuals have the right to choose their abode and defend themselves from the encroachments of others; that nations as well as individuals have the moral right to invite to their homes and their firesides only such as they may desire to come; that nations as well as individuals have the moral right "to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" without molestation. A morality so high that it compels me to take into my household the vile criminal in order that I may do him good is a libel on the name of morality. The charity which would compel me to take the bread out of the mouth of my family to give it to a stranger is robbery. The mercy which would compel me to take the leper into my house to "cleanse him," and thus communicate the disease to my children, is brutal and inhuman. The political morality which would compel me to open wide our Golden Gate and welcome the hordes from China, Tartary, and Mongolia in order that we may civilize them and do them good, although by so doing we destroy our own cherished institutions, is hideous and revolting. No such morality as this was ever dictated to humanity. Virtues carried to excess are the worst of vices. There is a limit to humanity. There is a limit to kindness. There is a limit to hospitality and to all the graces and virtues. These limits have been recognized by the wisest statesmen and the most highly civilized and enlightened nations. Grotius, Vattel, Chief Justice Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, and Charles Sumner have all recognized the fact that "nations have the right to keep at a distance whatever is capable of causing their ruin." It was in recognition of this principle that our forefathers saw fit to limit the right of citizenship to foreigners until after a probationary period of residence among us. It was in recognition of this principle that John Quincy Adams opposed the annexation of Texas, and Charles Sumner the annexation of San Domingo. It was in recognition of this principle that the Hon. Eugene Casserly, foreseeing the evils of Chinese immigration, declined to attend the banquet given to Anson Burlingame in honor of the Burlingame treaty. With the far-seeing eye of a statesman he saw that we had prostituted and hartered the highest interests of our nation for "a mess of pottage." In accordance with this same principle we have the right—the moral right—to stop Chinese immigration if it is an injury to us. If it is claimed on behalf of the Chinese that every human being has the right to better his condition, and that it is our duty in a larger sense of humanity not to stand in the way, and that it is a part of the great economy of Nature that we should suffer some in order that the Chinese may be benefitted a great deal, we may reply that we do not base our right of opposition upon the right of self-preservation alone, but on behalf of humanity in its largest sense. We have adopted a republican government and democratic institutions, which it is to the interest of Christendom to preserve and perpetuate. Anything that threatens the safety of our government endangers the welfare of humanity. We may, therefore, oppose Chinese immigration, not upon our mere selfish right to exist (though in the eyes of all civilized nations that is sufficient), but upon the higher right of our government and our institutions to be perpetuated for the benefit of mankind.

I have thus attempted to classify the methods of viewing and treating the question of Chinese immigration: (1.) In its influence upon our social and political fabric; (2.) in its influence in an economic sense upon our prosperity as a nation, and (3.) as a political question. Leaving out of view the political question of our right to stop it, and regarding it simply as a question of benefit or injury in a social or economic sense, what is the highest and broadest view to be taken of this question? If the Chinaman is an evil to society and a benefit to commerce, which shall yield, society or commerce? If as a laborer the Chinaman is a benefit, and as a citizen he is an injury, which shall we dispense with, his society or his labor? If he is a benefit to the capitalist and an injury to the poor man, whom shall we favor, the rich man or the poor man? There can be no half-hearted answer to these questions. Humanity is above commerce; the citizen is more than the laborer; freedom and intelligence with poverty are better than the wealth and prosperity of the few with serfdom for the many. I have never been able to discuss the interests of humanity from a political economy standpoint.

Having thus fully set forth what I believe to be the highest and broadest methods of treating the Chinese question, I had hoped and intended to point out specifically how far short Kwang Chang Ling had fallen from the standard which he himself proclaimed at the outset, and also to call attention to some of his more glaring errors of logic, but the columns are full and space forbids, and I must therefore close.

H. N. C.

THE RIVAL COMMANDERS.

A Semi-Historical Scrap.

Late one sultry summer afternoon, in the year 1849, General Vallejo, then acting as Commandant at the Sonoma Presidio, was slowly pacing to and fro in the open corridor overlooking the court-yard of his residence.

The General, although just risen from his after-dinner *siesta*, was, nevertheless, in a very bad humor, as was plainly shown by the knitted appearance of his usually placid brow, and the short, fierce puffs and pulls which he gave at his cigarrito. The cause of his state of mind may be easily explained. His thoughts were dwelling upon a certain piece of intelligence which he had received early that morning, to the effect that Colonel Rotschef, the Russian Commandant at Fort Ross, had been making a survey of the mountainous country lying to the north and west of Sonoma. The report further stated that he was accompanied by his wife, the Princess Helena, and a number of armed followers.

The mere fact of the Russian having been in his neighborhood would not have affected the General in the least, were not the very thought of him a source of anger and bitterness to his mind; for Fort Ross was at that time considered by the Mexicans to be a mere squatter settlement, and its commander and garrison aliens and outlaws. General Vallejo, as the nearest Mexican officer of authority, had several times held negotiations with the Russians, looking to their departure, but had never succeeded in bringing them to any satisfactory conclusion; partly, it may be, because Rotschef, remembering how little they held, in common, regarding either race, political opinions, or religion, did not altogether trust his military neighbor. And now, added to these reawakened and unsatisfactory recollections, Vallejo had the bitterness of knowing that his rival had been leading explorations as if preparing for further encroachments; but, if such were the Russian's intentions, the General vowed they should never be executed while he should hold command at Sonoma; and having sealed this determination with a stamp of his foot and a mental something very much like profanity, the Commandant began to feel a trifle more at ease with himself.

He had stopped in his sentry-like walk, and was leaning idly over the balcony, gazing vacantly out upon the landscape beyond the town, when he was disturbed by the entrance of a stout, low-set, and rather sinister-looking dependent, who, approaching him, said, respectfully:

"An Indian has just ridden in, Señor Commandant, and wishes to see you."

"An Indian, Sanchez?"

"Si, señor. I think he comes from Prince Solano."

"Bring him here."

Sanchez bowed and retired, but soon returned, leading in a mild-looking Indian boy of fourteen or fifteen years. The General addressed him in Spanish, the boy replying in the same language, though somewhat brokenly.

"You come from Prince Solano?"

"Si, señor."

"Why did he send you?"

The youth seemed, in some degree, confused by this question, but soon recovering himself, began to speak rapidly and excitedly:

"He did not send me; I ran away. He would not have let me go. But I would come and tell you, señor—she is so good, so beautiful!"

"She! Whom do you mean?" demanded the General.

The Indian threw a quick glance around him, as if afraid of being overheard; then, drawing his two listeners a little out of the way of observation from the street, he resumed his tale in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

Both the General and the Sanchez listened with growing interest, and when the boy ceased speaking, the former exclaimed:

"Solano—Rotschef! Sanchez, have ten of the men saddle their horses and prepare to accompany me immediately. The Prince's design must be frustrated at all hazards."

Sanchez hesitated and said, doubtfully:

"But, señor, your excellency, why should you annoy yourself? The Russian—"

Vallejo stamped his foot, and his eyes shot fire.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "You dare suggest dishonor to me! Not another word; do what I tell you. Take the boy to the kitchen, then call the man and have my horse saddled. Be quick about it, for it will be a long ride. The arroyo de Santa Rosa you said, boy? Very well." And the General rushed into the interior of the dwelling.

Sanchez smiled sourly, and set about obeying his master's commands.

It was now late, and the sun was nearing the western horizon, behind which a few moments later he disappeared from view, his last rays glittering upon the polished weapons of the brilliant troop of horsemen just issuing from the town.

Day had passed, and upon the broad Santa Rosa plains deep darkness had settled down, unbroken at that early date by the brightly sparkling glimmer of those innumerable farm-house beacons which now lend cheerfulness and beauty to the soft night landscape; yet its entire extent, at least, was not wholly given over to obscurity, for a space of many acres, lying but a short distance from the present site of Santa Rosa, was thickly studded with numerous camp-fires. And the arrangement of these glowing beacons was as peculiar as the scene they illuminated. By far the greater number were so placed as to form a large, though somewhat irregular circle, in the centre of which were grouped the remainder.

The effect of all was to clearly illuminate the entire space, thereby making plain the fact that, so arranged, they represented the positions of besiegers and besieged.

Around each of the encircling fires a number of Indians—aggregating perhaps two hundred—were grouped, standing or reclining, whose fierce visages and barbaric arms and equipments seemed, in the varying glow of the firelight, at once picturesque and terrible, while the numbers of prancing and pawing horses picketed near added a new element of wild vigor to the scene.

Among the savages was one noticeable from the gaudy splendor of his attire as well as from the air of authority he wore, who, spending the moments constantly passing from point to point of the limits of his fiery circle, was from the universal deference paid him readily recognizable as the

leader. He was, in fact, no other than Prince Francisco Solano, this being the name and title given by the Mexicans to the barbaric sovereign who, at that day, ruled over a vast extent of country lying north and east of San Francisco Bay, and was the acknowledged suzerain of all the petty chiefs who dwelt therein.

Always a friend to the early Mexican settlers, and, among his fellow aborigines, the avowed advocate of the white man's civilization, that the Prince should now be found in an attitude of open hostility toward one who, although not of his favorite Southron blood, was, nevertheless, a Caucasian, was certainly surprising. But the time-worn assertion, "No trouble but owes its origin to a woman"—an assertion, by the way, which, taken literally, is certainly an outrageous lie—was, in a modified sense, true in the present instance; for a woman, none other than the beautiful Princess Helena, wife of Colonel Rotschef, of Ross, was the cause of the present hostile demonstration on the part of Solano, and the object of his lawless passion.

Lying now, worn and weary from travel and anxiety, within her frail tent, guarded only by her husband and a score of followers, while on every side were the armed and savage hundreds of her wild lover, she seemed already almost utterly in his power, and, as the night wore on, she even wondered that the chief so long refrained from crushing relentlessly her few protectors, and making her prisoner. When, some hours previous, the Prince had suddenly surrounded her party, he had, wishing to avoid hostilities, and impelled by what was to him a spirit of perfect fairness, offered Colonel Rotschef very liberal terms for his wife—ponies and pelts without number, together with assurances of his future staunch friendship and support—offers which, to his great disgust, the Russian refused with angry scorn.

Enraged in his turn at this obstinacy, Solano had thereupon declared that if his terms were not accepted before the moon should rise that night he should possess himself by force of the lady's person, even though, in so doing, he should have to destroy her entire escort. Rotschef's answer had, of course, breathed nothing but defiance, and, having delivered it, he set about putting his small force in the best possible attitude to make as desperate and as lengthy a defense of his, indeed, almost indefensible position as the nearly hopeless circumstances would allow. All the preparation possible had soon been made, since which the Colonel and his men had been constantly on the alert, momentarily expecting attack, for none believed that the Indian would restrain himself till the time set, since he must already be convinced that only by force of arms would he be able to accomplish his purpose. In the minds of the besieged was the conviction that he waited only in the hope that a moment's relaxation of their part might give him an opportunity to overwhelm them unexpectedly, and therefore with less loss to himself. And they sternly determined that such hope should be vain.

But Solano had cogent reasons for respecting the period of truce he had himself set. While he could, without doubt, in his own opinion, annihilate the small number of whites with the warriors already at his command, he at the same time knew that the deed could more easily be performed with a still stronger force, and he felt confident that with the expiration of the time fixed would arrive large reinforcements, for whom he had dispatched messengers even before surrounding his prey; and he was still not altogether without hope that his augmented forces would so overawe the Russian that he might yet be induced to yield, and avoid a fatal and hopeless conflict. So, restraining his own and his followers' impatience, he waited.

Rotschef had retired into his tent to afford his wife for a few brief moments the consolation of his presence. Seated together, they were a striking pair. Rotschef, though a number of years the elder, was yet young, handsome, and soldierly-looking; while the Princess herself, in her marvelous northern beauty, well deserved the enthusiastic admiration then and subsequently accorded to her by all who beheld her loveliness; she seemed indeed a fair excuse for Prince Solano's lawlessness. Pale and worn, from weariness and anxiety, there was yet upon her face an expression of pride and loathing that betrayed how great an indignity the very thought of the Indian's demands was to her mind; and, in the haughtiness of her anger, she seemed one within whose veins wild might flow the blood of the Gagarins.

Yet when her husband—his look determined, but hopeless—entered, and, taking her hand, silently seated himself at her side, a softer light shone from her eyes, and letting her head sink upon his shoulder, she whispered: "My poor Ivan! is there then no hope?"

Rotschef shuddered, but answered with forced calmness: "I do not despair, Helena; the Indian may yet relinquish his purpose, or aid come from our settlement at Ross. They were to have heard from us to-night. No messenger arriving, they may become alarmed and march to meet us."

"Heaven grant they may come! But will it not be too late?"

"Not while I live, Helena. While life is mine you are safe. But should I fall—that is the thought that stings me! Not that I fear death; you know I do not; but you—who will save you from him then?"

"Ivan, Ivan, need you ask? I laugh at the wretch! Not he nor death can part us. No! we lived, we loved, so shall we die—together!"

Her eyes flashed with passionate pride and determination, her form dilated, and she seemed at that instant the goddess-like incarnation of high and stern resolve; but the next moment, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, she flung her arms around her husband's neck, hiding her face upon his breast, and sobbed, in tones of bitter self-reproach: "But oh, Ivan! that my folly should have caused it all! Had I but listened to your counsels, and remained at Ross, I might have spared you this. Ah, wretch that I am! forgive me!"

Rotschef pressed his wife to his heart, and kissed her fondly, murmuring: "Helena, my own dear love, grieve not, for it was God's will, and He may yet deliver us."

Sounds of a commotion without now attracted the Colonel's notice, and, again pressing his lips to her cold cheek, he hastily left the tent. By the light of the camp-fires he saw that the Indians were in a state of great excitement, many of them talking and gesticulating vehemently, while almost all were gazing intently to the southward. Solano and a few others even walked out a few paces in that direction, and then, standing stationary, seemed to await the ar-

rival of some one. And the waiting was not long; there was a clattering, galloping rush, sounding nearer and nearer, and five minutes later a round hundred of fantastically armed and equipped horsemen, screaming "Solano! Solano!" burst into the circle of fire-light. They were led by a low-sized, but broad-shouldered Indian of middle age, at sight of whom the Prince's followers shouted "Marin! Marin!" in tones that fairly drowned the cries of "Solano."

The student of California's early Indian history does not need to be told that the new arrival was Marin, of L—, a sub-chief of Solano, dwelling upon the shores of San Francisco Bay.)

The noisy welcome accorded to this chieftain was hardly stilled when, from the darkness to the northeast of the camp, came once more the clattering sound of galloping hoofs. Again the Indians waited, excited and eager; and their impatience was once more relieved by the arrival of nearly, if not quite, as numerous a troop as followed Marin. But now the welcoming cry was "Sonoma!"—that being the name of the wild-looking chieftain leading these last-coming allies. With a skin, hardly darker than a Mexican's, and wearing a heavy, wiry, bristling, and most piratical beard, this individual probably had much more white than Indian blood coursing through the veins of his stalwart frame; yet, in savagery of aspect, if not of character, he cast his fellow-chieftains utterly in the shade.

The three approached and greeted each other, their followers in the meantime intermingling and cordially fraternizing. After which Solano, drawing his vassals aside, held what appeared to be an earnest conversation with them, lasting for some moments; at the conclusion of which there was much affirmative nodding—the trio evidently well understanding each other.

All this had been closely observed by Rotschef and his men, and also by the Princess Helena, who, at the commencement of the commotion, had followed her husband from the tent and now stood beside him, resisting all his entreaties to return. She, as well as her husband and escort, by this time fully understood the reason of Solano's previous forbearance, and what might now be expected. She saw that the number of their enemies was doubled; that escape, if not hopeless before, was now absolutely so, and the shadow that came over her face was the pall of a brave heart's despair.

Rotschef noticed it, and again begged her to reënter the tent, but she answered, in a whisper of entreaty: "No, Ivan; let me stay beside you. It will soon be over now, will it not?"

"The truce will end immediately," he answered. "The savage has evidently received the aid he waited for, and has no further reason for delay; at all events, the moon rises within a few moments now. Since you wish it, Helena, you shall remain with us until the last moment of peace; and that, I fear, will soon come. Ah, see! the Indians are even now preparing."

Rotschef here spoke a word of warning to his men, who were already so arranged behind the frail barriers of their camp as to defend it upon all sides. The soldiers—steady, fearless veterans of the Russian army and navy—nodded intelligently, with stern and grim smiles, which indicated a determination to sell life and victory as dearly as possible.

Solano, Marin, and Sonoma, mounted upon their steeds and armed with long lances, now rode slowly forward alone toward the Russians, as if desirous of holding a parley. Having allowed them to come within thirty feet of his defenses, Rotschef signaled them to halt, and, springing lightly over his frail barrier, waited for them to deliver their communication. It was, as he had expected, only a repetition of Solano's former terms, which offer, it is needless to say, met with as scornful a rejection as before.

Solano's eyes flamed with passion, and he gave vent to a number of savage and—what he intended should be—terrifying threats, all of which were received with calm contempt. Although the vassal-chieftains, Sonoma and Marin, had heretofore said nothing, leaving to their superior the office of spokesman, nevertheless it was not without great indignation that they observed the defiant bearing of the Russian officer; and to such a degree was their rage at length excited that, with a sudden and almost simultaneous movement, both brandished their lances and seemed about to transfix the daring Colonel. Uttering a thrilling cry, Helena flew over the low barrier and flung herself before her husband, while, at the same instant, Solano, shouting angrily to his chiefs, struck their weapons aside with his own. It was well that he did so; another instant—and the three would have fallen dead from their horses beneath the fire of half a score of muskets.

The chieftains, without uttering another word, turned suddenly and galloped back to their lines, while Rotschef and Helena reëntered their defenses.

A moment later, and the whole body of savages was sweeping down upon the Russians.

Half the space that separated them had been traversed, and Rotschef's lips were opened to order his men to fire, when the clarion voice of Solano was heard commanding his followers to halt; for, even amid the sullen roar of their horses' hoofs, his quick ear had been made aware of another commotion in his rear, and had caught the sound of his own name, shouted in piercing tones: "Solano! hold! for the love of the Virgin, stay!"

The words were in Spanish, and the Prince well knew the voice—the voice of one whom, if he did not fear, he at least thought it good policy to keep on good terms with. He, therefore, cared not to disregard the summons, but, halting his men, waited in sullen silence for a moment; at the end of which time the new-comers, some twelve in number, dashed through the Indians' lines, and, whirling their horses around directly in front of Solano, halted between him and the Russians. They were armed with sabres and carbines, and dressed in the picturesque garb of Mexican cavalry; while at their head was the lithe yet vigorous form, and bold, eagle-eyed face of General Vallejo.

Solano gazed upon him in silence, and the soldier, saluting him, spoke in a tone at once firm and full of frank friendliness: "Prince, I am come to save you from a crime. You know not what you do. The great ruler I and my countrymen have so esteemed must not dishonor himself by robbing the stranger of that which is nearest and dearest to his heart. You are a mighty chief, the friend of right and justice, not an outlaw and a robber!"

Solano made a gesture of angry impatience and broke forth, speaking almost perfect Spanish: "And are not these

your enemies? Why are you not pleased that I may destroy them?"

"They are rivals of my people, yet still they are my friends, the brothers of my race. I will not see them wronged—they shall not be!"

"Señor," answered the Prince, with a slowly kindling eye, "you and yours have been the Indians' friends. I have ever loved your people; I would still remain their ally; but Solano's mind is set, and he will have his way; he is, as you say, a chief."

As the speaker uttered these words with a certain calm dignity of tone and manner, he waved the Mexican aside with his lance, and seemed about to renew the attack. But Vallejo, so far from taking the Indian's hint, only drew up his men the more compactly, and face the chieftain with unflinching eyes.

"So let it be," he answered, firmly. "Friends we have been till now, but here that friendship ends. Your warriors may crush the Russians, but first they must destroy my followers. You I will meet myself. Here, on this spot, Solano or Vallejo dies!" And with these words the soldier drew his sword.

A pause of breathless silence succeeded. All, whites and Indians, who surrounded the pair, gazed upon them with eyes of intense interest, perhaps in almost equal dread of what might follow. Solano's brow grew black as night, and his bare right arm upraised and poised his ponderous lance, the gleaming point turned fully towards Vallejo's breast. Then the chieftain hesitated. His calm opponent made no movement to parry or to fly; he might have slain him, sitting there, and yet he could not. Thoughts of all the firm and steady friendship he and his race had known at Vallejo's hands swept through his mind and shook his purpose. With a weary sigh he let his heavy lance's shaft sink to the ground, and, turning away from those eyes that met his own so fearlessly yet kindly, he leaned upon the weapon and meditated deeply.

A moment silently passed, while all, Russians, Mexicans, and Indians, gazed upon him in questioning wonder. Again his brow darkened; once more the lance was lifted, but now a new influence was brought to bear upon him.

One of Vallejo's troop—the only one unarmed—drawing the muffling scarf away from his dark face, rode near the chief and laid a trembling hand upon his arm. It was a boy, the messenger from whom the Mexican had learned Solano's wild intentions, in whom the chief now recognized his son. In silence, for one moment, they gazed upon each other, before the youth found utterance: "Let my father spare the friend of his people, and wreak his vengeance on his son, his son who has betrayed him. I brought the white man hither—I, whose mother dwells within Solano's tent, and who would not, could not, see the stranger there!" And as he spoke the boy's wild eyes were filled with burning fire.

The clouds of anger disappeared from the Prince's brow; a faint smile swept over his dark features, and for an instant he rested his hand caressingly upon the stripling's raven hair; then, riding slowly forward to Vallejo and clasping his hand, he said, gently: "Solano has been mad and blind, but he sees more clearly now. The stranger is your friend; then from this moment he is mine as well. Tell him so."

He had been speaking in Spanish, but now, turning once more to his followers and lifting his voice to a pitch of mighty power, he gave an order in a strange tongue; Sonoma and Marin appeared to echo it, and the next instant, with the rush and roar of an avalanche, the entire body of Indians had started southward, riding as if for life. One moment—and the firelight shone upon a confused and bewildering mass of rushing steeds and swarthy, wild-eyed horsemen, on many a feathery lance and dancing plume; the next—and the outer darkness had shut them in, and the faint moonlight showed only a dark, cloud-like shadow sweeping swiftly over the plains and growing even fainter.

Rotschef and the Princess met Vallejo, who had dismounted without the barriers of their encampment, and offered their hands in speechless emotion. Heartily grasping the former's, and kissing that of the latter with all his native grace of gallantry, the General said, with a frank smile: "So, Señor Colonel, henceforth we are to be friends, are we not?"

It is not necessary to record Rotschef's answer, since it is known that from that hour until the removal of the Russian settlement, they who had been rivals in authority were, in every sense of the word, friends. GEO. H. MEYER.

SONOMA, September 10, 1878.

"George, did you chop down the cherry tree?"

"What d'yer say?"

"Did you chop down that tree?"

"Ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

"George, have you a hatchet?"

"So's a hen."

"Young man, commere to me."

"What do you want?"

"To play hide and seek."

So the old man went out to seek the hide. The scene which ensued in the wood-shed beggars description. It was touching in the extreme.

Barber—How long ago did you have your hair cut?"

Customer—About three months ago.

Barber—Awful bad cut. Who cut it?

Customer—You did. (Silence of a few minutes.)

Barber (having somewhat recovered his nerve)—I see that your chin has been cut by the last barber that shaved you.

Customer—Yes.

Barber—You ought to have built a head on him bigger'n a mule.

Customer—I did.

Barber continues to shave with great care.

At the depot: Foreigner—"Is that the Emperor of Germany at that desk in there?" Employé—"O, no!" Foreigner—"Perhaps, then, he is the president of the road?" Employé—"Not at all, not at all; he is an ordinary person employed on a salary, same as myself." Foreigner—"Indeed! I'm very much surprised. Only a subordinate! Why, I was completely humiliated all the time he was talking to me. I was about to commit suicide from a feeling of my own unworthiness. Only a subordinate! Well, next time I'll know a railroad man when I hear him."

NAMELESS.

Judge, I plead guilty. He speaks truth.

I am what he says, and what you see:

So old in a damned, unhalloved youth.

That your wrinkled years seem young to me.

Don't preach—don't lecture—I know it all—

The easy canting, the fluent words,

The solemn drivel of texts from Paul,

And a mangled phrase or two of the Lord's.

Moreover, you err if you suppose

That even a harlot, soaked in sin,

Slides down the darkness without some throes

Of the slain sanctity within.

Oh, sir, you wrong even our disgrace,

To think that we never wail and cry

Out from the depths, with lifted face

To an Awful Something up in the sky.

Do you think I never dream of home,

Of a weary man with whitening hair,

Of a missing voice in a vacant room,

And the sobs a-choke in a woman's prayer?

That nothing has ever prompted flight

Fast as my hungry feet could fly,

Fatherward, Motherward, that I might

Fall on their necks, break heart, and die?

My God! my God! When the masked brows must

Be clothed with a false, forged radiance, while

The bloom of the soul is burnt to dust,

And straight through your fabricated smile

Wan ghosts of murdered innocence fling

Perpetual javelins from their eyes,

And a babe's bird-like chirruping

Scars like thunder out from the skies.

When the clear instincts set to guard

The virgin altars from trampled stain,

Tricked of their holy watch and ward,

Moan and madden in heart and brain—

And a howling fury bunts and bounds

Wherever a clean thought hides away,

And a dreadful voice of dooming sounds

Through the haunted chambers night and day—

And a Something mocks you when you laugh,

A Something jeers you when you weep,

And hell-fire lurks in the wise you quaff,

And a fiend grins at you in your sleep,

And a coiling horror sucks you down

Far and farther in the abyss—

Judge, do you think your legal frown

Can augur punishment worse than this?—

Well, what a maudlin fool am I

To talk like this to a man like you.

Some day the toughest of us must die,

And we shall be sifted through and through—

Sifted and sorted. Judge, have you thought

That possibly, to the Searcher, then

Something that now is may be naught,

When the coward-shrieks steam up from men?

SAN FRANCISCO, September 2, 1878. RICHARD REALE.

An Archery Idyl.

Poising her bow in dainty hand,

Clad in a suit of lincoln-green,

With head erect and steadfast tread,

She looked indeed an archer queen.

Fair Marian, bold Robin's bride,

Who followed the hart through forest glade,

Ne'er bent a bow with better grace

Than she, this winsome city maid.

Her tiny foot was planted firm

Upon the sod, her lithe white wrist

Drew back the string, the light shaft flew,

But, aimed too high, the target missed.

"I'll try and hit the gold," she said;

The arrow plumes her cheek caressed.

I murmured: "Were those plumes my lips,

Sweet woodland nymph, then were I blest."

I spoke too loud; she turned aside

In pretty wrath to one who knew

His heavy purse was all the claim

He brought this archer-maid to woo.

"I'm sure to hit the gold," she said.

Her bow she raised and shot with strength;

The arrow struck with force, but missed

The centre by a bodkin's length.

She leaned upon my rival's arm;

They wandered down the pleasant slope.

"I know he loves her, and his wealth,

His lands and houses, give him hope.

"Oh, that I were a border-knight.

With ten good bowmen in my band,

I'd bear her off, and you, rich fool,

Should feel the keen edge of my brand."

An hour or so, we met again.

Now for my fate. "Tell me," I said;

"If, since we shot at yonder mark,

Your shaft has hit the gold, sweet maid."

She blushed; her story then I knew

Ere she replied: "My archer bold,

For you, my own beloved one,

I gladly, dearest, missed the gold."

OAKLAND, September 7, 1878. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Faith.

If they should come and say that you were dead,

I think that I should never speak again—

Should never from the dust lift up my head—

But smile at death and bless its welcome pain.

Expectant, happy, I should seek you straight,

As blessed saint-soul flies to heaven's gate.

If they said "false," I would no more believe

Than told the sun were blotted out this morn,

Or it an angel spoke 'twere still the same:

I'd laugh the strong one back with mocking scorn.

"False!" Even though heaven's legions at my side

Should say it, it should be denied.

It is not woman's weakness, woman's faith,

That gives my soul this absolute, firm trust,

But perfectness must full fruition meet.

I love you so, I know, if God is just,

He will no more such love should fail or fade

Than perish all immortal He has made.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10, 1878. C.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

The tide of life—the married ones.

Woman's sphere—that she won't get a rich husband.

The girl who wears a diamond ring generally has an itchy nose.

The breath of scandal is beyond the control of cardamom seeds.

What a splendid Pole Modjeska would make to support the American flag!

The rejected lover who swears that his idol is cold-hearted, can get up a neat heartburn for himself by a liberal use of pie and milk.

The girl with "sparkling eyes" has the advantage of the girl with a "luminous mouth."

Deference is the most complete, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

The last Irish bull is: "If I lived with such a disagreeable woman, she should always be alone."

It may be true that tall men like short women; but tall women never like men who are "short."

A little Cincinnati girl, when asked what God made her for, replied: "To wear a red fedder in my hat?"

When there is a chasm of misunderstanding between a mistress and her Irish help, she should Bridget.

Some ladies, when walking out, seem angry if they are gazed at, but are sadly disappointed if they are not.

Said he: "Matilda, you are my dearest duck." Said she: "You are trying to stuff me." She was too sage for him.

Young ladies who decline spring water for fear there may be tadpoles in it, freely eat arsenic to beautify their complexions.

"What," said a lady, "do you think of platonic love?" "Madam," said the gentleman, "it is like all other tonics—very exciting."

It is melancholy, says Ouida, in her latest novel, to see how large the proportion is of young ladies who marry solely to get rid of their mothers.

"How old are you?" asked a conductor of a little girl who was trying to ride on half fare. "I am nine at home, but in the cars I am only six and a half."

"Boots and gloves that fit, and a pretty handkerchief," answered the French woman when challenged to name three essentials of an elegant costume.

"Elder sister: 'Oh, you fancy yourself very wise, I dare say, my dear, but I could give you a wrinkle or two.' Younger sister: 'No doubt—and never miss them.'"

A Cleveland young man has a scrap-book containing the marriage notices of all the women that he has loved, and he sits out in the moonlight and reads it, and cries.

"Do not marry a widower," said the old lady; "a ready-made family is like a dish of cold potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon warm them over," replied the damsel, and she did.

A young lady sitting in a front door way used to be content to occupy a single step, but since the introduction of tinted hose and strapped slippers at least three are found necessary.

"Dearest," he murmured ecstatically, as he enfolded her in his arms for the first time, "let me sample the nectar of your lips." "Take a whole schooner of it," she faintly whispered, "it's all on tap."

It's the fashion nowadays when a girl gets married to send samples of the wedding dress for her friends to dream on, instead of a chunk of wedding cake. It isn't half as apt to attract the mice, and never greases the pillow-case.

A clergyman says: "I once married a handsome young couple, and, as I took the bride by the hand and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty head, and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied, 'I think he's the one to be congratulated.'"

There is a very young girl at Congress Hall, Saratoga, named Sweetapple. She is by birth a Canadian, but lives in California. The name must be derived from the Indians in Canada. Miss Sweetapple is a blonde, with large brown eyes. So says an exchange.

He thought he had married a spirituelle young creature, with æsthetic tastes. The first Sunday morning she ate three platefuls of baked beans and two sections of brown bread. He says it was the most enthusiastic æsthetic taste he ever met since he saw the lions in the circus fed.

It was a stranger in Nevada who ran away with a Nevada man's red-headed wife, and when the Nevada man caught up with him, he said: "Wimmin is skeerse out here, stranger, derned skeerse; but I'd rather have rest than fun. Gimme yer horse so's to legalize the thing, and take her along."

"What ails you, sister Theresa? Why are you thus wild with woe?" he asked, with deep anxiety.—*Extract from novel.*

She made no reply, but pointed silently to a bucketful of watermelon rinds under the table. The conundrum was answered.

Miss Kellogg is still in Paris, and is having a magnificent set of costumes made by Worth, the man milliner, which announcement is the accepted form of advertisement for a *prima donna*. If Clara can get Worth to furnish her with a voice to sing that "polonaise" in *Mignon*, on which she always slips up, it will be doing more than the dresses.

Scene at a fashionable evening party.—Mr. Brown—"Ah, Mr. Jones, allow me to introduce you to Miss Smith." Jones—"Delighted to meet so agreeable and charming a lady. Will you allow me to hug you for a half hour, Miss Smith?" Miss Smith—"Certainly, Mr. Jones, I am exquisitely and of such pastime." And the two embraced and waltzed off.



STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

NO. - SUTTER STREET, September 13, 1898.

Cervantes says, "Life resembles a bow, which if kept continually bent, must ultimately break." If one is allowed no respite from labor, one becomes mentally, morally and physically unable to conquer fate. In this high-pressure age of stock gambling, fashionable dissipation, and feverish business activity, what wonder that we seek amusement? And the fact is, the Friscans must have relaxation; there are no people in the world, not even the volatile French, to whom it is more of a necessity. Here every species of amusement may be found to, from a minstrel performance in a "dive" to the grand comic opera, with Mrs. Oates as the *prima donna*. A *propos* of the opera, on the opening night I noticed a number of engaged couples, and not a few who were flirtatiously inclined. Among the latter was the beautiful Miss —, daughter of the retired naval officer, with her big hat à la Devonshire, and her chestnut-colored hair, that always looks as if the sun were shining on it. She is a blonde, *au naturel*—this *entre nous*—don't tell, and her hair is perfectly innocent of aureoline, soda, or black tea. She handles her fan with the grace of a Spanish lady, and woe be unto the man who thinks he is proof against the arrows of her eyes. She was attended as usual by the elderly gentleman with a gray moustache and anxious eyes, I presume, because he is never any more sure of her than an Irishman is sure of flea. Query, if she not engaged, why is he always at her side? Among a multitude of other elegant ladies present was the ox-eyed Juno of Harrison Street, looking uncommonly well, in her new blue bonnet with the pink roses. I did not think to notice who her attendant was, but she was chaperoned as usual by her little sister. South Park was also represented as well as Nob Hill. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of the former place that engenders a disease (which has almost become an epidemic in that region at last), the symptoms of which are loss of appetite, sleepless nights, and a desire to haunt the vicinity of numbers 16, 18, and 32. At any hour, before twelve o'clock at night, love-sick swains may be seen issuing from the Park. It is confidently reported by my friend Mrs. Grundy, who lives at the Palace Hotel, and who keeps herself thoroughly informed as to what is going on in the gay world, that the marriage of Miss M— will take place in the course of a few weeks; but who the lucky man is I have not been able to ascertain; it is said that it rests between "Shep" and a spooney naval officer who sings well and is generally admired by the ladies. Now, I am going to tell another piece of news. It was told me in the strictest confidence, of course; but, not being able to keep a secret—being a woman—I will tell it to you to keep for me. "The Only Jones" is going to be married! Just think of it! And the most astonishing part of the business is, that the young lady is a prominent belle in society. Take heart of grace, O ye wits and beaux! Since Mrs. F— has taken her accomplished daughter to Europe, how does poor J. H. C. feel? We presume he will console himself with the "widow" in lieu of the maid.

"When away from the arms that are dearest,
Make love to the arms that are nearest."

Mr. and Mrs. Shillaber will give a reception at the Occidental Hotel next Monday evening to General and Mrs. Fremont. As I am one of the dear five hundred friends who are honored with an invitation, I will give a description of it in my next. I heard yesterday that Judge Harry T—n, the sometime widower of Van Ness Avenue, is going to take a new wife. The lady is a brunette, tall, lithe, and twenty-four. She has made fifty thousand dollars lately in stocks, which is no objection to the Judge, I take it. R—, why were you so attentive to Miss — on the excursion to Oakland the other day? Any thing serious? The "twins" were again together on the boat. One of them preferred to play the part of "Romeo" with "Juliet;" the other, for a certain reason, was enraptured with the "Flower of Kildare." I am rather of the opinion that "Romeo" is a gent; he is easily recognizable in his externals to be one. His tastes are Oriental—there is an Eastern gorgeousness in his raiment, a splendor of barbaric pearls and galvanic gold in his ornament; his neckties are always of unparallelled and variegated radiance, and, when circumstances favor, his fingers and his speckly shirt-front are adorned with the very finest and the purest of California brilliants. Over his manly bosom is commonly festooned the largest, heaviest and yellowest of watch-guards, in whose genuineness he requires the most unquestioned faith, as in a matter of personal honor. If all this does not constitute a "gent," then what does? Now that the fashionables are returning to the city, the Park once more presents a lively scene on Saturday afternoons. Almost any fine day now, Miss H—, of Mission street, may be seen galloping through the Park with all the fearless grace of a Di Vernon. She enjoys the reputation of being the most accomplished rider in California, at least he thinks so. Who? Lieutenant Whiskerandos, of the Twelfth Infantry. When asked by an officer (you know she affiliates with the army if she rode well, she replied: "I can ride anything from a mule to a zebra; like Lady Gay Spanker, I was born on horseback." A Fact. Your own,

FLIPPERTIGIBBET.

MARK TWAIN AND THE GILDED AGE.

How Clemens and Warner Wrote their Alleged Novel.

HARTFORD, August 31.—Mark Twain conceived the idea of *The Gilded Age* when he was suffering from a prolonged fit of blues. He proposed to write a story with a moral, and he told Charles Dudley Warner that he wanted the moral so plainly put that he who ran might read. It was high time for the American people to be awakened. The American people were awakened to the extent of \$14,000, which Mark Twain and Dudley Warner pocketed in six months' time from the sale of the book. Here the equal division ended, however; for John T. Raymond says that he has paid Mark Twain \$60,000 royalty on the play, while it is a secret that Dudley Warner sadly tries to keep that Mark Twain paid him \$1,000 for his half interest in any dramatization. The discrepancy is said to have arisen because Warner regarded the book, when the last sheet was tossed on the floor still wet with ink, as the most successful piece of American humor, while Mark Twain gravely reminded Warner that any such view of it taken by the American people would ruin the influence for a better state of public morals which it was intended by him to exert. Warner stuck to his opinion, and Mark Twain to his. Twain was surprised and grieved to learn that the public so far agreed with Warner as to characterize it as an attempt at humor.

The two men shook hands over it under the bust of Calvin in Mark Twain's den, and then Warner sailed for Europe to spend the money the book had brought him, while Mark Twain remained behind to negotiate with John T. Raymond.

An intimate friend of both, in an unguarded moment, revealed the secret of the way in which the book came to be written. This is said to have led to a temporary estrangement from Parson Joe Twichell, upon whose shoulders Mark Twain foisted the "Punch with care burden," and afterward told about it in the *Atlantic Monthly*. An estrangement from Parson Twichell was wide-reaching in its effects, for it resulted in Mark Twain's absenting himself from the family pew on Sundays, and strangers staying in Hartford over Sunday are somewhat in the habit of seeking Twichell's church and quietly asking the sexton to seat them as near Mark Twain's pew as possible.

The story the intimate friend tells is this: One evening in the summer of 1874 Dudley Warner and his wife dropped in upon Mark Twain, who had been gloomily smoking clay pipes in his den all the week. Even the cheery Joe Twichell had been unable to shake him from his melancholy.

"If you look from your den window to the northeast," the Parson would say, "you can see where General Hawley lives, and his success ought to encourage you."

"But that makes me think of politics, and they are a curse."

"Well, look over across the street, and you can see where Jewell lives. You know he began life with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his arms to the elbow in a tan vat."

"Now, don't! He reminds me of mails and letters, and they are an abomination."

"Well, there's Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's house next door. She what a name she made after discouragements."

"But slavery is gone now."

"Well, there's Dudley Warner's *Summer in a Garden* over there. You can almost see the pusley from here."

"That settles it. I'll get Warner here to-night and bother him about pusley."

So Warner came around, and during the evening spoke of a recent American novel.

"It's atrocious what bosh is written for American novels now," Warner said. "I believe I could write a better novel myself."

"You! You write a novel!" said Mrs. Warner, and she laughed. "Why, you can't write anything except about pusley in your garden."

"Warner is quite right," Mark Twain drawled out. "I have for a long time felt that I could write a better story than any American novelist."

Then it was his wife's turn, and, when she controlled her merriment, she said: "You write a story! Why, all that you can do is to write about jumping frogs."

"Let's write a story, Warner, and show these women what we can do."

Mark Twain's blues had departed; and he pulled Warner up stairs to his den, lighted a clay pipe, and talked it over as rapidly as he can talk—about sixty words to the minute, about half the ordinary rate.

"Don't let's tell Twichell until it's done," Mark Twain suggested, "because we want to surprise him, you know."

The story was to be highly dramatic, strictly moral, and to have a point. Warner suggested that too many novels had points; and Mark Twain said that it wouldn't do to have a pointless novel, and he was disposed to reprove Warner, when the author of the *Summer in a Garden* suggested that people would take Mark's most serious attempt as designed to be funny.

"That's just it, Warner; I want to write something so serious that it can't be mistaken for fun."

It being decided that the story was to teach a lesson, the two authors found themselves brought up short in trying to decide what the lesson was to be, and they prepared to make a night of it, forgetting all about the wives below. Warner had a dim idea about the evils of speculation, while Mark Twain thought something on the errors of the religious teaching of the present day would do and he got warm about it.

At length Warner said that he once knew a man who would make a first-rate character for a novel; and then he told Mark Twain about Colonel Eschol Sellers, who had always been just on the point of making his millions.

"That's the thing," said Mark Twain, "name and all."

Warner protested against the name, because he was afraid that they might hear from Colonel Sellers, but Mark Twain was stubborn and said that the character and name were just the foundation for a novel showing the dangerous effect of the tendency to speculate. So they decided to build a novel on Colonel Eschol Sellers. Each was to write a certain amount every day, meet in Mark Twain's den at night and fit the ends together, lay out the work for the next day, and talk it over. Mark Twain was enthusiastic. He insisted that Colonel Sellers would be recognized as a sad type of the prevailing American evil, and the people would be benefited by the warning. Warner had some doubts about the

people looking at Colonel Eschol Sellers as portrayed in *The Gilded Age* in just that way.

The manuscript was finished in just a month from the date on which it had been begun; and Mark Twain, who has horror of writing the headings of chapters, thought that it would be desirable to get Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, the linguist, sometimes described as the only man who can read Eliot's Indian Bible in the original, to write the chapter headings in some forgotten language with unknown alphabets. This Dr. Trumbull gladly did, and it explains their queer headings which made more talk than Colonel Sellers did when the book appeared. Mark Twain has since said that he was glad one book had been published which contained something that even the critics had to admit they did not understand.

The Gilded Age sold rapidly at first, and Mark Twain assured Warner that the people were accepting Col. Sellers, as he had known all along they would, in all seriousness. But the sale suddenly stopped. Mark could not understand it until Parson Twichell told him that the trouble was that the book was too serious. The public would accept nothing from him that was not funny, and they had been deceived in this book. They bought it for fun, and found it a sad, solemn story, with a moral. Mark accepted the explanation, but Dudley Warner's friends say that the book stopped selling when the public found out how bad it was, and Warner privately admits it. However, the profits to the authors were \$14,000, and would have been \$2,000 more had not Warner's prediction, when Mark Twain proposed to use Col. Eschol Sellers's name, come true.

Dudley Warner sat in his editorial chair, in the Hartford *Current* office, one day, so the intimate friend says, a few weeks after *The Gilded Age* had been published. The door opened, and a tall man with a broad-brimmed hat stood on the threshold. When Warner looked up and caught the tall man's eye he felt a growing sensation of weakness, and wished that Mark Twain was there. The card that the tall man handed him, as Warner knew without looking at it, bore the name of Col. Eschol Sellers. Only a few words passed between them, and after the interview was over Warner hastened to Mark Twain's house. Money or a suit was Col. Eschol Sellers' ultimatum.

There was a meeting of lawyers, and Col. Eschol Seller left Hartford \$2,000 richer, and with the promise that all subsequent editions should appear with the name changed to Colonel Beriah Sellers. This explains why in a few copies of *The Gilded Age* the name appears as Col. Eschol, and in all others as Col. Beriah. In this respect Mark Twain's prophecy, that Col. Eschol Sellers would be a serious reality was fulfilled.

John T. Raymond did not like Beriah, and substituted Mulberry when he dramatized the story.

Also, John has a story of his own to tell about the bargain with Mark for the right to dramatize the story. When he buys another play, John says that he must put the pound of flesh in the bond, and then he won't be ruined when pay time comes.

All this on authority of a correspondent of the N. Y. *Sun*.

A Monument to Spanish Patience.

The King of Spain has decided on having an immense basilica raised over the remains of Queen Mercedes. The sum of 1,000,000 reals will annually be deducted from the Civil List for its construction till the building is completed. The Duc de Montpensier and the Princess of the Asturias have promised to furnish yearly 200,000 reals in aid of the work. Lastly, the Duc de Montpensier has brought to Paris with him a letter from the King to Queen Isabella, asking her to join in the project by handing over for the purpose the diamonds and jewels deposited in the Cathedral of Atocha which belong to her, and represent a sum of 15,000,000 reals—more than 600,000 dollars. The Queen at once telegraphed as follows, in reply: "My son!—The Duc de Montpensier has just brought me your letter. I see that, like a Catholic King and gentleman, you seek consolation in God and think of Mercedes in doing good to the capital. You are going to place her beloved remains at the feet of the Virgin beneath a magnificent temple. Your mother, my child, not only permits the jewels of Atocha to be sold, but she blesses you and joins in your project—a project worthy of a King, a Christian, and a good husband. For this and everything, count always, Alfonso, on the immense love, the support and cooperation of your mother, who wishes it to be known that, although at a distance, she is and always will be the same for Madrid, for Spain, and for her King." Spain is probably the only country in the world where a Catholic King and gentleman could seek consolation in God and display his love for his dead Queen by placing her remains at the feet of the Virgin beneath a magnificent temple, reared at the expense of an impoverished and church-ridden people. Spain is to-day the Spain of the middle ages in all that pertains to superstitious and feudal tyranny. Spain is accursed of its church. The traveler, passing through this priest-ridden, ignorant, impoverished old Spain, sees the most abject misery, the most hopeless poverty; he sees villages, where half the people live in holes and caves, in huts and hovels—sees distress on every side; land tilled with crooked sticks for plows; rags, filth, destitution, and poverty. Yet, in every town, village, and city, a gorgeous cathedral rears its spire to the heavens—a cathedral rich in marbles, paintings, and gorgeous upholstery; in every village and town, sleek, fat, and oily priests, with broad-brimmed *sombreros* and robes of velvet. We attribute these grand edifices to an earlier age, but *semper eadem* seems to be truly the motto of the Roman Church, that allows a Catholic king in the name of religion to rob the poor—to build at the expense of millions of reals a monumental cathedral over the remains of a dead girl who was for five months the Queen of Spain.

The stock market is just a shade off, but our friends must not be discouraged. It will be sustained by varying fortune until the grain crop is fully marketed. Time will be given to everybody to put their money in. Still, our advice to farmers is not to hold on to their wheat too long, but to realize as soon as possible and invest it all in mining stocks.

French playwrights invent naughtiness. Their more virtuous English and American brothers only steal it.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

The Social Incapacity of a Tailless Dog.—How to Furnish a Bed Room without Expense if the Victim of the Plan is not Deaf.—Extraordinary rencontre between the Author's Uncle Edward and a Lion with the Toothache.—The Patient's Importunities suitably Rebuked.—Braided Snakes for Female Wear, the newest Sweet Thing in Personal Adornment.—The Dismal Misadventure of two Quack professionals.—The Lion-Haunted Spring.

One time there was a dog wich hadent got no tail cos it was cut of, but I think it is nobby to cut em of, but oxes tails is mity nice soop, and the beever he has got a flat one, like a shingle. There was a uther dog wich had a long tail, slick like a wip lash, and them the fellers for me. And the dog wich had got a tail it said to the dog wich diddent: "Wen yure master givs you a bone wot do you waggle?"

The other one said: "I waggle the bone, and that is a huf, if it is a big one, plenty meat onto it."

Then the dog wich had the tail it said a other time: "Wen yure master kix you wot hav you got for to put by twen yure legs, to sho how keenly you feel yure pesition?"

And the bob tail feller it said: "I jest put a haf of a mile by twen my legs and hsin, wot more cude I want, xcept mebbly the uther haf of the mile?"

The dog wich had got a tail it thot a wile, and shuk its hed, much as to say: "This feller aint no tail, but he has got a hed onto him wich is no slowtch for argue;" but after a wile he begin to smile, the dog wich had got a tail did, and then he said: "Wot hav you got for the little boys to tie a tin pan onto?"

Then the otherm it sed: "Yu got the ad vantidge of me there, thats a fack. This no tail of mine is jest as good as any for bizness, but it aint worth a cent for to be sociable with."

A feller in Oakland wich had took a unfurnish bed room in a lodgin hous he said one nite to his frend, the feller did: "Now I got my room, and I have bot a bed, and a booro, and a chair, but haint got any more money, wot an I agoin for to do for them little nix nax wich a man of taste likes for to see about him, sech as a woter pitcher, and cannle sticks, and a boot Jack, and a lukin glas, and a hair bresh, and the like?"

Then his frend he spoke up an sed: "Jest gimme that cat and them kittens and come a long of me, and we wil git all them things mity quick."

So they cot the ole cat and the little kittens and tookem to a other house, in to the back yard, and took sum close pins, and pind their tails to the close line, wich was ofile nobby, but drowndin cats in sacks is the kind of fun for me. Bime by the ole cat an the kits they begin to holler like a funeral pformance, and the frend he sed: "Now we wil git plenty boot Jacks, and woter jugs, and cannle sticks, and tumblers, ol we got to do just hide here til mornin and carry them a way wen it gits lite a nough for to pickem up."

But in the mornin wen they was most froze, an the cats was ded, nothin had been throde out, and wile they was lookin up to the windo a feller in his shert sleefs he opend it for to look at the sun risin. Then one of em he looked up to the feller in the windo, and said: "Good mornin, condemn you!" but the man in the windo dident say nothin. So the otherm he hollered: "How do you like cat concerts, ole stick in the mud?" but the man he dident say nothin a other time. Then the feller wich was hous furnishin he got reel mad, and he shuke his fist and yelled as loud as ever he cude: "He git even on you yet, you gum dasted stingy ole thief!"

Then the man in the windo he took notice, and went back in his room, but purty sune he come back, and leend out of he windo with a normous great ear trumpet in his ear, and said: "Wot der yer soy?"

A natif in Injy one time over tuke a other, and as thay was both a goin the same way they traveld together, and one said: "Wot is yure bizness?"

The other he sed: "Snake charmer. Wot is yourn?"

And the feller wich had spoke first he said: "Lion tamer?"

Bime by there was a lion jumpt into to the rode and hey both skinned up a pom tree, like 2 skawirrels, but wen hay had got bout half way thay see a big snake curled a ound the top of the tree, with its hed downers. Then the ion man he sed, the lion man did: "Lucky for me I have got you a long, you jest charm that serpint reel quick, so we can go high upper."

But the snake feller he sed: "Wots the use? You jest ame that quodderped, so we can go low downer, wich is nore tords our oh riginal pint of destination."

Then the tamer he was mad, and he sed: "If ever I travel with a other swindlin imposter may I be tore to peeces!" And the charmer he sed: "Wen I keep compny agin with a yin frod I bope to be swollered hull!"

Then the snake it et the charmer, and the lion it et the amer.

A other time Uncle Ned was wockin out, and a long slender snake flew at him and bit him on the hand and got a way. Then Uncle Ned he run as hard as he cude, for to git home nd di into the boosom of his family. Wile he was running, nd a prayin for his sins to be forgave, he seen a natif nigger settin by the rode, and the natif nigger had three jest ech snaks twisted all around his arms and legs bitin him all aver, but he had got all their tails in one hand. Then Uncle Ned he sed: "Poor feller, I have been bit too, by one of dem same dedly cobries. As ther aint no hope for either of s now we wil jest sell our lifes as dear as we can."

So he throde of his cote and picht in, and grabbed the snakes by the tails, too. Then the natif nigger he let go nd took his 2 hands to untangle the snakes, and said: "Thankee, sir; I gess we wil be able to manidge em now. 'Here is to be a party tonight, and I have been tryin for or than a half an our for to braid these fellers into a neckless for my wifhe to wear around the stummeck of her belly, ut the wrascles squerm so I thot Ide have to let 'em go." Uncle Ned he sed: "Wot! aint these reptuals pizen?" and the natif nigger he said: "How do I kno? Do you spouse I ver et one?"

SAN RAFAEL, September 12, 1878.

AFTERMATH.

To many the death of Alexander Austin is a sensation—to us it is a loss. We have known him for almost thirty years, and in an intimate association during this long period he was to us the very embodiment of many virtues. He was eminently a manly man; he was a brave, courteous, generous gentleman, large-hearted, tender as a loving woman, true and honorable. We shall always remember him as he was in his prosperous, popular days, when all were friends, and none were enemies. We shall always treasure him in our memory as an honest man, overcome by casualties that are not crimes. We believe that two causes contributed to his death—the loss of a large trust fund in stock transactions and the untimely death of a wife he loved. The money loss would have been declared a crime, and Alexander Austin was of material that would rather brave death than the charge of dishonor. We believe that this money, himself, and all he had was sucked into the whirling vortex of this devilish maelstrom of stock gambling. He committed suicide, and if we are right in our estimate of his condition, we are glad of it. Some hateful bigots, who did not know him—and if they had, would not have appreciated him—will bury his memory in the cross-road of their hearts, where prejudice and superstition meet; and they would drive the stake through his body, but it would not touch his great palpitating, throbbing, bruised, and tender heart. Better his mode of departure than to have stood up the target which envious, malignant minds would have named crime, and not misfortune. He did bravely, and we will not insult his memory by giving him the apology of insanity. He wrapped the mantle of death around him, and stepped confidently out into the darkness of eternal night. He escaped his enemies, he paid his debts, he paid the penalty of his weakness and his mistakes, if any there were. Society can demand nothing more of him. He has joined his wife. His friends, and those who loved him living, cherish his memory, and not the less that he solved the problem of his life by cutting the thread that relieved him from all its complications.

It is represented that there is a vengeful war being waged against the ruling dynasty of the Comstock, and that new pretenders to the golden crown are putting forth their claims. We do not see it. We never remember any continued conflict between moneyed powers. Wealth hears no resentment, nurses no unkind memories, and perpetrates no revenges. Railroads, banks, steamship companies, stock-brokers never quarrel beyond the possibilities of a compromise, and the danger of adjustment and cooperation is always most imminent when the gongs beat loudest and the stink-pots fly fastest. We lay it down as an axiom in stocks, viz.: that self-interest dominates all other considerations; that everybody who deals does it to make money for himself; that there is not now, and never was, and never will be, a strictly conscientious man in the business; that anything like a syndicate to keep Sierra Nevada out from the control of Flood is a rope of sand; that Skae, Morrow, Head, Jones, Schloss, Miller, Williams, Glazier, or other Protestant, Greek, Jew, or Gentile, who may be in this combination to hold, will sell at any time that he gets his price. These are all very nice persons. Eels are very nice fish, but you can tie a double-bow knot of slippery water-snakes as easily as you can bind together a body of stock-brokers. Whenever the bonanza firm wants the control of Sierra Nevada it will just stretch out its tentacles, and the whole syndicate will squirm, and wriggle, and crawl to see which shall get first into the maw of the octopus.

General Grant is to-day the most promising candidate for the Presidential office of all that are proposed. If one was called upon to name a winner in the great Presidential sweepstakes for 1880, General Grant's would be the first name that would suggest itself. It will not be wise for those who do not wish his renomination—either politicians or newspaper men—to endeavor to whistle him down the wind. His relation to the country makes this mode of disposing of him impossible. His splendid military career, and his not altogether unsuccessful civil administration, are too firmly fixed in the minds of the nation to allow of this mode of disposing of his claims to reelection. The best way to defeat General Grant will be to find a better man. If the ARGONAUT could name the next President of the United States, it would be the Honorable E. B. Washburne, our late Minister to France. If the ARGONAUT could name the Democratic candidate for that high position, it would be Senator Bayard, of Delaware. To Mr. Washburne we would give the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, of New York, as Vice-President, and this position we would assign to the distinguished Senator from New York as a resting-place on his way to the Presidential office. We would not break down the two-terms tradition if we could avoid it. We prefer civilians over military men; a Republican over a Democrat; brains over availability; and any body with patriotic purpose, stern resolve, and a firm determination to maintain the law and the rights of person and property, as against the spirit of misrule that is abroad in the land.

It is not altogether improbable that the Democracy may carry the next Presidential election. There are some considerations that render such a result not undesirable. It is probable that the South will present itself as a unit in the Electoral College, supplemented by the vote of a considerable number of the Northern states. Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Oregon, and California can not be relied upon to cast their vote against the right kind of Democrat, nominated in a proper manner. If, for once, the Democracy could rise to the level of patriotism, eschew Tammany, and give the cold shoulder to the foreign blatherskites and domestic demagogues, who are educated to the idea that politics is a synonym for intrigue, and that political power is only desirable to the party as an opportunity to plunder; could place in nomination a statesman and a gentleman like Senator Bayard, and go before the people upon the issues of national currency as opposed to national banks, economy and honesty as opposed to criminal profligacy of administration, union of all the interests of all the States in opposition to sectarian hate, and instead of partisanship and politics, offer the country statesmanship and intelligent administration—the Democratic party might be successful, and its success might not be a national calamity.

PARISIAN BONBONS.

"Fickle and fine and French."

The little Paul, aged eight, passes the day at his uncle's. At dessert they serve the tart to the cream.

"Ah, my uncle," says the child, "why didn't you tell me this morning that there was going to be pie for dinner?"

"Why?"

"So that I could have expected it all day," replies the infant, passing his tongue around his ears.

A man who had long been in populous cities pent, having occasion to visit the country, encountered a flock of those birds widely known in connection with tailors and apple sauce.

"Well," said the citizen, having noted the peculiarly stupid way in which they gabbled and stared at him, "I don't wonder that they called you geese!"

A *commissaire de police*, meeting a woman in tears, demanded of her the cause of her sorrow, and was informed that her husband had beaten her.

"See here," said the officer to the husband, "if you go on doing this sort of thing I'll have to run you in" (*il me faudra vous courir de dans*.)

"What for?" growled the husband. "Hitting her? I didn't hit her; I just struck her with my handkerchief, which was doubled up."

"Yes," said the wife, "but you don't say that it has a thumb on it."

"Hello, what are you doing now?"

"Editing a comic paper. Permanent thing. Got to be witty for the rest of my life. Ha-ha!"

"In other words, you've had sentence of death passed on you."

"So the D— girls have never had a brother?"

"Never. Just the seven sisters of them."

"Like the nine Muses. How awfully jolly."

A Brazilian count, a billionaire, was dining at the *table d'hôte* of a fashionable hotel. His cutlet was to his taste, and he ordered another.

"We only give one cutlet," said the manager, "and no bread with one fish-ball."

Without a word the count rose, went out, bought the hotel, returned, led the manager to the front door and kicked him down the steps, then reseating himself at the table, said:

"Bring me another cutlet."

They brought it, swift as the eagle cleaves the air.

At the annual award of the prizes at the village school the worthy mayor calls up a blue-eyed and golden-haired young girl, with the air of a startled fawn, to receive the prizes for good behavior and French composition.

"Why, my child," he says, "what's the matter with your nose? It's scratched."

"Yes, sir," replies the bashful girl; "that red-headed, moon-eyed leper, Lizzie N., tried to smash my nose, but I bit her ear; you bet your carpet slippers on it. That is the sort of a hair-pin I am."

"Madam, I know all."

The miserable woman, not knowing how much he did know, concluded that it would be wise to grovel at his feet.

With the grace of King Henry, from whom, indeed, he borrowed the words, her husband said with dignity:

"Rise, madam: were any one to see us he would think that I was forgiving you for some offense."

And after a pause he continued:

"When, in point of fact, I didn't forgive you at all!"

"Yes, sir," said the exasperated gentleman, "I will go and find him. I will upbraid him with his treachery, and then, looking him sternly in the eye, I will kick the seat of his pantaloons out through the crown of his hat."

Difficult, but not impossible, remembering how Montgomery's bleeding warrior lay prone on his breast and glared at the skies.

"Now, your Majesty," said the scientist, who had been commanded to conduct a series of experiments before royalty, "these two gases will have the honor of combining before your Majesty."

The Commander of the Faithful was about to uniform his hosts, and a gigantic contract for cloth was ahead.

A contractor presented himself to the Minister of War, prepared to make his tender.

"How much a yard?" said the Minister, softly rubbing his fingers and thumb together.

"By the beard of Allah!" said the contractor, who was short-sighted, "thirty liras delivered f. o. b., and may goats defile my grandmother's grave if I make more than five liras profit a yard."

"Come again to-morrow," said the Minister of War, rather curtly, as the second contractor presented himself.

"What do you charge a yard?"

"By the great Thirty-nine Imams, forty liras, which leaves me fifteen liras a yard profit."

"A-ah," said the official, brightening up, "God is great. Just wait a minute till I see this other slave. How much do you want for your cloth, eh?"

"Sovereign lord," replied the third contractor, falling upon his face while a wink shot over his left eye, "the slave of the footstool has some cloth all wool and warranted not to shrink, which I will lay upon the altar of my country for fifty liras a yard."

"And the profit thereupon?" said the official in a voice choked with emotion, "is —"

"Is twenty-five liras a yard."

"Omy soul, O my lamb," replied the Minister, "the contract is thine." And clapping his hands he bade the Nubian slave who appeared go bid his *bekbekrs* begin carting sand for his new palace.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN.

Morning in Madrid. The day was warm and sultry; nature seemed wearied with her prolonged daily contest with the fiery shafts of the summer sun, and appeared to hang her head in submissive impotency. The branches of the trees drooped languidly, and the little breezes that occasionally passed drowsily over the city were mere ghosts, that not a soul could catch.

It was market day in Madrid. Troops of girls, with red and purple skirts, and black and yellow stockings, with fine dark eyes and olive cheeks, their long hair dangling to their waists in broad plaits, came with light, quick steps down the pathway leading to the great fountain of the Plaza del Oriente for water. Some balanced red water jars on their small, compact heads, while others, with languid, undulating grace, swung their long dark rounded arms, in the abandonment of dreamy idleness. Lazily reclining around the fountain, or lying on benches under the trees, might be seen young men, barefooted, and negligently but gayly dressed, their white shirts revealing their dusky throats, and their intense black eyes saucily glancing up now and then from under their broad-brimmed sombreros.

These gay, merry do-nothings cheerily hailed the pretty water-carriers as they came and went, with: "*A Dios, mi alma*," "*Buena manana, mi corazon*!" To which the dark-eyed beauties would respond with musical laughter, displaying the prettiest rows of pearly teeth in the world, and filling their pitchers at the fountain, would lightly mount them to their head, and, nodding and gesticulating, disappear around the corner of the square.

On one side of the Plaza groups of rudely but gayly dressed women were moving hither and thither, making preparation for the morning sales; some with trays of fruit—pomegranates, luscious figs, and tempting grapes and guaves—and others at gay little wooden stalls, where all kinds of cooling drinks—"bebidas"—were sold. There were other stands, set off prettily with bunches of bright wild-flowers, on which were heaped vegetables, fresh and crisp from the earth, and white cakes of honey embellished with the delicate green lettuce leaf. There were other stands still more attractive, at which might be seen burnished trays with tiny silver cups, and bronzed Spanish girls preparing that delicately delicious chocolate so dear to the Castilian palate. Picturesque groups, though continually changing, were constantly gathered about these places.

Among the busy, chatting market folks might now and then be seen a priest, with his black robe and funny bell-crowned hat, and umbrella and prayer-book, hurrying to morning mass. Crowds of little girls, with white dresses and broad-brimmed hats, and little straw-plaited baskets, were loitering on their way to school. There were men with slouched hats, barefooted or wearing sandals; men on horse-back; women on foot, and on donkeys heavily laden; and occasionally might be seen a graceful señorita, enshrouded, head and figure, in folds of black lace, of whose beauty one must alone guess by the tapering white fingers that clasped the veil at the breast. Old women, dark and shriveled, were hurrying to the chapel, counting their beads as they passed along. Gay fellows, with spangles and feathers, on fiery steeds, galloped with foolish speed down the narrow streets. Down among this motly throng flitted the water-carriers, making the air resound with their sharp and clear, and yet musical cries of "*agua, agua, quien quiere, agua*!"

In the centre of the Plaza, near the beautiful fountain, are charmingly grouped parterres of flowers and plants of rare growth, bright, variegated-leaved grass gracefully waving among them.

On each side of this square, or Plaza, are fine walks with shade trees. The streets, though narrow, are smoothly paved, and adorned by splendid houses, the proportions of which are grand and massive. They are inhabited by nobles, and knights, and the rich gentlemen of Madrid. The streets present a fine artistic effect; the dark, grand houses rising up majestically on one side are rendered doubly imposing in appearance by the open space and waving trees and grasses of the Plaza opposite. These houses are marvels of beauty and strength. The windows are all made with latticed casements, protected on the outside by ornamental iron gratings. They are entered by arched gateways, within which swing massive doors, themselves containing smaller doors, all opening into courtyards, in which are more plants, fountains, and statuettes.

From the casement of one of these noble houses, half enshrouded in the meshes of the fine lace curtains, a young girl sat, sleepily and languidly fanning herself, and gazing at intervals through the lattice on the bright scene of the street below. She looked, in truth, like a fair prisoner behind the heavy gratings, and it was evident, by her look of ennui, that time hung heavily on her hands.

The room which contained this fair occupant was magnificent in all its appointments. On one side stood a table of Italian marble, which was spread with all manner of fine confections. By the side of it was a small silver spirit-lamp of unique workmanship, which cast a delicate blue flame over the pretty picture.

In an alcove, amidst a cloud of white and pink curtains, hung a hammock with cushions of pink silk, and a white shawl hanging carelessly over the side. The room was large and spacious, casements reaching to the floor and opening on balconies which resembled hanging gardens, so completely were they filled with flowering plants and vines. The occupant of this lovely room reclined in an abandonment of ease on a half couch with silken pillows. Her dress was of pure white, loose and flowing, and of softest and finest texture, revealing arms and neck of snowy whiteness.

From the voluminous folds of her dress a tiny foot in a little pink slipper protruded itself. Her hair, dark and luxuriant, confined around the forehead and clasped at the back of the neck with bands of pearls, fell in waving masses of beauty to her waist. From her girdle was suspended a rosary with a little golden cross attached.

Her perfect oval face, with pure, regular features, large, languishing eyes with heavy fringed lashes, and the ripe red lips and pearly teeth, made up the charming counterpart of the fair Doña Maria de Montana. The señorita was tired, being so dull, and longed for some event, some excitement.

Suddenly she saw a young man, very pale and of interesting appearance, leaning against a tree in the Plaza opposite,

and evidently looking at the passers-by. He was dressed in black, wearing a long cloak and high Spanish hat with a long feather. Doña Maria thought it strange that in such weather any sane man should wear such a long, heavy cloak, and she sighed and fanned herself at the mere thought. Recovering her composure she looked again at the young man. He was pacing up and down the street in a nervous, agitated sort of manner, and stopping at the different stalls from time to time, closely inspecting the features of the different girls, sometimes even so much as touching them.

It seemed to Doña Maria that he must be having some coarse jest or impudent proposal, for the young women always laughed and drew back, and the young man himself seemed dissatisfied, to judge by the expression of his face and the continual shaking of his head.

"Is it not lamentable," she said to her maid, "that so fine looking a young man should act in such a way?"

The maid nodded assent in a nonchalant way, and suggested he might be a little wrong in his head.

Doña Maria still continued to watch the young man. At last he stopped before another young girl, looked all over her face, and examined her features minutely, even so much as slightly raising her chin, as if to caress her, but she laughingly drew away from him.

He then purchased a small quantity of fruit from her, but at the same time they seemed to be making a bargain of another nature, judging by the motions of their heads and hands.

"Isn't it awful?" said Doña Maria, and Clarissa, the maid, laughed saucily and shrugged her pretty shoulders, and suggested to the mistress that the chocolate was quite hot and delicious and waiting her pleasure. But Doña Maria maintained her seat, her eyes fixed on the pantomime below.

When the young man had finished his bargain he slowly walked off as if in a deep and painful reverie, always followed by Doña Maria's eyes. Before he rounded the corner of the street he turned, nodded to the young girl, and held up his right hand with the fingers extended, and she nodding in turn smiled back to him.

"I wonder who he is?" cried Doña Maria.

"So do I," said Clarissa, "but he may come back again to-morrow."

"Oh, I do not care about what he does," said Doña Maria. "Come, Clarissa, I will take my chocolate, but oh, how warm it is!"

But Doña Maria could not wholly banish the fine, sad face of the singular man, who acted so strangely in the street; and his high hat and feather, dejected visage, and long cloak even figured in her dreams.

The next afternoon, after her usual siesta, Doña Maria took her seat again at the window behind the curtains, and looked toward the Plaza, secretly hoping that the young man would again make his appearance. The heat was subsiding, and the shadows cast by the high houses made a grateful shade in the hot streets. The Plaza was deserted—the streets were silent, the inhabitants having withdrawn to the cool retirement of their homes.

As the clock struck four the young man indeed made his appearance. Under his long, black cloak he seemed to carry some parcels, for the sides protruded rather ungracefully. On this occasion he did not honor any of the other women with his scrutinizing looks, but walked directly to the girl with whom he had spoken the day before, and when he reached her, directly in front of the residence of Doña Maria, he saluted her with a slight bow and a grave smile.

Doña Maria's heart beat violently; she bit her lips with her small pearl teeth, clasped her hands and slightly trembled. Jealous and angry, she felt she could have annihilated the pretty fruit seller.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Clarissa, who had observed what passed in the mind of her mistress.

Doña Maria did not make any answer; but her eyes looked most intensely on the young couple below. The young man took his sword from its scabbard, and, with one well-directed stroke, he made it fast in the ground. He then took a piece of canvas from under his cloak, and, setting it against the sword, he thus made it perform the duty of an easel. He then knelt down before it, and put colors and brushes on the ground beside him. Doña Maria sighed deeply, with evident relief, and continued to gaze with renewed interest. She now understood that his object was to paint the pretty girl, and that he must be very poor indeed, as he did not even have an easel. Then she remarked his shabby attire, his pale, attenuated face, in which his eyes shone like two despairing souls; and, in her heart, she asked his forgiveness for all the evil she had thought of him the day before.

The painter commenced his work, and, the canvas being turned toward Doña Maria, she could see every stroke of the brush. There was painted already on the canvas the brown surplice and hood of a saint or Sister of Annunciation, but the head was wanting; and, from the position of the hood, Doña Maria thought that the head must be looking upward, in a posture of devotion, representing the ecstasy of adoration. The painter placed the young girl's head in several different positions, but seemed to have great difficulty to get it just as he wished. Indeed, the position he required was extremely difficult, as the head was to be thrown back and the eyes raised. At last he succeeded, and Doña Maria, from her perch above, trembled lest the fair neck should break. The young girl, who was in fact very beautiful, had thrown back her head to the farthest tension, and looked upward with an expression of such ecstatic devotion that she might have been taken for Saint Magdalena herself.

The painter worked a few moments in silence. Then he shook his head and seemed dissatisfied. Then he rose to his feet, took the pretty, rose-tinted chin in his hands, and gently moved the head, first in one position and then in another, but still with an anxious, distrustful look upon his pale, wearied face. For the first and second time she seemed willing to try and please him, and moved her head according to his directions; but when, for the third and fourth time, he adjusted her, and seemed to censure her for being restless, and spoke in a nervous, impatient way, her temper was touched; she grew angry, and became saucy and rude, and bade him leave her, saying she had already sat a good many times for painters, and they were gentlemen, and never found fault with her, and had paid her double what he offered, besides always buying her fruit; and praised her beauty, too, and had even copied her for Madonnas; whilst he, poor

wretch, paid only five dollars, and did not buy any of her fruit, and had not said a pleasant word to her, and she would not get a stiff neck for his sake; and now she would remain in the way he last assigned her, and he might paint her or not paint her, as he chose, and she did not care.

He commenced again; but his hands trembled, his mind was apparently distracted and dissatisfied. The saucy little virago was scarcely now fit to represent a saint. At last he gave up his feeble efforts, packed up his things and walked dejectedly away.

Doña Maria had closely watched all his proceedings, and had wondered the whole time that he should have selected that girl as a model. At last, when she saw the painter give up his work in despair, pack up and move away, she said, in an excited way, to her maid: "You go at once, and follow him, and find out where he lives!" Clarissa hastened to do her mistress' bidding, glad of the opportunity to go out in the street and breathe the cool evening air. As Doña Maria looked again out of the window, she saw the painter just disappearing around the corner. Then she reflected how impulsively she had acted, and would have called to Clarissa to return, but it was too late; she had already passed from the house, and Doña Maria saw her go through the Plaza rapidly, following in the steps of the painter.

The sun had gone down, and the fruit women had left their stands. Twilight was creeping on slowly, and a freshening breeze was agitating the topmost branches of the trees. Doña Maria threw open wide her casement to enjoy the delicious air, and, more particularly, that she might have a better view of the street.

At last she saw Clarissa returning, and in another moment the girl was in the presence of her mistress.

"Have you discovered his lodgings?" she asked, nervously.

"Yes," said Clarissa, quite out of breath and exceedingly flushed, "and a pretty run the recreant has given me. If it had not been your command I would have given up the pursuit, for he went a long way through the remotest and meanest streets, and it was fortunate I had my veil, so that I could not be recognized in such a part of the city. And if he had entered his home by a door—but no, suddenly he stopped before a wall, and then seemed to vanish through a mere hole."

"Of course, you followed?"

"For heaven's sake!" answered the maid, smilingly; "I might have got in all right, but my patron Saint Clarissa alone knows in what state I might have come out."

Doña Maria made no further observations; she leaned back on her cushions, fingered her rosary, and seemed to be reflecting. At that moment dinner was announced, and Doña Maria, preceded by her maid, entered the grand saloon. There she dined with her mother, father, and two brothers, with proper state and ceremony, but through all the elegant courses and sparkling wines her beautiful fair brow was shadowed with a thoughtful, abstracted look.

Directly after returning to her room she called to Clarissa. "I want you to lead me to the house of the painter," she said, simply.

"For heaven's sake, what would you do?" exclaimed the maid, tragically. "You have done a great many imprudent things, for which I was reprimanded by your father, and for which I have nearly lost my place, but this would be the most foolish adventure of all, and, besides, I do not remember the way, and we would surely get lost in those small crossings."

"You know the way," said Doña Maria, in a tone which did not admit of contradiction; "and as for my father, I promise you shall not be dismissed."

She then went into an inner apartment, and soon after emerged dressed in black, and enveloped in a long velvet cloak with a hood, which entirely covered her. In her hand she carried a small lamp, and bidding Clarissa precede her, they left the house and entered the street, and although Clarissa protested that she was not sure of the way, she found it, nevertheless, very readily.

They passed through the Plaza del Oriente, and down the narrow streets, until they entered a deep lane overhung with huge aloes. This brought them, in half an hour, to the desolated monastery, and a little farther on they stood before the formidable wall. In the centre of it was a small archway, through which, in order to enter, one must stoop quite low. Doña Maria bent her graceful form and soon disappeared through the opening, notwithstanding the passionate remonstrances of her maid, who was obliged, of course, to follow. The archway led into a quiet court-yard with grass growing between the stones, and surrounded by quaint little buildings with window mouldings and parapets of stone. Doña Maria lighted her little lamp, and proceeded to move cautiously through the yard. Twilight had deepened into night, she could see the shadow of the grim old church rising weirdly and unnaturally in the gloom, and her heart began to sink when she realized her position, alone in the night, at that strange place. At the extreme end of the court-yard she saw the feeble glimmer of a light. She approached it, and the ragged edges of an old red silk curtain half revealed the dreariness of the apartment and the dark shadow of a form within. Doña Maria turned to her maid and said:

"This is the place; you will remain outside, wait two hours, and I will join you."

She then approached the door with trembling limbs; she came to a small corridor, and, turning to the right, found the room of the painter. With her hand on the latch she stopped, while her heart beat loud and fast as the imprudence and daring of her act rushed upon her. What if the painter was not a gentleman? What if her relations or friends should ever hear of this night's adventure? Her reputation would be damaged irreparably, or would she not at least be looked upon and laughed at as a fool? Then she thought again that perhaps she had been inspired by her patron saint, and she would surely protect her.

Encouraged by this last thought, she grasped the lamp more firmly, opened the door, and stood in the presence of the painter. He was sitting in deep dejection before the empty canvas, his head thrown back against the wall, his eyes closed, and a death-like pallor over his finely formed face. By the light of the lamp Doña Maria saw that the head of the pretty fruit-girl was gone from the canvas; it was blank. The young man was so absorbed in his gloomy thought and ill-success that he had not heard the light foot-fall of the lady, so she stood for some moments and exam-

ined with keen interest his fine features, his noble forehead, and the expression of deep despondency which had settled over his whole face and figure, and her heart filled with sympathy and love. At last she spoke.

At the first sound of her voice he started from his reverie, sprang to his feet, grasped his sword, pushed back the heavy hair from his forehead, and then, overcome by what seemed to him a heavenly apparition, he sunk upon his knees.

"Señor," she said, "I am sent to serve you as a model; so rise and paint. You must not ask any questions, and you must finish the picture in the next two hours, and by the light of this lamp which I hold in my hand, and never, after I am gone, must you touch the picture again."

The bell in the cathedral struck the hour.

"You hear the bell," she said; "when it strikes the midnight hour, I am gone."

Doña Maria then stepped forward and knelt on a small prie-dieu that was standing near the canvas, set the lamp on one end next to a prayer-book, and, throwing her head slightly back, looked heavenward. By the back movement of her head the heavy masses of hair fell to the ground and enveloped her like a veil, framing the most exquisite face that painter had ever dared to conceive. His soul seemed to pass out of him in adoration. He again sank upon his knees and looked at her in silence, making the sign of the cross, until she turned her eyes back to him and bade him begin. This seemed to electrify him. He seized his brush, and, on his knees, commenced to paint her marvelous beauty. He seemed inspired; his face lighted with a glow of radiant enthusiasm; and, as he worked, he prayed and worshiped, and every stroke was a perfecting touch.

Doña Maria, at first, had been rather inclined to view the romantic adventure as a little jest of her own, entered upon to incite the ardor and skill of the unknown artist, and still more to confirm the confidence she felt in her own personal charms; but, as the moments passed by, and she was compelled to retain that saintly position, she became startled at the thought of her being so sacrilegious as to dare to affect to represent a saint, with her heart full of sinful vanity. Then she grew alarmed at her long absence from home, and a great trembling and weariness came over her whole form; and especially her head and neck, from the great strain, ached bitterly. She felt herself sinking and nigh to fainting. Then she prayed most fervently and devoutly to her saint, that she would sustain her and strengthen her sinking body, so that the picture might be finished and be the means of elevating some souls to heaven. The feelings of anguish, and bodily pain, and absolute devotion, she felt in those two hours made her face rapt in its ecstatic adoration, so that the painter, in gazing upon it, really thought it was a spiritual apparition sent by heaven, and his veins tingled with the blood which coursed as fire through his whole frame.

The two hours passed away; the bell struck twelve; the picture was finished. Doña Maria rose and walked slowly to the door, carrying in her hand the lamp. At the threshold she stopped, smiled sweetly and wearily at the young man, and stepped out into the night, leaving him in darkness. But it seemed to him the whole room was still light, as if a great effulgent radiance was around the picture. He sunk upon his couch—his eyes still resting upon the beautiful face—and at last, body and soul exhausted with excitement and pain, he slept.

When he awoke, he thought the whole occurrence a dream. The sun was shining brightly through the red curtain, and the birds, who had built their little nests in the courtyard, were singing at his window. He turned to his canvas. There, indeed, was the picture—his saint, his divinity, his heavenly apparition.

From that day his soul was filled with it, he lived alone in its light and beauty. It absorbed him. He dreamed of it at night, and all the day he paced the streets wishfully gazing up at the houses, in the half-frenzied hope of seeing the material form of the mysterious, to him supernatural, model. Aye, it was more than hope, it was to him conviction, that he would at some time, for once at least, behold its living image. But his hopes were vain. Day by day his health and spirits visibly declined. He grew more and more melancholy, and utterly forsook the world. He determined to dedicate himself to the priesthood. He devoted himself to study. He took the vows and entered a holy order and in a short time was ordained a priest. A small chapel was given him near the Plaza del Oriente.

Here he remained some years, rooming in a small dormitory attached to the church. The door of communication always remained open. Here, when not actually engaged in the sacred duties of his order, he spent his time reading and meditating, and occasionally painting sacred pictures for the churches. He never appeared outside the chapel grounds. Over the altar of the chapel he had placed his own sacred piece, before which he had a light burning day and night.

A small silver lamp, suspended by a silver chain, hung just above it, casting a subdued halo over its angelic features. Before this picture he knelt and prayed most devoutly, and often in the late hours of night he lay prostrate before it consumed by his unearthly affection. When he entered his room, he always left the door ajar so that he could hear any one that came into the church. He was still convinced that his saint would some day appear to him, and although he grew paler and weaker each day, from fasting and midnight vigils, and the damp confinement of the chapel, until he was reduced to a mere spiritual form, he still continued praying and watching, and whenever he heard a foot-fall in the church, he would appear at the door, ever hoping it might be she, never despairing of seeing her. The morning which followed Doña Maria's adventure with the painter there might have been seen on the road leading from Madrid to Barcelona a gorgeous cavalcade of about thirty cavaliers and ladies. Riding in front, a little in advance, on gayly caparisoned horses, were Doña Maria and her noble father, the Count Philip de Montana. Doña Maria looked pale and anxious. The events of the night filled her mind, and still caused her heart to beat with unwonted activity.

She was going on a visit to the estates of her cousin, Don Alphonso, one of the richest nobles of the kingdom, who had extended to herself and father, and some near relatives, an invitation to visit and remain with him until the heat of the season was over. His residence was a marvel of Moorish art. On a high cliff, overlooking the sea, when bathed in the golden glory of the sunset, it rose like a palace of fairies. Its gorgeous colorings, its unique ornaments, and gilded

arches and marble columns, made it surely a fit habitation for the lovely girl, whose sad, dreamy eyes, as they approached, rested upon it in deep thought and abstraction. Don Alphonso rode by her side. His fine bay horse, under his silver-mounted saddle, with cloth of Moorish mantle striped with gold and deep fringed with scarlet, shining resplendent in the sun, looked conscious of his dignity and station. They rode gayly, in all the beauty and bloom of youth. They had known each other from childhood, and were, in fact, betrothed from their infancy. They were deeply attached to each other, and the year of their nuptials was arranged. But during the whole period of Doña Maria's visit to her cousin and betrothed, in the midst of her magnificent surroundings, the sad beautiful face of the strange painter haunted her, filled her soul, and clouded her happiness.

Three years had elapsed, and the bridal day of Doña Maria had arrived. It was arranged that the marriage should be celebrated at Madrid, in her father's palace. The grandest preparations had been made. The great banquet hall was magnificently prepared, and everything was in readiness for the great event. The evening before the wedding day Don Alphonso left the Count's palace to be absent a few hours. Doña Maria was left to herself, and as she was much wearied and excited by the events of the past few weeks, she suggested to her maid that they walk out in the evening air. Wrapping their veils closely about them, concealing their faces, they walked through the Grand Plaza, and to the street beyond. The air was fragrant with the perfume of orange blossoms, while the peals of bells from the convent on the summit blended softly with the nearer sound of a Spanish song, sung in the rich full tones of a man. The hour was entrancing. Lighted up by the sunset was a group of gypsies, gorgeous even in their rags.

A man in a striped mantle of many hues leaned languidly against one of the trees, and talked to a dark-eyed girl with scarlet blossoms in her hair. Against the sky loomed the glorious cathedral, in which Murillo's great painting lives forever, the "Angel de la Guarda," representing a beautiful seraph with spreading wings leading a little trustful child by the hand, and directing him to look beyond earth into the heavenly light.

All these scenes of her beloved city appealed strongly to the poetic mind of Doña Maria with an intense feeling of beauty, which was heightened by the charms of antiquity and the coloring of romance.

At this moment a bell solemnly tolled. It was the hour of the *oracion*. In an instant every voice was hushed; the horseman reined in his steed, the footman stood still, even the hum of the city seemed held in check as by an invisible power, the very air seemed to be hushed. Doña Maria and her maid bowed low their heads. After the moment passed, in a feeling of devotion which it inspired they approached the nearest chapel, hoping to be in time for the vesper service. A small church stood at the end of the street. They entered; Doña Maria, removing her veil, walked up the aisle and sunk down upon her knees at the altar. Raising her head in an altitude of devotion toward heaven, the altar-lamp shed its soft, dim light over her beautiful upturned face.

Suddenly a sharp, wild cry was heard in the quiet, solitary church. Doña Maria started and looked anxiously about her, and clasped her hands in fear. Above her head, for the first time, she saw the picture—the picture of herself. With startled eyes and heaving breast she stood transfixed, as if turned to marble. Some invisible hand seemed to hold her in a spell she could not break. Slowly she turned. At the inner door, leading to the sacristy, she beheld the painter. His countenance was death-like. With an unearthly gaze his eyes were fixed upon her. In that intense moment soul answered soul. Quickened to adore her, his soul shining through his eyes, he fell upon his knees at her feet, and looking with rapture into her face, murmured: "O strange delight! O infinite peace! why am I thus blessed!" Then over his sad, worn, yet beautiful face, fell a death-like pallor, and convulsively extending his hands as if to clasp her, he fell backward at the altar dead.

Morning in Madrid. The marble aisles of the grand cathedral are reverberating the triumphal notes of happy love. A procession of altar-boys and little girls in white, bearing lighted candles, pass up the great central aisle and pause before the altar. The colonnades are crowded with the beauty, youth, and fashion of the fair city. Glorious dark eyes, gay cavaliers, and pyramids of flowers, lend an indescribable glow and brilliancy to the scene. Murillo's altarpiece seemed endowed with life, from the reflection cast by the softening light of a myriad of candles. A great burst of joyful melody heralds the approach of the bride. Doña Maria, leaning on the arm of her father, white as her satin robe, and with an almost pulseless heart, slowly and mechanically moves up the aisle and stands before the altar. The hand that Don Alphonso holds is cold and lifeless, and a momentary chill passes over his happy heart, as he looks upon the statuesque and deathlike beauty of his bride. The intonations of the priest sound far away and unmeaning as the ceremonial words are spoken; the responses of one, at least, of the plighted are faint and mechanical, and as the wedded pair pass out of the great cathedral, the old arched portals, could they have spoken, would have said, "a sadder or more melancholy bride ne'er passed out here before."

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10, 1878.

LOTUS.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, September 15, 1878.

Madras Mullagatawny.
Muskmelon.
Fried Baracouta, Mashed Potatoes.
Beef a la Mode.
Asparagus. Baked Egg Plant.
Roast Chicken, Currant Jelly.
Artichokes.
Apple Snow-balls. Raspberries.
Fruit-bowl of Figs, Grapes, Pears, Plums, Gages, Peaches, and Apples.

TO MAKE APPLE SNOW-BALLS.—Boil some rice ten minutes; drain and let it cool. Pare and core some large apples without dividing them. Spread the rice on some darning cloth, tie the fruit (surrounded by the rice) separately in these, and boil three quarters of an hour.

SAUCE.—A little butter and sugar mixed to a cream; a spoonful of corn-starch cooked in two cupfuls of boiling water; flavor to taste.

You may gather a rich harvest by reading, but thought is the winnowing machine.

LET'S DING THE POOR TEACHERS.

There is a want of funds in the education board. Something must be done to curtail expenses. But the higher officials, who get \$200 a month, and the exceptional teachers, who might well be spared, will not stand any reduction. So the brilliant device is adopted of obliging the inferior teachers to contribute each a half month's salary to make up the deficiency.

Now see how this works! Here is a poor female teacher, who has to support several children, and has \$60 a month. Reducing her down to \$30 for this month is equivalent to starvation.

Forty years ago there was a similar scheme of retrenchment in the Church of England. But, as no one thought of touching the revenues of the bishops, the proposition was to victimize the inferior clergy—to cut down the salaries of the deans and canons of the cathedrals (are our Solons copying this scheme?). Then it was that Sidney Smith, the celebrated wit, himself a canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, published the following imaginary scrap of mediæval history, which we commend to the Board of Education:

"There was a great meeting of all the clergy at Dordrecht, and the chronicler thus describes it, which I give in the language of the translation: 'And there was great store of bishops in the town, in their robes goodly to behold; and all the great men of the state were there, and folks poured in in boats on the Meuse, the Merve, the Rhine, and the Linge, coming from the Isle of Beverlandt and Isselmond, and from all quarters in the Bailiwick of Dort; Armenians and Gomarists, with the friends of John Barneveldt and of Hugh Grote. And before my lords the bishops, Simon of Gloucester, who was a bishop in those parts, disputed with Vorstius and Leoline the monk, and many texts of scripture were bandied to and fro.'

"And when this was done, and many propositions made, and it waxed toward twelve of the clock, my lords the bishops prepared to set them down to a fair repast, in which was great store of good things, and among the rest a roasted peacock, having in lieu of a tail the arms and banners of the archbishop, which was a goodly sight to all who favored the church. And then the archbishop would say a grace, as was seemly to do, he being a very holy man; but ere he had finished a great mob of townspeople and folks from the country, who were gathered under the window, cried out, 'Bread, bread!' for there was a great famine, and wheat had risen to three times the ordinary price. And when they had done crying, 'Bread, bread!' they called out, 'No bishop!' and began to cast up stones at the windows; whereat my lords the bishops were in a great fright, and cast their dinners out of the windows to appease the mob; and so the men of that town were well pleased, and did devour the meats with a great appetite.

"And then you might have seen my lords standing with empty plates and looking wistfully at each other, till Simon, of Gloucester, he who had disputed with Leoline, the monk, stood up and said: 'Good, my lords, is it your pleasure to stand here fasting, and that those who count lower in the church than you do should feast and fluster? Let us order to us the dinner of the Deans and Canons, which is making ready for them in the chamber below?' And this speech of Simon of Gloucester pleased the bishops much; and so they sent for the host, one William, of Ypres, and told him it was for the public good, and he, much fearing the bishops, brought them the dinner of the deans and canons. And so the deans and canons went away without dinner, and were pelted by the men of the town, because they had not put any meat out of the windows like the bishops. And when the Count came to hear of it he said it was a pleasant conceit, and that the bishops were right cunning men, and had dinged the canons well."

Is not this piece of history apposite to the subject? We leave the Board of Education to run out the parallel.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Une belle femme qui a les qualités d'un honnête homme est ce qu'il y a au monde de plus délicieux; l'on trouve en elle tout le mérite des deux sexes.—*La Bruyère*.

C'est le jouir et non le posséder qui rend heureux.—*Montaigne*.

L'amour est un plaisir qui nous tourmente, mais ce tourment fait plaisir.—*Scribe*.

La petite vérole est la bataille de Waterloo des femmes. Le lendemain elles connaissent ceux qui les aiment véritablement.—*Balzac*.

PHILOSOPHIE D'UN BOHEMIEN.

Je donne à l'oubli le passé,
Le présent à l'indifférence,
Et pour vivre délassé,
L'avenir à la Providence.

Une amie de Madame Scarron lui exprimait un jour son étonnement de lui avoir vu épouser un mari aussi laid que le sien.—Madame, lui répondit-elle, les amants doivent être toujours de beaux hommes, les maris comme il plaît à Dieu.

C'est en apprenant la musique que beaucoup de jeunes cœurs apprennent l'amour.

AVIS.

Je vous le donne
Ce petit avis en secret,
Si votre cœur n'est à personne,
Et que mon cœur soit votre fait,
Je vous le donne.

Le radicalisme n'est que le désespoir de la logique.—*La mortini*.

Pour connaître l'eau, il faut remonter à la source.—*Pro-verbe persan*.

La bégueule est à la femme vertueuse ce que le tartuffe est au dévot.

La prude est la bégueule de bonne foi, plus bête qu'hypocrite.

Lorsque les femmes vont au spectacle, elles s'habillent moins pour voir que pour être vues.

J'ai vu des demoiselles de vingt-cinq ans affecter une naïveté enfantine qui m'a fait douter de leur vertu.

NOTICE.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, /
 FRED. M. SOMERS, /

Editors.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN SIERRA NEVADA.

It is here respectfully but firmly announced that on next Friday afternoon there will be issued—as "a flyer"—from this office 10,000 shares of stock of "The Wildcat Speculation Company (Unlimited)." Each certificate issued will have attached an exhibit containing hundreds of sketches illustrative of the stock excitement—scenes in the Boards, on the street, and caricatures of prominent brokers and heavy operators. "Take in a few shares at bedrock prices."

Between the two great English-speaking nations—"the greater and the lesser Britain," America being in extent of territory and in population the larger—it is natural that there should be great rivalry. As England is in everything that constitutes real greatness our superior, it is doubtless natural that we, conscious of our inferiority, should constantly declare the superiority of our institutions, and boast of the grander destiny that awaits us. It is the younger rooster that ever crows the loudest. It is because we are Englishmen so recently descended from English parentage that our boastings may be regarded as somewhat pardonable. We may at least claim that this tendency to estimate ourselves at our full value is a transmitted inheritance, and charge to our ancestral race this transmitted weakness. What should make our vanity, or its display, more endurable to our European friends is, that the first and loudest claim we make to superiority is based upon the fact that we are of English descent. To quote from a former article in the ARGONAUT: "It is true ethnologically, and true in every sense, that an American speaking generally—is nothing but a transplanted Englishman. In seventy-five per cent. of the people of this country there is not a globule of blood that is not English. The glories of England are our glories. She can achieve nothing that our fathers did not help to make possible to her. The learning, the power, the refinement of a great nation, are not the growth of a century, but of many centuries: each generation builds upon the work of the preceding. For untold ages our ancestors wrought to rear that splendid pile, the civilization of England. And shall we now try to belittle the mighty structure because other though kindred hands are laying the top courses while we have elected to found a new tower in another land? The American who is not proud of his part in England's glory is unworthy to enjoy his lesser heritage in the lesser glory of his own country."

It is but two centuries and a half of time since from out the thronged and teeming island-hive our forefathers began to find their way across the ocean. It is but little more than an hundred years that, as an independent nation, we have cut loose from the crown, and laws, and social habits of the motherland. In laying aside the crown, we preserved the essence of its power, discarding only the bauble and the head that bore it. English laws we did preserve, and built upon, as the very foundation of the fabric of the government we reared. The social habits, religious views, tastes, literature, and language we have maintained and imitated, so that to-day we are as essentially English as are the English themselves, and we even boast that in many parts of our country the language is written and spoken with greater purity than in many parts of the United Kingdom.

Our forefathers thought that in severing their allegiance from the throne, and in planting broad and deep the foundations of another government in another continent, they had made a wise improvement in establishing a republican instead of a monarchical form. The experience of a century of time has demonstrated that they were partly right and partly wrong. Right in thinking that an intelligent people is qualified to select from its number officers to execute the laws of its own making; right in denying to any dynasty authority

to govern; right in saying that no family has divine or other claim to be first in a free State, or to be maintained at public expense. Wrong, we fear, in declaring that only age, sex, and color should limit the elective privilege and the exercise of sovereign power; wrong, we fear, in so liberally extending invitations to immigrants from other nationalities, and making citizenship so easy of attainment; wrong, perhaps, in the liberality of laws that secure to every trial—criminal and civil—the intervention of a jury; clearly wrong in an abuse that has grown upon the country, in permitting an elective judiciary. If we had kept nearer to the example of England's institutions, and had not so widely departed from the formulas of her government, it might have been better for us. As in learning and letters, in art and the science of government, America is but the "faint and stammering echo of England," so, perhaps, it had been well if we had adhered more nearly to the constitution and laws of England in the reign of George the Third, and had not adopted French Democracy, with the wide-bottomed pantaloons introduced by Jefferson from France.

For nearly all that is good in our American civilization we are indebted to England; the errors and mischiefs are of our own creation. We have originated little, because there is little to originate, but we have unconsciously reproduced many of the discredited and abandoned systems of former ages and other countries—receiving them at second hand, but making them ours by the sheer strength and immobility of the national belief in their newness; for it is not possible to make an experiment in government, in art, in literature, in sociology, or in morals, that has not been made over, and over, and over again. That the English are our intellectual superiors is due not to the superior mind, but to the superior opportunity. An hundred years of national growth may not expect to compete with nine centuries of national development. Our institutions of learning are new; their shingle roofs, scarcely covered with the mosses and lichens of age, may not compare with those splendid seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge, the very names of whose founders is lost in the twilight of history, and we may feel no embarrassment in admitting that our scholars, in the sum of their learning and the scope of their achievements, have not accomplished results to compare with those of England.

Based upon the political and social system of England, there has grown up a caste, an aristocracy of wealth, of leisure, of intellect. There may be serious disadvantages attending the laws of primogeniture and entail. There may be wrongs and inconveniences attending a house of hereditary law-makers, whose dignity is maintained by entailed properties; but there are certain compensations and advantages in a system under which all important trusts—political and professional, civil and military, ecclesiastical and secular—are held by educated men; that is, by men of trained faculties and disciplined judgment—and in England that is what we see. The government is composed of university men; the army and navy are officered by university men. University men sit in Parliament, and university men make the newspapers. To compare our public men with those of similar positions in England will illustrate the mistake made by the founders of the government in not limiting the elective privilege. As the stream can rise no higher than its source, so the ministerial, the legislative, and the judicial functions of our government will soon find themselves in the hands of men of average intellect and average honesty with those who elect them. This standard of intelligence and integrity is growing lower and lower every year in our republic.

Such considerations as these—comparing our government with that of England—will thrust themselves upon thinking men, when we contemplate the character of the class which is now a growing power in our land, and note the men it is evolving as the oracles of its principles and the prophets of its intentions. We look with alarm and anxiety upon this drifting away from the landmarks that we have hitherto kept in view. Our President is either an available, or an accident; our Senate is gradually sinking from its former dignity, patriotism, and intelligence; our House of Representatives no longer represents even the average of the national capacity and integrity. We can not truthfully say that, as a rule, our officials are honest and faithful. We are not without well-founded suspicions that integrity is the exception at the national capital. We make these suggestions, comparing our government and its institutions with those of England, with no hint of questioning the general superiority of a republican form of government. We are not blind to the imperfections, corruptions, and extravagance of monarchical institutions, but we can not refrain from thinking that there are many things in the government of England that we will do well to consider, with a view of retracing our steps to the point from which the fathers of our republic mistakenly took their departure.

One thing is most noticeable, that the best minds in America are not devoted to public affairs. The best of the trained intellects of the country, the most highly educated, turn their attention to some other service than that of the state, leaving lower minds and those not possessing the

higher qualifications to engage in politics. We do not lack men of superior training, and of the very highest acquirements in point of learning. We see them in professional life, noticeably at the bar, and not so often upon the bench, because the honors and rewards of the bar are greater than those of the bench. A life-long service in an ill-paid judicial position may leave but lingering years of poverty after the service is done. At the head of business affairs, directing great enterprises, managing railroads, banks, and steam fleets, and in financial positions, we see in America the ablest and strongest men; but they make no effort to attain the dignities and honors of public service because they feel that it is not an honor to secure the very highest of the leading places in our government. There are men in San Francisco and all over the nation who would scorn to exchange their private positions for the very highest place in the service of the government. The result is, that meaner minds climb to the top, where, in the language of Catiline, they "hang hissing" at the nobler men below.

We recall to our minds two incidents illustrative of the different degrees of consideration accorded to our great men in the past and present time. There was a time in the history of our country when to be Governor of a State, member of the House of Representatives, or member of the Senate of the United States, was a distinguished honor, entitling the incumbent to the highest consideration of his fellow-citizens. Now, alas! except in the political circle, these positions carry with them but little honor. The incidents to which we refer are connected with the lives of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay: Now nearly fifty years ago it was announced that Daniel Webster would journey by stages through New York, stopping at the prominent villages. He was a guest at our father's house. The country gentlemen for miles around came pouring in to pay him their respects; and we shall never forget the awe and veneration with which as a boy we looked upon this wonderful and honored man. Later, Henry Clay passed through New York State. His was a triumphal procession throughout the North, in which scholars, men of wealth, and gentlemen vied with each other to pay him respect. Now, Rutherford Hayes, the President of a commonwealth of 40,000,000 people, goes junketing around the country, stopping at county fairs, making small speeches from the tail-board of a railroad car, and no one, save he who has an office or wants one, unless for curiosity, pays him the compliment of going to the depot to see the train pass. A cabinet officer visits San Francisco, and the press urges us to give him a reception "because he is the first cabinet officer that ever visited this coast," and we are in hopes that he will build us a post-office upon Portsmouth Square.

In two other particulars we contrast our government with that of England, and not to our advantage. To the Parliament of England a constituency may send any representative who is a subject of the realm, no matter in what part of the kingdom he may reside. Thus a distinguished scholar, thinker, writer, or orator, may be chosen to represent any constituency in the council of the nation. In America we may choose a United States Senator, member of Congress, member of Assembly, or Supervisor only from the State, district, precinct, or ward in which he may reside. If Gladstone, Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, and the Marquis of Huntingdon lived at San Francisco only one would be eligible to the Assembly of California. In all other countries except that of the United States, to have filled a public position acceptably is a claim for its retention. In England the Premier may hold his power so long as the wisdom of the realm indorses his intelligence, his wisdom, his patriotism, and his political policy. A member of Parliament who has illustrated his fitness by his learning, his eloquence, or his industry, may expect to be retained. In the diplomatic service success and qualifications are the certain claims to advancement. The faithful public servant may die in the public employment, or be pensioned in advanced old age or declining powers. The subordinate rests in the assurance that if he does his duty he will hold his place. In America we are in the never-ending, never-ceasing scramble and clamor for place. Rotation in office is the worm at the root of our institutions. "To the victors belong the spoils" is a vile tradition that saps the very foundations of our government. Party spirit runs high in England. Great men, great intellects strive for power. Parliament divides upon questions of national policy, party strife and party rancor shows itself upon the hustings; but only in America does a change of administration lead to an entire out-turning of every clerk and tide-water laborer in public employment, thus disturbing all the routine and detail of official business and proclaiming to the official incumbent the necessity of stealing, in order to indemnify himself for the cost of the past election and the expenses of the next.

We visited El Dorado County this last week attending the agricultural fair. It is a magnificent county. Outside of California there is no land in the world that produces such fruit. Dried fruit is to the thermal belt that runs through our foot-hills a source of inexhaustible wealth. All this region needs is a market, enterprise, industry, and patience. We shall write at length of this county in our next issue.

PRATTLE.



"The genuine drama," says the *Call's* theatrical reporter, "is better appreciated in this city than any where else in America. This may sound like self-praise, but it is the honest testimony of managers." I know an honest manager

who says that the genuine drama is better appreciated in Fat Squaw Cañon than it is in San Francisco. But he manages a theatre in Fat Squaw Cañon, and his judgment has perhaps a local bias from which that of San Francisco honest managers is conspicuously free. Indeed, I know of his opinion only through the village vanity of the theatrical reporter of the Fat Squaw Cañon *War-whoop*.

The Kearney party (says a telegram) spent the day at Coney Island, strolling on the beach and bathing in the surf.

Across the hills of Darien
A look the Atlantic threw,
And sighed to the Pacific then:
"Would I could bathe in you."

"Why," said the greater flood, "that's queer;
What for?" The lesser sea
Replied: "Tis necessary, dear,
For Kearney bathed in me."

Master Charles Owen has composed another song—'Tis *Only in My Dreams*. 'Tis only in mine that I am at Master Charlie's mercy; in them his song pursues me like the neighing of a nightmare.

"The writer of this article knows his own mind," concludes an irritable and abusive contemporary. That is not enough to prevent my getting the pull on him; he must also mind his own nose.

No woman living in a country where polygamy is forbidden by law can intelligently consider the various statutes affecting her happiness, and honestly aver that through masculine selfishness the balance is against her. If monogamy has any other basis than man's voluntary self-denial, I do not know what it is.

A lot in our graveyard has been, says the press,
Set apart for Chinese interments;
And justice compels us now to confess
Too strong were some former avengements.

'Twas said no good landlord would give them a lease,
But let us allow, as a penance,
For some kinds of real estate the Chinese
Are very desirable tenants.

Following are sample definitions from an unpublished dictionary for which (in behalf of the author) I am ready to receive subscriptions: "Love, the folly of thinking much of another before one knows anything of oneself." "Courtship, the timid sipping of two thirsty souls from a goblet which both can easily drain but neither replenish." "Marriage, a feminine device for imposing silence, whereby one woman is made to guard the good name of a dozen others." "Divorce, a resumption of diplomatic relations and rectification of boundaries."

Mr. William D. Pollock's poetic work is like the liver of Prometheus—constantly devoured, yet constantly reproduced. As long as he is read he will write, as long as he writes there will be fools to read him. His latest delivery in a Sunday paper was intended to inculcate the divine virtues of conjugal tenderness and forbearance. Its mechanical construction (each line broken in halves and made into two, as if to convey the impression that he is paid by the line, when we all know that his rates are ten cents per idea and he has never made sixpence) may be best set forth by the following far and feeble imitation:

Be kind to Bill Pollock,
The gentle bard, clinging
With tooth and toe-nail
To his harp for his life;
Be patient through trials
And bear with his singing,
Discharging your feelings
By licking your wife.

It is easier and more agreeable to converse with a woman than with a man, for you may say what you will; you have only to consider how you say it. Pleasing her with the manner of your discourse you may please yourself with its matter.

President Hayes' Minnesota speech is to be printed and distributed as a "campaign document," to the disadvantage of publishers who have it already in type as a preface of a cookery book, and the unspeakable disgust of the man who wrote it some years ago as an introductory chapter to *The Sunday-School Hoyle*.

Says the Memphis *Avantgarde*: "Many a hand in Memphis will refuse to again touch that of John Donovan, who allowed his wife and children to perish alone." And many a hand which refuses to touch that of John Donovan will have no particular aversion to John Donovan's pocket.

When Man and Woman had been made,
All save the disposition,
The Devil to the workshop strayed,
And somehow gained admission.

The Master rested from his work,
For this was on a Sunday,
The Man was snoring like a Turk,
Content to wait till Monday.

"Too bad!" the Woman cried; "Oh, why
Does slumber not benumb me?
A disposition! Oh, I die
To know if 'twill become me!"

The Adversary said: "No doubt
'Twill be extremely fine, ma'am,
Though sure 'tis long to do without—
I beg to lend you mine, ma'am."

The Devil's disposition when
She'd got, of course she wore it,
For she'd no disposition then,
Nor has now, to restore it.

A friend of mine called, the other day, at the house of a lady of fashion who to considerable beauty added a rare talent for adorning it. Knowing she had been for some time seriously ill, he was as much surprised as delighted when the French maid, who had carried up his card and his tender inquiries, returned and said: "If monsieur will be so good as to wait a little half hour, madame will have the happiness to see him and say *au revoir*. Madame is dressing." "What! is she so soon able to go out?" "O no, monsieur, the doctor will not permit; madame is dressing for death."

Colonel Travers in his Admission Day oration (which, by the way, seems to have been cruelly cut out of a struggling newspaper) showed a genius for poetical misquotation such as not one colonel in a million is gifted withal; but when he tackled his own verses he had the civility to give them correctly. For example:

"The future, 'tis the promised land
To which hope points with prophetic hand,
Telling it is the fairy land of flowers,
That only changes but for fruits."

On the whole, I think I like Colonel Travers better when he is thanking God in sober prose "that we are no longer slaves and vassals under the domination of cruel and rapacious feudal lords;" although I am myself so basely unaware of the advantages of the present *régime* that I would willingly exchange any quantity of our present oppressors, the orators and poets, for marauding barons, in the proportion of one fool for a dozen robbers.

I should like, however, to keep Mr. Dan O'Connell, whose poem followed Colonel Travers' oration. In fifty lines of metrical prose he generously gave us two of poetry—

"To where the sun, at eve descending, burned
On stranger shores and unfamiliar seas."

Of a young poet who can score two out of a possible fifty—and who therefore needs not despair of being able some day to score three—it may be truly said, in the noble words of Colonel Travers: "The future is before him."

Mrs. Theresa Corlett also "raised the song" on Admission Day, but her verses seem to have been prudently withheld from publication. Some months ago this excellent lady gathered up a double-fistful of pin-back, aspired to the skymost peak of Parnassus and straddled it like a man. Apparently she did not find it a downy seat, and has descended to borrow a saddle. This rhyming is a "dreadful trade," anyhow, like that of gathering samphire, as mentioned by Shakspeare. There is this difference: the man who gathered samphire was "hanging," whereas the rhymers only deserves to hang.

One of the speakers, a journalist, at Platt's Hall, on Wednesday evening, delivered an address on the "The Freedom of the Press," which a morning journal epitomized as follows: "A free press is the foundation of republican government, and the bulwark of a free people, and when it is curbed by such laws as those in France the liberties of the people are in danger." That is a faultless crystallization of what may be called the editorial religion—nothing added, nothing omitted. It is the Thirty-nine Articles of the newspaper faith, expounded by one of its prelates, and digested by a clerk in holy orders. It is a pretty bit of bosh, immodest, shoppy, and without a grain of saving sense. There is no such thing as "the press;" there are newspapers. Except as regards their mechanical characteristics they have nothing in common; to class them under a generic name with reference to their effect on popular liberty—whatever that may be—is as indocible and impotent nonsense as it would be to include sea-serpents and stop-watches under one comprehensive designation for convenience of considering their collective influence on atmospheric tides.

The influence of some newspapers on republican government is discernibly good; that of the enormous majority conspicuously bad. Conducted by rogues and dunces for dunces and rogues, they are faithful to nothing but the follies and vices of our system, strenuously opposing every intelligent attempt at their elimination. They fetter the feet of wisdom, and stiffen the prejudices of the ignorant. They are sycophants to the mob, tyrants to the individual. They constitute a monstrous menace to organized society—a formidable peril to government of any kind; and if ever

in America anarchy shall beg to introduce its dear friend despotism, we shall have to thank our vaunted "freedom of the press" as the controlling spirit of the turbulent time and Lord of Misrule. We may then be grateful, too, that, like a meteor consumed by friction of the denser atmosphere which its speed compressed, its brightest blaze will be its last. The despot whose path to power it illumined will extinguish it with a dash of ink.

The editorial "creed" above transcribed would have been imperfect without the "damnatory clause" concerning French repression of the liberty of the editorial conscience. It is a pretty general truth that where the press is free from control nobody is free from the press; and this has been notably the case in France, where every loosening of the rein is followed by a kick at the dash-board. No French government, royal, imperial, or republican, ever conceded anything to the demands of the newspapers for increased "liberty" without quick reason to repent the folly. *Au reste*, I do not believe that all French rulers have been besotted fools concerning the one thing on which they were agreed; and I take the liberty of the press to doubt that every self-instructed lout on this side the Atlantic, who begins life as an historiographer of dog fights and soars to be a "moulder of public opinion," could order things better in France by making them serve the supposed interests of a business which he fancies resembles his own.

In empty words all rites are ever ending,
Yet men perform them with a strict decorum:
Our legislative bodies, when attending
To some one's thievish business in the forum,
Still gravely "call the roll," although depending
On lobby members for a (quid pro) quorum.

A jury of the French Exposition have refused an award for the phonograph, declaring it a toy which can never be of any practical value. There is respectable precedent for this verdict; persons now living remember a learned report of the British Lords of the Admiralty that steam could never be of any use in the royal navy. This, I believe, is the only mistake ever made in forecasting the future; though Bengel, who predicted that the Millennium would begin in 1836, Miller, who set it for 1843, and Dr. Cumming, who fixed the date twenty-three years farther forward, all had narrow escapes, so far at least as concerns San Francisco.

The *Bulletin* reported that Mr. Oscar Lewis had committed suicide. The statement was in so far true as that Mr. Lewis had invested his capital in the Tamalpais Hotel at San Rafael. But through the strange perverse fatality which, like a visible presence, haunts the *Bulletin's* editorial rooms and dogs the steps of its reporters, the statement was withheld until just as Mr. Lewis had given up the hotel—an event more in the nature of resurrection than of death. In the way, I think every landlord of the Tamalpais, having that hostelry in mind, can feelingly appreciate, and will thank me for quoting, these words of "Sir Davy Duncie" in Otway's *Soldier of Fortune*: "'Tis a damned house, that Swan—that Swan at Knightsbridge is a confounded house!"

How wonderfully has science lengthened the arm of benevolence.—*Senator Sargent*. That is so; charity may now begin abroad, at points so widely separate that one hand can not know even by telegraphic advices whose pocket the other hand is relieving.

In a lecture at the State University on Wednesday last Professor Pomerooy was pleased to urge the study of politics. "the noblest subject within our limits of comprehension." Let us, O brethren, begin with the politics of our own country and time—the statesmanship of the Here and Now. Let us, with lifted faces and considering eyes, explore "the political horizon" for grand and instructive examples in the science of government. Ah, rapture! what do we see? (Denis Kearney, you odious blackguard, take your carcass aside—you obstruct our view of "the noblest subject.") What, gentlemen, do we see? (Jim Anderson, Olympic liar, be good enough to sit, and leave off making a nose—you baffle the "finite comprehension.") I repeat, fellow students, what do we see? (Ben Butler, you radiant thief, will you never have done making protrusion of your paunch across the line of inquiry? Evanesce!) Really, my friends, it isn't any use to pursue this "noblest subject." The central figures of American contemporary politics are not transparent.

Advices from Washington are a little more favorable to the Republicans. Mr. George Gorham being asked what would probably be the effect of a defeat of the Austrian forces in Bosnia, and the capture of Vienna by the insurgents, replied that his duties had not left him as much time to consider the matter as its importance required, but it was not impossible (here a gleam which the inquirer interpreted as one of hope irradiated Mr. Gorham's face) that it might result in the election of a Republican clerk by the next United States Senate.

The lady who knows herself an execrably bad singer has not as yet volunteered to take the leading part in a "vocal entertainment" for the benefit of the suffering South. Her excuse is that audiences are not charitable.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

MY DEAR EM.—On examining Liebes' new importation of furs and fur-lined wraps I found them even handsomer than I had thought at first glance. There are many most elegant cloaks among them, and several sacques that for beauty of material and make up could hardly be excelled. The silks used are of the best quality, and the fur lining, principally squirrel, exceedingly choice. Among the circular cloaks there is considerable diversity as to neck finishing; that is, some are furnished with fur-lined hoods, others with a narrow band of the fur, and loops and ends of black ribbon at the back, the fastenings in front being heavy silver clasps. There is a very handsome one with a pointed hood of silk, ornamented with passementerie and ribbon loops; but the gem of all is a large, loose sacque of heavy silk, lined throughout with fur, and trimmed with a broad band of the black fox around the skirt and on the sleeves; a broad, round collar of the same finishes the neck. \$140 is the price of it. I am told several of the handsomest have already been sold at the Palace and at Baldwin's. Seal skins, of course, are standard favorites. The sacques this year are larger and closer fitting than ever, consequently much handsomer, for the more snug the fit the less clumsy do all heavy goods appear, particularly furs. Real beauties, with rich passementerie fastenings and quilted linings, come from \$125 to \$250. The dolman in seal skin is more expensive, but is sufficiently stylish to warrant the extra price to those who find this garment becoming. Very handsome samples of fur trimmings were received at the same time, and Mr. Liebes tells me that they will be much worn, particularly the lynx, black fox, and a yellowish-brown fur that will be used to trim the heavy *cuir* colored beaver cloths, and even lighter goods in suitings. Being just across the street from Shreve's, what could I do but run over and take a look at the pretty things there? The lovely lace-pins that every one is wearing now, or if not, wishing they had one to wear, would delight you. Artistic and grotesque fancy seems to have been taxed to the uttermost to invent new designs, and the consequence is a greater variety than I can hope to tell you of; but here are a few of them: A spray of wheat in mingled gold and frosted silver; a whip, the handle of onyx and the lash a fine thread of gold; a golden broom, and a dust-pan of the same precious metal; an excellent hint that to young ladies who are inclined to forsake the domestic circle for frivolous pleasures; a fishing rod and line, and underneath it a tiny basket of the most perfect braid work in gold, out of which, and from underneath the closed cover, a fish projects its head on one side and the tip of its tail on the other. Then there are whips and jockey caps, for lovers of the races; guns and cartridges, for military tastes; a bird on a branch; a shovel and a rake, as reminders of rural felicity; and all manner of notions in the plain bands set with pearls and other gems, mosaics, or of onyx studded with jewels. Something in the same line is a pair of sleeve buttons in the form of silver shovels with golden handles. A single pearl rests in each. In more expensive things the most popular just now are the intaglios, and the cameo and intaglio together, the former cut out of stone and considerably raised above the surface, and the latter which is the reflection or shadow cut in it. Warrior heads or Minervas are oftenest used as the design for these, and red cornelian the stone most liked. A beautiful example of this work is a mailed head set in plain gold for sleeve buttons, and a similar device, but intaglio alone, on five slender bars of gold, as a bosom pin. The pink onyx cuts in this way charmingly. An Elizabethan head in cameo, showing the rosy hues of the stone to great advantage, and an intaglio shadow, almost white, is a pretty sample. Another very elegant fancy is that of the Three Graces, set in pearls, as a brooch or pendant. It is a painting on copper, and the tiny figures are as perfect as life. Mr. Shreve's great specialty, articles made in the famous Gorham silver ware, makes his store the Mecca of wedding-gift hunters: I saw no less than four parties examining with that intention the few moments I was there. And then, the diamonds! It makes one sigh to be a millionaire a little while just to look at them. The authorities have decided on a new language of gems. Here it is: Jasper means faith; sapphire, hope; emerald, virginity; onyx, innocence; aquamarine, science; amethyst, humility; topaz, wisdom and firmness; sardonyx, martyrdom; and chrysolite, penitence. These are, some of them, the meanings expressed in the embroidery of the vestments of the early church, for, you remember, emerald symbolizes John, the beloved; jasper, Peter; onyx, Philip; amethyst, Matthew; and sapphire, Andrew. Ackerman, I see, has become the agent for the famous Austrian bent-wood furniture, that attracted so much attention at the Centennial. The strong point of it is, that besides being exceedingly light to lift and graceful in appearance, it is absolutely unbreakable, there being no ugly joints or seams to come apart at the slightest warming. The seats are all cane-work, and the wood which is brought from along the rivers on the borders of Bohemia, is stained a deep, rich brown, so that every article will harmonize with whatever color you may have in carpets or other furnishings. It is not expensive either, considering that it is imported and is something decidedly unique, large arm-chairs ranging in price from \$7 to \$12.50, and settees from \$14 to \$32. The children's furniture in the same wood is quite a feature of the collection: then there are camp and piano stools, mirrors, flower-stands, walking canes, and stools and other articles, too numerous to mention. Down at Chester's there are sundry novelties in the way of fancy goods, just arrived, just enough to show that the absent chief has in mind his many lady friends, for the bulk of the fall stock is still *en route*. Very choice cascade ties are those of damask silk mingled with Point lace, real Point, my dear, a finger and more to each tie, and in itself is worth the price of the whole thing—\$1.50. The new linen sets are very broad and often trimmed with insertions set in in strips or blocks, or with the various kinds of heavier laces now so much worn. Irish point is particularly liked. Something dainty for morning wear are *cripe lisse* ties, the ends finished with tucks and flutings, and others of lawn embroidered a finger deep. *Cripe de chine* is very handsomely made up in elaborate bows mingled with loops of the narrow reversible satin ribbons, of which, by the way, there is a very full assortment. Black ties of Brussels net, edged with whalebone fringe, are a nov-

ety, as are also lace veilings with dots of green and blue chenille mixed. The castor gloves I wrote you of the other day as being so excellent for country wear and driving, I found here in the gray shades, at \$2 a pair a pair. Black cashmere round capes, embroidered in silk and edged with fringe, are among the new fancy wraps, and the pretty mo-hair and worsted head coverings. "Fanchons" are being much worn again, with considerable difference in shapes, some being made of tarlatan, gauze, *cripe de chine*, trimmed with flowers and ribbons, and made in a turban shape with two pointed ends that stand up above the forehead. The Creole is a specialty for brunettes. It is made of gauze of the most vivid hues and in a shape very similar to the kerchief of the Southern negro women. At the bank is a loop with two very long ends of satin ribbon. Have I told you of the new trimming? It is a flower cut from velvet and richly embroidered, which is intended to be applied on the dress. It has the advantage of being orderable—if I may coin a word—in any flower one wants. I shall suggest it to Mrs. Koerner, if she has not already made it. Gold trimmings are being much used, and braiding on dresses and suits promises to be one of the fashionable industries of the winter. In the gold trimmings it is said that gray felt bonnets are to be so ornamented. Touched here and there with a glint of red, they will be very effective. Isn't this a cute idea? A regular leather traveling bag, but lined with strong wire caging so that no fall or chance pinch can betray its contents, which are—what do you think? Your pet poodle or pussy, whose presence in passenger cars would otherwise not be tolerated, but who, in this way, can safely elude the vigilance of the most lynx-eyed of officials. As yet these convenient deceptions have not reached us, and I know of nowhere they can be purchased except at Dréver's, 166 Boulevard Sebastopol, Paris, but when a sample does arrive in San Francisco, I shall be sure to know it and shall inform you promptly. *A propos* of conveniences, have you ever examined Koser's patent sofa beds? They are surely the nicest thing of the kind I have found. On opening them the bed is made up so that the length is not from end to end as with other patents, but from the upright back which acts as a headboard. The mattress inside is so thick and well-made that no other is needed. Made in rep, damask, and with puffs of a second color, they are remarkably cheap, I think, at \$30. Plaids will be largely worn this fall and winter, particularly the fine bars and invisible line plaids which are called. They are not the genuine tartans, which is one reason why they may really have a "run" where the others would fail because of their decidedly pronounced character. They will be used more as trimmings, bias bands and so on, than for whole suits, at least so Worth decrees, and he has made a great many of his Exposition suits in this way. At the White House they tell me the old, old-fashioned changeable silks are coming back. How pretty they used to look, even with the full but untrimmed skirts then worn, and white and black lace surplice trimmings at the neck. Shirtings will be used very freely in their make-up, and the new Spanish laces, the Russian, in the lighter patterns as garnitures, will render them very charming as dinner or evening toilettes. Mrs. DeLorme, Thurlow Block, showed me yesterday a very beautiful dress of this style. The whole front was a mass of the finest shirring, even to the waist itself, where it ended only across the bust at the edge of the square open neck, which was finished with full ruching of silk fringed out that served as a heading to a rich fall of Valenciennes lace—shirred sleeves with ruffles of the same falling just below the elbow. On the underskirt, as a heading to a deep kilt plaiting, was another shirring two fingers in width, with a finish of lace standing upright, and the overdress, consisting only of two back breadths, very full and very long, was edged with the same trimming, and below a row of knife plaiting, the whole being caught back with a large bow of plain blue silk, while a similar bow with ends terminated the short square basque at the back. The silk itself was a changeable blue, with the glitter of the silver cloud and the azure of the sky playing at hide and seek with each other over it. A brown silk, with trimming of brown velvet and deep fringe, was very handsome too. The design was Mrs. DeLorme's own and very rich. But I have not time to tell you to-day of a great many pretty things I have seen in the last few days. Next week, perhaps, I will tell you of some of the elegant toilettes being made at Samuels' and the White House for the coming Concordia Ball. A little oddity that fell in my way at Mr. Mayer's, on Kearny Street, yesterday, was a bay comb made for some curiosity fancier, which had polished alligator teeth, a specialty there, standing up in a row of points across the top. The teeth were of shell. Must it not have been quaint? Now, what do you think, just between ourselves, of the rumor that hoops are to return before long? The idea of being put into a cage again is horrid I think, and yet I suppose we must submit just far enough not to be conspicuous, but I for one always follow the fashions, whatever they are, at a very respectful distance. So, I trust, will you should this absurdity once more assert itself. So far, imported dresses do not show any very alarming signs. I am often surprised at the incongruous selection made in laces, so little attention being paid to the relative texture of the fabric and the trimming. Point, of course, goes with anything that is sufficiently elegant, but even Point de Venise, Point d'Argentan, and Point d'Hongrie ought to be carefully considered before being laid on laces and muslins. Guipure, whatever the style, is only fit for winter wear; so with the new Russian laces; but Point d'Alençon, Mechlin or Malines, as it is now called, and Valenciennes are eminently suited to summer toilettes and gauzy fabrics. The charming new Spanish blonde laces are just heavy enough, and light enough, too—excuse the apparent contradiction—to wear with anything and at any time. Mr. Samuels tells me there will be an effort made to revive guipure this winter. It will hardly be successful, I fear, there are so many new favorites in the field. What a delicious little corner is that lace counter, too! And you almost always find the genial proprietor hovering around in its immediate vicinity, for lace is his hobby, you know.

Yours, etc.,

LILLAS DUROIS.

Nothing will more effectually spoil a joke than having to write it with one hand and fight flies with the other, unless it is a woman who asks to have it explained, and whose only criticism is "Umph."

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.—VII.

By an Early Californian.—San Francisco, 1848.

After many efforts and long waiting our public school is opened. Dr. Fourgeaud is one of the trustees, and Mr. Thomas Douglas has been elected teacher, with a salary of \$1,000. The building is of fair size, standing near the old adobe custom-house on the Plaza, and has already been in use for church purposes. Captain L. H. Thomas, a most estimable Welsh gentleman, reads prayers there every Sunday, and Mrs. Charles V. Gillespie has organized a Sunday-school—the first on the Pacific Coast. But the need of a minister who can preach, visit the sick and dying, and give consolation to those in trouble, being seriously felt, Mr. Gillespie has succeeded in raising \$2,400 by subscription, and the Rev. Mr. Hunt, now at the Sandwich Islands, has been invited to settle here as chaplain. A census has been lately taken, showing the population to be about six hundred. The last time I was at Sonoma a very singular occurrence took place at "the hotel," as it is called—almost a tragedy. A party of men were playing at cards, when one of them accused the dealer of cheating. He gave him the lie, and the man returned a blow with his fist hard enough to draw blood; as the drops fell the wounded man dipped his finger in them, and, drawing a red cross upon the table, swore by it that he would have his assailant's life before sunrise. The hotel keeper soon broke up the party, and each man went his way, some to the only dormitory the house afforded—a large, unfinished, dimly-lighted garret, with beds ranged side by side along its floor—some to their homes in the village. The wounded man proceeded to the barracks and called for a friend, to whom he said that he had to leave town on business in the Clear Lake country early in the morning, and wanted to borrow a pistol for safety. The arm was procured and heavily loaded. It was now long past midnight. Quiet reigned at the hotel. There was every indication that slumber had overcome the restless spirits of the previous hours, and that a certain amount of security, from the numbers about him, attended the threatened man; at any rate he was in a deep sleep when his enemy picked his way with stealthy tread to his side; and there, by the faint light, with pistol almost touching the head of his prostrate foe, his vow was accomplished—as he supposed. Rushing down stairs, he mounted his horse and fled. Before noon a man with head well bandaged might be seen perambulating the streets of Sonoma; it was the monte dealer of the night before. The ball had entered at the cheek bone, or below it, and had passed out clear of the brain. Was there ever such an escape from—hanging? While there I called upon General Vallejo. A large apartment, on the ground-floor of his house, he had made into a school-room, with desks, maps, blackboards, etc., for the use of his children. As the ayuntamiento, or town council, had no comfortable place in which to meet, he has kindly offered them this apartment. The morning after their first meeting he discovered that the desks had suffered from their knives; and, realizing that a habit, which had become a second nature to the race about him, might assist the current of their thoughts, he had placed before each of the honorable members, at subsequent meetings, a new pine shingle. The result was as he had anticipated—the desks were spared; a pile of shavings attested to the consideration given by the law-makers to the business before them, and a barrel of kindlings came to him free of expense. The General's acute observation has led him to believe that, as he looks out of his windows, he can tell from afar much of what goes on in the community about him. He says two men will approach one another from different sides of the Plaza, one of whom will whittle away from him, and he is the would-be seller of a horse or a yoke of oxen; the other whittles toward himself, and he is a purchaser. When they meet, they sit down on a stump and shave away slower or faster as the trade halts or progresses; and, at last, after an hour's devotion to business, they rise to adjourn; both knives are brought down with a hatchet-like motion, the sticks are chopped short off and thrown away. He knows, then, that the sale has been effected, the contract, as it were, signed, sealed, and delivered. The General took me down to look at the garden in the rear of his house, which is filled with fruit trees and fine old grape vines, bearing abundantly every year. Not far away, at a summer house, I saw a tall, beautiful hedge of *rosas de castilla*; these surrounded quite a vineyard. Admiral C. W. Wooster, late of the Chilean navy, Doctor Victor J. Fourgeaud and I have become copartners for mining operations on the Yuba. The Admiral is from New Haven, but much of his life has been passed in South America. In Chile he has rendered important services to the government, and received from it rank, orders, and decorations, which testify to his bravery and usefulness. His conversation is interesting, and filled with historical reminiscences and anecdotes worth recording. In his youth he knew Aaron Burr, who was a friend, and it seems to me he said a relative of his father, and tells many new incidents connected with the life of that extraordinary man. The Admiral wears the medals and ribbons bestowed upon him by the country of his adoption at all our grand dinners and balls, has a toast, or a story, or a speech ready whenever called upon, and at our Thanksgiving celebration (November 18, 1847) offered resolutions suited to the occasion. Dr. Fourgeaud and family are from South Carolina. He, educated in Paris, and practicing in St. Louis, where he ably edited the *Medical Journal*, became interested in accounts he had received of the Pacific Coast. One evening he came home and told his wife he wanted to emigrate. The suggestion was no sooner made than acted upon—and husband and wife, and a beautiful boy of six years, soon started overland for California. They were provided with all the comforts possible, and with all the information, charts, etc., which Colonel Benton (much interested in them and the success of their enterprise) could supply for such a journey. They had beads and nicknacks for the Indians, a fine blooded horse for future use, and a pet dog for their little boy. After six months of the trials, adventures and dangers which attend all such journeys they reached the Portsmouth House on the 28th October, 1847, just in time to dine, and (as they said) "in a civilized manner again." Captain Folsom, Admiral Wooster, Dr. Townsend and wife, Mr. C. L. Ross, and I (happening to be there) were at table to welcome them, and soon discovered how much we were to be gainers by the association.

JAMES C. WARD.

INTAGLIOS.

Is It Over?

Oh, I dreamed I walked with him
By a lake, where herons fly
From the ever-murmuring brim
With their melancholy cry
And he said, "The day is done"—
O my life, my heart's desire—
And the last light of the sun
Kissed the waves to lambent fire.
Then I clasped him to my breast
By the magic, mystic glow,
And I kissed him into rest,
Where the reeds and lilies grow.

Then I saw a little boat,
From the darkling east it came;
Oh, it seemed to glide and float
On a sea of fading flame.

Then my lover's face grew pale,
But he rose and sought its ride,
And he set the snowy sail
While the wan, faint daylight died.

For he said, "The day is done"—
Oh, he spake as one who slept—
"And I go to seek the sun,"
Then I woke, and waking wept.

O my love, is heaven just?
I can only wring my hands,
I am bowed into the dust;
Is there one who understands?

For I know within my heart—
And it burns there to the core—
That the day we twain did part
Parted us forevermore.

And I dreamed no more at night
Of the lake where herons cry,
For my life has lost its light,
And I only pray to die.

Her Secret.

What if I think of you once in a while,
With a little blush and a little smile;
With a little blush that comes and goes
As the sweet, sweet wind of memory blows!

What if I picture now with care
A tete-a-tete and an easy-chair?
What if I make the picture clear,
By lighting it up with a chandelier!

Can you see by the softly shimmering flame?
Can you see to read the musical name
Of him who sits in graceful state
On the little damask tete-a-tete?

Can you see me sitting before him there—
Sitting within the easy-chair?
Can you hear the laugh, can you hear the jest,
The musical laugh of my handsome guest?

Is it unwise to paint the view
In colors so warm, and light it, too?
Will somebody claim the graceful state
On the little damask tete-a-tete?

How many may lose by claiming that!
For many a handsome guest has sat
Beneath the shimmering chandelier
While the easy-chair was standing near.

How many may lose, how many may win!
Ah, vanity is a costly sin!
For the one I mean will never suppose
That for him the wind of memory blows.

Then what if I think of you once in a while,
With a little blush and a little smile;
With a little blush that comes and goes
As the sweet, sweet wind of memory blows!
NORA PERKY.

Sleep On, My Heart.

Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
The kindly night now brings
To flowers with drooping wings,
And tired eyelids, sweet, refreshing dew,
And you,
In sweetest peace, my heart, sleep on!
Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
And life below is sleeping:
Above the moon is keeping
In silent majesty—an eye of God—
Her watch, and ward,
And thou, my heart, in peace sleep on!
Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
Secure from peace and fear;
The universe has care.
For hearts that calmly slumber on as thou!
And now,
In sweetest peace, my heart, sleep on!
Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
E'en safe from dream of grief,
Made strong by thy belief,
While there, fair hope her guardians set about,
Secure from doubt,
My heart, in sweetest peace, do thou sleep on!
Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
And if I should bedight
To thee, here in the night
Relentless Death shall whisper, "Rouse! depart!"
O heart,
Yonder, in sweetest peace, shalt thou awake!

Three Flowers.—To Bayard Taylor.

Herewith I send you three pressed withered flowers:
This one was white, with golden star; this, blue
As Capri's cave; that, purple and shot through
With sunset-orange where the Duomo towers
In diamond air, and under hanging boughs
The Arno glides. This faded violet grew
On Lander's grave; from Lander's heart it drew
Its magic azure in the long spring hours.
Within the shadow of the Pyramid
Of Cais Cestius was the daisy found,
White as the soul of Keats in Paradise.
The pansy—there were hundreds of them hid
In the thick grass that folded Shelley's mound,
Guarding his ashes with most lovely eyes.
T. B. ALDRICH.

A. B. C.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen;
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;
C is her Chaperon, who cheated at cards;
D is the Deutemps with Frank of the Guards;
E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely;
F is the Fan, whence it peeped so demurely;
G is the Glove of superlative bid;
H is the Hand which it spiritfully hid;
I is the Ice which the fair one demanded;
J is the Juvenile, that daintily who handed;
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art;
L is the Lace which composed the chief part;
M is the old Maid who watched the chits dance;
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance;
O is the Olga (just then in its prime);
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time;
Q is a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers;
R is the Remonstrances made by the dancers;
S is the Supper, where all went in pairs;
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs;
U is the Uncle who'd thought "we'd be going";
V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in;
W is the Water, who sat up all night;
X is his Exit, not rigidly straight;
Y is a Vawning fit caused by the ball;
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.
C. S. CALVERLY.

"MURDER MOST FOUL."

Gerald Holdcroft, in London "Mirth."

Constitutionally I am a timid woman. When I see a herd of cattle in the street, I make a precipitate rush for the nearest gateway; I can not summon the necessary courage to cross a road if a vehicle be in sight; and when there is the slightest noise in the house I invariably scream. But I must confess that my timidity reaches a climax when compelled to travel by railway. Experience, unhappily, has taught me that the dangers to life and limb from accident are only a small proportion of the peril that a passenger by rail is bound to encounter.

Having occasion to proceed to the north of England when I had upward of three hundred pounds in bank notes with me, for the purpose of buying some cottages as an investment, I was more than usually careful in selecting my carriage, so that I might secure respectable people as *compagnons de voyage*. Walking tremulously up and down the platform, I peered anxiously into each compartment, until at length I was attracted to a second-class carriage by the benevolent aspect of an old gentleman with snow-white hair, who sat opposite a young man of a singularly mild and prepossessing countenance. They immediately made way for me with great courtesy as I entered, and after another careful scrutiny I began to experience as much composure as I could expect under the distressing influence of railway locomotion.

Having carefully studied Lavater and Combe, I experienced little difficulty in forming opinions, physiognomically and phenologically, of the two gentlemen in whose company I was placed, and the following conclusions ultimately forced themselves upon my mind, viz.: The old gentleman with the white hair had the organs of benevolence, veneration, and firmness largely developed, and plainly discernible upon the top of his bald and shining head; that he had the long curved nose that indicates the valor to defend his country and his home; and that the length and formation of his under-lip at once pronounced him a philanthropist. I was unable to make my observations of the younger gentleman with the same degree of certainty, for his hair was long and thick, and successfully concealed his phenological developments; but from his broad forehead, and the wideness of the back of the head, I argued that his predominant characteristics were ideality and conscientiousness. His features were almost too small to permit an elaborate opinion to be formed of his physiognomical indications, but from their general character I inferred that he was intellectual, cultivated, and refined.

Whether the sciences—of which Gall and Spurzheim upon the one hand, and Lavater and Redfield upon the other, were the able exponents—proved of service to me in the selection of my traveling companions, I must leave to the judgment of my readers when they have learned the sequel.

Almost immediately upon quitting the London terminus the two gentlemen began talking, and I was at once charmed with the softness and clearness of their voices, and the amiability of their manners. But how we can be deceived, even though we may be blessed with a large amount of that perceptive quality which is termed, by courtesy, woman's wit.

"We are locked up for an hour and a half," my elder companion remarked to his friend with a smile of serenity which broadened almost into a laugh, while he saw with a grim delight my face involuntarily lengthen.

"Then we do not stop until we arrive at Blankmere?" the younger man inquired.

"No, Nestor; and, as we shall be undisturbed, we may as well discuss the details of your plot."

Plot? Oh, dear! How my heart began to palpitate; for, although I am one of the weaker sex, I know only too well that there is never any good in a plot. By a peculiar idiosyncrasy, the bare mention of that word always suggests to my olfactory nerve the smell of gunpowder.

"I think, without being egotistical, that my plot will work well," the young man said.

"I remember having some doubts about the fire," said he of the snow-white hair. "How did you manage that?"

"The fire at the elms? Oh, that went capitally. I burnt the old man in his bed, for I wanted his money for Reginald."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, impetuously, unable to restrain an expression of astonishment, if not horror, at the avowed villainy of that young man, whom I had previously regarded as the impersonation of gentleness.

"I beg your pardon!" the white-haired man said, interrogatively, and with the blandest politeness possible.

"I didn't speak, sir," I replied, with the consciousness that my falsehood was justifiable upon the ground of self-preservation; for, if my fellow-passengers were aware that I had overheard the confession of burning a poor, and possibly harmless, old man in his bed, it might be necessary to silence me in a summary manner. I looked again at the benevolent countenance of the old gentleman, and could not bring myself to believe that he really approved of the young man's barbarity. Perhaps he was disguising his actual character in order to elicit from his companion a full confession of his crime.

"How about the old lady?" demanded the elder man.

"Oh, she escaped down the back stairs," replied Nestor.

"She might just as well have been burnt, too, for what good she is ever likely to be to you," exclaimed the elder man, to my great horror, for he was evidently as venal and cruel as the other.

"I shall want her for—"

At this point I experienced a singing in my ears, and felt that I must have fainted; then I let down the window, and the fresh air partially revived me; but I did not hear for what purpose the poor old lady was required, although I formed a keen suspicion that it could not have been for any good.

"I never liked her character; she was too commonplace, and not half wicked enough," resumed the elderly demon; then, with an audacity that was almost petrifying, he added: "If I'd been you I should not have allowed her to escape."

They then continued their conversation in whispers, and occasionally laughed with what appeared to be genuine merriment, but I didn't hear anything distinctly again until the meek-looking young demon inquired if I objected to smoking. They had evidently begun to make game of me; the absurdity of asking me if I objected, when, of course, they would as soon have strangled me as looked at me.

"I quite enjoy the smell of a cigar," I said, with pardonable deceit, for if there is one thing more than another I dislike, it is smoking in a railway-carriage,

and the two vile men began to puff as if in a rivalry with each other until I could scarcely see their faces.

"All you seem to require for carrying out your purpose is the old lady's money, if I understand you correctly," the white-haired wretch remarked.

"Yes, that is, of course, essentially requisite."

"Then why not kill her on the railway?"

"I might do worse than follow your advice,"

Nestor replied, smoking as placidly as a Turk.

My feelings at this point defy description. Of course, I was to be their victim. In some inscrutable manner they must have ascertained that I was traveling with money in my possession, which they had unscrupulously determined to appropriate.

"I don't very well see how you could do better. What opportunity more fitting than the present journey—locked in for an hour and a half? Who is to know anything of it, and you then get rid of it for good?"

There is a point at which overstrained endurance breaks down, and when I heard my fate sealed in that diabolically cool manner, I fainted, and remembered no more of what took place until I became aware that the elder man was standing over me supporting my head on his shoulder, while the young one was endeavoring to pour some liquid down my throat from a flask which he held in his hand. I am glad I had the presence of mind to resist the tempting bait, which certainly possessed a most pleasing aroma, but which, no doubt, was some powerful poison that would send me sleep forever. Finding persuasion useless, they at length desisted, and after a few expressions of sympathy from the old gentleman, and inquiries as to my state of health from the younger one, they ultimately resumed their demoniacal conversation, from which I inferred that they intended if possible to frighten me to death.

"Did you ever do a robbery of that kind before?" inquired the elder Mephistopheles. "It is wonderfully effective. I once did a capital murder in St. James'."

"No; but I fancy I remember the incident to which you allude. Was it not something of the character of a duel?"

"Oh, dear, no, far worse than that—a murder in cold blood," the wicked old man replied. "I never did anything that my wife liked better."

I could not believe that it was possible for a woman to be so fiendish and malevolent; but how a timid creature like myself managed to support the terror I can never understand. Every moment I expected that the gentlemanly ruffians would attack me, but, as if they had entirely forgotten me, they began talking in a language that was unintelligible to me, but which I have since thought must have been thieves' patter.

In a few more minutes the speed of the train slackened, and, with a joy I shall never forget, I recognized the dreary platform, which then possessed a charm for me greater than the finest landscape by Claude or Turner. I need scarcely observe that I alighted without much loss of time, and, indeed, incurred the risk of being fined for infringing one of the company's by-laws.

My first impulse was to run for my life, throw myself upon my knees in an adjacent turnip-field, and thank Providence for my unexpected preservation. But upon second thought, I decided that a duty was due to society.

I therefore called the guard, and requested that my two fellow-passengers might be taken into custody for the commission of crimes which they had voluntarily confessed in my hearing.

"Of what do you complain?" demanded the guard.

"Of everything that is bad," I rejoined excitedly. "They have set fire to a house, burned a poor, harmless old gentleman in his bed, murdered another victim in cold blood in St. James', and they intend to rob some defenseless creature on the railway."

At this juncture I was interrupted by peals of hilarious laughter from the two miscreants.

"Have you lost anything, madame?" inquired the guard with a perplexed look.

"No, than heaven," I replied, clutching my money in my pocket with a prehensile grasp.

The elder man placed a card in the guard's hand and said, struggling with laughter: "We are both engaged in literature, and were discussing the plot of a novel which my friend is writing for one of the 'weeklies,' where a good deal of the 'blood and thunder' element is required. And all the horrors which appear to have alarmed this lady are purely imaginary."

And the guard was actually credulous enough to believe them, for, slamming the door, he gave a shrill whistle, and left me standing upon the platform, staring in stupefied amazement at the train as it lessened in the distance.

I am painfully aware that I am only a woman, and a very weak and timid member of the sex; I flatter myself, however, that I am not deficient of common sense, and since that terrible day I utterly repudiate physiognomy and phenology, but at the same time carefully avoid benevolent gentlemen with snow-white hair, and young men who appear to be the incarnation of honesty and kindness.

A terrible accident has just taken place at Biarritz (says *Galignani's Messenger* of the 8th inst.). Miss Gordon, who had passed the winter in Paris, was drowned while out on an excursion. She attempted, without a guide, to go along the cliffs far beyond the point marked out by the authorities as the limit for the public to go safely. She reached a place known as *Falaise de la Mort*, and stooping to pick a flower, her foot slipped, and she was precipitated into a hole known as the *Barbets*, a spot said to have this peculiarity, that at the end of forty-eight hours, nothing more than the skeleton remains of any beings which fall into it. It contains millions of small insects which devour the body, and which are called by the inhabitants of the district *barbets*, and are by them held in special horror. The Duke de Frias met his death under similar circumstances a few years ago.

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humor of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valor so celebrated among men.

No one sings now "Oh, take me back to the sweet sunny South, to the sweet sunny South take me home." There is too much Bronze John around home.

Life is a casket, not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within.

A man who don't know anything will tell it the first chance he gets.

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RETURNED.

HAVING RETURNED FROM THE East, I respectfully announce to my friends and the public that I shall resume practice on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5th, 1878.

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The public of San Francisco, more especially the fashionable element, is expirious in its taste for amusement, and the present course of that taste would show that people are taking an antipode to Beecher. A twenty-five-dollar adeline poet has written that—

"Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mixed with cunning sparks of hell."

And there are doubtless enough sparks floating about this place to start afresh the furnace which Beecher and Canon Larrar have put out. But it is curious to note the change of public opinion regarding Mrs. Oates. When she was here before, Nob Hill and the aristocracy generally tabooed her. She was a hoodlum; a very faultily woman; rather an attraction for fast young men than for the dames and demoiselles of society. Perhaps the real grievance was, that she moved and lurid flashes of scandal, and was bold enough to defy the scandal-mongers. She was a sort of female Ajax defying the lightning. She drew small audiences, and even male attendants were not so particularly noticeable at her performances. She was too difficult of access for the gay Lothario of the city, and she had too true a perception of her own interests to make herself a cheap flirtation. So even the baldheads deserted her, and she displayed her shapely figure and her gorgeous costumes to a sinking of people, who saw in her an enthusiast in her art, even if that art was only opera bouffe; a woman of indomitable spirit, who did everything she had to do with energy, and who lived her life in spite of rumor and scandal, keeping her faith steadfastly with the public. Meantime old routh, disguised in strange, capacious cloaks and broad-brimmed hats, sat far back in the shades of carriages, outside the door of the little theatre on Rush Street, and spied away the complaisant demoiselles of the company, whose attractions were of that aesthetic character which does not bear investigation. But now society seems to be anxious to atone for its bad treatment of the lady. We will be generous, and say so, for we have not heard of late any fresh scandal about her. She has not been guilty of a single new naughtiness, so that cannot be the attraction. For whatever reason it may be, aristocracy and fashion have changed front, and on Monday night the parquette was strewn with autumn bonnets and stylish toilets. Mrs. Oates plays her parts as she thinks they ought to be played, and we dare say there is nothing more *outré* in her performance than there is in the French impersonations—always allowing for a piquancy which is impossible in the American girl of the same class. But Mrs. Oates and her managers deserve severe censure for the manner in which *Les Cloches de Corneville* was put on on Monday evening.

The press and the public have both dealt leniently with them, partly owing to the obvious merits of the piece, and the favorable impression—only an impression—which the company made. The public have a right to demand that some little trouble should be taken in the production of pieces which they pay to see; and though the audience sat patiently through the whole opera on Monday night, that does not alter the fact that the stage business halted throughout, that the actors did not seem quite sure of their words, and that not a single voice was in proper condition to sing the music, which was freely cut out. Nearly everybody was hoarse, and it aggravated the offense that that is offered as an apology. Mrs. Oates has been here often and long enough to know what extraordinary precautions are necessary for strange singers in this climate, and it was evident that no particular care had been taken to guard against cold and hoarseness. But we can scarcely expect, in any case, that a troupe of men and women can be gathered together suddenly, hastily rehearsed in an opera new to them in Cincinnati, rushed through to the Western edge of the Continent, timed to arrive twenty-four hours before their public appearance on a strange stage, and accompanied by an unfamiliar orchestra, and do justice to their work. This was the case with the Oates Opera Company, and luck, more than good management, has saved them from disaster. The crowd that filled Mr. Locke's little theatre on Monday night showed that anything in the shape of comic opera would be acceptable, and *Les Cloches de Corneville* has drawn full houses. It is scarcely possible yet to judge of the real merits of the opera, since we have to accept suggestion rather than performance. The plot is quite pure, and in some points originally amusing. In the score there are many excessively pretty numbers, and some of them already find voice in the street, a sure sign that they please the public taste. Most descriptions of music have their representatives in it, an occasional air recalling Offenbach, predominant characteristics of comic and

reminiscences of grand opera. On the whole, it is considerably above the level of opera bouffe, and when Mrs. Oates recovers her voice, and the baritone, Mr. Connell, and the tenor, Mr. Beverly, obtain full command of themselves, we shall find it a most enjoyable performance. The orchestra is slowly working up to accord with the chorus, and everything progresses toward perfection. Taken on the whole, the company is stronger in musical ability than any Mrs. Oates has had here. Whether or not the lady herself has improved has not yet been demonstrated, as most of her numbers have been cut, or barked; but she has as much life and spirit as ever she had, and acted her part with the old abandon. The tenor is very robust in person. His voice is light, but well trained and pleasing, and his method is good. The baritone has a fine, powerful organ, and uses it excellently. His knowledge of acting shows him to have gone through some training on the operatic stage in a heavier line. Miss Lulu Stevens, a young lady who is practically a debutante, makes a very favorable impression from a musical point of view. She sings in a very correct style, and has a moderately strong, very smooth, and pure voice. She has yet to learn the stage deportment of her profession. Amongst the company we have an admirable comedian in Mr. Taylor, and a clever second in Mr. Graham. The actor of all is Mr. Meade, who, as old "Gaspard, the Miser," makes quite a dramatic hit. The chorus will be good with a little more practice together. *Le Marquis* and *Le Petit Duc* are promised, and these are not likely to suffer from the same misfortunes as *Les Cloches de Corneville*.

At the California Robinson and Crane are suffering slightly from the developed taste for music; but the houses have been far from bad, and with sixty per cent. of the receipts the two comedians should be satisfied. It is a question whether one would rather be Robson and Crane than a heavy holder of Sierra Nevada. They have been wonderfully lucky, the dramatic Siamese twins, and as they fulfill a function always grateful (that of making people laugh), they perhaps deserve to be, even if it is not always clear exactly what they are laughing at. On Monday night we are to have *Forbidden Fruit* again. We should have been better pleased with *Champagne and Oysters*, or that other new play which has not yet seen the light, but we presume that the two gentlemen are satisfied that they have nothing in their repertory as good as *Forbidden Fruit*. So much the worse for their repertory. It seems to us that success makes successful people lazy and unmindful of their duty to the world that gives them the means of being lazy. It is taking a mean advantage of success to work a popular piece to death. Although *Forbidden Fruit* is a funny and enjoyable play, it has drawn so much money out of San Francisco already that Messrs. Robson and Crane should take the present opportunity, when people are in a theatre-going state of mind, to give them something new. It will always draw three or four first-class houses anyway.

The Grand Opera House, after a series of adventures, has settled down to the legitimate and Mrs. Scott-Siddons for a week. The management, keeping its eye on the spectacle of *Zupha*, dipped into another form of the illegitimate and shorted Sierra Nevada, a compliment which Sierra Nevada handsomely returned. Suavity and good humor, promises and flattering compliments tided over many difficulties until Saturday night, when the orchestra received an invitation to a picnic at Sausalito, and silence reigned between the acts—at least, so it was announced. The aggrieved trombone, bass fiddle, piano, and flute struck a chord of denial; but that was not of much consequence. The management secured a star in Mrs. Scott-Siddons. Her soothing presence has reconciled the inharmonious elements, and Shakespeare is played with gorgeous scenery, originally painted for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But, if we speak thus lightly of the Grand Opera House, we have no desire to slight the claims and merits of Mrs. Scott-Siddons. The inheritor of a brilliant name, she wears it most worthily, and she must command respect and attention wherever she chooses to appear. While we concede to the lady an exceptional place in the list of dramatic stars, while we admit that a refined taste and a cultivated mind fit her in one sense as an exponent of the legitimate in acting, we are not disposed to admit that the possession of those recommendations constitutes her a great actress. That she is an actress of some talent must be acknowledged, but her impersonations are given with intellectual and not emotional effect. Whether she plays "Julia" in *The Hunchback*, or "Juliet" in *Romeo and Juliet*, she shows a conception so purely that of a student that one sits and listens and watches her with quite different feelings from those Miss Neilson or Madame Modjeska inspires in the same part. If we take "Juliet," which she has played for three nights at the Grand, we find her entire reading different, and naturally her business and elocution different, from those of any other star. With her, "Juliet" is not the warm, passionate girl of the play; she is not carried away by an excitement that is half desire; she is not so absorbed in her love for "Romeo" as to be not only heedless but almost unconscious of the dangers that surround her. For playing such a "Juliet" Mrs. Scott-Siddons is quite unsuited every way. Her clear cut, handsome features are not those of such a girl as

Capulet's daughter; her voice is hard and unsympathetic, and the frantic passion that fills "Juliet's" soul finds no expression in its stiff, unmodulated tones. Her action is stilted and artificial; and when she leans over the balcony, or plays around the "Nurse" in the scene where she awaits "Romeo's" message, the study of attitude is clear to the most superficial observer. Her charm lies entirely in an intellectual quality of conception and delineation; but if we are to judge her by any standard of acting, she is simply not the "Juliet" of Shakespeare. Even in her elocution, in which she is undoubtedly a star, she has mannerisms and faults which mar her best work; these have been crystallized by frequent exercise, and in "Juliet" she draws some of her words even to a painful point. But with all the objections that may be brought critically against her acting, she is an actress to be seen. There is much, a great deal, to be thoroughly enjoyed in everything she does; and no one who admires a refined performance of an original and intellectual conception of character will come away dissatisfied with Mrs. Scott-Siddons. Mr. Percy has been supporting her; and his rendering of "Romeo," not by any means great, has many merits. He is a young man, and, so far, has had a fair share of success, undoubtedly deserved. But Mr. Percy has much to learn and much to unlearn. At his age nobody but a most exceptional genius could be much better or higher in his profession. If he will be patient, keep up a close study, go in for the hardest experience he can get on the stage, and not dream of starring for a few years, his future place on the stage is certain. But he shows some disposition to overvault himself. He came here with some reputation; the favorable extracts from newspaper notices were carefully published, and he relied upon his long connection with the coast to place him at once on the highest pinnacle of success. But he had not been long enough away. There were too many of his friends still here who remembered him as an amateur; and, favorable as the newspaper notices of other places have been, they have not warranted a star reputation. So he finds that his own friends require something more of him, and the public object to take him on the strength of having left here a few years ago practically an amateur. His "Romeo" is an immature performance, showing signs of unusual talent, which only requires time and experience to bring it to perfection. If we may put it so, Mr. Percy is a rising American actor, but he must not climb too fast. The rest of the cast of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Grand has been, as might be expected, not very brilliant, with the notable exception of Mrs. Judah, the "Nurse" of the stage. Mr. Harry Courtine, too, may be singled out in "Mercutio," though he lacked humor in some of his scenes, more especially in the Queen Mab speech. *The Hunchback* and *Ingotmar* were played on Thursday and last night.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Lyster put on *The Octoroon* for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers, and he keeps it on all this week. *Olivia* has been retired, perhaps none too soon. Boucicault's play has only been put on to keep the stage for Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, who open in *Struck Oil* on Monday next. We cannot predict how it will draw. On ordinary reasoning it should be somewhat unattractive, but we should not wonder if Mr. Williamson's lucky star shone on it, and guided it to further fortune. It is time, however, that the worthy and popular couple get a new piece. *Breaks of Fortune* is said to be coming, but that piece was first given to the public here and Mr. Kennedy knows that it was not a profitable venture. The leading character has been rewritten, and perhaps Mr. Williamson may make something more out of it than Mr. Stanley did. It was possible to do that even as it was, but we fear *Breaks of Fortune*, even if very materially altered, will require the prestige of success elsewhere to be successful here. Mr. Maguire has returned from London and Paris, and is said to be loaded down with engagements and contracts. So far the only real tangible success reported is the arrangement with French and Sardou and d'Ennery for the production of their plays here. If this be effectually arranged it will be a great thing for Mr. Maguire. But where has he got the new play by Sardou, and the new play by d'Ennery, which he speaks of producing immediately. If anybody wants them there are fifteen or twenty plays of d'Ennery available; old plays, produced in Paris many years ago, long before the author achieved his present position. They can be translated and played by anybody, and some people say that among them are pieces as great as *The Two Orphans* or *The Celebrated Case*. Mr. Maguire's principal engagements are Barry Sullivan and the Strakosch Opera Company. We hope the former will do as well as he did when he opened Baldwin's, and that the latter may net more money to Mr. Maguire than it did before. We see one extraordinary engagement noted by our enterprising lessee—that of Miss May Hart, to play in *Olivia*. Why repeat a failure? If the engagement was made before, why play this version of the play? However, Mr. Maguire is happy over the prospects, and we can only hope they will realize his great expectations.

The theatrical body has done, as usual, a great deal to excite the public interest in the yellow fever sufferers. On Tuesday Mrs. Oates, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Miss Cottrell, Mrs. Judah, Mr. Robson, and Mr. Crane acted as auctioneers at the sale of boxes for the benefit on Thursday, at the California Theatre. The auction took place at the Merchants' Exchange; but though the building was packed the bidding was not lively. The bill was a very varied one, comprising contributions by artists of all lines and ranks, and the benefit produced the magnificent amount of over \$2,500, remitted without deduction of any kind. At Baldwin's, on Wednesday, *The Octoroon* was played for the same object, and that, too, showed a satisfactory result. At the Platt's Hall entertainment the dramatic was represented by Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who has done quite a lot of work. Besides these, performances of all kinds have been given throughout the city, and San Francisco will show well in the list of subscriptions.

There is music in the air about *Alfio*. Messrs. Clay-Greene and Thompson, having made an arrangement with Miss Katy Mayhew, by which, in consideration of their success in rewriting the play, they were to receive a certain royalty on its production, made engagements in the East for her appearance in it under her authority. For some reason she could not keep her engagements, and as Mr. Greene was held to his contract for the piece, he undertook to play it without Miss Mayhew's consent, engaging Miss Annie Pixley to take the leading part. Miss Mayhew has placed an injunction against it, but we suppose the matter will be amicably settled.

MOURZOOK.

GENEVIEVE WARD'S WARDROBE.

The Splendid Series of Dresses Designed for Her by the Hon. Charles Wingfield.

The New York *Sun* is authority for the statement that "Miss Genevieve Ward (who recently made her appearance in that city as 'Jane Shore') has without doubt brought to America the most elaborate stage wardrobe that has been seen upon the boards of an American playhouse." It remains to be seen if the American tragedienne who has plucked her bays on British soil and won the gold from British breeches pockets (to expend in Paris for these wondrous costumes, can vie with her predecessors in wearing those costumes with French taste and *chic*. The four dresses which Miss Ward wears in *Jane Shore*, and all of her costumes in *Henry VIII.*, and, in fact, the costumes of the entire dramatic company in the last play, were designed by the Hon. Charles Wingfield, that versatile and talented son of Lord Londonderry and brother of Lord Powerscourt, who has distinguished himself as a novelist (he is the author of the fashionable novel, "Lady Grisel"), a playwright, an actor, painter, journalist, and last, and at present, an amateur designer and painter of costumes for these fortunate ladies and gentlemen, dramatic artists, and managers who chance to be numbered among his personal friends. When the curtain rose in New York on Miss Ward as "Jane Shore" she was attired in one of Wingfield's most gorgeous conceptions; and it must be borne in mind that he is the *arbitre elegant* on the other side of the ocean in matters of antique and mediæval costume, and that the costume of the reign of Edward IV. was extravagant and gorgeous in the highest degree. Therefore, Edward's ex-mistress's dress was one of regal splendor. It was of ruby velvet, trimmed profusely with ermine. The velvet of which the dress was made was cut from the piece manufactured especially, and used in part for the court train of the late Queen Mercedes, of Spain. The shape of the robe is not unlike the fashions of the moment. The skirt is looped on one side, showing a kirtle or petticoat of white satin, brocaded with black velvet flowers, the design of which was copied from a piece of tapestry of the reign of Edward IV., and manufactured in France to Mr. Wingfield's order. The corsage of this ruby velvet robe, for it is a trained robe, is square, and bordered, as the skirt and train is, with ermine. The stomacher and sleeves (sleeves were separate from the dress in that day) are of blue satin, trimmed on the edge of the revers with spangles (then just introduced into the wardrobe effects of king's and queen's households). The sleeves are tight to the wrist, and in the style of the period would overhang the hand to the fingers, but are slashed at the inside seams and turned back in revers with cloth of gold and edged with gold spangles. Around the hips, describing a diagonal line, is a girdle of gold medallions linked together, enameled in blue, red, and white, with the arms of London. Over "Jane Shore's" head towered a conical cap or bonnet of green velvet, with the butterfly-wing ears of the period, recorded by Paradis and Strutt, and the cone of silver and gold braid, shaded with the long white India muslin gauze veil of that date. It was the fifteenth century, and lace was almost unknown in England, or only in the form of cutwork, until a century and a half later. The long monks, or, as we call them of the present day, "angel sleeves" of that period, introduced by Edward IV. into the costume of both men and women, appear in this robe and in all the dresses of *Jane Shore*, falling over the blue satin inside sleeve. They are slashed almost to the shoulder, and are lined and bordered with ermine. With this neckline and in this alone Miss Ward wears a necklace of diamonds, with diamond earrings. The cost of this magnificent costume is estimated to be nearly a thousand dollars, not including the diamonds. The second dress worn in the second act is of olive-green velvet brocade of two shades; the design an arabesque pattern of the period. It is trimmed with a dark olive plush fabric, to imitate fur, and bands of two-inch wide braid, composed of chenille and beads, in shades of dark and lighter green, to produce the effect of emeralds on a velvet brocaded and silver-embroidered surface. The kirtle and sleeves are of a dark brocade satin and velvet shade of olive on a sulphur satin ground of almost white and of silvery sheen. The trained overdress opens in front to the waist, showing the kirtle of this fabric with the girdle depending from the corsage, and forming a rich ornament, seemingly of emeralds embroidered on velvet with silver and gold, hanging to a point just below the knee, where it terminates in a rich tasselled ornament. The corsage is separate from the skirt in this costume. It is square in the neck, has the long no-nastie oversleeves, and is a fine exponent in all its details, even to the silver clasps and buckles, of the caprice of fashion in the rapid change in styles in the two short years intervening between the periods of Edward IV. and Richard III. The dress of the third act is of the style of Richard III. It is of dark maroon woolen stuff—a kind of soft oriental velours. It has black satin sleeves and white muslin kerchief. This is the dress which is torn off by the executioners preparatory to handing her the sheet and candle; at the same moment her hood falls off, letting down a flood of rich golden hair. This hood, too, is of the style of Richard III.; conical, but not so long nor so pointed as the hood of the Edward IV. period, and it worn more erect on the head. Spangles appear on the visor, which is shaded with a small black woolen gauze kerchief stiffened with wire and spangled on the edges. The dress of the fourth act is a rich creamy white satin and silk damascé or brocade—a sort of robe dressing-gown, slashed at the side to show the plaits of the white woolen kirtle trimmed with silver fringe at the bottom. The gown itself is trimmed all around with black miniver fur. It has white satin undersleeves and silver gauze, silver spangled angel sleeves, and a deep collar of white satin, edged with black miniver, falling off the shoulders and showing the white muslin kerchief in the neck. The girdle which confines this gown at the waist is of loops of white satin, knotted at intervals in the style of a Franciscan's cord.

Mme. Modjeska's New Dresses.

An extract from a private letter addressed to a friend in New York says: "While Mme. Modjeska was in Paris this summer her time was so much occupied in sitting for her portrait by Duran and with the constant attentions shown her by the artistic world in Paris, that she was unable to design her stage dresses as usual. Worth's styles not satisfying her artistic instincts, she was perplexed what to do, when her friends came to her rescue by taking the matter in hand themselves. Thus her new dresses, twenty in number, have been designed by as many of the best painters in Paris."

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THE FAMOUS WILDCAT MINE.

Next Friday afternoon there will be issued from this office a Sketch Book of the Stock Market, giving scenes of the exterior and interior of the Stock Exchange and character sketches on the street.

The work will include the whole ground of stock speculation, dealing more particularly with the comic side of the business, giving caricatures of the leading brokers of the Exchanges, the well known characters of "Pauper Alley," and the indiscriminate throng of the stock arena.

It will be a very funny thing, rich in interest, and full of sketches that can not fail to be recognized by everybody interested in the business and acquainted with the sharps of office, board, and street.

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AN ELEGANT FAMILY RESIDENCE.

Those interested in the possession of a handsome house will bear in mind the fact that on Tuesday, Sept. 17th, H. M. Newhall & Co. will sell at their salesrooms, at 12 o'clock noon, one of the most elegant places in the city, the family residence and elegant grounds of A. K. Grim, Esq., fronting on Pacific Avenue and Broadway, between Webster and Fillmore Streets. The house is a handsome two-story structure, 68½ by 72, bay windows, basement, conservatory, and all the modern improvements. The ventilation and sewerage are perfect; there is also a fine well of never-failing water, tanks and force-pump supplying all the water for the extensive grounds, through which water-pipes are laid. The entire property is enclosed by a substantial picket and board fence. The grounds are tastefully laid out, choice lawn, front and rear, of Kentucky blue grass and clover. Green house, choice shrubbery, evergreens, and flowering plants.

The view is unsurpassed, and can NEVER be INTERRUPTED. The entire Lower Bay, Golden Gate, Alcatraz, Oakland, Berkeley, passing vessels, etc., etc., being a constantly changing panorama, from which the eye never tires. No finer location for view can be had in the city. Sutter Street cars pass the door, and a short distance only to California Street cars. This property can be subdivided or utilized for more houses, if desired, without moving present buildings. For residence purposes this affords a rare opportunity to secure a choice location and an elegant home in the finest part of the city, and to this attractive property we invite special attention.

For permission to examine this estate, apply at the office of the auctioneers, H. M. Newhall & Co., corner Sansome and Halleck Streets, or at that of A. K. Grim, Esq., No. 234 Montgomery Street.

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California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and attachable Flounces: Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. "A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

Some three months ago we mentioned the fact that the California Street Railroad, with its clean, safe, and comfortable dummies, was fast becoming a place for moonlight rides, love-making, and flirtation. We had occasion to ride over this road late at night during the past week, and found the cars crowded with gay young people, making a merry evening in riding up and down the road. The California Street cars are what the gondolas are to Venice of a moonlight night—spots for love-making. Walking parties are going out of date, and it is now quite the thing for young people to make up a flirting party for the California Street cars. The favorite seats hold two, and they are most delightfully narrow. On one occasion last week every dummy-seat on one of the cars was occupied from eight till eleven o'clock with just the complement necessary to fill it to its utmost capacity. A more uproarious, pleasant crowd we have not seen for a long time.

Dull times seem to have no effect on those new style photographs Messrs. Dames & Hayes are making. This establishment is pushed to its full capacity. We do not wonder when we look at the beautiful, soft, and finely finished pictures each customer gets.

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Sufficient files of the ARGONAUT have been preserved to bind twenty full volumes of Vol. II, from January 12th, 1878, to July 6th, 1878. Any one can be accommodated with the bound volume by applying at the business office, 522 California Street. As the number of volumes is limited, it would be well to apply early.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 33) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the fourth day of November, 1878, to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertisement and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCoy, Secretary.
Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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THE VERSE CARPENTERS.

Specimens of their Handiwork.

As I stoop to kiss your eyelids,
I catch your fate! breath-
ne whiff is all-sufficient,
And my hopes lie prone in death.

For my nostrils ne'er deceive me—
And, though I hate to speak,
No cardamon seed can smother
The scent of the loaded deck.—*V. F. News.*

I've a message from thy air,
Baby mine! baby mine!
He says I am a liar!
Baby mine! baby mine!
But he's coming back to thee.
And, O Lord, when he meets me,
I shall paste him, one, two, three,
Baby mine! baby mine!

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
As half nix to the grave he said
"Have I, my liege, good credit here?"
If so, set out on the flaming beer."
—*St. Louis Journal.*

If such there be, go mark him well
With a piece of champagne get tight,
Who'd sooner on champagne get tight
Than drink the Berlin beverage white.
—*New York News.*

Break, break, break,
For the pathless woods, oh, see!
For the tender funds that will never come back
To the Pullman car company.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Longings.

The boy sat on the orchard fence,
His face was wreathed with woe;
To reach his home, far, far from thence,
Long miles he had to go.

Green apples that would fill a peck
He'd stowed within his hold;
And now, a writhing, tortured wreck,
Distressing to behold.

He called aloud, "O Lordy! Lordy!"
But ah! he called in vain;
With vengeful grip old cholera morbi
Just tied him up again.—*Free Press*

Beside the grand old ocean
She stood in rapt devotion;
With a look that seemed to grasp some visionary land;
Then turned about her paces,
One of the bare-foot gosses,
And her fairy feet retreating made foot holes in the sand.

Were it not for Eve, mankind to-day
In Eden's fair garden would dwell;
And yet we love the charming daughters
Of the woman who, tempted, fell.—*Inon.*

Our baby is a little gem
Of purest ray serene;
So, don't forget to watch her, dear,
And keep her pug nose clean!
—*Dunbury News.*

"Tis sweet this lovely summer day
To play cricket,
Especially with your favorite miss;
And if she miss, the way to pay
Her fault is this—take a kiss;
But if she whack your shin, it is no sin
To whack her back, and stop her chin
Ere she begin; for, lose or win,
The other way to play cricket is all too thin."
—*Washington Capital.*

Classic.

"What monarch do I mind you of,
My little one?" said Gaspar,
As with ever-handy arms
He suddenly did clasp her;
"I cannot tell," she made reply,
The while he sought to squeeze 'er;
"You can't? Why, isn't something like
A modern Julia seizer?"—*Volkers Gazette.*

As Improvement on "The Parson."
The Parson on the sea shore stands;
His hair is wet with spray;
He bends his head, he clasps her hands,
And meets her lips half way.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Thro' the Rye.

Side by side at eventide,
They wandered through the rye
Lo! from afar, they saw a bar,
And quickly they drew nigh.
Then without talk they drew the cork,
And sadly sighed "ahem!"
While side by side, the golden tide
Of rye wandered through them.
—*Hickman Republican.*

The Feast of the Gods.

TRANSLATION OF THE BLIND IN BLANK VERSE.

Vulcan rose, and to her hands the goblet heaved,
Which, with a smile, the white-armed queen took up,
Remarking, "My regards," and quaffed it off.

Then to the rest he filled, only asking
If they took it straight, or how;
To which they each replied:
"No how in more, if it pleases thee."
And then, in turn, applied the goblet
To his quivering lips.

Vulcan, with awkward grace, his office plies,
Observing, apologetically, that he had rather
Shove a hot-kin mule or forge a thunderbolt
Than play the bartender in such a natty crowd.
Then Juno reassured him with a smile,
And said they cared more for his ambrosia
Than the way in which 'twas swung.
Or words to that effect.
And cried, "We won't go home till we
And 'Tis time, boys, with me!"

Thus the best god the genial day proclaims
In feasts ambrosial and celestial spree.
Apollo twanged the cithara, and the muses sang,
With voice alternate in the chorus join,
While god-like Hector shakes the festive heel.

Meanwhile the radiant sun to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the Western sky;
And still they did not bide them
To their stately domes, but lonely called
For their respective nectars, with a stick in it
Big as the back of a country fire-place,
Until the police happened along,
And yanked them off to the mayor's office,
Whence they were sent up for sixty days each
And fined two dollars and a half
For disturbing the peace of high Olympus.
—*Old City Derrick.*



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SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the sixth (6th) day of September, 1878, an assess-
ment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the eighth (8th) day of October, 1878, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless
payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY,
the twenty-eighth day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale.
E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE
INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPA-
NY.—Dividend No. 64.—The monthly dividend for August
will be paid on September 10, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220
Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, September 5, 1878.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

The Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco,
Cal., Sept. 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors of the above named corporation, held this day, Divi-
dend No. 13 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on
Thursday, Sept. 12, 1878. Transfer books closed on Mon-
day, Sept. 9, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street third floor San Francisco Cal

NORTHERN BELLE MILL AND

Mining Company.—The fourth annual meeting of
the stockholders of the above named corporation, for the
election of Directors and the transaction of such other busi-
ness as may come before it, will be held on MONDAY, Sep-
tember 9th, 1878 (second Monday in September), at the
hour of one o'clock P. M. on that day, at the office of the
Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will
be closed on Monday, September 2, 1878, at three o'clock
P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of
the Estate of MICHAEL KELLEHER, deceased, to the said
creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said
decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, with-
in four months after the first publication of this notice, to
the said Administrator at his place of business, Room 12, Ne-
vada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in the City and Coun-
ty of San Francisco. Dated August 8th, 1878.

WILLIAM POOLAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Michael Kelleher, deceased.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,
in and for the County of San Francisco.
MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY,
defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to

JAMES J. HENRY, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out
of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days.—On judgment by default will
be taken against you, according to the prayer of said com-
plaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this
Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between
plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by refer-
ence to the complaint on file herein, to which your attention
is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third
day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
No. 625 Kearny Street.

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OFFICE OF THE BODIE GOLD

Mine... San Francisco Stock Exchange... September 10, 1875.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, it was... a regular dividend of three dollars (\$3.00) per share, payable on Saturday, the 14th day of September, 1875. W. M. H. LENT, Secretary.

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BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

TAXATION IN CALIFORNIA.

TO THE ARGONAUT:—Our delegates will shortly assemble to frame a new Constitution for the State. Among the most important subjects which will require their attention is Taxation. Judging from the indications presented in the speeches and writings of such of these delegates as have given their views to the public, it would not appear that they have devoted much attention to the subject.

What is taxation? The name given to those systems by which governments obtain support from their constituencies. When these governments are supreme, as is the case with our Federal government, one of the means, and one of the most effective and equitable means, of taxation, is a paper currency gradually increased, as during your late civil war. When the governments are not supreme—as is, for example, that of this State—taxation is always, and even when they are supreme, it is usually confined to annual charges upon lands, polls, incomes, trade, and professional licenses and the like. In order to fix these charges in such a way that justice may be done, as nearly as may be, to every member of the community, it is necessary to be familiar with the numerous experiments that have been already made on the subject; to understand the working of these experiments, it is necessary to study the nature both of communities and taxes; and to render this sum of knowledge practically available, it is necessary to reduce it to a few general principles. Following this method I will venture to lay down, as the result of experience, the following principles of taxation:

(1.) Taxes and public services are best levied in money. The rice-tribute of China, like our militia, jury, volunteer fire, and turnpike road services, is a cumbersome and expensive method of obtaining support for government.

(2.) As men are not alike important in the social scale, and equality of taxes would be far from equality of sacrifice, it has been found expedient to levy taxes, not upon man and man alike, but partly upon men, as in poll-taxes; partly upon property, as the possession of land, goods, or legacies; partly upon certain incidents of social activity, as imports, exports, or the sale of commodities; and partly upon profits, as in income taxes. This is mentioned as a historical fact, and not as a principle of taxation; there is no principle embodied in it, but simply empiricism—at best, expediency.

(3.) It is always to be borne in mind that revenues from taxes are obtained, not from things or incidents, but from men. To say that land is taxed at ten dollars an acre or that incomes are taxed one per cent. means that the man who owns an acre of land and he whose income is a thousand dollars a year are each to pay ten dollars a year. Nor are women and children included in the term men. As a general rule these classes of society are dependent for their support upon the exertions of men. It is men, therefore, and, commonly, only men, who pay taxes.

(4.) The weight of taxation can not be measured merely by money. It is necessary, also, to know how much, by way of governmental advantages, the tax-payer receives in return. When government undertakes and performs many useful functions, a seemingly high rate of taxation may be, in reality, a very great advantage to the tax-payer. When, on the contrary, government undertakes but few useful functions, or, having undertaken them, refuses or neglects to perform them, a seemingly low rate of taxation may be, in reality, a great burden to the tax-payer. Compared with the city of London our taxes here are seemingly low; in reality they are very high. In London the city government promises the tax-payer police, protection against fire, justice, water, clean streets and sewers, good roads, cheap transit, and many other advantages; and he gets them all. His annual payments of taxes is, therefore, an economical investment. In San Francisco, on the contrary, he obtains so few of these advantages, and they come to him in so imperfect a form, that his payment of taxes is almost pure waste. The police is bad, justice is partial and dilatory, water is not served by the municipality, the streets are not cleaned, the sewers are in a horrible condition, the pavements are bad, and the cab system is one of extortion. The fire department is good; but in the absence of proper building regulations, its benefits are greatly neutralized. The current rates of insurance tell the story. On dwelling houses in London they are usually 25 cents on the \$100; in Philadelphia, 25 to 30 cents; in New York, 30 to 35 cents; in Brooklyn (built, like San Francisco, very largely of wood), 37½ cents; and in San Francisco, \$1.50. Our public school system is also good, very good; but a tenth of our population—the Chinese, who pay at least a tenth of our taxes, and, I believe, much more—are excluded from its benefits. I do not complain of this; I merely mention it. Our children have here, also, to buy their own books, which are sold at monopoly prices. This is not the case in any other country, nor even in our Eastern States. This of itself amounts to a very considerable tax, of which no mention is made in our financial accounts. Bearing in mind the importance of these considerations concerning what the tax-payer gets for his money, it will be found that a comparison merely of the money paid for taxes in different countries and municipalities is fallacious and misleading.

(5.) It is the nature of men to seek ease and evade burdens; hence, in social life there is maintained a continual struggle to secure the largest share of benefits and the smallest of sacrifices. This struggle is kept up by taking advantage of the operation of prices, wages, and the rate of interest, for these are the invisible machines which tend to equitably level the conditions of men. However great may be the initial inequality of profit in trade, or losses by the payment of taxes, these machines will eventually overcome such inequality.

(6.) The tendency of taxation, as of commercial profits, toward equalization is continual, but it varies in rapidity with every age and

country. For example, it is much more rapid in America than in Europe, and in Europe than in Asia. It is more rapid in a progressive than in a decaying country. For example, in France of to-day than in France under the *ancien regime*.

(7.) The strength of these tendencies and the velocity of their operation is in direct proportion to the freedom and intelligence of society. They are most rapid in the United States; they are least rapid in Russia and the countries of the Orient.

(8.) Hence, in countries or ages enjoying a high degree of social freedom, it makes but little difference how unequally taxes are laid at the outset, provided they are so laid as to be non-evadable. On the contrary, initial inequality in countries not so favored is a source of grave injustice, and this continues so long, and is so slightly and so slowly overcome by the operation of prices, wages, and interest, that if enforced for a long time it will wholly overthrow the rights of man and the foundations of society.

(9.) Of all countries this one is the freest, and thus it is that, no matter what system of taxation is pursued—provided such system is not changed so often that equalization is not defeated by new distributions of burdens—equality of sacrifice is sure to follow. Experience has proved that the most onerous and initially unequal burdens of taxation which we have ever been called upon to bear have become equalized in the course of three years' time. In most instances a single year, and in some instances six months, have been sufficient. For proof of this assertion I refer to the evidence contained in the Treasury Report on the tariff, dated December 11, 1868. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in his *Table Talk*, and John C. Calhoun, in his celebrated tariff speech of August 25, 1847—these two men having been among the ablest thinkers produced respectively by England and America—both support this view.

(10.) Equality of taxation means equality of sacrifice. To quote John Stuart Mill, it means to apportion the contribution of each man toward the expenses of government, so that he shall feel neither more nor less inconvenience from his share of the payment than every other man experiences from his. Some writers have argued that such equality is attained by taxing property *ad valorem*. This is the view held by Mr. Laioe, the author of a draft of a new Constitution for our State. But, taken by itself, it is fallacious. In the first place, it cannot be admitted that to be protected in the ownership of, for instance, ten times as much property, is to be ten times as much protected. Neither can it be truly said that the protection of property worth, for instance, ten thousand dollars, costs the State ten times as much as the protection of property worth one thousand dollars. The same judges, soldiers, sailors, who protect the one, protect the other; and the larger property does not necessarily, though it may sometimes, require more policemen, firemen, etc. In the second place, such a view would exempt from taxation all those who possessed no property. Government is not established solely for the protection of property. It performs many other functions. Among others it protects the person. Observing this fact, other writers claim that equality of taxation is best attained by assessing polls. This view, taken by itself, is also fallacious; for every man does not require the same degree of protection. Protection to the person is necessary in proportion as a man is weak and unable to protect himself. The indigent, the blind, the lame, the idiotic, require more protection to the person than the wealthy and the sound in body and mind. Yet what would be thought of a system of taxation that assessed the poor and miserable and exempted the rich and favored? The more we reason upon this theme the more it is evident that equality of sacrifice is not to be attained by any attempt at nice justification at the outset. Happily, it is to be attained otherwise. All that is necessary to be done is to establish a system that is specific and non-evadable. The operation of prices and wages will soon make it equitable, and equality of sacrifice will be the result. This operation of prices and wages is so important in its relations to our tax system that I desire to set it forth more at length.

Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that we were to levy the entire amount required for the support of our State Government upon real estate. It would seem to follow that those who possessed no real estate would pay no taxes. But this is incorrect. We must all live upon the land; our food, clothing, and shelter must all be derived from it; and those who would rent us dwellings, or sell us farm or factory produce, would recoup themselves by adding to the prices of their commodities and services a portion of the taxes which they would be called upon to pay. What would restrain them from charging more than a portion? Competition. What would compel us to pay it? Competition. Perhaps it may be fancied that the millionaire, who invests his fortune in government bonds, lives in a modest dwelling, and keeps a moderate table, would escape a fair share of the public burdens. Not at all. Escape is impossible in a free country. In the first place he would have to accept a lower rate of interest upon his bonds than would be attainable were there no taxes to be paid by real estate owners, or some other class of society. Taxes come out of profits, and lower them. Low profits make low interest, and being compelled to accept a low rate of interest upon his capital, the millionaire is mulcted of his dues to the public coffers just as effectually as though he had to pay an income tax. Indeed, more effectually; for income taxes are always evadable, and taxes upon real estate are not.

Let us next suppose that the entire sum of taxation were laid upon incomes from capital, and that such taxes were non-evadable, which is not the case. It would in this case seem to follow that those who possessed no capital, and no incomes, would pay no taxes. But this conclusion is also faulty. We must all employ capital, or produce would be impossible. The food we consume is the result of a hoard of grain from last year's crop, and is therefore capital; the implements and machinery of production, transportation, and trade are other forms of capital, the use of which we must pay for to those who own them. The

very street-cars belong to capitalists, who live upon the incomes which they earn. If these incomes were made to bear the brunt of taxation, we should very soon perceive an advance in the price of food, clothing, rents, and transportation, which capitalists would be required solely to bear at the outset. Equalization would take place in the same way as in the case of a unitary tax upon real estate; only in the one case the State would collect all its dues, and in the other it would not. Reliance upon an income tax would produce a deficit in the public revenues, and encourage evasion and dishonesty.

There is no system of taxation which is equitable at the outset. All systems are unfair, simply because the requirements of a State, the incidents of social life, the relations of men and things to one another, and the integrity of the social units, are all variable elements in their bearing upon a tax system. The State pays its expenses from day to day; but it cannot levy taxes every twenty-four hours. Social life is unremittent; but the citizen cannot be expected to go to the tax office every time he makes a profit in trade. One hour a man sells, the next he buys; one day he is a producer, the next a consumer; this week he profits, the next he loses; this month he is a laborer, the next a stock speculator. His relations to other men and to things continually change. The qualities of the mind are also variable. One man is honest, and pays his taxes; another is dishonest, and evades them if he can. Tax systems cannot be made pliant with this endless play of circumstances. They must be plain, non-evadable, and permanent. In a free State competition will take care of the rest.

And here let me remark that too slavish an adherence to the four principles laid down by the justly celebrated Adam Smith is apt to promote too narrow a view of this great subject. These four principles are: That taxes should be paid in proportion to revenue; that taxes should be certain, and not arbitrary; that the time of payment should be regulated by the convenience of the payer; and that taxes ought to be economical and non-obtrusive. Whatever may have been the merits of these maxims at the time and in the country when and where they were elaborated, they possess but few now and in this country. The first one, as already shown, is fallacious; the second is unnecessary, all taxes being now certain and unarbitrary; and the third has been antiquated by the introduction of the credit system. Only the fourth one is of any practical value at present, and this is covered by the requirement herein before mentioned—that tax systems should be plain and non-evadable; that taxes should be laid upon one, or, at most, a few tangible or palpable incidents of social life.

Far more important than any of the maxims laid down by Adam Smith is the requirement that tax systems shall be permanent; and as a guide to legislation, infinitely more valuable is the principle that equality of taxation can not be obtained by any justification, however nice, at the outset; and that it can be, and is always, and in a free State is quickly, attained by the operation of prices, wages, and the rate of interest.

No matter upon whose shoulders the first incidence of a tax falls, it is sure to be transferred to others. This transfer of liability occurs again and again, until, having reached to the furthestmost, it finds its way back like the answering ripples of a pond to the point from whence it started, though somewhat modified in its intensity—every intermediate individual or class having had to suffer, in the increased prices of the products or services of those immediately beyond them, a portion (as yet not quite his or their *due* portion) of the liability. These ripples and answering ripples of transferred liability, after repeatedly flowing back and forth into one another, come at length to a comparative state of rest, and thus each member of the community becomes in the end equally burdened.

These are the phenomena that attend the imposition of taxes in a State as free as ours. These are the principles that observation, extending over many countries and ages, through phases of progress and phases of decay, reveals to the student of man and of governments. Upon a future occasion I will proceed to apply them practically to the circumstances that surround us. ATLANTICUS.

This item from the *Ohio Statesman* contains mystery: "He was a long, lean, seedy-looking individual, with a blond moustache which looked as though it had at one time been cultivated by the most artistic tonsorial artist; in fact, he generally presented the appearance of one who has fallen from a high social position. He walked into a State Street saloon, went down into the second-story pocket of his pantaloons and drew forth a dime, and called for bourbon. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'this is the last of my earthly possessions, and I want a drink. I have been a stock-broker, an owner of railroad bonds, and a leading merchant of San Francisco, but to-day I will accept a situation driving a street-car or a huckster wagon.' Receiving no reply from the bystanders he wandered dejectedly away." Who is this sufferer?

Three little girls of Baltimore, Maryland—Louise Niedhardt, Manie Grete, and Amelia Ohlender—eager to do something for the yellow fever sufferers, pooled their wealth and found that it amounted to two cents. With this they bought candy, borrowed a table and cloth, and exposed their wares for sale. The neighbors, seeing them so much in earnest, contributed articles, and the young merchants finally sold out their entire stock for \$10.50. They took the money to the station-house and gave it to the police captain, who made them a speech and turned the contribution over to the mayor in their names. Bronze John ought, in decency, to stand aside for such enterprising charity as this.

The letters of Kwaog Chang Ling, giving the Chinese side of the Chinese question, communicated to this journal under dates of August 3d, 10th, 17th, and September 7th, have been published in pamphlet form, and copies can now be obtained at this office.

A MONO WIDOW.

And the Swains who Came a-wooing Her.

A rambling old farm-house, weather-beaten and dingy, stands back from the Mono trail, about six miles from Bridgeport. A well-kept orchard conceals the structure, and the towering granite cliffs fringed with fragrant sugar-pines and cedars, rising on the left, shield it from the fierce storms that sweep down from the cloud-capped peaks of the high Sierra. Barns and outhouses in various stages of repair, all neat and weather-proof, flank the main building on the right, and away to the north stretches acre upon acre of cleared land, most of which is "in a high state of cultivation."

The soft twilight of a warm June day was falling upon this sequestered nook, as a light buggy drawn by a single horse and containing two men came over the brow of the hill above the farm-house. The driver was an old man whose rugged appearance indicated long and continuous contact with the wild life of the border. His companion was much younger—a stalwart, bright-eyed, fair-haired man, with a half-impudent, nonchalant air that bespoke perfect familiarity with the customs of the free-handed mountaineer.

He evidently belonged to that class, at one time common enough in the mining camps of California and Nevada, who, although brave to the verge of recklessness, bore no analogy in disposition to the bravo and desperado of these sections, and who, while they avoided the desperate characters of the mushroom cities, never failed to respond when called upon to resist wrong or resent an insult.

From the summit of the hill over which the weary horse was toiling, a clear view of the ranch below was visible.

"There's the widow Johnson's place, Dick," said the elder, pointing down upon the farm-house.

"The widow Johnson?" interrogated the other.

"Why, yes; nothing strange about that, is there?" asked the elder, whipping up. "Haven't you ever heard of the widow Johnson?"

"Not that I recollect," replied Dick. "I've heard of Johnson's—it's not a very uncommon name—but I don't think I ever heard of the widow Johnson; at any rate I've never heard of this particular Johnson. Who is she, Jim?"

"She is the widow of Baldy Johnson of Tuolumne; she's—"

"What's that? Baldy Johnson of Chinese?" interrupted the young man.

"Oh, you know him, then?"

"I should say I did. We were the best kind of friends before he died. And so this is his widow, eh?"

The last words were spoken in a thoughtful tone, as if the speaker's mind was busy with other scenes—recollections revived by the old man's words.

"Yes, she's Baldy Johnson's widow, and if you've any thoughts of marrying, here's your chance. She's called handsome in this section, and besides that she's very rich—owns two or three thousand head of stock, most of it first-class beef cattle with magnificent ranges for grazing them, this ranch of about five hundred acres, and a fine wheat ranch in Stanislaus. She's got money in the bank, and they do say that old Baldy left her enough United States bonds to paper the shanty she lives in down there. She rides like a vaquero, shoots as true as a Comstock fighter, talks broad southwestern dialect, and flirts like a Mexican señorita. In addition to all this, she smokes strong tobacco (I never heard that she chewed though), swings a lariat from the saddle, and brags extensively about Baldy. In fact, she keeps a dozen suitors for her hand at a distance by praising Baldy and mourning over the doubtful contingency of ever meeting his like again. We'll stop there and I'll introduce you. Go for her, Dick, and if you don't make her come to time you won't lose anything—if you win, why you're a cool hundred thousand better off. You needn't mind her little idiosyncrasies; you know all women have their faults, and nine out of ten are less eligible than the widow Johnson. But, by the way, Dick, I wouldn't say anything about your acquaintance with Baldy, first off, just for the fun of the thing, you know. If you say you knew Baldy maybe she won't come it so strong on his virtues, and you'll lose a treat if she don't. It's the most amusing thing in the world to hear her run on about her 'old man,' as she calls him."

"All right, Jim; that's a good idea; and as she may have heard Baldy speak of me, just introduce me by some other name. Call me Sanders, for instance," said the young man, throwing a side glance of peculiar meaning at his companion, who, wholly unconscious, continued to urge the tired horse down the hill. "How old is she, Jim?"

"'Bout thirty; just the right age for you, Dick," answered Jim. "Here we are. Hullo—well, bless me, if the whole tribe haven't come down from Bridgeport. Yes, sir; it's Sunday afternoon, and the boys have sneaked down to have a quiet chat with the widow. I'll bet they're all inside sitting each other out, and the widow laughing in her sleeve at them. You're in the nick of time, Dick, for fun, but you'll have to strike the iron while it's hot or some of them will get away with you. Make red hot love to her from the jump; don't mind the company; it'll please her, and you'll win the game."

"How do you know there's anybody here?" asked Dick, looking across the fence, toward the house.

"The corral's full of horses; don't you see? That piebald mare belongs to Steve Mellus, the richest man in the county, I reckon—and the oldest. He's got no show. That yellow mustang with the plaited mane is Jack Reynolds'; measures tape at Howson's, parts his hair in the middle, wears eye-glasses and 'Burnsides.' He won't do. She's too masculine to tie a man-woman to her apron strings. The black mare with the silver-mounted bridle is owned by Bill York—gambler. I don't know how he's likely to pan out, but I don't believe she wants to open a reform school and risk her property in a faro bank. The gray horse is Tom Murphy's; he's superintendent of the Humbug Mine, working it for a San Francisco company; he's got money, but he speculates, and that won't suit Mistress Johnson either. Then there's 'Bro Jackson's roan filly; he's an honest miner, but Ambrose is rather too slow. The claybank is Gus Thomson's; he's a stock man, and wants to consolidate his ranges with the widow's. In my opinion Thomson's got the best chance of the whole crew, if close dealing don't bar him out. But then Baldy was a close calculator, too, you know, and maybe that's in his favor. That's all, I believe—no it ain't, either. Well, I'll see 'er, this is a convention and no mistake. That thin-rosed pony over there under the apple trees completes the

outfit. She belongs to Rufe Bivens—politician, wire-puller, schemer. He's cunning and plays his cards for all they're worth; he's our County Clerk. Look out for him, Dick. Now there's eight entries, three favorites—Gus Thomson, Rufe Bivens, and Dick—"

"Sanders!" interjected Dick, laughing and alighting from the buggy.

"Dick Sanders," repeated the other, tying his horse to a locust tree near the gate. "A fair field and no favor. I'll back you, Dick; now go in and win. Don't be bashful, old man; there ain't a bashful man in the whole crowd; that kind don't stand the ghost of a chance with the Widow."

With this warning Jim opened the gate and motioned for Dick to pass through. They walked leisurely up the poplar-lined avenue and knocked at the door of the house. The sound of the summons had scarcely died away when the door was thrown open, revealing a medium-sized, handsome woman; a woman well-proportioned and muscular, dressed in a tight-fitting, black riding habit. Her coal black hair was somewhat disheveled and fell over her shoulders with a graceful abandon. Her brilliant, dark eyes flashed with pleasure as they fell upon Dick's companion, and she grasped his hand with all the heartiness of a hospitable and generous nature, wringing it with the strength of a man.

"Wall, if it ain't Jim Burr. Jist back from Tuolumne, eh? Bin to Sonora? How's all the folks? Come in an' take a cheer. Here, Sam, take Mister Burr's hoss round to the barn—throw him some o' the clover hay out o' the top rack; the groun' barley's in the loft. Come in, Jim; don't be standin' round the door's ef ye hedn't no welcome; come in. There's nobody here to-day but a friend or two from Bridgeport," and the widow laughed long and loud, but not unmusically, at the idea of seven male visitors being "nobody." She led the way to the door of a room from which issued the mingled cadences of many voices. With her hand on the knob, the widow turned her head, and, with a half sober air, she said:

"Don't mind my dress, Jim—but you won't, I know; your friend might; so I'll jist state fur his benefit that I've bin up the road a piece on hossback, an' w'en I got home these friends o' mine [here the widow laughed again] hed arrived an' I didn't hev much show to put on my other duds."

While she made these excuses she took a rapid inventory of Dick's exterior. "Don't mention it, Mrs. Johnson," said Burr. "Anything becomes you; but you haven't given me a chance to introduce my friend. Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Sanders—Mr. Dick Sanders."

"Happy to know ye, Mr. Sanders—Mr. Dick Sanders;" and the widow took another inventory of the young man from beneath her long lashes as she bowed and half ironically repeated his full name as given by Burr. Then, as if she had been playing a part in simply acknowledging the acquaintance in the conventional way, she took her hand from the knob, and, with a laugh, stretched it toward Dick.

"Put it there, young man; I'm a woman an' you're a man, but I don't go a cent on this bowin' an' scrapin'." Jim Burr's friend o' mine, an' you're a friend o' Jim's, an' thet settles it; you're a friend o' mine, an' Phoebe Johnson gives her hand to her friends. Shake."

And they did "shake."

"Come in, gentlemen," she added, opening the door and ushering her visitors into the neatly furnished parlor.

As they entered the assembled seven were silent. The "convention," as Burr called it, was a picture. The individual members were scattered around the sides of the room, some seated in easy, careless attitudes, and others rather constrained, according to their several dispositions. Bivens was pacing the room in his nervous, excited manner, and ceased a rapidly ejaculated speech on the coming county election as the three entered.

A perfect storm of welcomes greeted Burr, who seemed to be a favorite, and as he had been absent from Bridgeport for some time, several minutes were occupied in asking and answering questions regarding matters "over in Tuolumne."

As soon as the running fire of interrogatories and answers had somewhat subsided, the widow, who had been arranging sundry bottles and glasses on the centre table, spoke:

"Come up, boys, I know yer dry. Can't ye let a body git a word in edgeways? A person thet didn't know you'd think a flock o' blue jays'd broke loose. There's old rye in the black bottle an' gin in thet white bottle (I've got my opinion of the man thet drinks gin—my old man wouldn't touch it); the red bottle's brandy, the other one's common cookin' whisky, an' Baldy used ter say he'd rather bev one pint o' thet stuff in the house'n twenty gallons o' the best brandy or wine he ever see."

It is a remarkable fact that every man present helped himself from the bottle of "common cooking whisky," thereby indorsing the verdict of the deceased Baldy as to the superiority of this particular beverage.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "allow me to propose a toast. Here's to the Widow Johnson, the Hebe of Mono County, the fairest flower in the Sierra. May she live long, and soon meet the man who will change her weeds for a wreath."

This sentiment was greeted with unanimous approval, and the glasses were immediately emptied.

The widow was not at all embarrassed by this laudatory exhibition, and, with an assumption of stern dignity, approached Burr and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Now, look here, Mr. Burr, you're a friend o' mine, an' I don't deny it; but you're a married man, an' you've no right to throw your compliments aroun' loose thet way. I'll let Mrs. Burr know all about it; see ef I don't. My old man wouldn't do one sich a thing, or ef he did, I'd a known the reason why. Ye can't play it in thet style on a married woman now, I can tell ye. Sich stuff ez ye got of jist now'd come with better grace from some o' the single gentlemen here—from Mr. Dick Sanders, fur instance?"

All eyes were turned on Dick.

"You mustn't mind Jim, Mrs. Johnson; he's not used to soft-soaping the ladies, and don't always succeed as well as he ought to," was the conciliatory remark of that worthy.

"Soft-soap's good. No, sir, Jim Burr nor no other man ken soft-soap me; thet's Phoebe Johnson flat-footed. I'm nobody's fool; I larned thet from my old man Baldy. He used to say, 'Keep yer eye on the rooster thet lays it on thik; he's playin' to beat ye.' An' Baldy wasn't no man's fool, you bet." The widow smiled triumphantly upon her admirers as she quoted this piece of worldly philosophy.

"Thet's so. He an' I's talked matters an' things over

many a time, an' I larned mos' all I know about stock an' cattle bargains from him," said Thomson, casting a glance of concentrated admiration upon the widow.

"I reckon ye did, Gus Thomson, but you've got a mighty sight to larn yet, I can tell ye," and the widow gave the young stock dealer a rather supercilious smile.

"Perhaps Mr. Johnson's accomplished widow could finish the young man's education," remarked York, rather sarcastically.

"You're right for once, Mr. York," answered the widow; "and who knows but what she might, ef she took a notion, an' was given a fair show."

These words, striking so close to the individual interests of those present, produced a visible sensation.

"Hope I have n't offended you," said Burr.

"No offense, Jim, only don't try it on any more—for your wife's sake, ye know," answered Mrs. Johnson.

"You were very fortunate, Mrs. Johnson, in the selection of a husband. Baldy Johnson was highly respected, and possessed sterling qualities that rendered him a favorite with all. He numbered his friends by the hundred, and his strict honesty gave him unlimited credit in his business transactions. That he was a kind, loving husband no one can for a moment doubt, for we have your own words to that effect," said Bivens, following out the general tenor of the conversation, namely, praise of the deceased Baldy. This was a shrewd stroke of policy on the part of the County Clerk, based upon the apparent fact that the widow's heart lay through a due appreciation of the "sterling qualities" of her late spouse.

The widow's face lighted up with gratified pride, and it was easy to perceive that the wily politician had made the master-stroke in this insidious assault upon the lady's affections. Burr saw it instantly, and nudged Dick, at the same time winking at him to indicate that he thought a centre shot had been made.

"Thet's squar' talk, Mr. Bivens; sounds like one o' yer 'lection speeches, an' its the frozen truth, every word. Let's shake." The widow reached across the table, and took Bivens by the hand.

"He was a man among men," said Mellus.

"And among the women, too, I should judge. I'll wager he carried Mrs. Johnson off from a dozen admirers," added Reynolds, smiling significantly upon the widow.

"A county full," said Mrs. Johnson, proudly.

"And well he might," voted Tom Murphy.

"He did n't get no more'n he deserved, though," said the widow, looking around on the assembled wooers. "Not much. He was honest ez the day is long, an' ez squar' ez any man thet ever breathed. He was the best man in the mountains, boys. He could out-run, out-jump, an' out-fight any man of his inches in forty counties. He was never whipped but once, an' you bet yer life he never heard the last o' thet from me. He got mauled down to Red Mountain Bar, on the Tuolumne, once, by a chap not near ez big or ez heavy. The only quarrel we ever hed was about that scrimmage, an' I told him then thet ef he petered out afore me, an' thet Red Mountain cuss asked me to hev him, I'd take him off hand; an' I will, too. I'm waitin' fur the man that licked Baldy Johnson, an' I won't go back on my word. I've at him time an' agin fur not goug'in' in that fight, but he held to it thet a rough-an'-tumble, Missouri fashion, wasn't a fair deal in a single-handed row with a squar' up-an'-up fighter, an' weepins was out o' the question in a tussle with an unarmed man. The chap thet whaled my old man did it fair an' squar', an' I know I could stan' up afore the parson an' say the words thet'd make us man and wife."

"Haven't you waited about long enough, Mrs. Johnson? It's about two years now since Baldy died," said Mellus.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Mellus, I was thinkin' 'bout thet the other day; and if he don't happen 'long mighty sudden I s'pose I'll hev to hitch with some other inferior man. It'd be jist my luck, an' it's no two to one bet thet I don't take the lust that pops. Sabe?" And the fascinating, free-spoken widow laughed merrily at her own bold challenge to her assembled admirers.

"So ef any body wants me they'd better hurry up their apple cart," she continued, her dark eyes flashing mischievously upon every man present.

"I s'pose you'll give me a chance, wont you?" asked Dick, demurely.

"You're a stranger—almost," answered the widow.

"I've Mr. Burr's guarantee; he'll back me," replied Dick.

"Burr's guarantee is good," said Mrs. Johnson. "Yes, ye ken count yerself in; but that don't bar any body else out, ye know."

"Of course not; but I rather think I've got the best of the game, Mrs. Johnson."

"Mebbe ye hev, Mr. Sanders; but we don't allow no snap judgments in this yer court," responded the widow. "I'll own I'm on the marry; but I want a man, an' a man I'm goin' to hev, or die a tryin'. Almost the last words my Baldy said to me afore he passed in his checks was: 'Phoebe, don't you cotton to no galoot'—thet was his way o' talkin'—don't ye tie to no ignoramus; don't ye marry a parson or a bronco rider; ef you do I'll haunt ye, derned ef I don't.' He didn't say 'derned,' but it meant the same thing. 'No, Phoebe, says Baldy, 'don't ye throw yerself away on no common stock. You've got coin 'til ye can't rest, an ye can take yer pick. Marry a man, Phoebe, marry a man; if he's ez poor ez Job's turkey, an' he's what I call a man, marry him.' I told him I'd marry thet Red Mountain chap; but he shook his head an' said thet'd be too much luck, an' he would n't hold me to that proposition. So, boys, thet's jest how the case stands now. Mr. Sanders hez ez good ez asked me, an' I haven't said no. 'The game's made, gentlemen, roll,' ez Baldy used ter say."

"This is rather queer, very original, I must say; but it's as good as any other way," said Burr. "What claim can you offer, York? I'll act as umpire."

"Well, I hardly know what to say," answered York. "It's rather unexpected to jump a man this way. I admit that I've had pretensions for Mrs. Johnson's hand, and if I should succeed in obtaining her affections—as I think I could if I were allowed a few moments' quiet conversation—I should endeavor to emulate the departed Baldy in every respect, guided in the path of his virtues by Mrs. Johnson's experience and knowledge of that gentleman's character. I think I could convince her of my truth if she would grant me a private interview."

"You'd stock the deck, eh?" laughed the widow. York was about to protest, when he was stopped by Burr: "Hold on, York, old man; give the other boys a chance. What do you say, Thomson?"

"Ef the widder 'll hev me, I'll treat her the best I know how. A man can't do no more, ken he? I've got nine hundred head o' beef cattle, worth thirty dollars a head, on an av'rage; ten thousan' sheep, an' the best ranges in the foothills. The increase in four or five years 'll nearly double the stock, an' we ken live quite comfortable together—me an' Mrs. Johnson." The stock man concluded with a slight cough, and looked as if he felt that the widow could not resist his solid plea.

"Live stock an' ranches is good 'nough, but beef cattle an' sheep don't perdooce a man, ez Baldy used ter say," was the widow's comment.

"Your turn, Jackson," said Burr.

"If Mrs. Johnson 'll have me, I'll quit prospecting and turn farmer. I'll manage the business for her, and love her between times."

"Thet's purty good," laughed the widow. "Bizness an' love, love and bizness. They're two things that move the world, ez Baldy used ter say; an' besides ye promise to quit pirootin' 'round in the hills an' gulches, huntin' fur quartz leads an' cinnabar. Ye couldn't offer anythin' better'n love an' bizness; an' love cant be beat in the long run, 'Bro."

"Reynolds," called the umpire.

"I can't offer much more than myself, and that's hardly worth offerin'," modestly replied the dry goods clerk. "I claim to have some taste in the matter of dress, and I could keep a wife posted on the latest styles, you know. A woman's a woman the world over, and her natural taste runs to calicos, silks, ribbons, laces, and such. Why shouldn't it? A woman should be humored, and petted, and allowed every indulgence in the way of dress. The man's a brute that wouldn't, and I am not classed in that category by my enemies even. I'm poor, Mrs. Johnson, but I'm indulgent."

This was an unfortunate speech for Reynolds.

"I don't know 'bout your categories," said the widow, knitting her brow angrily, "but I want to know what you'd do for a woman. Would ye quit playin' the fool, ef ye was a fool?"

"If I was a fool, yes," answered Reynolds, hesitatingly.

"Would ye chuck those double-gear'd gig lamps out o' the window?"

"With pleasure."

"Would ye reap them yallar stubble fields on yer face?"

"Of course, if it was so ordered."

"Well, it would be so ordered, you bet, ef I hed anythin' to say 'bout it. Would ye part yer hair like a man?"

The clerk murmured something that sounded like "Yes."

"Would ye let up on yer didos with the gals—flirtin' an' sich?"

"Certainly," was the faint response.

"Good 'nough," was the widow's comment, "ef you'll do all thet, that's some hope fur ye; an' ef of the right kind of a gal gits ye mebbe she might make half a man o' ye, ef she didn't make the raffle on the other half."

That settled Mr. Reynolds' case. His cake was all dough. "Now, Mellus, we'll give you a chance. What can you do to render the widow a happy woman?" was Burr's next call.

The old gentleman straightened up, and, clearing his throat, prepared for the onset.

"My past experience with ladies," he commenced, "has taught me many useful lessons. Three times have I stood at the altar, a happy bridegroom; and if a man who has ministered to the happiness of three ladies is not competent to render another doubly—yes, trebly—happy in the marital state, no man living can. I would love, cherish, and protect any lady who would confer upon me the high honor of becoming my wife. No man can do more. You are a widow, Mrs. Johnson, I am a widower."

The old man sat down, conscious that he had made a great effort. But his attempt at Chesterfieldian eloquence did not protect him from the widow's cool sarcasm.

"Mr. Mellus," she said, "I b'lieve I could respect you as a father. I go my pile on old men. They remind me of my poor old grandfather, an' I never see ye 'round but I feel jist as though I'd like to kiss ye—fur yer poor dead wives. I've allers heerd that ye was kind to em, an' I respect ye fur it; but 'twasn't no more'n yer dooty, Mr. Mellus; ye don't 'low that it was, do ye? My old man used ter say thet bigamy was all right ef one wife was dead, an' he'd take his chance afore the las' judgment with any man thet married me arter he pegged out; but w'en it come to pollygamy, dead or alive, it was puttin' it on too strong. He didn't b'lieve Mormons an' Turks'd hev any show ten minits arter Gabe'd blowed his horn. S'pose I did marry ye, Mr. Mellus, what d'ye think'd happen we all come together aroun' the great white throne? Don't ye think there'd be a few golden harps smashed to flinders, an' don't ye think they'd rush us into the lock-up for kickin' up a muss an' spillin' each other's wing feathers? It'd be a purty how d'ye do, wouldn't it? They'll hev trouble 'nough up thar without our addin' to it by prancin' in an' fightin' over a angel."

When the laughter which this sally provoked had subsided, Burr motioned to Murphy and asked what plea he had.

"My sincere regard for Mrs. Johnson," said Murphy, "renders me averse to this flippant style of expressing our preference, and I shall seek some other opportunity of asking for her hand in the conventional way."

"So that's all?" asked Burr.

"That's all," replied Murphy; "this method of asking a woman's hand in marriage doesn't suit me."

"Mebbe you won't hev another chance," retorted the widow; "ye don't know but what this 'flippant style of expressin' yer preference,' ez ye call it, is in dead earnest after all. You'd better throw yer riata, Mr. Murphy."

"No, not now. I'll take my chances on its being dead earnest," and the prudent superintendent helped himself to the "cooking whisky."

"Well, Bivens, we'll hear from you now," said Burr.

Bivens immediately assumed an oratorical attitude, arranged the lapels of his coat, cleared his throat, and thrust his left hand into his trousers pocket in the approved easy style of the rural stump speaker.

"Mrs. Johnson," he began, "and gentlemen," he added, "that we opened this highly entertaining conversation in the spirit of mirth and kindly pleasantry I have no doubt, but from a close observation I perceive that there is indeed a

vein of earnest meaning permeating the subject matter of the discussion. Hence, I can not fully agree with my friend, Mr. Murphy, in the hypothesis, that the outcome will be considered a joke by some of us here present. [Laughter.] Therefore, I shall treat the matter as a serious affair, and refrain from any mock earnestness. [Applause by Burr.] As far as I am concerned, I mean every word I am about to utter. My idea of the true object of matrimony is mutual happiness; an end to be attained by the contracting parties only through a thorough understanding of each other. They should treat each other as equals in every respect, and while palliating the faults and condoning the foibles that may crop out in either side during the partnership, they should bear themselves with dignity, and a firm endeavor to cleave to the right under all circumstances. They should love, honor, and cherish each other. They should live in and for each other. They should do as Ruth did, his home being her home, her people his people, and *vice versa*. If the storms of adversity gather around them, and the clouds of misfortune hover above them, they should cling all the closer to each other, cheering and comforting each other. The man who can do this is a man indeed, and the woman who can hold to these divine principles is an angel. It would be the stern endeavor of my life, when mated with a true woman—and I know that Mrs. Johnson is worthy of any man's love and esteem—to ground these principles in my heart, and abide by them throughout all the days of my life, and until death do us part."

"Thet suits Phoebe Johnson; thet's the talk, Rufe Bivens; an' we may's well shake again." They "shook." "You're the boss orator o' these hills, an' I reckon you'll fetch up in Sacramento or Congress afore you're finally plowed. Them's my sentiments to a dot, an' I reckon we'll show Mr. Murphy thet thar ain't no joke 'bout our future arrangements. Call 'round."

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Johnson, there's another county to hear from," interrupted Burr.

"So thar is, but ez Baldy used to say, 'what's the use o' countin' precincts w'en they can't change the majorities?'" answered the widow.

"Very true, there may be no use, but fair play's a jewel, you know, Mrs. Johnson."

"Kerrect, Jim, but it's like crowdin' the mourners," and the widow glanced around upon the somewhat chagrined wooers, who now began to see a successful rival in Bivens.

"Shovel in yer gravel, young man," said the widow.

"You haven't made a decision, have you?" said Dick.

"I won't be long makin' up my mind arter ye chip or pass the buck," answered the widow.

"Your word's good as your bond, I suppose?" persisted the audacious Dick.

"Tain't nothin' else, young man; but you'd better canter along, or you'll find yer wastin' yer breath," was the impatient reply of Mrs. Johnson.

"And you won't flare up?"

"Nary time, ef we don't clash. Yer a gentleman I reckon; come, say what yer goin' to an' hev done with it. Ken ye show a better claim to this yer ranch an' the owner than Rufe Bivens hez?"

"I can."

"Well, show it. What ken ye do better'n he'll do?"

"It's what I have done."

"What hev ye done?"

"I whipped Baldy Johnson!"

"No!"

"Yes."

"I'll bet this ranch against a Piute's blanket you didn't."

"I can prove it."

"Prove it."

"My name's Dick Walker."

"I thought it was Sanders."

"Is the name all right?"

"Thet's the name; but your name's Saunders."

"I changed it at your garden gate. Ask Burr."

Burr nodded in reply to the widow's inquiring glance.

"How do I know you're Red Mountain Walker?"

"I've got the documents."

"Show 'em."

Dick threw a time-worn letter upon the table.

The widow opened the ragged missive.

"It's his handwritin', anyhow," she murmured, as she ran her eye down the first page.

"Finest woman in the State," she read aloud. "Jist like him, he allers did say thet I was coarse gold, but I'd pan out twenty-one dollars to the ounce. 'Accomplished: rides buckin' mustangs an' handles a rifle like a man—I'd like to see the bronco I can't break or the bull's eye I can't hit," and the widow looked at Dick with gratified pride.

"Ef I die fust an' ye ever meet her, ask her to let ye hang yer bat on the rusty spike in the kitchen." Poor Baldy, he allers was a good provider, an' his thoughts was runnin' on what'd become o' me arter he'd pegged out; poor Baldy! 'Ver a friend o' mine, Dick—the best friend I ever hed; you've bin ez true a brother, an' my wife'll love you fur it. Don't let any bilks jump the claim arter I'm dead an' gone. I'm a good 'eal older'n she is an' she'll outlive me; I feel it, Dick—jist what he was allers sayin' to me. 'She'll stick to a man till hell freezes over, an' then camp on the ice with him.' Boys, ef ther wasn't anythin' else in this yer letter to prove thet Baldy Johnson writ it, the cuss words would. W'en Baldy cussed he meant somethin'; he cussed jist ez he hit—straight from the shoulder. Yes, sir, Baldy Johnson writ thet letter, an' you're the man thet whaled him—you're Dick Walker."

Then, turning to the crowd of rejected suitors, she said: "Boys, the jigs up, ez Baldy used ter say. This young man hangs his *sombrero* on the rusty spike out in the kitchen. You've all got an invite to the weddin'—we'll let you know w'en it comes off. Its time to vamoze, I reckon. Come down to-morrow, Dick, an' we'll talk it over."

The "boys" "vamosed," and in due course of time the Widow Johnson became Mrs. Richard Walker.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6, 1878. E. H. CLOUGH.

When Keeley was manager of the Princess Theatre, he was telling a funny story in the green-room one morning, at which every member of the company laughed heartily, save one. He gravely remarked: "I shan't laugh, I'm going to leave."

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.

"Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd."—Claude Tillier.

I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming—

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
"Oh, mine's a mere romancer."
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read: "My Plato (Plato, too—
That wisdom thus should harden!)
Declares, 'Blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mistranslated."

"But hear—the next's in stranger style:
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted."

She smiled once more. "My book, I find,"
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concoctors.

Then I: "Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
Diana's apparition.'"

She blushed this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham-beeches."

"Agreed," I said; "for Socrates
(I find he, too, is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a-walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill.
The sequel's scarce essential,
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Song of a Summer.

I plucked an apple from off a tree,
Golden, and rosy, and fair to see,
The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light,
The dew had freshened it night by night,
And high on the topmost bough it grew,
Where the winds of heaven about it blew;
And while the mornings were soft and young,
The wild birds circled, and soared, and sung;
There, in the storm, and calm, and shine,
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from off the tree,
Golden, and rosy, and fair to see.

How could I guess, 'neath that daintiest rind,
That the core of sweetness I hoped to find—
The innermost, hidden heart of the bliss
Which dew, and winds, and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and night—
Was black with mildew and bitter with blight:
Golden, and rosy, and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within?
Ah! never again with toil and pain
Will I strive the topmost bough to gain.
Though its wind-swung apples are fair to see,
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Bathing at Narragansett.

ÆSTHETICS AND MODESTY AT A DISCOUNT ON THE BEACH.

We've been here at Narragansett just two weeks, dear, and the reason I've not written is because I have not had an hour to spare; What with romance, rocks, and bathing, and the very crowded season, All my leisure is exhausted in keeping crimpings in my hair.

First, the bathing! I have never bathed, you know, because Aunt Maggie Liked the mountains, but this year the Flodden-Tompkins took my part.

Here I am, and lost in wonder at the costumes scant and baggy, And the stockings—highest, surely, style of decorative art.

Yes, red stockings seem the custom; dress cut short and redly glancing, In we go, and never mind the lack of what's called "embonpoint;" And for all the world we look like ancient spinsters ballet dancing, Or a lot of withered mermaids much collapsed and out of joint.

Oh, such shapes, such ribs, such elbows! If the poet had but seen us Who got up the antique myth (don't ask me who), it could not be Even in his wildest dreams he ever would have thought of Venus Rising in red stockings, rising slowly from the foam-clad sea.

If we're horrid though, the men are something worse; I fairly tremble When I see a dripping swimmer come whom I've known on shore, Hair all lank, moustache all stringy—e'en the handsomest resemble Swimming dogs, their hides all clammy; only this, and nothing more.

As to modesty, don't name it. The Apollo Belvedere Wouldn't make me change opinion, art or no art. Yet I beg That you will not mention what I tell you; but the truth is, Mary, There's no beauty in a wet uncovered human foot and leg.

Yet these men think naught of coming, bare below the knee, and walking On the sands, where all the tide of fashion daily ebbs and flows, Bowing, smiling, quite unconscious of their legs, and even talking To the girls, gesticulating meanwhile with their wet bare toes.

It is awful! For I'm sure, at least among the upper classes, Toes were always, like some verbs, things understood but not expressed. 'Twould be well to post up where this bare-legged crowd of bathers passes;

"Man never is" (you know the line?), "but always" (I think) "to be dressed."

Yes, it's awful, art or no art! And but one man I've discovered In whose garb there's nothing that our sense of delicacy shocks; He's a clergyman, who, all in flannel (dark blue), nicely covered Head to foot, wears studs and collar, necktie, hat, and dark blue socks.

Just too lovely! That's the style of bathing that I call artistic; Quiet, comfortable—looking as you do on shore, you know! All the rest are, I confess, dear, much too wet and realistic. Endless groups of legs and arms, with flesh-tints after Beethoven.

—Harter.



STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

No. — SUTTER STREET, September 20, 1878.

It appears from a review of the past two weeks that San Francisco has again assumed her fashionable cloak of dissipation. Judging from this week's programme there bids fair to be a great deal of gayety this fall. Charitable gayety, I mean, but gayety for all that. Of course, every one knows that we young folks do not enjoy arranging and participating in the entertainments that are gotten up for the benefit of the Southern sufferers. We do not do it because we like to appear before the public, and give ourselves the opportunity of showing off our varied accomplishments to an admiring audience. Oh, dear, no! We do it purely from a charitable motive, and sacrifice ourselves upon the altar of our generosity. To begin with the "doings" of the week, Mrs. Shillaber gave the charming reception to General and Mrs. Fremont that has been talked of and anticipated for the last ten days. It was a success, of course—if brilliantly decorated rooms, handsome ladies, some of whom represented the *ancien régime*—early days in California—though I don't mean to say that the ladies were ancient, ravishing music, sparkling champagne, and a crowd of well-dressed humanity constitute a successful entertainment. There was an unusual preponderance of army officers present, and the navy was also well represented. The affair did not call for full dress, consequently there was a variety of incongruous toilets; some in the conventional black silk, quite as appropriate for a funeral as a reception; others were attired in evening dress, décolleté and innocent of sleeves. Mrs. Shillaber is a charming hostess, and no doubt, with her affable manners and charming adaptability, will draw around her a *coterie* of appreciative people. It is said that last Monday inaugurated a series of receptions that she intends giving this winter. The whole affair was elegant and *recherché* (that is with the exception of the *ancien régime*), and I only heard one criticism during the entire evening, and that's very remarkable for San Francisco society. I hope my distinguished hostess will pardon me for mentioning it to the ARGONAUT. I know 'tis very naughty to kiss and tell 'no pun intended, as Fanny Fern says, but I wouldn't speak of it, no, not for the world, to any one else. It was simply this—nothing very dreadful after all—only this: I heard—yes, I actually overheard it myself, for I was standing in close proximity to the two gentlemen when they were discussing it. One said: "Don't you think so?" He omitted the "Bill," being in polite society. "Don't you think so?" with a deprecating expression, as though he didn't think so. "Yes," said the other (a graver and more reverend seigneur, "Mrs. Shillaber's punch is too strong, I feel it." Tuesday and Wednesday evenings Mrs. Gwin gave her theatrical benefit for the suffering South. It was a charming affair, and perfect in all its appointments. The ball room was converted into a little *bijou* of a theatre, with appropriate scenery, drop curtain, foot-lights, and all the stage paraphernalia. There was a large and fashionable audience—as the newspapers have it—mostly composed of her friends and acquaintance, though I noticed here and there a few of the *ancien régime*. The entertainment was a splendid success in every respect, particularly in a pecuniary point of view; they say Mrs. Gwin realized from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars. On the first evening two very nice little comedies were given, *A Pretty Piece of Business* and *The Dowager*, both of which were represented in a manner to reflect infinite credit on all the performers. It is generally the fault with *amateurs* to be self-conscious on the stage, and to feel a lively interest in the disposition of their hands and feet; but in this instance the hands and feet all seemed to take care of themselves, and go about their own business, and their owners were forgetful—no of their parts (though a part of them, but of the aforesaid hands and feet. I am becoming very much mixed up in this hands and feet business. I will describe the feature of the performance, which was the rendition of the "Dowager," by Miss Carrie Gwin. This was the *chef d'œuvre* of Tuesday evening's entertainment. She played the part with the finish, grace, and elegance of expression that characterize a true artiste, and trod the boards as though she had been accustomed to acting all her life. She looked every inch the "Dowager," and was dressed somewhat after the manner of Modjeska—in white satin, black velvet court train, and diamonds. She handled her part well, showing careful study and considerable histrionic talent. Miss Lake and Miss Maynard contributed much to the success of the play; though the latter won her laurels as "Dobson" in the first piece, and Miss Lake reserved her triumph for Wednesday evening, in the *Morning Call*. This was an unexpectably good piece of acting; so naturally did she play it, that the audience almost forgot that it was a play, and seemed to realize that Mr. Teal was in reality making love to Miss Lake. They have both evidently had much experience. She is a born actress, and it is a pity that she doesn't make the stage her profession: she could fill her pockets with ducats, as well as her audience with admiration. Mr. Teal's rendition of "Sir Edward Ardent" was perfect, though his form is not. He played the impetuous, ardent lover, in a very hot-headed manner; his elocution is fine, and he reads his lines as though he meant them; and his voice—oh, his voice—where shall I find a simile for his voice? As "Sir Edward Ardent" says, it is "linked sweetness long drawn out." Taking him all in all, he is a Barry Sullivan in

embryo—not exactly in embryo either; he is in a state of chrysalis; if he were developed into a full-fledged butterfly he might even rival the immortal Barry himself. "Sir Edward" was so *very* ardent, so *empressé*, that I think "Mrs. Chillingstone" became thawed a little too soon by his alarming amount of enthusiasm, and forgot to be as cold and icily regular as she started out to be. Mr. Shepherd's role of "Mr. Babblerbrook," in *A Lesson of Love*, was a fine piece of character acting, and he deserves infinite credit for having handled it so effectively. I congratulate you, "Shep," shake hands, old boy. Mr. McClung was also perfect in his part, as the bashful lover—the sighing, fearing, ly—, I mean dying, love-sick lover. Would any one ever accuse Bill of being bashful or coy—except in a play, I wonder? Dear little dapper Mr. Greenway! He was clever, frisking, graceful, and at times even rose to being strong and vigorous; but his wig was not becoming. Don't wear that yellow wig again. He showed admirable skill in playing the bold lover; I am suspicious of the opinion that he is no novice in that rôle; what thinks Miss —. Mr. Pinkard was assigned a part that was too ponderous for him; he did not have *very* much to say, but what he did say he said with majesty and dignity; "my lady, the Dowager has arrived," or something equally tragic and grandiloquent. How's that for criticism? Won't it compare favorably with "Betsy B." or the more recent arrival, "Mourzouk?" Next week I shall have a choice bit of gossip for you. FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Another Communication from my Sky-parlor.

There is a commotion in Grub Street. Society in our block is shaken and agitated to its very centre. We have a millionaire among us! How long this gifted creature will remain in our midst is an unknown problem. His name is MacDooligan. Tradition saith that his mighty intellect was directed in the early days of California to the development of her agricultural resources, and he supplied those hardy sons of toil, the miners, with potatoes. We all know that his concentrated energies have of late years been devoted to the manufacture of putty. Six months ago Brannigan could not return the loan made him by MacDooligan, so he gave the latter five thousand shares of Golden Era at a valuation of ten cents a share, and then gave up the ghost. Golden Era sold last week, as everybody knows, at \$220. MacDooligan sold his shares and is now a millionaire. This is a hurried *résumé*, and is doing scant justice to the brilliant career of one who is about to be numbered among our illustrious men, and whose heroic, chivalrous life affords such noble emulation to our young generation. Burke says: "It is an erect countenance, it is a firm adherence to principle, it is a power of resisting false shame and frivolous fear, that assert our good faith and honor, and assure to us the confidence of mankind;" and although he wrote an essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful in Nature, he had never analyzed from what an insignificant germ can in one night spring forth a full blown, fragrant millionaire, the true modern conception of the sublime and the beautiful. He was an old fogey, and I dare say is as little read nowadays as he says Bolingbroke was in his time. The present partner of the joys and sorrows of MacDooligan was once the beautiful Bridget MacShionegan. Her ancestors are too numerous to mention. They were doubtless kings in the old country, and figured probably at the siege of Acre with Richard the Lion-hearted, and later at Fontenoy and the Boyne. The MacShionegan coat-of-arms is a spalpeen rampant on a field of gold; their motto, "De profundis saltare." Two tender shoots have put forth from these illustrious branches. Their mother, alive to the *convenances*, calls them Bernard and Margaret. Their fond father calls them Barney and Peggy. Bernard has the same ingenuous countenance as his father, and the same amount of intellect is beaming in their ruddy faces. Schlegel says that genius is the almost unconscious choice of the higher degree of excellence. Bernard has been in several counting-houses, but his genius has always scorned to be confined within such narrow limits. He loves the beautiful; he believes the proper study of mankind is man; he is a great observer, and pursues his favorite study by the hour leaning against the portals of some, rosewood, cypress, marble, or walnut palace, making comments, sparkling with wit and profundity, and with the latest delicious innovations on our mother tongue, on the passing world to a few kindred geniuses. But I must not dwell too long on this favorite of the gods. A fuller description of him will doubtless appear in the *Post* before many days. Miss Margaret's countenance, though not strictly classical, arrests the attention, and her beauty is what so many novelists nowadays delight in, being of the style called "irregular." A dear little nose, tip-tilted. The color of her hair is matchless at any of the *coiffeurs*, and therefore all her own in its luxuriance; it is a beautiful deep red. She has a dear little figure, short and stout, like her mother's. The very perfection of symmetry and just proportion are her shoes and her gloves, being both number seven and a half (7½). Her conversational powers are great. Like Mrs. Malaprop she prides herself on the use of her oracular tongue, and charmingly confesses that "her tastes are not literary, for reading destroys her originality." It has been decided upon in family confab that Bernard shall take his mother and sister to Paris, while the head of the family remains here to wind up the putty business, and to superintend the erection of a palatial mansion on Nob Hill. The family are very exclusive now, and will not receive any one until after their return from their foreign tour. Madame MacDooligan wants the house to be built in exact imitation of the feudal castle of her ancestors, omitting of course the moat and the drawbridge, but the head of the family has secretly resolved to draw all the checks provided he is not consulted about Louis Quatorze, Renaissance, harmonious effects, and such flummery. The truth is, there is a generous distrustfulness of their individual tastes on the part of all the members of this distinguished family, and each one desires, if there should be any incongruities, to have a conscience void of offense, and to be able to exclaim with Macbeth, "Thou canst not say I did it." The most delicate traits of refinement have been discovered in this charming family during the last week. With an admirable finesse they have previously hidden them from us most sedulously. Their manner is now *distingué*, their society *recherché*, their appearance *débonnaire*, their actions breathe a *savoir faire*. They will soon pass away from us to another and a higher sphere, and Grub Street will know them no more. M.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

Mr. Olive Logan writes over the *nom de plume* of Wirt Sykes.

The divorced wife of a Danbury man is the hired nurse of his second wife's baby.

If the hills would only lift their vales, what a plane countenance nature would present.

Listen to a flatterer who understands his trade, and then try to be what he says you are.

"Take away women," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" That's easy. The men.

Beauty nipped in the waist is like a rose nipped in the bud. It is the shortest lived, and falls off the quickest.

It is said that the ex-Empress Eugene is afflicted with gout, and unable to walk without leaning heavily upon a cane.

Philadelphia belles at Cape May say: "Bring me *me* hat; I'll walk for a couple of squares on the beach with *me* mother."

First lady—Why do they call those balls foul? Second lady—Don't know, unless it's because the pesky things are continually flying over the fence.

She who exults in the loss of the reputation of other women should know that she does not win what they lose, however sadly she may be in need of it.

All hairpins are alike to men, but let a wife go off on a visit for a month and come home, and find a hairpin near the door, and she can not wait a minute to grow red in the face.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. "I have got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Oh, I am beyond redemption," said the other.

An Ohio young lady committed suicide because her father would not consent to her marriage with the hired man. An Indiana girl would have simply left a note, saying: "Dear father, we hev flew, forgiv your Tilda."

An elderly maiden, who had suffered some disappointments, thus defines the human race: Man, a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit, and boots. Woman, the waiter, perforce, on the aforesaid animal.

"So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to a maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply; "but where is the widower?"

As a wife was holding her husband's aching head in her hands one morning, she asked: "Are a man and his wife one?" "I suppose so," said the husband. "Then," rejoined the wife, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

At a fancy dress ball in Paris recently a lady was seen in a very low bodied dress of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, monsieur." "At low tide, then, madam." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

Why do two women acquaintance passing each other turn to look at the occipital elevation of each? And why is the practice so rare among men? Because men have no back hair, spring bonnets, nor tie backs, and are generally avoiding bores and creditors.

It is a poor philosophy which teaches that man can not love as truly and permanently as woman. There may be fewer instances, but there are many to prove the fact. There are fewer, because the temptations to forget the first strong, overwhelming passion of our being are more frequent with men than with women.

At a recent woman's rights congress in Paris one of the members said: "We are born naked, and yet society makes us cover ourselves with clothes, to earn which we have to work and labor. Such anomalies as these will rapidly disappear when our rights are conceded." From this time forth we are a strong opponent of the woman's rights movement.

Home scene. Husband entering, and throwing himself languidly on the sofa, as he wipes the perspiration from his brow: "Oh, dear, business is killing me; I am so tired." Wife, jumping up for a pillow: "Lie down there, like a dear, good fellow, and take a little rest." Little four-year-old daughter: "O papa, I fought 'ood be awful tired after I saw oo carrying the new hired girl all 'bout the titchen."

The young ladies who form the lovely half of archery clubs will be interested to know how Indian squaws shoot. The noble red man lives on venison, which he secures with the bow and arrow, of course, and therefore his wife must be a good shot. A Nevada newspaper tells how a Piute squaw shoots: "She will throw herself on her back, clap both feet to the bow, draw the arrow with both hands, and, letting drive, send it clean through the body of the deer." Try it.

At a Harrison County (Iowa) wedding the bride danced several charming reels within a circle of three feet in diameter. She changed shoes once on account of her new ones not sounding right against the floor. The prompter gave the very unique commands during the dance: "Rock to the right, rock to the left, grind the coffee, ring the dish-rag, rock the cradle," etc. At the wind-up of the dance the bride showed her agility by kicking the groom's hat off his head. A bride likely to last.

Beecher misunderstood. "I acknowledge being drunk, Judge, and making disturbances. A woman can't live like an oyster in a shell. One might as well be buried. Beecher was saying the other night that lots of people were going 'round dead as door nails, and not buried. When I heard about that remark I thought it applied to me, and so I concluded I'd live up. I guess the boys thought I was a lively corpse when I started in on the windows. People won't charge me with being dead if I can help it. I've been about as dead as they make 'em for two months, but I guess I'm all right now." This in Virginia, Nevada.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Some further Narratives tending to belittle the Courage and Dignity of the Forest Monarchs.—The Ass and Rabbit, a Fable as wise as an Auricle.—The Horse that would a Camel be, an Apologue for the Author's Envious Rivals.—All the Decks of a Ship—Symbolism and Soap.—Many other Matters too Instructive and Entertaining to mention, including the Glass Elephant, the Blue Bel-lied Giraffe that played the Accordion, and the Author's Sister's Young Man's Basking Buckaroo that climbed up its own nose.

My uncle Ned, wick has ben in Injy, and evry were, he said: "Johnny, did I ever tel you 'bout the tiger which I met in the jungle? Wal, Johnny, I didnt hav nothin with me for to fite with, only jest a pair of blacksmith's tongs in my hand, wick I was takin to my bunglo for to draw some nails, so I run away as hard as ever I cude hook it, yes, indeed, my boy, your uncle Ed'ard flang his feets mity lifely for a wile. But purty sune I fel, and when I turn onto my back for to strike out with my heels the drefle beast was a straddle of my brest, with his mowth wide open like a morn-in glory. Then I shet my eys and sed 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and lay reel stil for to be et, but jest then a natif come runnin up and cot the tiger by one of its ears, and cuffed it real hard with his hand on the other, and said, the natif did: 'You mizzable critter, aint I tole you a dozen times that that other tooth aint redde yet for to be pulled? If its a hurtin you agin you jist mosy off home and lle give you a chew of terbacker, but I aint a goin for to hav you bein a terror to this hole kingdom and a skurge to man-kin.' " And then he kicked the tiger on the end of its back.

Wen Mister Gipple was in Africa, huntin lions, he had fourteen sojers, and each sojer had a gun wick wude shoot sixteen times, and a saword, and two volvers, and there was twenty 8 horses, and forty dogs, and a hundred camomiles for to carry vittles and amunision. One nite they camped were the lions was said to be thickest and sabbagest, and Mister Gipple he slep at the house of a mitionary. Bout midnite he was woke up by a drefle roarin, jest like a menagery busted, and he put his hed out the winder and tole his men to git redde if they vallewed their lifes.

Jest then he herd the mitionary say to his wife, in a other room: "Mary," the mitionary said to his wife, cos Mary was her name, "fore you come to bed I wish you wude jest go down to the spring and drive a way them lions, or the woter wont be fit for the gentlemen to drink in the mornin. And, Mary, you better take my wockin stick a long, cos them ole he fellers dont care no more for kickin than if thay was made of injy rubber."

Wen me an my father we was to the sho last summer we seen a frocious tiger in a cage, and it wore a collar, and a card was spend to it, and the card said, "Hands Off!"

And my father he sed: "There, Johnny, you see them words? Them is descriptif of the mellancolly fate of the a spirin youth wick titchted the tiger." And I was so fraid I run a way.

Bime by we come back to the cage, and we seen the card had ben took of, and a other was put on, wick said: "Visiters Must NOT Handel this Tiger. He is Fresh Painted!"

A jackous it met a rabbit, and it said, the jackous did: "I never seen such a ugly feller in ol my life, jest notice your gait, its like you was lame."

Then the rabbit it said: "Thats jest were you are mistook, I wock that way coz it is graceffe, more like dancin."

Then the jackous it said, a other time: "Wel, mebbys so, but consider yure tail, such a dicklous tail, nothin but a little bunch of wite fuz without no handle to it."

And the rabbit he said: "Things is butifle wick is usefle, and this tail aint no slowtchen it comes to fellers cetchin hold of it for to pul me out of my burro. But if you dont like my tail, wot do you say to my ears?"

The jackous it thot a wile, and then it said: "There aint any thing which is so ugly but wot it has got some good pints for to set off its homely."

A ole horse wick seen a camlle it sed: "I can beat you at that, my harty!" So it put all its 4 feets to gather, the horse did, and hunched its back up, and then it turned its hed a round til its nose pinted strate backerds, and then it smiled like it was happy. But the camlle it smiled, too, much as to say: "I gess I can stand that fellers vicktry bout as long as he can his ownself, I dont mind givin in to a enemy wick has to break his back for to beat me, and his neck for to enjoy it."

The camlle is call a ship of the dessert, and Jack Brily, the sailor, he says them wick has got two hunches is dubble deckers.

One time Mister Pitchel, thats the preecher, was a preechin a funerel serman on a pore, wicked gambler wick had died, and he dont always think wot he is a sayin. So he was a tellin the peeples that this wold is jest like a ship, evry man has his place of duty, we cant all be onto the quarter deck, cos there is a main deck, and a lower deck, and a gun deck, and a spar deck, and a yuker deck.

You never seen sech a stonish congation like thatn!

Once there was a preecher baptizin some fokes in a river, but fore he done it he made a little preech at em, wile they was waitin on the bank, and tole em, the preecher did, that the baptizin wudent makem no better nor no worse, but it was jest a simble for to represent their sins was wash away. Then he ducked em in the river, one after a other, but the last one was a offle wicked feller wick evry body kanew. And wen he fassened onto his collar he sed, the preecher did: "Brethern and sisters, I am a bowt to baptize Brother Jones in my weak way, and may the Lord have mercy on his sole, but I must say that in his case I think this sad rite wude be more truly simbolicide if one of you wude jest go a little way up the river and dump in a barl of sope."

Wen my sister's yung man tole me that I said wasent he a shamed for to be makin fun of sech things, the notty man; and he said: "Wel, Johnny, if I had looked at yure hands I mite hav knew you thot sope too sacred a subject for to be handled with out gluv's."

But wot the fool ment by sech a rig my roll as that beats my time, and Billy he says it beats him, but sope suds is mity nice for to git out of yure eys wen you can find the towl. SAN RAFAEL, Sept. 18.

CALIFORNIA.

In all, methinks I see the counterpart
Of Italy, without her dower of art.
We have the lordly Alps, the fir-fringed hills,
The green and golden valleys, veined with rills,
A dead Vesuvius with its smouldering fire,
A tawny Tiber sweeping to the sea;
Our seasons have the same superb attire,
The same redundant wealth of flower and tree;
Upon our peaks the same imperial dyes,
And day by day, serenely over all,
The same successive months of smiling skies.
Conceive a cross, a tower, a convent wall,
A broken column, and a fallen fane,
A chain of crumbling arches down the plain,
A group of brown-faced children in the sun,
A scarlet-skirted maiden standing near,
A monk, a beggar, and a muleteer—
And lo! my dream of Italy is done.

These are the Alps, and there the Apennines;
Between, the fertile plains of Lombardy;
Beyond, Val d'Arno, with its flocks and vines.
These granite crags are gray monastic shrines
Perched on the cliffs like old dismantled forts;
And looking seaward, I can almost see
The marble splendor of Venetian courts—
Can almost hear the mournful rhythmic beat
Of white-lipped waves along the sea-paved street.

O childless mother of dead empires! we,
The latest born of all the western lands,
In fancied kinship stretch our infant hands
Across the intervening seas to thee.
Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn;
Yet we may have our names to canonize,
Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,
Our ruins, when this restless age is gone.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 9, 1878. L. H. FOOTE.

Finding Mamma.

[AN INCIDENT OF THE FEVER PLAGUE IN GRENADA.]

Some mother's prattling baby,
Lost in the city streets,
Smiling with pretty wonder
In every face he meets.

Answering in baby-fashion,
To all who bid him stay:
"I'm doin' to find my mamma;
She's went and runned away."

Strong men, with eyes o'er-brimming,
Caress the sunny head;
They know that last night they laid her
With the unnumbered dead.

And heard her pray when dying:
"God—bless—my—baby—dear—
And—bring—him—soon—to—meet—me—
I—cannot—leave—him—here."

But still the sweet lips murmur
To those who bid him "come."
"I've dot to find my mamma
Before I tan doe home."

The dimpled cheeks grow paler,
The eyes are fever-bright,
The little feet are weary
Beneath the falling night.

They found him in the star-light;
The rosy lips were closed,
And on the baby forehead
The peace of death reposed.

How had the mother's spirit
Found answer to her prayer?
We only know that "mamma,"
And home, and heaven were there!

CHICAGO, September, 1878. MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

The Cantalope.

Its firm and fragrant rind along each fold
Of grayish green reveals a stripe of gold;
And when the knife is cleaving through the seam,
The fibre gently yields like frozen cream;
Then from the pores the luscious nectar wells
As freshest honey from its broken cells.
There is no fruit that can completely cope
In luscious sweetness with the cantalope;
If ripe, by these few hints you'll quickly con it;
And as for dressing—you want nothing on it.
G. W. ELLIOT.

He was showing the man the new bay mule that he was working in a team with the old gray. "You warrant him sound, and perfectly kind and gentle?" the man said. "Perfectly," said Farmer John. "My wife and children drive him, and he is a perfect pet; comes into the house like a dog." "Easy to shoe?" asked the man. "Well, I guess so; fact is, I never had him shod, I don't believe in it," said Farmer John. "How does he act when you put the crupper on?" asked the man. Farmer John hesitated. "Well, pretty good, I guess," he said; "fact is I never put it on." "How does it get on?" asked the man; "who does put it on?" "Well, I kind of don't know," said Farmer John; "fact is, he had the harness on when I got him, and it fit him so well, an' he seemed to be so kind o' contented in it, like that I sort of never took it off'n him." "And how long have you had him?" asked the man. Farmer John chewed a wheat straw very meditatively. "Well," he said, "not to exceed more'n two year, mebbe." And the man backed a little further away, and said he would "sort of look round a little further before he bought, like." And Farmer John never saw him again, not even unto this day.

Each inhabitant in the United States pays \$2.02 for the public schools, and \$1.39 for military purposes. These two items of expenditure in other countries of the world are as follows: Prussia, 51 cents and \$2.29; Austria, 34 cents and \$1.39; France, 29 cents and \$4.50; Italy, 13 cents and \$1.57; England and Wales, 66 cents and \$3.86; Switzerland, 88 cents and \$1.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong man has two high tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

PARISIAN BONBONS.

"Fickle and fine and French."

Experience is a fine word for suffering.

"Doctor, you must really prescribe something for me."

"My dear lady, you need no medicine—only a little rest, and then you'll be as well as ever."

"But, doctor, surely I ought to be given some medicine of some sort or other. You've only felt my pulse; examine my tongue." [He does so.]

"Precisely, madam; your tongue needs rest, too."

They were discussing the charms of an actress whom one gentleman of the company affected to regard as the handsomest woman on the stage.

"She's not bad looking," said another, "but one of her eyes is smaller than the other."

"Ha-ha!" said the other, triumphantly, "that's all you know about it. If you'd watched her closely you'd have seen that one of her eyes is larger than the other. Smaller, indeed!"

"If I should marry Eliza Jane," said the prospective son-in-law, "I should frankly confess one thing in advance—I am of rather a hasty temper and apt to get mad without cause."

"Oh, that'll be all right," blandly replied the dear old lady; "I shall go and live with you, and I'll see that you always have cause."

Thoughts from *La Vie Parisienne*: It is simply incredible the point to which women carry ignorance of the value of words and knowledge of their price. To touch their hearts it is better to show a closed fist than to stretch out an open palm; they are always ready to bestow alms upon a bandit. Heaven gave women tongues to ask questions with, and eyes to give answers with. Confess, ye who know the sex thoroughly, that it is often a more meritorious act for a woman to allow something good to be said of another woman than it would be for her to say it herself.

Love may be blind, as they say, but in all the records of the ages, it has never kissed the girl's mother by mistake, when it reached out after the girl.

A very handsome and richly dressed lady had given a penny to a beggar.

A moment later he hurried after her, overtook her, and gasped imploringly: "Madame, madame, *le cop** saw you *stake*† me, and here he is to ask you if I am beggar, and receive alms. Save me, or I shall be *run in*."‡

"But what can I say?" asked the lady.

"Tell him I lent you the money last week till you could sell your dog, and that you have just been returning it."

"*Qu'est-ce que tu me donnes? C'est trop mince!*" *Tu es trop fraîche!*§ exclaimed the *agent de police*, as he removed the mendicant to the *poste*.

No woman can be beautiful by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

A facetious brakeman cries out as the train is entering a tunnel: "This tunnel is about one mile long, and the train will be four minutes passing through it." The train dashes into daylight again in four seconds, and the scene in the car is one for a painter. Seven young ladies are closely pressed by fourteen pairs of masculine arms, fourteen pairs of lips are glued together, and two dozen inverted flasks flash in the air.

Victor Hugo's definition of Paradise: "The parents always young, and the children always little."

It was among the swells of a remote country village.

"Sa-ay," says one of them; "there was a performance in the theatre at the market town day before yesterday, the paper says."

"Yes," remarks the village Adonis, "I was there."

"Good fun?"

"You bet. The leading lady was a charming girl; and I just tell you, boys—but no! that wouldn't be fair," and he winks knowingly, and throws himself back in his chair, as much as to say: "Red-hot pincers shall not draw the secret from me."

The old soldier, who is reading the county paper in the corner, breaks in: "So she was quite overcome, eh? Lucky dog!"

The young man blushes and says: "Really, Captain, you know; kiss and never tell—you know."

"Because," says the veteran, pleasantly, "the paper says it was a puppet-show by the Royal Bolivian Marionettes."

Love is truly a democratic little fellow, and is not "at all a respecter of persons."

Madame X. sent away her cook, who had too many military visitors, and replaced her by a guileless country lass. The other day she took a look into the kitchen, and there saw a superb-looking soldier tasting a bowl of soup. "Is it possible you, too, are guilty of this thing, Sophie?" "Please, ma'am, you are mistaken. This is, no doubt, one of the soldiers left over by the last cook."

The Talmud says that man was first created with a tail, and that when the caudal appendage was found to be inconvenient and ungraceful Adam prayed to have it taken off, which was done by the divine hand. And then woman was made out of the amputated limb by planting it in the ground. This is something decidedly Darwinian, and it deserves investigation by that class of philosophers and naturalists who oppose the accepted story.

* *Le cop*, the policeman. † *Stake* from *staker*—to bestow alms. ‡ *Run in*—term of Parisian argot, meaning "to be arrested." § *Qu'est-ce que tu me donnes*, etc.—"What art thou giving me? It is too thin. Thou art too thin."

THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

An Address Delivered before the El Dorado Agricultural Society.

Last week Frank M. Pixley, the senior editor of this journal, delivered an address before the El Dorado Agricultural Society, at its annual fair, held at Placerville. The subject of the address was "The Cause of Hard Times," and as many of the points made are universal in their application, and the handling of the topic pithy and practical, we take advantage of the fact that the author is duck shooting in Tulare County to print it as a choice bit of reading for our bucolic friends.

Times are hard, business is depressed. Labor and capital are at war. Capital oppresses, labor revolts. This is not a local, but a universal complaint. It is not confined to El Dorado County, it extends throughout the State, throughout the nation, throughout the world. Ships lie idle, factory fires have died out, the sound of the anvil and the hammer no longer make music while the light of the forge reflects from artisan and operative the happy faces of content at cheerful labor. The farmer's boy lags languidly at his plow; the farmer looks out from his unremunerative fields and orchards with gloomy brow, and the careworn wife has lost the old-time cheerful look, that beguiled with gleeful song her happy toil. And yet they say we live in the golden age—the age of letters, of art, of culture, of progress, of liberty, of freedom of conscience, of inventions, of learning, of philosophy. Then what is the matter? The same God reigns supreme in heaven; the same sun shines for all; the same moon reflects his glory; the same stars glitter in the same blue vault; the same glad earth produces grain, and fruits, and flowers. There are no more men and women now than when God's bounty blessed us all with plenty and content. No more backs to clothe; no more stomachs to feed; no more soul-cravings to satisfy. What is the matter in El Dorado County? When we have answered satisfactorily this conundrum, we have solved the great financial, social, and economic problem for all the world. El Dorado is the type of all the world. Its men, and women, and children are types of the whole human family. What ails you, ails the race; what affects you, affects all the sons and daughters of Adam; what is a panacea for your ailments, will cure the world's disease; what will relieve you, and lift the clouds and gloom that now oppress this community, will let the clear, healthful sunlight and the bracing air of heaven in upon all. My memory of El Dorado ante-dates that of most of you. I know its mountains and its valleys, its cañons, its gulches, and its gravel beds, where precious treasures hid themselves. I know its forests and its valleys, for I have delved and toiled for gold in its river bottoms and on its mountain sides. I know its soil and climate. I have hugged its naked bosom for an entire winter, with nothing between the earth and her toiling son than boughs and blankets, with no other covering than blankets and the starry canopy. If gold could make men happy, if gold could bring content, if gold could satisfy the wants of man, assuredly this, of all places in the world, should have been the paradise. From this country came the revelation of that new dispensation for which men prayed. From El Dorado went the glad salutation to all the earth that here was the promised land. Not John, as he came crying from the wilderness; not Peter the Hermit, as he preached the rescue of the holy sepulcher, stirred the nations to so great a fervor. The promised Messiah was never, in his coming, welcomed with so glad an acclamation as the announcement that in the tail race of Sutter's saw-mill gold in quantities had been found. They came from civilized and heathen lands. The brightest and the best of the young men of our own country gathered here. And it was here the soil gave up its wealth; mountain, glen, and cañon poured forth their treasures; and, when the gold stream weakened in its volume, the hills and valleys beckoned you to woo them, and promised you an ample dowry of fruit and grain. Israelite never fled from Egyptian bondage through flood and desert attracted by so fair a promise of milk and honey. Moses, from Pisgah's height, never overlooked so fair a land. This land kept its promise, and all its promises, to you. We may not compute the minted millions of its golden wealth that it poured into the laps of you, its pioneers. And now to-day, this week, as I drive over familiar places, I observe your farms and orchards, your fields and vineyards. I see in your exhibition such a display of fruits, I taste such wines, I see such promises of abundance, and in your faces such evidences of health, in your forms such strength, in your sons and daughters such signs of intelligence and beauty; that I am led to wonder and to inquire, Why do I hear the complaint that times are hard and that business is depressed? I remember the splendid, hopeful, older days. I remember these streets of Placerville, resonant with life, crowded with eager workers, exultant with prosperous times; twelve-mule teams keeping lively step to the creaking "schooners" that labored under their heavy loads; music of horn and viol, inviting to the gambling bell. I remember that, with the blessings of abundant gold, came the curse of greed and dissipation—nights of debauchery, to be followed by days of idleness. Gold is only the root of evil. Gold misused and opportunities abused, is what was the matter with El Dorado in the early time. Men lost their pluck, lost their money, and lost heart. Gold had not brought the blessings it promised, and the county went into the dumps. The brave-hearted, energetic, prosperous men—the lucky men—picked up their blankets, gathered together their household gods, and silently stole away. In their folly they said El Dorado is being exhausted of her gold, is exhausted of everything. I stood to-day on one of your hill tops—an orchard bending with such luscious fruit as I never saw elsewhere, vines loaded with clustered grapes, a cottage home embowered in flowers—and I remember standing in the same place twenty-nine years ago, kicking the toe of my boot into the red soil and wondering if it would grow potatoes. I have traveled somewhat in foreign lands. In Ireland, where such soil as this will produce four pounds a year per acre rental; in Scotland, where half a score of landed lords own one-half its broad domain; in Holland and Switzerland, where the cow is housed with the family; in Germany, where women are yoked with horses to plow the land; in Belgium, where a woman works in double harness with a dog; in Italy, where upon the rich plains of Lombardy the toiling peasant dares not eat the fruit and vegetables he aids to grow; in all these lands, where the best years of a man's life are exacted in military service to the State—the State, of which he forms no part; where lands are entailed from father to son—where

the eldest son inherits; lands, where the poorest acres that crown the summit of your hills, or the deposits formed from the debris of your mines, would, under the manipulation of toil and the fertilization of labor, become a priceless inheritance; lands, where families are ennobled in the possession of such properties as lie unappropriated within the borders of this State, and that may be had for the asking. Now, then, who is to blame for hard times, for discontent—that El Dorado County does not advance and prosper? If this county, with its lands and forests, mountains, streams, and valleys, its undeveloped mines, its unworked beds of ore, its soil of fruitfulness, was dropped down as God's free gift in any European land, where any might possess and cultivate, what should we see? First, a crazy people fighting for each acre. None so barren, none so inaccessible, none so far from market; none so thin of soil, or dry, or rocky, that it would not be regarded as a priceless gift. Then, let the Divine goodness give to this (then European) county the climate of El Dorado—where the apple and the orange grow side by side; where fruit, and wine, and grain springs from a soil rich in gold; where mountain streams will flow from mountain heights—wait a generation for results; and to these fertile acres, these square miles, let there be but fourteen thousand inhabitants. Do you think, my El Dorado friends, that with this soil and climate, this government of exemption from military duty, this people clothed with sovereign power, educated in free schools, provided with a free press, and authorized to elect their own county officers, raise and disburse their own taxes, there would be a complaint of hard times? Plant El Dorado County amid the glens of Scotland; amid the Alps; on the plains of Lombardy; within the dykes of Holland, and give to it a population of French, German, Italian, Swiss, Belgian, Austrian, Slav, or Hun, make them owners of the fee of the soil, and do you think they would complain of hard times? Then what's the matter with the people of El Dorado? Are you not the equals of Teuton, Celt, or Saxon? Have you degenerated from the races from which you spring? Are you less resolute, less enterprising, less hardy, or less reasonable than your progenitors? Have you softened in brain or muscle that you cannot accomplish results, or attain ends attainable by the foreign races who would so gladly seize the inheritance you despise? Then I say the fault is in yourselves. God has done all He could for you, and civilization has done all it could for you. What I have said for El Dorado applies to California, to the Pacific Coast. All the way from Puget Sound to the Mexican boundary stretches the grandest domain that God has given to man. Rich in everything: in forests, fisheries, mines, fruitful lands; rich in the opportunities for homes, farms, comforts; a land of health, a land of plenty, a land of inexhaustible resources, a land of liberty, of freedom of thought, of freedom of conscience, and of freedom of action under the law. When I think of this land of marvelous wealth and boundless opportunity, this climate that presents no extremes of heat nor cold, this land where a primeval race could subsist and multiply upon the fishes that crowded its streams, the animals that abounded in plain and forest, the fruity nuts of its pine trees, the grain of its hillsides, and the berries of its river bottoms; when I reflect that succeeding this dusky race of untaught and unteachable savages there came another that lived and flourished upon flocks, and herds, and the product of half-tilled fields and the interchange of a ship load or two each year of hide and tallow for the comforts and luxuries of a higher civilization; when I reflect that Indians and early Spaniards could live and flourish in this land of bounteous gifts, I marvel that our proud Saxon family, in a later age, with all the improvements of modern invention, with inexhaustible gold mines, with an Oriental, coastways, and transcontinental trade, with an annual production of gold, silver, grain, wine, wool, fruit, and a thousand other commodities of the value of millions, find it necessary to grumble at their lot and complain of hard times. I ask what is the matter? It is not the country. Then it must be the people who inhabit it that are at fault. I can see no reason why the people of California ought not to be content with their lot. They are not, and at the risk of incurring your displeasure and hurting your pride, I will give some of the reasons why: First, more than seven-tenths of your wants are artificial. If any family would open an expense book, and in one column place the figures representing the necessities and reasonable comforts of life, and in the other the figures that represent the wants of fashion, luxurious tastes, and false pride, you will be surprised at the result. If you gentlemen could keep an itemized account of expenses growing out of the indulgence of politics, gambling, stock transactions, horse tastes, drinking, smoking, and other extravagant and hurtful proclivities; if you ladies would keep an itemized account of the cost of indulging in fashion, from French boots to French bonnets and four-button kid gloves, of educating your children in fashionable rather than useful branches of learning, and note those items of your housekeeping account that are the growth of ambitious rivalry with wealthier neighbors, you would, I think, all be surprised at the modest sum demanded for the comforts of life, and the larger amount expended for what I term artificial wants. This would not be so noticeable in the country as the towns; not so apparent in Placerville as San Francisco. I speak, I think, intelligently when I say that seven-tenths of the cost of a city life is for unnecessary wants; that nine-tenths of the poverty of the city is genteel poverty; that nearly all the real misery of the city comes from the strain and effort of keeping up genteel appearances, living in society, dressing fashionably. From this comes, in a great measure, stock gambling, defalcations of men in places of trust, the crimes of swindling, family difficulties, divorces, dissipation, suicide, and death. The tendency of the time is for families to flee from the country and to crowd the town. The country is exile to the ambitious woman or the restless man. Society for the family, education for the children, vicinage to the church, are some of the excuses and pretexts put forth to abandon the farm, and live in the town. A healthful public sentiment should have an opposite tendency. The most independent, dignified, and honorable life that man can lead is upon some of God's unincumbered acres, where intelligence prevails and contentment dwelleth. The best population in any country is that which lives upon and tills its own acres. It is with this part of the American people that liberty and prosperity of republican institutions are anchored. If I had the enchanter's wand, I would unroof the houses of San Francisco, and with the power of

Asmodeus, I would enable you to look beneath the social surface, the bed quilt, the pot lid, and into the family purse. I would show you the envious heart-burnings that arise from a jealous desire to reach a step higher up on the social ladder. I would show you how the fashionable attire and jewels that adorn the persons of some ladies are obtained. I would show you the care-worn face and weary form of the husband, who toils to provide the wants that society demands. I would open up the secrets and the intrigues of the office hunter, and the anxious fear of him who holds place, and hangs by his eye-lids over the ragged edge of starvation. I would let you see the palpitant heart of the stock gambler, how it beats, and throbs, and stops, and starts, as the speculative barometer rises and falls. I would have you note the anxious brow of the business man, as his eye runs up and down the ledger, and plans and plots to put far away the evil day when the community shall know what he knows of his own insolvency, and contemplates with fear the hour when the inevitable catastrophe of failure must come. I would have you realize the anxious solicitude with which parents contemplate the future for their boys and girls—boys who are uneducated to labor, and girls whose chiefest learning is the accomplishment of music. And after studying well what the unroofing of a great commercial city will disclose, I would have you, men and women of El Dorado County, return to your mountain homes, better content with the beautiful spot that the good God has given you for an inheritance.

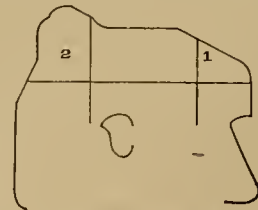
"Stop my Paper."

How to make a newspaper that will please everybody is one of those conundrums impossible of solution. The world is composed of all sorts of people, of all sorts of tastes, of all standards of opinion, all shades of intellectual thought, all kinds of religious belief, all sorts of national prejudice, all degrees of superstition. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. A journal is never of uniform excellence—good last week, bad this, better next. The story in prose or the poem that will please a young girl or a romantic boy will not suit the dignified old Paterfamilias who delights in solid facts and the inexorable logic of figures that never lie. If there is in it too much of fun, it does not suit the sedate and grave. If it is too solid and severe, it does not please the gay and thoughtless. If too political, the non-political grumble. If it does not explain all the complicated diplomatic questions and elucidate all the subtle points of international complication, it is incomplete. If it does not grapple with every abuse and boldly endeavor to reform the world, there are philanthropists who will criticize. If it does not contain all the news and all the sensations of the world, it is imperfect. Now, a journal is like an individual. It has its peculiarities. We have acquaintances who are not altogether clever fellows, not always companionable, and yet because of their idiosyncrasies we would not altogether dispense with them. They are in variable moods, pleasant to-day, disagreeable to-morrow. Not unfrequently they wound with their wit or sting in malice, and yet on the general average are worth holding on to. We have some friends who are specialists and bore us with their one idea. Some are stupid, but genial. It takes all sorts of traits to form a character, all sorts of people to form a world, all sorts of actors to play a piece. One's best friend is grouchy in the morning and good natured after dinner. He is in an amiable mood at one time, and in a devilish humor at another; he is flush and generous; he is in a corner and shabbily mean; he is dyspeptic and ill-tempered; he is at ease with himself and all mankind and is a splendid good fellow. So with newspapers; each one has its character, each its peculiarities. They are to be estimated as one estimates an acquaintance. They are to be endured, put up with, avoided at times. Sometimes we "shake" a friend; we have the right to "shake" a newspaper. Sometimes we cut a friend dead and ignore his existence; just in this way the newspaper ought to be treated. As one is not justified in dropping an acquaintance unless he becomes utterly unbearable, so we ought to hang on to our newspaper until it commits some unpardonable offense, and then it ought to be kicked. Our friend may differ with us in opinion, but he must do it courteously; so must a newspaper. Our friend may bore us at times; so may a newspaper. Our friend may be dull and uninteresting; so may a newspaper. We have written all this nonsense just for the opportunity to say that a person who stops his paper because it contains opinions with which he is not in accord is an ass.

Kearney Phenologically.

From the New York Sun.

"I have been to see Denis Kearney to get an outline of his head and gauge his character," Professor Graham, the phenologist, said yesterday. "Of course he would not let me touch his head; but I didn't need to do that. I could see the lines through his short hair, and (getting pencil and paper) I can give you a drawing of his head. It is shaped like this:



"Where the 1 is his intellectual faculties are exhibited, and the figure 2 represents his self-esteem. I will give you a diagnosis of his faculties in short order. They are: Small moral brain; large animal; small in thought; fair perception; very large self-esteem; will try to rule or ruin; large combativeness and destructiveness; will look after things for himself; a 'No. 1' man."

No photographer has any business to tell a sitter to assume a pleasant expression of countenance. If a man wants to look piratical, that's his affair.

SNUBBING.

Thackeray wrote a book on "Snobs," Dean Swift an essay on "Boors," and, some years ago, one of our ablest local pens did justice to "Humbugs;" but *Snubbing* is a field of virgin soil, in which the pen of neither author, essayist, nor poet has deemed it profitable to plow or harrow; yet, as a social nuisance, it is widespread, and, of all domestic wrongs, it is probably the most vicious.

With no intention to recognise here the *canaille*, who use in their families language profane or abusive, which would entitle them to a place in the category of mere blackguards, or whose indecencies of tongue are within police cognizance, we shall discuss the more refined class—people who claim to be respectable, delicate, and genteel—who live in good houses, and number in their ranks the wealthy, educated, and fashionable.

As defined by lexicographers "snub" means to nip, to check, to suppress, to extinguish, to put down, to treat with contempt; and, in the hands of an expert, when wielded with vigor, the snub is a formidable weapon. And though we admit that, until intrusiveness and impertinence are ostracized from society, its use will remain an indispensable accomplishment to ward off familiarity or repel boorishness; yet its purpose should be a buckler and not a spear; it should be used to defend and protect, but never to slay or wound; and to attain skill in its point and parry is the acquisition of a fine art. The science may be divided into political, literary, social, and domestic.

Passing over the political flunky, or party hack, who is tolerated while useful, and snubbed when importunate; the moonstruck poetaster diseased with *scriphobia*; the philanthropist who would right all wrongs; the reformer with a mission; and the meddler without one—all snubbed in self-defense. The author who regales you with his philanderings, and the punster with his atrocities, when extinguished with a sneer, or crushed by a *bon mot*, is entitled to no pity.

The snub social in intricate, complicated, and hydra-headed. The Snooks are not invited to Mrs. Shoddy's ball; the Busters won't return Mrs. Shoddy's call; Miss Bangup forgets last summer's introduction; Mrs. McGuzzle omits to make a dinner call; Misses Flash left no "P. P. C.'s;" somebody made no call of condolence, and somebody else gave no response to the mystic "R. S. V. P.;" Dr. Quack won't meet Dr. Pellet; Miss Baggs is always "not at home" when young Gimlet calls; Bishop Morphine gives two fingers to a parishioner, one to a rector's lady, and none to a curate's wife. And these, according to the fine arts, are divided into the several subdivisions of the snub-social; they are believed to be justifiable, but are invariably the fruit of ignorance, arrogance, and folly; they pertain to a class of big-headed dunces, or light-headed fashionables; they sting others, and are stung back; they are snubbed, and snub in return. It is the ill-natured effort of Lilliputian minds to maintain a doubtful dignity in the pigmy scales of social consequence, and is, therefore, the controversy of equals, and does no harm.

The domestic snubber when feminine is also innocuous, for besides the contempt the masculine poltroon earns by submission to the ordeal, the infliction is too rare to deserve comment, and female snubbers of this class, at best, are never more than a partially developed variety of the species. But the male snubber is always venomous, and, like rattlesnakes and rodents, they should be declared noxious reptiles, hunted from the pales of civilization, and a government bounty offered for their scalps.

They are beings in whose anatomy souls were omitted, and gizzards inserted in the place of hearts; in temperament they are nervous, restless, and fussy; in character timid, cautious, and cowardly, or impatient, imperious, and dictatorial, as fear of consequence or immunity from resentment warrants; self-opinionated but superficial, they sneer at etiquette, scoff at society laws, and, in justice to the Almighty, proclaim that they are "self-made men;" in habits bad feeders, poor sleepers, and usually of unsound health; their appearances are never of the *bon homme* or fat and rosy order, but lean representatives of the class that Julius Cæsar hated:

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

When you see intelligent women restless but silent in the drawing-room, you may be sure of this vermin's presence. When a dining table presents the quiet of a church yard, or monopolized by the masculine diapason, pregnant with tedious repetitions, and unresponsive to nothingnesses, you may be sure this dread iconoclast is there. The cowed aspect of children, their whispered questions and signaled answers, their nervous gesticulations of head, hand, or brow, all denote his depressing influence; no gushing love or playful romp welcomes the oppressor's return, no prattle or joyous shout invades that home; the hush of seeming fear heralds his entrance, and real silence accompanies his presence. I know of no sadder sight than the undue suppression of the young, whose dread of the snub paternal changes them from intelligent human beings, with lungs, and tongues, and brains, into voiceless, monotonous and oppressive automata.

Domestic snubbing is the meanest and most cowardly of incivilities, but, like the Australian boomerang, it recoils upon the perpetrator, and while he succeeds in paralyzing home intercourse and happiness, by the conversion of his house into a rat-pit that he may play terrier, he excludes himself from the sympathy, love, and confidence of his family; or if commercial pride induces the maintenance of a palatial dwelling and costly table, he pays exorbitantly for the privileges of a gilded manger, in which to browse, snarl, and sleep.

The dependence of wife and children upon the moods and manners of husband and father is so *absolute*, that they lay unshielded at his mercy, where, by the laws of God and man, he is required to minister to their happiness, and to be to them practically "the source from whence all blessings flow;" instead of which, the domestic pessimist is ingenious in discovering petty errors, hunts up ommissions, nurses small grievances, invents imaginary ones, and revels in fault-findings, until the soul-bruised wife in this "house of correction" degenerates into mental sterility, and the snubbed children (tutored by parental discords) learn with their infant training to growl, snivel, and snub, till time develops them into sulky

girls and boorish boys (unmannered cubs), who answer with a snap, like the shutting of a Jack-knife, and assert with a growl, like the snarl of a bull dog; they expect to be snubbed and get in their *say* defiantly; their very tone of voice is indicative of desperate resolution or dogged courage. And the evil never ends with the perpetrator of this crime, for he is sure to beget progeny, inflict his race upon posterity, and the infection of example serves to hand down to generations after him this patent right of misery.

The family table has a purpose beyond the greedy consumption of food; it is the reunion of minds, where each one brings his or her quota of healthy intelligence, the current events of that day's life, social chat, and political gossip, European news, literary discussions, and such contributions of wit and fancy as make dining an intellectual as well as a physical feast. And there, too, children, like young birds trying their unfledged wings, make their first essays in being agreeable; there they learn to converse without being intrusive, and to joke without rudeness; there, too, the little courtesies of life are imbibed, and the eye and ear of boyhood drink in words and actions, that mould the character and make the after man. And it is just as unreasonable to expect that a Chesterfield or Grandison can be nurtured amid the incivilities of social life, as that deformity can beget symmetry or vulgarity produce elegance.

I know one family where the hospitality of the host is neutralized by the silent inanition of the rest of the family; but, in his absence, the amiability of the mother is only excelled by the wit and brilliancy of her daughters. Alas! his presence is the upas tree; and such sentences as "Well, what of it?" "What do you know about it?" "Of course, you know a good deal?" "What fool told you that?" "Where did you get that nonsense?" "Don't talk like a fool?" "Don't talk about what you don't know?" and kindred sentences, are the poison that stifles social intercourse, and inflicts upon his family insults that no stranger would tolerate. But his wife (because it is her misfortune to be his wife) must bear the insolence, and his children (because they are his chattels) dare evince no resentment. Unrebuked he plays the tyrant and bully; unpunished he crushes souls, hearts, and brains; and yet he pretends to be a gentleman, is known to be a man of culture, and claims to be a man of honor—with justice, too, for this class invariably belong to the order *sans tache*, of successful business men, moral pharisees! who are publicly irreproachable, but privately infamous; whose word on "Change is current as a gold note, and his check better than a government bond; Christian hypocrites! who flaunt white cravats and church-memberships, pass the plate, and teach Sunday-school.

Probably it is unreasonable to expect the sordid money-getter to part with his coin to wife or children (who, by the arithmetic of his avarice, are consumers and not producers) without the ordinary snub, conjugal or parental, just as it would be unreasonable to expect another class of these grumbling, snarling *putterers* not to usurp jurisdiction over the female sovereignties of the kitchen, the pantry, and the laundry, not to interrogate servants, regulate the petty expenditures of wife and daughters, interfere generally with matters beyond their control, or be otherwise than fussy, meddlesome, and disagreeable. But such men are martyrs to the Juggernaut of economy; they love, hate, act, and move with that object, and if forgetful of the rights of others, if they make wife and children barter their pride and self-respect for food and clothes, they hope to save money and grow richer, which is their sole object of life, and are, therefore, brutal for a purpose. But the "domestic snubber" is a volunteer ruffian, a creature without reason; he is insolent without an object, tyrannical without cause, wounds without a motive, is despicable without reward, despotic without a purpose, loses by each victory, and, like Beecher's profane swearer, "his is the only vice for which the devil pays no recompense."

G. F. S.

An Antidote for the Suicidally Inclined.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Not a hundred years ago, nor a thousand miles from the Pacific Coast, a young man of possibly twenty-four sat at midnight in a small and sparsely furnished room, and reflected. His gaunt companions were Hunger, Despair, and Misery. He was without money and without employment. Unfortunately, he had friends; and he had pride—that deep, false pride, inseparable from a nature high-strung and sensitive as his. "Should I die to-night—should I send a bullet crashing through my throbbing brain and relieve the terrible pressure there," murmured he, "I should be at rest." Then came before his imagination a picture of his acquaintance meeting: "So M— has shot himself! Poor devil, was he drunk?" "No, believe not; they say he was busted." "Ah, that's worse!" "I always thought he was a little queer," said a third friend. "Damn fool," remarked another, laconically. But his best and truest friends, he noticed, said little or nothing. Then came the newspapers, and the strictly accurate account of his taking off that his far off family would have to read in their agony and shame. "Losses in stocks," "drunk," "crossed in love," "insane," according as the ubiquitous reporter of the different papers felt, or the amount of beer imbibed up to the time of obtaining the item. He was tired of struggling with the world, with poverty, and humiliation; but these visions of what he knew must follow hurt him quite as much as the weariness and pain of living, and stayed his hand as it was about to snap the thread of life. Then, as he sat meditating thus, his thoughts began to flow, and he wrote. Soon he forgot his hunger and misery, and wrote on as the minutes sped. There are moments of inspiration when the pen drops a divine thought from the soul of genius at every stroke, and so it was with him—and he wrote, knowing it not. He only felt a *something* that he did not see in the faces of other men; for who can say what genius is! Truly not those who are afflicted with it. When at last he dropped his pen there was a more peaceful and contented look upon his tired face. Quietly he folded his manuscript, and early the next day took it to the ARGONAUT. It was rejected without comment.

NEMO.

St. Bernard puts it well when he says: "Humanity is, of all graces, the chiefest when it doesn't know itself to be a grace at all."

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing. It is living in poverty that comes hard."

PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

L'amour, dans le mariage, serait l'accomplissement d'un beau rêve, s'il n'en était trop souvent la fin.—*A. Karr.*

Les rides sont le tombeau de l'amour.—*Sarrasin.*

S'il se trouve quelque part des femmes qui meurent sages, il faut qu'elles aient combattu toute la vie.—*L'abbé Prévot.*

L'amour n'est qu'un oubli de la raison.—*St. Jérôme.*

Les femmes appellent repentir le doux souvenir de leurs fautes et l'amer regret de ne pas pouvoir recommencer.—*Beau-manoir.*

—Eh quoi! vous passez devant moi sans me regarder, disait une dame à Fontenelle. —Madame, répondit-il, si je vous eusse regardé, je n'aurais point passé.

La société des femmes gâte les mœurs et forme le goût. *Montesquieu.*

Bacchus, endormant la raison,
Par sa liqueur traitresse,
A bien souvent sur le gazon,
Renversé la sagesse.

Le temps est tôt ou tard le vainqueur de l'amour, l'amitié seule dompte le temps.—*Mme. d'Arconville.*

La sympathie est une parenté de cœur et d'esprit. Entre deux personnes de sexe différent les sens entrent aussi dans la famille.—*A. Dupuy.*

Un homme de lettres rencontre un jour dans la rue un individu qui l'aborde en disant:—Bonjour, mon cher ami, comment te portes-tu? —Bien, mon cher ami, comment te nommes-tu?

L'amitié est impossible entre un grand et un petit, fort difficile entre un jeune homme et un jeune femme. Entre deux jolies femmes, c'est une fiction poétique.

Un vaudevilliste rentrant un soir au logis, après avoir caressé un peu trop la dive bouteille, sa moitié lui parut double:

Grands dieux! s'écria-t-il,
Je n'avais qu'une femme et j'étais malheureux,
Par quel forfait épouvantable
Ai-je donc mérité que vous m'en donniez deux.

Fontenelle aimait beaucoup le saumon. Un jour il dinait chez Madame du D. où se trouvaient plusieurs convives peu lettrés. Comme il retournait une seconde fois au saumon, l'un d'eux lui dit d'un air un peu goguenard:—Eh! Eh! Monsieur de Fontenelle, je ne savais pas que les philosophes aimassent autant les bons morceaux. —Probablement, répondit-il sèchement, que Monsieur s'imaginait que Dieu n'avait fait les bonnes choses que pour les sots.

L'amour est un duel à l'épingle.

CONJUGAISON.
Je t'aime,
Tu m'aimes,
Il ou elle m'adore,
Nous nous marions,
Vous vous trompez,
Ils se séparent.

Les romans ne sont pas dans les livres, ils sont dans la vie.

Une dame et son fils âgé de six ans s'arrêtent devant un bureau à tabac. —Maman, achète-moi une pipe. —Mais, mon ami, les dames n'achètent pas des pipes. —Tu diras que c'est pour moi.

Un Monsieur rend visite à une famille de sa connaissance et demande à un petit garçon de cinq ans: —Qui aimes-tu le mieux, ton papa ou ta maman? —J'aime le poulet, répond l'innocent.

L'amour est la poésie des sens.

EPITAPHE.
Marthe, dit-on, fut toujours sage,
Jamais personne n'eut son cœur,
Mais cette vertu, je le gage,
Elle la dut à sa laideur.

Pour les hommes une coquette est ce qu'est un jouet pour un enfant. Tant qu'il l'amuse, il le conserve; le jour où il ne lui plaît plus, il le brise.

Les illusions tombent l'une après l'autre, comme les écorces d'un fruit, et le fruit, c'est l'expérience. Sa saveur est amère, elle a pourtant quelque chose d'acre qui fortifie.—*G. de Nerval.*

Il faut avoir beaucoup étudié pour arriver à savoir qu'on ne sait rien, ou, du moins, pas grand chose.

Mieux vaut une erreur qui rend heureux qu'une évidence qui désespère.

L'amour console de tout.

Qui peut gouverner une femme peut gouverner une nation. —*Balzac.*

Monsieur le comte de N..., âgé de soixante ans, voulant soustraire Mademoiselle de P... au despotisme d'une mère capricieuse lui offrit de l'épouser en ces termes: —Mademoiselle, voulez-vous être ma veuve?

—Ma femme qui me croit vertueux! disait un jour un mari à Balzac, comme elle sera étonnée au jugement dernier. —Je ne sais qui le sera le plus de vous ou d'elle, lui répondit le sarcastique écrivain.

La coquette est une femme qui met son honneur à la loterie; il y a quatre-vingt-dix-neuf à parier contre un qu'elle le perdra.

Chaque passion a ses termes adoucis: L'orgueil s'appelle dignité; l'égoïsme, charité de soi-même; la faiblesse, modestie; l'avarice, économie; ainsi des autres.

L'immense majorité des sots ayant fait les lois qui régissent les usages du monde, ces lois sont naturellement au bénéfice des sots.

Fort abat, plus fort relève.

On raconte qu'au moment de mourir Alexandre Dumas dit à son fils: —Ouvre ce tiroir, tu y trouveras un louis; je te le laisse. Je suis arrivé à Paris, il y a quarante ans avec deux louis dans ma poche, il m'en reste un, tu vois que je n'ai pas trop dépensé.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 15.

L. G. J. DE FÉAUX

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PLACERVILLE, Sept. 15, 1878.—We thought we knew something of California, and we do, but we do not know it all. In response to an invitation from the El Dorado Agricultural Society we visited that county during the past week. We mined there in 1849; we have from time to time visited it; but never, till this last trip, did we fully appreciate its wealth. There is a thermal belt—of we do not know how many miles in width—skirting our foot-hills, with a climate and soil peculiarly adapted to the raising of all kinds of products. To enumerate them is to schedule all the grains, fruits, and vegetables that may be grown in the temperate and semi-tropic latitudes. The apple and the orange we saw growing side by side; wheat, barley, rye, oats, potatoes, and every variety of grain and vegetable thrive there in luxuriant growth. There is no variety of grape that we have ever seen that we did not see there in perfection. Such orchards as we visited do not exist elsewhere in the world, outside of California. It is doubtless true that through Shasta, Tehama, Butte, Yuba, Nevada, Placer, Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne, Mariposa, Merced, Fresno, and Tulare, this same fruitful belt extends. We are now writing of El Dorado, and only of what we saw. Our first surprise was to observe that the deep, productive soil extends to the summit of the hills. We had somehow come to think that the orchards of El Dorado were confined to the bottom lands of the deep valleys and the water-courses—such spots as Coloma; and we had thought that a great part of this rich soil had been sluiced away in search of gold. The facts turn out to be that the best orchards and the best vineyards are upon the slopes of the hills. The chaparral land, when redeemed, is strong, good soil. The principal trees are pine and white oak—the white oak indicating the best land, but the land is all good. Even where the soil has been washed away the land is easily restored; and upon gravel banks and deposits of debris, when leveled off, we saw some excellent orchards. The system of ditches, originally constructed for mining, brings water to the tops of the highest hills; and there is not a mountain farm that may not be cheaply supplied with water from these artificial water-courses. In our extensive ride over the county we did not see an acre of barren land. The whole county is dotted with fruit farms—and such fruit! We saw orchards that looked like tangled swamps of bending willows—the trees fairly resting their boughs upon the ground from their weight of fruit, gleaming in the sunlight with the rich colors of apple, pear, peach, plum, and fig. Another marvel: Inclosed lands of the best quality may be purchased for from five to ten dollars per acre, while there are hundreds of thousands of acres of land subject to entry at government price. There are homes in this county for a hundred thousand people to be had for the taking. There is not a tramp or bum in the county, nor an unoccupied man, nor a poor man, unless he has met with misfortune, or unless he is constitutionally lazy, or unless he drinks whisky. The climate is simply perfect. There are in this belt of country a thousand fortunes awaiting men of energy, capital, and organizing ability. Every five miles square will employ enough capital to build a fruit-drying establishment, a still, and a cider-mill. There is a wealth of fruit going every year to decay because it has no market. The fruit-growers have been swindled from two causes: First, their own stupidity and criminal lack of sufficient enterprise to inaugurate a coöperative system of fruit-drying, cider-making establishments, and stills to make peach and cider brandy, cherry and other cordials, and the many other incidental industries belonging to fruit culture; and, secondly, by fruit-dealers, who, by a fraudulent system of under-valuation of fruit, have given the farmers nothing for it, brought it to San Francisco and thrown it into the bay to keep prices

up to the consumers. The farmer has received for grapes, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, pears, figs, half a cent per pound, and for apples less. Thousands of tons of fruit have been allowed to decay every year for want of a market. A peach as large as a coffee-cup, of the most delicious flavor, rich, red, and juicy, its cheeks painted by the divine Artist, weighing a pound, has brought the farmer half a cent; while some middleman will throw it into the bay unless we pay a dime for it. There is fruit enough to be raised in this broad fruit belt, which, if dried and canned, would supply the world. There is wine enough to be produced that would rival the vintages of France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and the Canary Islands, not only in quantity but quality. It is a miserable affectation that despises the wines of our State, and drinks the thin, cheap, and nasty clarets of France, and the white, sour swills of the Rhine. There is a wealth in these foothills greater than all the gold mines of the western Sierra and all the silver deposits of the eastern slope. It demands capital, organization, enterprise, energy, industry, and patience to work out for El Dorado and the other counties around a wonderful destiny. There is more money in the wine, cider, cordials, nuts, fruits (canned and dried) of this region than in any other industry we know. The people of El Dorado County are a sleepy set. They have no organized fruit business, only one cannery, no banks, poor roads; they have repudiated part of the county debt; the railroad comes within twelve miles of Placerville and there it stops. Its villages are filled with grogeries and around them the usual throng of idle, whisky-drinking vagabonds. Money demands from one and a half to two per cent. a month interest. When the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank failed in San Francisco it was ascertained that a large number of its depositors lived in El Dorado County. Only think of the absurdity of the few rich men sending their accumulations to San Francisco to be loaned to stock gamblers, instead of loaning their money to their neighbors and thus building up and developing the resources of their own county. El Dorado ought to own all the ditches that bring water within its borders. Cheap water is more essential to the farmers of El Dorado than to the citizens of San Francisco. The county should buy the ditches and thus furnish cheap and abundant water. Get in debt. The increased value of property will give increased revenue from taxation. There is no economy nor sense in being mean and narrow. Oranges will grow in El Dorado. It is a mistake think that orange trees are hurt by frosts. There should be orange orchards planted without delay. They will pay an hundred per cent. per annum on their cost. Orchards can be bought now for one-quarter of their value, because there has been no market and people are discouraged. The man who sells his orchard is a fool; the man who buys it is a wise man. It would be better for the county that new men get into it. It needs new blood, new energy, and more capital, and that is all it does need to make it one of God's favored garden spots. Our trip to El Dorado has destroyed all the sympathy we have ever had for the sand-lot bummers. If these idle and worthless foreign malcontents would stop blaspheming God and cursing republican institutions, go to El Dorado County and go to work, make for themselves homes and farms, they could become what now they are not, respectable, decent, law-abiding citizens. P.

The Bulletin wants a clause in the new Constitution to prohibit lobbying. In our humble opinion a much more effective remedy would be to prohibit special legislation; for then, Othello-like, the occupation of the lobby would be gone. The lobby is born of and owes its existence to special legislation. The same men who run the lobby run our primary elections; and it is just here where the trouble begins. When the primaries are about to meet the whole army of contractors, schemers, and political tricksters is up in arms looking out for its interests, while the well-meaning citizen is resting on his oar in conscious security. The contractor whose case had no standing in court, and the schemer who wants a thieving bill enacted, are on the alert. The first act is to find a successful member of the third house, to whom their case is stated; a bargain is struck, and a plan of systematic public robbery is put in train; the primaries are stuffed with pliant, purchasable tools, who nominate men who are owned body and soul by the parties of the first part. This accounts for the number of legislators who represent themselves at the capital instead of their constituents. In the Legislature the member from San Francisco meets the member from Yreka; "tickle me and I'll tickle you" is the word, and between them the public is plundered. The material by which we have been represented at Sacramento is no criterion by which to judge the men of this city. This community is not wanting in men of sterling worth and integrity, but under our primary system they have no more show of being nominated or elected than the scriptural camel has of passing through the eye of the scriptural needle. To be successful in politics nowadays a man must "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," and do everything else that is nasty and distasteful to the man of principle, self-respect, and independence. If the gentlemen of the Convention will prohibit special legislation, they will eliminate from our political system one of its most demoralizing elements.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE SUICIDE.

"Then is it sin to rush into the secret house of death ere death dare come to us?" The query is that of the melancholy Dane, unanswered as yet, even by the muffled reports of the pistols whose obedient bullets have within the week sent two of our prominent citizens to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns"—the one with a shattered heart, the other with a suddenly scattered brain. Is this thing to become fashionable? Will conscience eventually make cowards of us all, leaving no one—

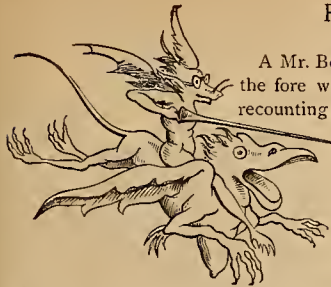
"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressors' wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delays,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make,
 With a bare bodkin?"

It is a question most seriously to be considered. Already the city has a suicidal reputation, a fearful record in the method and the material of those who here shuffle off this mortal coil. San Francisco is the proud city of self-destruction—the insane asylum of the world; and it is so natural that it should be that extenuation can even be extended the self-destroyer. Every condition here is favorable to the development of the disease. Here meet the wild and the reckless, the daring and the desperate. It is the *dernier resort* of the adventurer, the Mecca of the ambitious, the forlorn hope of the financially distressed and the bodily diseased. If fortune does not favor here there is no other place to look for it; if ambition finds no goal, achievement no triumph, on this western fringe of the continent, the spirit sinks hopelessly within; if the climate brings no healing balm, there is "a shuddering shape, a quiver of breath, and Life's story is told to the angel of Death." And outside of the unusual—and that is all that insanity and suicide are—the whole restless community runs away. Society here is full of failures, full of men who never have succeeded and who fear they never will; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat, and sleep, and simmer, and who now can do nothing but perpetuate their weaknesses; full of people weary of their own presence; full of broken and bruised reeds; full of dissatisfaction and distress. Business is a boil and a bubble. The human machine runs at high pressure. One's own friends hang on the safety-valve and only step aside for the flying pieces of the financial boiler. Social life is a lamentable lie. Home is almost a myth, especially to the denizens of lodging house and hotel, and there are thousands upon thousands of them. Man is a morbid animal. He lives his life with restless excitement, follows his pursuits with feverish impatience, is buoyant to the highest notch, or else securely locked in his cave of gloom he can be found mourning over wasted energy or nursing a strangled hope. This is the dangerous moment. We all know it because we have all stared the spectre squarely in the face. "To be or not to be" is a question as familiar as the memory of troubles we have had. Conditions ripen. Sleep is denied. The brain gets in a tangle. Your thoughts run away with you. You live a whole life over again. You begin to run up the debit and the credit account in the ledger of existence. The balance you carry over in the red ink of despair, and it is against you. There is no one near to side-track you from the ringing rails of an impending fatality; no loving hand of sister, mother, or wife to soothe with gentle hand your burning, throbbing brain; no caress that will bring on the forgetfulness of a peaceful, perfect rest; no voice to murmur a soothing even-song or whisper to your spirit something of its own quiet strength and patient trust, that things will all come out right by and by. But there is an impulse that toys with life. There is the weary, storm-tossed, tempest-driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearning for home, the craving for the solace of sleep that knows no waking—then the convulsive clutch of the laudanum bottle or the nervous touch of the trembling trigger, and the terrible deed is done. And why terrible? Why cowardly, as some sarcastically put it? Cowards rarely snap for themselves the slender thread.

"He is dead—
 Not by a public minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self-hand
 Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Split the heart."

But it needs not the sable Hamlet to tell the temper of those who voluntarily take the short step into eternity. Two splendid asylums in this State hold hundreds afraid to take the antidote, and as many gibbering idiots proclaim the death of life in a moving body. Better death than degradation; better "to sleep, perchance to dream," making your desolation to begin a better life; better "do that thing which ends all other deeds, which shackles accidents and bolts up change, which cancels one's captivity," than lack the strength of spirit and the nerve to dismiss yourself, and suffer the tortures of the mentally damned. It may appear heartless and unnecessary to justify the act, and it would be were it not for the crowd at the cross-roads where ignorance and superstition meet, and where the the traditional sharpened stake is being so industriously driven through the bodies of the two latest emancipations.

PRATTLE.



A Mr. Benjamin F. Eaton is to the fore with a published letter recounting his services and sufferings in the civil war as claims to government employment, which a year of tireless effort, however, has not enabled him to obtain. I have

the honor to remind Mr. Eaton that when flaunted by an individual for personal profit "the bloody shirt" is as offensive as when given to the breeze by a party for political power. If a man would have office or employment let him state his qualifications, not his deserts—his necessities if he will, but his "claims" never. Merit was born dumb, and as certain richly colored plants pale in the sunlight, so scars lose their honor by exposure.

It were better that this country had been destroyed than rescued by men who tally their fatigues and map their wounds for personal advantage. How dare you, Mr. Eaton, immodest tramp and calculating patriot, debit your country with services of duty? It is you and your unwholesome kind who have brought the name of "Union soldier" into an offensive condition of nasal disfavor. If in the recent brotherly squabble office was the bone of contention, I am sorry it was not borne off by the other dog.

Look ye, comrades—soldiers of the "Grand Army of the Republic," "Boys in Blue," and patriots-continuant of all sorts of kinds—I am vain enough to think (and it seems necessary to explain) that I did the country some service myself in a soldiering way. I know I got my head broken like a walnut at that business, and that the best Government on the face of the earth had the honesty to cheat me out of five months' pay, while exacting to the last cent the price of my clothing and subsistence during the same turbulent season of "bloody noses and cracked crowns." I do not discern, however, that all this constitutes a "claim" to any further favor than it would be for my country to pay what it justly owes me; and should, I hope, have the dignity to decline any one of the ninety-odd thousand "Government places" if indelicately tendered me from any considerations other than ability to intelligently perform its duties. But, God bless my soul, how competent I am!

If I were King of Judea, and that fellow Lazarus should come down from Paradise, displaying the scars of the sores which the dogs licked, explaining that he got them in the royal service (I have always suspected they were "bed sores," made by the paving-stones at rich men's gates) and asking for a better "place" than Abraham's bosom, I should instigate my dogs to take him by the throat.

Concerning wounds, the most honorable one I ever saw given was delivered by a barbarous dog from whose teeth a vagrant negro was rescuing a scurvy pig with its ears in rags and tatters. The darkey, when he got his hurt, was in ignominious retreat, too, with the roaring porker in his arms. Now this pig was not only a stranger to him but an enemy to the neighborhood; in its succor there was neither profit nor glory—nor much satisfaction, for it, also, bit him. The suffering incurred was of a vulgar, unheroic sort, for which lamentation would be derided, and to which resignation had not the dignity of martyrdom. But I did not then think, nor do I now, that that African's wound could with propriety be presented as a moral claim to "sit at the receipt of customs"—even had it not been a physical disqualification to sit anywhere.

The callid *Call* doth impetrate a curse
Upon a neighbor's elegiac verse.
O Pickering, deceptor, I opine
The verse, if crasser than thine own, is thine.
No bolder wing than thine affronts the sky—
Only thyself thyself can underfly.

Our local theatres having resolved to discontinue dead-heading, I beg to submit the following suitable notice to be placarded at the doors:

"Free list entirely suspended, the public press only excepted."

I am partial to that announcement, not because (like Mr. Bayard Taylor and the late Mr. William Cullen Bryant) I am a member of the public press—of which I am entirely ashamed—but because (like Mr. Hector A. Stuart and Mr. William D. Pollock) I am a poet—of which I am exceedingly proud; and the line above given has been pronounced the most faultless of English hexameters. As such it is hereby commended to the study of all my brother poets; and I venture to add the hope that they will not enviously condemn it on the ground that it has six feet, whereas they have but four each. Let them remember their countervailing age of ears.

The boldest dash at literary criticism that I have recently observed outside the columns of our local dailies is that of the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press*. This *arbitrator literarum*

pounces upon Mr. Boyesen's story, "Falconberg," in *Scribner*, because, the scene being laid in Minnesota, the author afflicts one of his characters with ague, and makes his hero wade through "deep red mud." There is no ague, no red mud, in all Minnesota, yells the censor!

Did sunbeam ever gild a lout
Of such a fatful favor,
And man-in-moon fall sick at snout
Impested with his flavor.
Blow breezes! Breezes blow, and clear
The literary atmosphere!

A local bard makes use of a cow-county journal to deride the failure of my attempts to rid San Francisco of its poets. True; I am like the two slaves mentioned by Lusitanus, who were constantly, but unavailingly, engaged in gathering into baskets, and carrying to the shore, and drowning in the sea, the vermin that multiplied on the body of their master.

Gen. Lew. Wallace, recently appointed Governor of New Mexico, and now *en route* for his post of duty, says that if he is pleased with the country he will remain there; if not, he will resign. This is not the language of patriotism. The American true statesman, proud to serve his country even at a sacrifice, would remain in New Mexico whether he liked it or not, so long as the salary suited.

"Africa," says Bishop Simpson, "has no science; India and China have no science. How comes it that this science exists only where Christianity is?" It is a coincidence, your reverence; what [really] produces, fosters, encourages, and conserves science is the silk stove-pipe hat. The silk hat is not worn in Africa; India and China have it not. Wherever the silk hat is planted on the human head, there science has taken root; no silk hats, no science—ignorance, error, superstition, moral and intellectual night. It is the silk hat that has given us the graces, the refinements, the splendors of modern civilization—copious largess of wisdom and abundant benefaction of light. It is the beacon, the pharos, of humanity, in the broad benignity of whose blaze our laden argosies elude the rocks and shoals of social disaster. Your reverence's theory (grotesque as it is) has this value: It marks the hitherto unobserved coincidence that the silk-hatted, and therefore scientific, nations happen to profess Christianity. It has not yet been observed that they practice it.

Speaking of science, I should like to know what is meant by the clever opponent of Kwang Chang Ling in last Saturday's *ARGONAUT*, when he writes as follows: "Political economy, as generally taught, is a cold, calculating, commercial science (if indeed it should be called a science). It looks at things as they are, not as they ought to be. It takes for granted that whatever is right. It ignores the great Godlike principle of human sympathy." This is indeed a terrible indictment. A science that will not put on spectacles painted according to somebody's notion of how things ought to seem to appear; that will not even question the propriety of the natural laws which it expounds; that is content to leave the great Godlike principle of human sympathy (whatever kind of "principle" that may have the eccentricity to be) to those who make a separate profession of it—such a science, I say, is almost as trivial as astronomy, as base as geology, as wicked as logic or arithmetic. Its professors are miscreants of no common order, and might with advantage to themselves and us be compelled to pursue their cold commercial calculations with blind fingers amongst the bolt-heads of prison doors.

Following this really melting complaint against political economy is such a pen-picture of the political economist himself, with his evil thoughts about him, as would amaze and pain even the most hardened of the gang who follow in the footsteps of that devil, Adam Smith. But, thank heaven, they are not *all* pirates and cannibals: "There are political economists, however, of eminence and respectability, who recognize the element of humanity, even in political economy." Ah, yes, there is Carey, "the white-plumed Navarre of the nostrum"—which is protection to Pennsylvania industry. And there is that eminent authority, Horace Greeley, in whom, also, the element of humanity (which I take to be the same thing as the great Godlike principle of human sympathy) was so strong that he spent his shining life justifying the taxation of every man, woman, and child in the country, to support a few thousands of persons in employments useful to nobody but themselves. And there is Denis Kearney.

Considering that the great and Godlike principle of human sympathy is always, in this country, engaged in making a corner in the necessities of existence, or in cheating creditors, or in some such charitable scheme for exacting money from one man's pocket to put it in another's, I have the honor to suggest that it be called, for greater accuracy, the great and Godlike principle of human scampery. And whereas the element of humanity is now engaged, within the same geographical limits, in an angry crusade against the material welfare of the neediest of God's creatures because they are aliens, I suggest also that *it* (if it is not the same thing as the other thing) be renamed the element of Americanity. I

do not say the element is not right, in a cold, calculating, commercial sense; I only say that a sentiment (to give it at last its true name) which concerns itself with the well-being of only a part of mankind can not call itself humanity without an exercise of effrontery so cold that impudence of the next lowest temperature might advantageously be used for cooking eggs.

To meet the needs of American publicists, politicians, editors, and women of affairs generally, why not so modify the sciences as to give the sentiments and emotions a recognition and influence which they are now compelled to seek in other fields? Sentimental science might be taught in the schools and universities. Let us take Logic. While in many cases the syllogism might retain its present cold, calculating character, given premises heartlessly compelling a certain conclusion as surely as an acid and an alkali make soap, yet in deference to the great Godlike principle it might be in other cases profoundly modified. For example, it might be conceded good logic to say, with Aristotle: "All A is B; C is A; therefore C is B"—these being mere abstract terms, and not appealing to the element of humanity; but at the same time it might be decreed better logic to say: "All poor men are honest; John Jones is a poor man; therefore John Jones is beautiful as the hours and wise as Zobeide."

Take Arithmetic. Let it remain true, in dealing with mere numbers, that twice two are four; concerning *things*, it should depend. Would it not better satisfy the emotional side of our nature—which is the divine side—to say: "Twice two hearts with but a single thought are five beating as one?" Government, which, as the truly good well know, can discharge a debt with a promissory note, can do anything. If it should declare that twice two cold bones given to a beggar make ten, the charitable instinct would be so gratified by the mere repetition of the words that such additional satisfaction as giving the bones would be superfluous; and the indigent alone would then endure the reproach of seeing things as they are, not as they ought to be.

Sentimental arithmetic would not be such an innovation as one might think; it has long been in public use on this coast. Every one must have observed that with reference to Chinese immigrants, twice two are not four, nor five, nor even six, but four hundred and fifty-six. And what lady dispensing the elements of humanity at a charity luncheon table does not know that when fired with the great Godlike principle of human sympathy he sits down to a dish of dead pig, once one sturdy beggar of the sand-lots is a dozen?

Mr. J. W. Dwinelle, writing to a contemporary, is pleased to be dissatisfied with the low morality of this our day and generation, when in discussion of public measures one is compelled to explain in advance that he has not an interested and dishonest motive. I do not perceive that this implies a low morality; on the contrary, a people that requires a suspected rogue to give his word of honor, and believes a thief would hesitate to lie, can have no practical acquaintance with rascality.

Mrs. White, of Visalia—Madam,
Disorders, no doubt, you have had 'em;
Your symptoms of late,
It's my duty to state,
Disclose a bad case of "Old Adam."

Your skip, it is plain, is too pory;
I fear you will go, ma'am, to glory
(Convey, please, my love
To Doc. Mehring, above)
If your blood is as thin as your story.

"Our civilization," says a contemporary, "is superior, at least in the matter of drinks—and their manner. We have not only a greater variety than our ancestors had, but have invented the art of compounding and combining them." Let us go to our Gascoyne (*Delicate Diet for Daintie-mouthed Droonkardes*—London, 1576) and see: "We must have March beere, dooble-double, Beere, Dagger ale, Bragget, Renish wine, Gascoyne wine, Sack, Hollocke, Canaria wine, *Vino greco*, *Vinum amabile*, and al the wines that may be gotten. Yea, wine of itselfe is not sufficient; but Suger, Limons, and sundry sortes of Spices must be drowned therein." If the dainty mouthed drunkards who had the honor to be our ancestors were savages it must at least be admitted that they had taken a few steps toward the light—very wavering and unsteady steps they must have been, too, with all that load aboard.

I wonder how many, even of the Jews, know that Jerusalem is on the equator. I confess I did not know it myself until recently, when I came upon this, written in the fourteenth century by Sir John Mandeville: "Jerusalem is in the myddes of the world; and that may men preven and schewen there, be a spere, that is pight in to the erthe upon the hour of mydday, whan it is equinoxium, that scheweth no schadwe on no syde. And that it sholde ben in the myddes of the world, David wytnesse the it in the Psautre." Elsewhere Sir John avers the earth to be 31,500 miles in circumference, "afre myn opynyoun and myn undirstandynge;" but of what value are the opinion and understanding of a man who couldn't spell any better than that?

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

MY DEAR EM:—Is there anything more vexatious in life than to do a thing exactly as you want it (rather a rare occurrence with me, by the way), and have some unlucky fate step in and mar it all with a word or a pen-stroke? Two weeks ago I wrote you of the charming new "boucelled" dress goods, the brocades and velvets, and the exquisite chenille shawls I had just seen at the Ville de Paris, and by that same unlucky fate omitted to say where I had seen them. The windows there are a delight to the eye this week; some of the most remarkable goods I have had the pleasure of seeing in San Francisco are among the novelties displayed. Those brocades in fine geometrical figures and every color of the rainbow, and the brocaded satins in delicate d'erus, creams, pinks, and blues, the design a small sprig, just a flower and leaf or two, are just enough to make one sacrifice one's last stock certificate to become possessed of them. Just received are the costume dresses of camels' hair, with silk embroidered vests, and pieces to match for sleeves. The embroidered portions, and sufficient to make overskirt of the plain material, are marked at only \$10. The colors are amaranth, navy blue, sage green, leather color, and black. Very tempting, too, are the velvet kilt skirts at \$16. The manufacture of hosiery will certainly come to be considered as one of the fine arts before long. All kinds grow prettier each year, and the very acme of the perfection is found in those dainty silken hose, fine enough to have been spun for Titania's own wear, and studded with flowers of the most exquisite shadings and workmanship, that are a specialty at this house. The open work Lisle thread, too, in all colors and sizes, are as pretty as pretty can be, and, moreover, exceedingly durable. You remember how, long ago, I told you I had bought a pair of their Bassez-Preville gloves—six weeks, isn't it? Well, I have worn them every day since, sometimes all day, and they are quite fit for respectable society yet. You will be delighted at the innovations at Keane's. Additions have been made and departments altered, so that you would scarcely know it except for the familiar faces; but the alterations are all for the better. For instance, since the cloak and suit department was added, the trimmings and buttons have been removed to the extreme right of the store, next to the handsome case of laces (a new feature as well), and the silks, black on one side and colored on the other, occupy the middle aisle, where they have the best light. As to the new department, *par excellence*, every one is talking of it, and it has proved a success even beyond the most sanguine expectations of its founders. I went down into the work-room yesterday, where some forty or more women were sewing, and which occupies the immense basement under the whole building, and saw the cloaks and suits already finished, as well as the Worth importations. Will you think me a heretic, Em, that I liked those made in the store better than the great man-milliner's productions? It is a fact, and there was one of the latter made in that delightfully mysterious fashion of his of mixing materials till you don't know which is dress and which is trimming, all of that gold and many colored brocade, and dusky green-brown velvet, with a perfect tangle of parti-colored passementerie and rainbow beads, with many-hued acorn fringe edging it, running up across one hip, and losing itself somewhere in the intricate evolutions of the *collant* overskirt and train; and another in olive green silk and velvet, similarly trimmed with chenille fringe. But their peer, I think, is the black costume, of brocade and plain silk combined, trimmed with broad spiral coils of passementerie and beaded fringe. Of out-door wraps there are even more already completed, many of which are orders from both old and new customers of the firm. An exceedingly handsome, and at the same time original design, was a dolman of *mattelasse* cloth, with a deep round cape, which was so contrived that the underskirt came only to the waist line, leaving a single thickness only of the goods over the shoulders. The trimming of this model was unique in the extreme, and consisted of a row of small round-pointed tabs, bound with silk, and laid on overlapping each other in a double row, with the effect of wheat sheaves. I have not given you the idea, I fear, as I ought, but you can conjure it out. The front was fastened with clusters of the same trimming mingled with lace, and both cape and skirt were bordered with the same, from under which you could catch occasional glimpses of a rich whalebone fringe, that acted as a background. This wrap will be christened the "Golden Gate Park." But the prince of all, which I prophesy will have made the great sensation at their opening of Wednesday last, is a deep sacque of corded silk and satin combined, and trimmed with the broadest and heaviest of whalebone trimming, a quarter of a yard in width, on sleeves and skirt. The body of the sacque is made in alternate stripes of silk and satin, and is quilted and wadded throughout. I wish I had time to tell you of more of them, but I have not, for, like poor Joe, I must "move on" to something else. The children's suits in poplins and silk are very handsome samples of what is to be done for the little ones, and there are pretty suits for quite large children, as low as six dollars. I may mention, in passing, that it is the intention to present black cashmere suits for ladies, in the next week or so, ranging from \$30 upward. I am told that corduroy is coming in again for traveling suits. It is made up in combination with cloth, and the cloaks to wear with them are of soft Angora cloth, have capes bordered with silk, lined loops, and the short sleeves are made to resemble elephant pates. Some have pointed hoods. The newest coatings for suits are loosely woven, and not twilled, as heretofore, with occasional dashes of Thurs red or mandarin yellow. The leading colors, indeed, will be this fall these two, together with navy blue, hazel brown, *reseda* and drabs. These coatings are intended for entire suits, either with a long cloak, *casaque à la Louis Quatorze*, or coat and vest. As kilts will be very heavy in these materials, plain gored skirts, trimmed around with flat braids, will be the style most in vogue. Very handsome samples of these are to be found at Doane & Henselwood's. Foulards are steadily gaining ground, and plushes still be used over silk for *demi* evening toilets. I see there are some of those lovely eiderdown bed quilts at Chester's, just received. They are made up in satins, and handsomely embroidered. The new mottled dress goods in

silk and wool, and of the heavier grades, are there in dress patterns, just enough for a polonaise, or skirt and basque, in each. Their black embroidered velvets are of the latest patterns, and those which they have now are even handsomer than they have ever yet been, I believe. Mr. Chester prides himself somewhat on his stock of laces, and very justly, too, for there are some lovely barbes and ties. Samuels, at the Lace House, is running some other stores very hard in the matter of fans. I saw some tortoise shell and gray marabouts, this morning, that were just perfect, and there were also skeleton fans of the same, but without tops, in order that one may have the latter made to order, if desired. These last are only \$16. You don't know where Koser's is? Why, on Market, not far above Bancroft's. By the way, I saw another patent there this morning, cuter in its way than even the sofa beds I told you of. This was a single instead of a double bed, which, when closed, makes a large, easy arm-chair. The price of this is \$25, and it is just what you need for your sitting-room. I must not forget to tell you that our good friend, Mr. Vickery, has removed to No. 23 Kearny Street, next door to Snow & May's, and is daily expecting a large collection of the choicest and rarest ceramics, now being selected for him abroad by a *connoisseur* in such matters. More, too, of those old and rare engravings you have heard so much about. What on earth, you will exclaim, is the Wing-Wang? Well, it is a strip of paper four times as long as it is wide, and with pointed flaps attached to three sides of the upper quarter of its length. The two lower quarters are folded together, making a square sheet, this is then folded down twice upon itself, bringing the little pointed flaps uppermost for sealing, and is one of the latest devices in note paper for bothering correspondents who are fully committed to the simple old-fashioned square envelopes and plain sheet. This, I doubt, not I shall find at Billings, Harbour & Co's., on Montgomery Street, at Beach's old stand, when all those big packing boxes come to be undone next week. In the stock already on hand, which they are selling off this week under cost, I found several different styles of lap tablets, for travelers' or invalids' use, that are so fashionable at the East just now. They come in the genuine Russia leather, lined with silk and satin, and in canvas bound in Russia. With the Mackinnon pen, one could have nothing left to desire in the way of literary equipment. While on such matters, let me advise your reading Clarence Cook's book, "The House Beautiful," a collection of his charming essays on house-furnishings and decorations, that lately appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. He says some wise things and makes many excellent suggestions, as, for example, making a wardrobe and decorating it with pictures cut from that wonderful contribution to childish literature, Walter Crane's *Baby Opera*. The wardrobe should be made of plain, pine wood, thoroughly shellacked, and, in a short time, it will come to look as rich as satin wood. It would certainly be a desirable addition to nursery furniture. On pages 62 and 63 are cuts of a settee convertible into a table; and there is on another a sofa with movable cushions, that struck me as being an admirable suggestion for the use of the Vienna bed wood furniture—at Ackerman's—I mentioned in my last. The book itself I found at Roman's. What pretty hats they are getting up nowadays for little boys. I have noticed several lately in the street, and, thinking likely you might like to know something of the incoming styles for Harry, I stopped in at Miller's, on Montgomery Street, and looked over some just got in. The turban, in several varieties, seems the reigning favorite. Very pretty ones, of diagonal striped cloths, with broad velvet band, fancy bow, and gilt ornament, come at from \$1.50 to \$2, and all velvet somewhat higher. The Glangarry always maintain what the politicians call a respectable "constituency," especially among the English and Scotch residents on this side the water; but it is seldom an American uses so distinctively national an article of dress. They come very handsomely gotten up. In straws, that have almost had their day now, the most desirable is the mixed black and white Durham braid, that will bear any amount of abuse, and is, therefore, a most fitting headgear for Young California. A pleasant little episode was the visit of Postmaster-General Key and party to the Diamond Palace, on Monday. I hear they expressed unbounded delight at everything there, and substantially, too, for the Postmaster-General himself carried away between six and seven hundred dollars worth of the quartz and moss agate specimen jewelry alone. "The Colonel" has some charming new designs in dead-gold jewelry, and particularly in the long pins, set with diamonds. The only gold jewelry I have ever seen that I really like is that made up in the form of roses and buds, half open walnuts and leaves, and similar devices, in oxidized gold, three or four different colors being employed.

Yours, always,

LILLAS DUBOIS.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, September 22, 1878.

Crab Soup.
Mushroom.
Broiled Quails on Toast.
String Beans. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Veal, Sweet Potatoes.
Asparagus Salad.
Blackberries and Cream. Sponge Cake Pudding.
Fruit-bowl of Figs, Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Plums, and Apples.

To MAKE CRAB SOUP.—See Vol. I, No. 27.

To MAKE SPONGE CAKE PUDDING.—One and a half cups sugar, two cups flour, half a cup cold water, three eggs, one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, a little salt. Beat eggs separately. Steam in pudding mould one hour, and serve with a rich liquid sauce.

A Scotch clergyman has pointed out a remarkable misprint occurring in all editions of Shakspeare's works, and never before noticed, by which the bard is made to say: "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything," when what he really said was undoubtedly, "Sermons in books, stones in the running brooks, and good in everything."

What free-born American would have stood on a barrel on the public square twenty years ago and predicted that the day would yet come when every grocery in the land would brazenly tack up the sign of "Don't Ask for Credit?"

Calumny and detraction are but sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

Be rigid to yourself and gentle to others.—*Confucius*.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.—VII.

By an Early Californian.—San Francisco, 1848.

Admiral Wooster is having a gold-washing machine prepared similar to those used in Chile. As soon as it is ready the Doctor and he will go to Yuba. My business keeping me here, I shall supply them with provisions and whatever else they want, and receive such returns as the mining may produce. In March, 1848, at Captain Sutter's request, Dr. Fourgeaud, bound to secrecy at the time, tested a gold specimen, and found it pure. This test of gold was the first scientifically made in California. Neither Davls nor I knew of it when the Sacramento traders called upon us. I passed Tuesday evening at the Gillespie's, then living on Washington, corner of Brenham Place. House beautifully furnished with Chinese furniture, much of it carved; large porcelain vases and bronzes adorned the rooms, and our surroundings were so tasteful and comfortable that we could have imagined ourselves in some eastern city. They have brought with them three Chinese servants, perfectly trained—two men, and one young woman named (I suppose by themselves) Marie. They are curiosities, being the first natives of the Celestial Empire who have taken up a residence in California. They are much attached to Marie, and she is very faithful to them. The Chinese, they say, make excellent servants, and it may be, although lovers of their own country, that more may come to us. Kanakas who were good-natured served pretty well before the mines were discovered, but it is hard to keep any one at present. We are more fortunate than our neighbors in having Jackson, of whom I have written before, and of whom F— doubtless has given you an account. A good-looking fellow with perfect manners and a pleasant voice, he is an excellent cook and valet. In the latter capacity Charles Dickens had him with him for a while on his southern tour. Mr. C. V. Gillespie was supercargo and a part owner of the merchandise brought in the clipper brig *Eagle*, which arrived here from Canton on the 2d of February, 1848, after the short passage of 45 days, perhaps the shortest yet made between the two ports. The *Eagle* brought an assorted cargo of choice goods. It might be called a sample cargo of the choicest goods—too choice in some respects for this new country. We have reveled in some of its delicacies, chow-chow, curry, ginger, etc., but particularly in teas with flavors "undreamt of in your philosophy." This may be particularly owing to the shortness of the voyage and their consequent freshness, but probably more to their superior quality. Teas which cost, in China, \$1.50 per pound we bought for 75 cents and under. We are drinking or rather squandering them daily, regardless of the fact that we may never "look upon their like again." The town has met with a great loss in the death of William A. Leidesdorff, one of its most enterprising merchants. He came to the country in 1841 in the Baltimore clipper *Zuluana*, a vessel of about one hundred tons, owned by J. C. Jones, for some time United States Consul at Honolulu. Owing to the jealousy of foreigners then existing in the minds of the officials of the country, he was unable at first to have a lot granted him, and was obliged to hire the one-story buildings belonging to Juan Fuller, an Englishman, who, married to a Californian, owned and lived on the hundred varas fronting on Kearny Street, east side, and between California and Sacramento Streets. In one of these he stored his goods, and in the other took up his residence. The City Hotel, one of our most imposing buildings, an adobe with overhanging roof and wide piazza, where I passed my first night in California, was built by him. And the first steamer that ever plowed the waters of the bay, the *Silka*, afterward christened, on obtaining American papers, the *Firefly*, was imported by him from New Archangel. It is not larger than one of our launches. During Mexican rule he became Vice-Consul of the United States, and I understand that, as far as in his power lay, by rendering useful services and dispensing generous hospitality, he represented her respectfully. When I arrived he still used the consular uniform—only that the coat had changed its buttons—the waistcoat still retained its pristine splendor, and he wore a navy cap. Short, of good figure, and erect, he had quite a military carriage; of dark complexion, with black hair and eyes, he looked more like a Spaniard than a Dane. But he claimed Santa Cruz as his birthplace. Under a blunt and somewhat rough manner he carried a kindly heart, and no one questioned his sincerity. Leidesdorff had been much at sea, visiting the principal ports of the world and perhaps some of its central cities. His life has been filled with adventures and dangers, and a certain mystery hung over such portions of it as were portrayed in his after-dinner reminiscences. Having noticed the improvement and rise of property in the Atlantic States, he thought he foresaw what would happen on the Pacific, and the view he took of San Francisco and her future—of which the gold prospect formed no part—may be prophetic. But his enthusiasm carried him farther than prudence would counsel. A little ahead of his time, he hired money at anywhere between three and ten per cent. per month for business operations, building purposes, and real estate speculations of too great magnitude for the moment. In consequence of this, when his sudden death occurred, his affairs were found to be much involved; he owed \$80,000, and his estate was pronounced insolvent. As no will was found, William D. M. Howard was appointed its administrator, with C. V. Gillespie as agent and manager. Soon after Leidesdorff's death James Lick came to the administrator with his note for \$1,600, bearing ten per cent. per month interest, which he offered to sell for \$800. However, owing to the delay that must attend the settling of the estate, the discovery of gold, and the probable rise of its lots, it is thought it will in time pay every cent of its indebtedness. I can not give a better idea of Leidesdorff's character than to say, that when the auction sale of water lots took place, hearing that one of the owners of property on Montgomery Street, then absent, had instructed his agent *not* to buy the lots in front of his land, he went to the gentleman and told him he *must* buy. "Bid them in," said he. "If—won't take them, I will." Of course, the lots were bought and kept, and became a large fortune to their owners. Such was Leidesdorff—always full of impulses of a generous nature. Water and gas projects for the future city already figured in his active mind, and an overland railroad was a part of his creed.

JAMES C. WARD.

INTAGLIOS.

My Wolves.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be;
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane,
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;"
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger, and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane
That flit like spectres through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

—Francis Geary Fairfield in Scribner.

Through the Mist.

We walked one night, the moon was down,
And yet we never wist
'Twas so, for all the quiet stars
Were shining through the mist.

Right through the field, across the brook,
How tight I held her wrist!
She could not see the stepping stones
By starlight through the mist.

And when we neared her garden gate,
Ah, how could I resist,
When all the stars were winking so,
And shining through the mist?

Oh, happiest night of all the nights,
When first my loved I kissed!
While silently the blessed stars
Were shining through the mist.

E. P. MATTHEWS.

Folded Hands.

They were so helpless when I saw them first,
The tiny fingers could not clasp a thing,
But folded lay upon the breast that nursed,
Too weak to wander and too frail to cling.

I saw them when the years had given them strength
To clasp life's joys with passion's impulse bold—
Two restless hands that found their rest at length,
And folded lay within another's hold.

I saw them strained with labor's patient strife,
Worn with the burden that they could not bear;
First weakly raised against the woes of life,
Then folded in the calmness of despair.

One day we found them lying waxen white
Upon a breast grown strangely calm and cold;
We softly hid them then from out of sight,
The folded hands that never shall unfold.

—Harper's.

Discontent.

Two boats rocked on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree;
One was in love with the harbor;
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outboard,
But held the other, longing,
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree,
With wistful eyes looks ever
To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow,
Though sailing fair and fleet,
Looks back to the peaceful river,
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet
Of the moss-grown shaded shore;
One sighs that it may enter
That harbor nevermore.

One wearies of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and wail;
One dreams, amid the lilies,
Of a far-off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us
There's naught so true as this:
The winds of fate blow ever,
But ever blow amiss.

C. R.

Thorwaldsen.

We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make Occasion, not to be denied;
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain side
Thorwaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne.

T. B. ALDRICH.

Under the Lindens.

Under the lindens lately sat
A couple, and no more, in chat;
I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet;
I heard the words, "How sweet! how sweet!"
Had them the fairies given a treat
Under the lindens?

I pondered long, and could not tell
What dainty pleased them both so well;
Bees! Bees! was it your hydromel
Under the lindens?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The Penitent at Prayer.

Beneath the grand cathedral's lofty dome
The penitent kneels upon the marble floor,
With eyes uplifted to the heavenly home,
Which never seemed so far away before.

Slowly and reverent he tells his beads,
And meditates upon the love of Christ;
For him once more his dying Saviour bleeds;
Once more the Lamb of God is sacrificed.

Peace comes to cheer his heart, and while he prays
Through the high windows of the dome there steals
A flood of golden sunlight, and the rays
Fall like a benediction where he kneels.

And through his tears he fancies he can trace
A smile upon the Virgin's pictured face.

ROMANCE OF A POSTAGE-STAMP.

May and December not Mated.

I breathed more freely after it was over. It was a temptation resisted—but I felt better after having done it. As I was assorting the letters, preparatory to putting them in the mail bag for New York, one letter turned up and sent a jealous shock through me that set my heart throbbing and my brain swimming with a sudden dizziness. I might have expected to have seen it, but not the less did it affect me when I did see it—"Joseph Norris, India Dock, New York." That was the address—and I knew that it was his. I had a dear little note in that same handwriting next to my heart then—a few graceful words thanking me for a book I had sent her—a little note I had read over countless times, and kissed as often, wondering would it displease her to know how fondly I cherished it. I thrust the hateful letter out of my sight, and, leaning my head on the table, lived over again the hopes, the fears, the wretchedness of the last twenty-four hours.

The day before, while distributing the mail matter, I came across a letter addressed to myself; and, on opening it, I learned that through the generosity of a distant relative, whose name I bore, I had been left in California an inheritance of \$20,000. What a change a few strokes of a pen had made—transforming Karl Bergmann, postmaster of a secluded Connecticut village, into Karl Bergmann, the possessor of a competence, well invested, yielding a certain income! And how, before my good fortune, I had thought of Annie Merrill as one separated away from me by my poor circumstances—my salary barely supporting my mother and myself—and how could I ask any woman to share my poverty? Now that the burden of poverty was most unexpectedly lifted from me, I felt at liberty to tell her the hopes I never dared to entertain till now. What would her answer be? That I would learn that very night. In the same mail with my letter was one addressed to her, postmarked New York. Her correspondence all passed through my hands, but I had never seen that writing before. That was no weak, wavering, feminine style; it was large, clear, decisive—the writing of a self-possessed man. Who could the writer be? Annie's uncle, Dr. Merrill, had made correspondents in New York; but this letter was the first that had come to her since she came orphaned from the great city a year before, and had been received into her uncle's heart and home. But other thoughts put the question of the letter out of my mind. I sent by a messenger a few hurried lines to my mother to prepare her for our good fortune, and then counted the hours that would pass before I could offer my inheritance to Annie, encumbered with its possessor. When I reached home I found her there before me; my mother, who had taken her into her favor from the first—her sweetness and orphaned situation proving a passport to her heart—had sent for Annie to communicate the good news to her. She was strangely quiet, I thought, and there was a troubled look in her blue eyes I never saw there before. In fact, after a while, a subdued feeling stole over us all. Annie's disquiet seemed to impart itself to us. I was thinking how I could venture to tell her all my hopes, and my mother, guessing what my thoughts were, left us together most of the evening, but my heart failed me. It was only when I was walking home with Annie to Dr. Merrill's that I found courage to speak. She led me on by saying that I must not think from her silence that she did not rejoice in the happy change in my prospects, but no one could be more sincere in their congratulations than herself. I answered, that my good fortune would be valueless to me unless I could share it with the girl I loved.

"The girl you love?" she repeated, questioning.

I felt her hand tremble on my arm.

"The girl I love," I answered, in tones that she might have interpreted, but failed to do so.

"She ought to be a happy woman," she continued.

"May I ask if I know her?"

"If you know her!" I cried; "If you know her! Oh, who could it be but you?"

"Me?"

She drew her hand quickly away from my arm and stood quite still before me.

"Me! Oh, did you say me?"

And then I saw the moonlight falling on her face, and it was not the face of a girl shining with happy confusion when she hears the story of his love from the man whom she prefers. It was pale and shocked, and then she hid it from me in her hands and burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said I. "I never thought to wound you."

"I thought you knew," she went on, sobbingly.

"I thought my uncle might have told you. I am going to marry Mr. Norris. Oh, can you forgive me?"

She stretched out her little hands imploringly. I took them in mine and kissed them—they were sacred to me; they belonged to another, and I kissed them while my heart was breaking.

"Forgive me, my darling!" I said. "I would forgive you if it killed me, I think. Don't grieve, Annie; I will try to bear it."

We parted at her uncle's without another word, and I went home to the motherly heart that I knew would suffer with me, but whose tender sympathy would uphold me in this hour of bitter trial.

The next day I sent off my resignation to Washington, for my mother and I agreed to leave the village where we had passed so many quiet years. It was in the afternoon of the same day that the letter of which I had spoken, that I now knew was for my rival, attracted my attention. I took it up reluctantly—I felt that I would as readily have touched a poisonous snake—and was just about to put the postmark on it when I saw that the stamp upon it, instead of being a postal one, was a revenue stamp, and that the letter, instead of speeding off on wings of love to New York, must be consigned to the Dead Letter office, in Washington. With a thrill of savage delight I flung it into the box appropriated to the reception of such castaways, and went on with my evening's work. With that work I went on mechanically, but my thoughts were not agreeably employed. That, then, was the answer to the missive she had received. But it should be long before he would get it—get it too late, perhaps, for an explanation, for a misunderstanding between lovers had often arisen from a slighter cause than the non-arrival of an expected letter. I pictured him waiting and longing for the letter that would not come; and she, poor girl, how her tender heart would be tortured by his imagined neglect when no answer would be forthcoming! She, I knew, would suffer in silence, and I fondly hoped that he would do the same. So I looked up the mail-bag and waited for the messenger to carry it to the station. The express would pass in an hour and half; and then a struggle began in my

heart. The mis-stamped letter seemed to look reproachfully at me from the box into which I had thrown it, and seemed to whisper to me that one little act of mine could send it unimpeded on its mission.

No one, I believe, unless he was in my situation, actuated by the same despairing, selfishly hopeful feelings that were over-mastering me, could understand what a base impulse I conquered when at last, after a hour's temptation, I took that letter from its resting place, substituted a postage stamp for the revenue one, opened the mail bag and let it go. Then after it was done some hot tears gushed to my eyes. It was my last hope, and I could not help indulging some weakness over its grave.

The next mail from New York arrived three days after. I had the poor satisfaction of seeing the results of my good action in a letter in the handwriting of my rival, addressed to Annie, make its unwished-for appearance, as I knew it would, and shortly after Dr. Merrill took it away with him as he called for his mail. Loungers came in and out of the office, and went away, finding me little disposed for conversation. Nothing yet was known in the village of my acquisition, so I was spared the pain of listening to congratulations that I was in no mood to hear. When I went home that evening I was surprised to find my mother absent, and still more surprised when, on opening a note she had left for me, I learned she was with Annie at Dr. Merrill's, and that I was to follow here there. Hopeless as I felt, the prospect of seeing Annie again promised me only a painful pleasure, but still the thought of being near her had a sweet and sad fascination that I could not resist. When I reached the doctor's I found himself and my mother seated in his office, so intent on the moves of a knight's gambit, that a mere nod on my entrance showed their consciousness of my arrival. Annie was not there; I found her in the parlor standing upon her golden hair and a glow of eager, happy expectation in her look that was new to her sweet face.

"I am glad to see you," she said, giving me her hand. "I have been impatient for your coming—I will tell you why. There is a question I want you to answer. It perplexes me, and somehow I think I can look to you for its solution. You remember a letter I received in the early part of the week?"

She hesitated and cast down her eyes.

"I have too good a reason ever to forget it," I answered bitterly.

I saw her face flush. She went on.

"I answered that letter the next day. It was of vital importance to me that it should go then, as there would be no other mail for several days. I was troubled when I wrote it, and stamped it on my uncle's desk while the messenger was waiting to take it to the office. I found, too late, that I had mis-stamped it. I have been utterly wretched for the past few days on account of that mistake. I knew too well what the fate of my letter would be. Judge then how relieved I felt when my uncle brought me this"—taking from the mantelpiece the letter that had come that morning. "If it escaped your keen observation, how did my letter pass the eyes of the New York officials undetected? This is my question."

"Her eyes searched my face.

I took her hand in my own."

"Annie," said I, "I believe I could make no one understand what it cost my jealous heart to rectify the mistake, but I did it. I knew it must be in answer to that letter that you spoke of a few nights ago. It ought to prove to you how unselfishly I love you, my darling, when I re-stamped it and sent it on its way to him. I never thought you would find it out. I did it to spare you a moment's uneasiness. If the man you love cares for you as much as I do, he will make your life a happy one."

"How can I repay your generosity?" she said, in a voice tremulous with feeling. "You could not have acted better if you had had a peep at the contents of that letter. But your reward may be claimed when you read this."

She handed me the letter and glided out of the room. I took it over to the shaded lamp and read the following:

"DEAR ANNIE:—When beside your father's dying bed we entered into an engagement of marriage, I felt as he did, that the interest of the firm of which he and I were partners would be best sustained by our union."

"I wrote to you notifying you of my readiness to fulfill my part of the agreement, and requesting you to be ready to return with me on Saturday as my wife. You say to me that I must not come. There is but one explanation to this refusal, and that is that you have seen some one who pleases you better than your humble servant. It is but natural, child; I cannot blame you. The young should mate with the young, and I am too much your senior to expect to awake in your youthful heart feelings that have long been lifeless in my own. I release you from a promise that I am now aware was made by you under the pressure of the sad circumstances. But this fact can never affect the fatherly regard I have entertained for the only child of my dear old friend."

I read no further. Here was my reward. And how nearly I had lost it by the desire of gratifying an ungenerous impulse! Annie has since assured me that had Joseph Norris arrived on the day designated, so great was her awe of her father's old partner, that she never would have had the courage to contend against her destiny. Indeed, the circumstance of having made the error she did, in mis-stamping the letter, seemed to her troubled mind significant of a deep meaning, and that even beyond the grave her father sought to control her actions.

Annie did not return to the parlor. I found her seated in the Doctor's office, apparently interested in the game which just at the moment of my entrance he brought to a victorious conclusion.

"Check—"

"Mate," I cried, finishing the word for him, and, catching Annie in my arms, heedless of the astonishment of the elderly pair, I demanded my reward.

Well, Joseph Norris, gray-haired, common-place, and undemonstrative, came to Greenwell to other nuptials than his own. He gave away my dear one with the best of grace, and, after the marriage, congratulated me on my admission into the firm. My ignorance of his meaning was so apparent that, with a grim smile, he enlightened me. With my bride I acquired a half interest in an East India firm in New York and Calcutta. If Annie had chosen to appeal as an orphan, dependent on the bounty of her uncle, she had won after satisfaction of knowing that the love she had won was offered to herself alone, and not to the golden store that attracts so many suitors.

"My dearest," I sometimes say to her, "who would think that, in a great measure, we owe our happiness to a little postage-stamp?"

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The moral tone of San Francisco is in a somewhat unsteady state just at present, and, while disappointing comic opera drew all the fashion last week, unstable society has permitted the naughty French play to be produced at the California this week without any great interest. Are we grown virtuous, and shall there be no more cakes and ale? Shall ginger be hot 't the mouth no longer? 'Twas not thus a short year ago. Then Crane and Robson were the heroes of society, and the shining dollars poured into the treasury of the theatre—the greatest part of them falling into the pockets of the lucky actors; then the inhabitants of the world of scandal sought the play with avidity to obtain fresh material for new lies about their acquaintances; then the fashionable hotels sent forth their high-towered hordes—the hotels, those Palaces of Truth, where each woman carries the charmed casket; those stately piles, in whose dim corridors the Forbidden Fruit grows, and is plucked, and eaten; those Paradises, where modern Eves play the old, old apple scene with modern Adams, till the avenging angel comes as a messenger from the office bearing the flaming sword of a demand for raised room rent; then gallant youths, clad in dainty raiment that knew no tailor's receipt, gazed through opera glasses—sommers, perhaps, of delicate flirtations—upon smiling dames, whose toilets had a secret history known only to the milliners and themselves; then blooming damsels, who had but a vague idea of what it was all about, occupied the time between the acts in searching vainly for familiar wrinkles in their mothers' faces, and went home after the play was over, thinking that it was so much better to be a free and independent woman of pleasure than a true wife—an affectionate mother; then female beauty was represented by studies in *crème de lis* and rouge, and Indian ink threw into brilliancy the unhealthy flash of restless, wicked eyes; then virtuous women were recognized by the old-fashioned, almost obsolete beautifier, nature's own patent, erstwhile called a blush; and men of principle moved uneasily in their seats as the moral of the play was disclosed. Are we grown wiser or more virtuous? Do we look now upon *Forbidden Fruit* as a play unfit for moral senses? No, my dear friend, no. The truth is, the dose is not strong enough now. We have passed such feeble excitement, such tame denouements, and seek something much more violent in the shock it gives us, some much more brilliant fracture of the seventh commandment. We are getting to a point where we are not even satisfied with suggestion, and the cry in all departments is, realism. When, in private life, the sight of an outraged husband chasing a gentleman in comfortable, but unbecoming, night-dress out of his wife's room with a revolver, is no unusual spectacle, and the divorce court is filled with shyster lawyers fattening on the sickening details, the picture of two unfaithful husbands caught in a little escapade at Cremorne is a mere fillip to the appetite. When the daily papers give us every now and again a couple of columns of plain and unvarnished facts, throwing in an occasional diagram of the situation to help our feeble imaginations, even French plays, with all their laughiness and freedom of suggestion, fall into uninteresting insignificance. Already, in some quarters of the globe, some people are praying for a new vice, tired of all the old ones. *Forbidden Fruit*, or *Charge it to Buster*, is presented to us with entirely the same business as before. It is not a play that admits of much elaboration, because it is one in which the situations carry all the weight, and little is left to the actors save to make those situations as amusing as possible. It is an ingeniously constructed piece of work, full of surprises; but in that fact lies one of the reasons why it should not live to any age. When one has seen it, and knows exactly what he is to expect, the effectiveness of the surprise—which is the basis of the plot—is weakened, and a second visit is much less enjoyable. Behind this surprise, there is nothing which appeals to the intellectual faculty. There is no solidity in the ideas which emanate with some crispness and even occasional brilliancy from the people in the play; there is no character sketching which remains afterward in one's mind to recall it; there is nothing but a very amusing chain of ridiculous and more or less impossible situations, and even the actors do not live in memory beyond the performance. If we saw any actors, not altogether unsuited to the parts of "Cato Dove" and "Sergeant Buster," in the piece, we should not enjoy it much less; the only advantage in seeing Robson and Crane being one of perfect satisfaction, which enables us the better to appreciate all the points. There are no two men better fitted to make it go than those two companions. The contrast is complete, and if Mr. Robson had been born for "Cato Dove" he could scarcely have been made in more suitable mould. The same may be said of Mr. Crane as "Buster." As a play it is very much superior to *Our Bachelor*; but it does not give the leaders the same chance to develop their peculiar powers; and consequently we think "Jowler" and "Bangle" show Messrs. Robson and Crane to better advantage than the two lawyers. Of the company little can be said yet. Miss Gussie de Force is not apparently good her line, and it is unfortunate for the lady, probably, that she has opened here in two parts in which she does not shine. Not only does she not have the opportunity to do her best, but she gives an impression of not being a very brilliant leading lady. She competes, in the part, with our recollection of an actress who was eminently graceful, and perfectly suited in natural manner to such a part as "Mrs. Cato Dove," and the comparison goes much against her. Her performance is not dove-like in any way, and she does not look like a young lady of the necessary simplicity and innocence. Miss de Force, had she been "Mrs. Dove," would have been as sharp as "Mrs. Buster" was to discover the trick her husband was playing. Miss Long is a stiff soubrette. She wants the ease and abandon necessary for "Zulu," and she scarcely rises to the aggressive vulgarity becoming the character. Her voice does not seem to be capable of the modulation indispensable to the line. The two members of the old com-

pany maintain their reputation against the new-comers. Mr. Wilson's "Old Podd" is a better performance than before, and Mrs. Saunders is an exceptionally natural "Mrs. Buster." On Monday night we are to have the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Robson's unfortunate venture, *The Two Men of Sandy Bar*. But it will not be in the least astonishing if it prove a great success here. The weak point of the piece in the East was Mr. Robson's playing "Colonel Starbottle," and as he has given that to Mr. Crane, who is eminently fitted for it, we fully expect that it will retrieve its fortunes. There is a good deal of curiosity to see it, Bret Harte having so many admirers in the city. On Friday night *The Two Dromios* will be played, with Crane and Robson as the servants, and Barton Hill and Beck as the masters.

Since Mr. Maguire has reduced the prices to the balcony and the gallery of Baldwin's the house has taken on a much more cheerful and cosy appearance, which is a satisfaction to both audiences and actors. That dreary expanse of empty balcony, from the balustrade of which the gaunt and hungry flies went to gaze with envious eyes upon the tempting bait below, has been well filled during the week, and the obnoxious irritants have been nearly all removed by the audience. The change was needed, and its success shows that there is a large class of the community who can not go beyond fifty cents for a visit to the theatre, and who do not care to go to the gallery at any price; and *Struck Oil* was a good piece with which to inaugurate the new arrangement. It is entirely to the credit of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson that that piece, so dead a failure on its first production here, has maintained a popularity almost unequalled for such a length of time. The play is one of a class whose days are numbered, and which, for the sake of art, we shall not be sorry to bury forever. To begin with, it is a plagiarism of the plainest kind, and a plagiarism which has ruined a pretty faithful story to bring its coarser elements within the appreciative capacities of a second-class audience. *Rip Van Winkle* supplies most that is good, and all that is finest in Irving's story is left out. The introduction of Mrs. Williamson's "Lizzie Stofel" is an idea borrowed from the variety stage, and although it rises considerably above that, it does not come up to dramatic art. The plot is thin, and requires expedients not supposed to belong to the legitimate stage to ek it out for three acts. The dialogue has not a shred of intellectual ability, and there is nothing in the play throughout which appeals to the educated mind. Those who appreciate the exquisite art and fanciful beauty of the story of *Rip Van Winkle* feel a twinge of almost annoyance that it should be travestied, even if that travesty is as clever a performance as that of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. That "John Stofel" and "Lizzie Stofel" are coherent, complete, and admirable sketches is true enough, but they are of the variety school, and appeal to that class of audiences. The second act is not materially different from some of those performances given by the Dutch comedians in minstrel shows, and it is not to the credit of a legitimate audience that the blunders and foolery which have been so entirely exhausted in farces and nigger performances, should be considered sufficiently good to fill up half an hour in a drama. The absurdities of "John Stofel" are not only childish, but in the construction of the play are mistakes. The seriousness of the situation, in which a daughter takes leave of her father when he is supposed to be entering on a battle which may cost him his life, is considerably broken into by the levity with which she sings a song about her young man just before the parting. And there is such a thing as consistency to be thought of when we see him marching into the field loaded with all sorts of comestibles, while his comrades keep strict order in the ranks. We might quarrel, too, with the childish conception which makes the "Doctor" leave a case of instruments open on the head of an oil barrel in the open air, in order to admit of "John Stofel" making a joke about a butcher's shop. But the piece will not bear criticism, and as it serves but to move superficial emotions, and has just enough of the pathetic thrown in to make laughter a little of a relief, it calls for no deep consideration. Mr. Williamson has made out of "John Stofel" a character which has given him a reputation. It shows not so much great dramatic talent as steady perseverance and a close study of effect. As an elaborated and detailed picture of an amusing and, in some sense, quaint personage, it is worthy of all praise, and its main effect for good should be on the profession. From a crude and incoherent jumble of the higher and lower arts he has worked it out to at least a coherent and effective character, and in the third act he rises to something like strong acting. The semblance of madness is natural, and it betrays capabilities which he has, so far, not utilized to their full extent. It may be admitted that Mrs. Williamson is the best Dutch girl on the stage, and "Lizzie Stofel" is a much more probable being than even the old father. She has improved very considerably since she was here before, more especially in voice. Her singing, now, is quite the feature of her performance. We should like to hear that sympathetic tremolo that runs through her voice in some play more worthy of a place on the stage, and probably some day we shall. Meantime, she does not aspire to the dramatic, and she is wise in one way, that she adheres to something that she can do. We are sorry to see such a capable actor as Mr. Bishop confined to such a miserable part as the "Deacon." He makes a capital "Deacon," but we shall be very glad when he comes across a character worthy of his talents. The rest of the cast may be permitted to rest in peace. *The Chinese Question*—Mr. Clay Greene's farce—is, perhaps, as poor an effort as ever raised a laugh. Mr. Greene's weakness is making all his characters misquote Shakespeare—a kind of fun which becomes absolutely melancholy. We have Mr. Williamson as a butcher boy, who imitates John McCullough. The original is enough, and imitation is a waste of time and talent. Then Mrs. Williamson, as the Irish girl, gives us long screeds from "the play," which, having no bearing whatever on the piece, and not being clever enough to be absurd, grow very wearisome. As the Chinese, the principal fun is to smash things, and chatter in some indescribable jargon, which might pass for any language we do not know. *Frecks of Fortune* is underlined, with Mr. Williamson in the part of "O'Flush," but as *Struck Oil* seems to draw well, we presume the management will exhaust it before putting on another play.

Les Cloches de Cornville have been keeping better time this week. Mrs. Oates has been slowly recovering her voice, and perhaps when *Girofle* comes on, or the next new opera, we shall be able to say whether or not she has made any progress in the musical de-

partment of her art. Meantime in the *houffe* department she shows a considerable advance. She has had time last week, while she was unable to do any singing, to attend strictly to making things lively for the company and the audience; and beginning nearest the stage, she has concentrated her emotions of gratitude into an open and quite meaningless grin, for the special benefit of the occupants of the first few rows of the parquette. We trust she will not be so mean as to bestow all her smiles in one quarter. She has many admirers in the dress circle, and, though most of us may go to hear the opera, we are not sufficiently unselfish to permit all the attention to be given to a few. We could, perhaps, do without her occasional remarks to the orchestra, and it distracts us sometimes to have to try to catch a disjointed ejaculation shouted in the middle of a tenor or baritone solo. It would not decrease our enjoyment, either, if she would let the others sing their humble parts without her fondling caresses or mischievous antics. And we shall be perfectly satisfied if she will sing the music as the composer has written it, leaving out the interpolations, which do not always sound harmonious. She has lately been able to go through some of the music of her part, and we shall be glad when she finds herself free from the necessity of forcing "Serpollite" before the audience so prominently. Unfortunately, her levity is proving contagious, and private conversations are often heard above the music. The piece has gone very well, and the first judgment on it is confirmed by the experience of this week. Miss Stevens, who gets one bouquet every night, with a suspiciously big card attached to it, has established herself as a favorite, although she is likely for some time yet to be painfully stiff in her stage movements. The tenor has not developed the voice expected, a predominance of head notes being the feature of one of the largest bodies on the stage. Still he sings his part very nicely and correctly. Mr. Connell is now in admirable trim, and rolls out the lively and striking airs of the opera with enthusiasm. Mr. Taylor, an English comedian, is one of the best actors in the line we have had here. He has filled up "The Bullfinch" with all sorts of business, and what the profession call "gags," till it is one of the leading features. Mr. Graham is also developing "The Notary" to some purpose. The chorus, evidently selected with a view to the avoidance of marital trouble among the first families of San Francisco, sing very well together, and enter into their work with considerable spirit. *Girofle-Girofle* is to be the next performance. We presume this is to give time for proper rehearsal of *La Marjolaine* and *Le Petit Duc*. The opera has been played to death here, and Miss Catherine Lewis throws off "Brindisi" whenever a chance occurs even now. Still we would much rather have that for a few nights, if *Les Cloches de Cornville* will not draw—which is not at all certain—than see the company repeat the misadventures of that piece with the new one.

The Grand Opera House, that mausoleum of so much gold coin and brilliant histrionic and managerial talent, has had its doors open for a few weeks burying further contributions of the same kind. It has a funeral appearance; and its atmosphere, unimpregnated by carbonic acid gas from the lungs of applauding audiences, and but faintly disturbed by the "bated breath" of unpaid actors, chills the souls of the infrequent visitors. About the entrance lounge a few employees; but even the reflected talent of the stage, the self-constituted comedy stars and the crushed tragedians, for whom the managers have a very brief but expressive name, leave it to a hapless fate. Within the little box-office, steadily watching for an audience, like a "patient, sleepless eremite," sits the forlorn treasurer; and even the little boys, who lie on the steps in front and beg the thirsty spectators' checks, seem to have made up their minds that it is a failure. Occasionally, as one passes, he catches faint shouts, as of weak-lunged stage crowds, and bursts of merriment that have that melancholy, half-hearted sound of unpaid enthusiasm. When one is inside the feeling is only intensified. The somewhat scattered orchestra are thoughtful; and even the music seems to feel the chill of an empty treasury, for the chords always come in late. The very words seem to issue from the actors' mouths with an effort, as if they knew they were not paid for, and the ears of the audience take them in as if they did so under protest. The wardrobe shows a recklessness which speaks despair. A gentleman in a long black, apparently velvet, ulster, comes in side by side with a villain of mixed periods. With a poverty that speaks ill for Gouze's generosity, which even paints meanness on the part of that high-toned scoundrel, he has provided one sword for two conspirators; and while the valor shows in every movement of him who carries the weapon drawn, the sneaking coward with the scabbard seeks the undignified background. The little some gypsies, those free and usually unkempt children of the rural districts, loaf about new tents and assume unfamiliar attitudes of questionable grace, and greet the entering aristocracy with clamorous requests for money which seem natural. The female costumes are exceptionally attractive and beautiful, and one feels that gypsies must indeed be happy people, roaming through the bramble-bushes down in the shady forest dells, clad in the balloon-shaped ballet costumes, and startling the wild inhabitants of the woods with the twinkling of limbs not made for ornament, clad in tights of more or less graceful mould. And, amid those melancholy surroundings, a capable young actor ruins a reputation in an unreasoning and vain effort to be a great star. As for the others who play in *The Duke's Motto* and *Rip Van Winkle*, their case is different. They seek to earn an honest livelihood, and they are justified in playing when they have a chance, seeing that they have nothing else to do and the risk is in their favor. But the doom of the venture is sealed, and why the management should fight in face of such a plain result we can not see. The Nevada Bank is most impartial. It does not refuse to the church what it offers to the devil, and on Sunday Bishop Simpson preached to a packed audience. On Thursday the green plush seats were treated to an act of *The Marble Heart*, an act of *Macbeth* and *Solon Shingle*; and on Monday the company propose to amuse themselves with *The Two Orphans*.

Mr. Maguire has Sardou's new piece, translated, in the East under the name of *Mother and Son* (*Les Bourgeois de Port d'Arcy*). We hope he will give it a more attractive name than that. He has also a play of d'Ennery's; both to be produced after the Williamson engagement. Following those, Miss Clara Morris comes. If she means to play the French pieces well, it will be necessary that the stage management be considerably strengthened.

Miss Mayhew telegraphs that she has won her case. Now for her moral obligations. MOURZOUK.

THE MORALITY OF THE STAGE.

Views of Leading Managers about the Character of Actresses.

It is a mooted question whether actresses are chaste as ice. Certainly they have not escaped calumny. The tongue of scandal has wagged to their detriment; and a New York *Star* reporter has been industriously at work attempting to locate the cause in their extravagant style of dressing. He called on various theatrical managers.

"I don't know of any women on the stage who are living extravagantly and beyond their means," said Stephen Fiske, the co-manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre with Dan Harkins.

"There has been no such actress since the days of Mrs. John Hoey, and she spent her husband's money. She was, besides, one of the loveliest women on the stage, against whom nothing could be alleged. I think the actresses of New York were never more modest and conscientious than to-day. Leading actresses can afford to dress handsomely in private life. Few ladies of wealthy husbands have \$150 a week for personal expenses, and actresses who earn that, or more, have a right to dress elegantly if they choose.

"Some time ago there was much complaint that Mrs. Hoey ruined other actresses by the magnificence of her dressing. Few could afford to dress as she did. I remember writing a criticism in the *Herald* on a play of hers—I think it was *Ernestine*—in which she acts the part of a poor girl compelled to marry a rich man whom she despises, in order to save her father from imprisonment for a debt of 1,000 francs. I suggested that it would be in better keeping if the heroine had sold the diamonds and real lace she wore, to save her father and avoid the dire alternative.

"When the old Fifth Avenue Theatre was started the system of dressing in the French style was inaugurated. Mr. Daly bought and paid for the splendid costumes which the actresses wore who appeared in his pieces. At that time he was paying low salaries, and calling himself the author of the plays he produced. He took pride in placing them on the stage with splendid costumes, as well as elegant furniture and magnificent scenic effects.

"Mr. Wallack, spurred out of his old English routine by Mr. Daly's example, adopted the same system. In every contract with a leading lady, whose part demands extraordinary costuming, you will find a clause stating that the management provides for all modern costumes above two for each play. This is in Ada Dyer's contract, and Miss Davenport's, and no doubt it is also in Rose Coghlan's.

"I know that one of the richest dresses Miss Coghlan ever wore in New York was presented to her by her brother. All the bridesmaids in Boucicault's *Marriage*, who wore such elegant costumes, received their dresses at the hands of Lester Wallack, from slippers to orange wreath. Generally speaking, stars provide their own dresses, which are part of their capital. When a star, like Modjeska or Mary Anderson, earns \$500 or \$600 a night, she can well afford to patronize Worth.

"But, so far as I know, there is not now, and has not been for some time, any actress on the New York stage who earns \$30 or \$50 a week and wears dresses costing \$500, or playing any part where any grossly extravagant dressing would be allowed by the management. Outside of character costumes, as in *Two Orphans* or in *The Celebrated Case*, the management finds all the dresses. There is no play before the public where an opportunity is offered for extraordinary dressing."

"Would you discharge an actress, Mr. Fiske, if you knew she was immoral?"

"I'll answer that by reading a clause in the rules of every well conducted theatre: 'Any person whatever belonging to the company, or in the employ of the theatre, who shall by any conduct whatever publicly bring disgrace or discredit upon himself or herself, or the company or theatre, and by such conduct injure any of his or her associate members, or the business or character of the theatre, shall be subject to a forfeit of \$20 to \$50, or be discharged by the management, or suffer both punishments.' That covers your question completely."

"It has been alleged that there are actresses of notoriously bad character who play at leading theatres. Is that true?"

"Not that I am aware of. People will talk. There has never been a more notorious scandal than the Beecher affair, yet he's not removed from the pulpit. For people who live in the light of publicity, actresses, I think, are remarkably above reproach. You know, you can't go into their private life to take up their past histories. We know nothing about them, as is the case with scores of people in other pursuits."

Chandos Fulton, of Edgar & Fulton, managers of the Broadway Theatre, said:

"In proportion to their numbers, actresses are not more immoral than society itself. It may happen that an actress is playing on a certain night to an audience, one-half of whom are not so chaste as herself. If a single woman makes \$50 a week on the stage and spends \$500, the inference is that she has inherited money or made it in stocks. Some women are very shrewd. They know how to husband resources and make good investments.

"My experience teaches me that actresses have a hard time of it, and are generally economical. I think the great majority of them live within their means."

"It's one thing to call a woman unchaste and another to prove it. Nothing is easier than the former. A man can affirm that only of which he is informed. Mere talk proves nothing. There are women of high social standing who are yearly injured by scandal which they do not merit. Some thoughtless remark starts a rumor that travels far and wide, and at last reaches the subject of it, who is often innocent. So it is with actresses."

"They certainly have more temptations than any other class of women, exposed as they are to a running fire of flattery and admiration. But there has been altogether too much mud flung at the profession. Anything that can be caught up involving the reputation of actor or actress is magnified threefold. Many gloat over instances of depravity alleged against the stage as marking the depth of iniquity to which it has fallen.

"Actresses, it must be remembered, are closely watched. They live so completely in the glare of publicity that every action is noted. Other professions have their black sheep, but the fact is not so much insisted upon."

"If I knew there was in my employ an impure woman I would immediately discharge her. I think it an insult to the public to put unchaste women on the stage. Of course, we can act only so far as we know a woman's character by well-authenticated re-

port. It is true that while on the stage they are not private individuals, but actresses; still their private life may give rise to scandal if they are not correct in their deportment. In that case they should be, and undoubtedly are, condemned severely.

"I must confess," said Mr. Fulton, in conclusion, "I don't know of any actress who spends large sums of money above her salary. I think you have barked up the wrong tree."

William Henderson, manager of the Standard Theatre, said: "That's an old country idea of actresses living off other people's money besides their own, and it ought to be exploded. My experience of New York life is not so extensive as other managers', but so far I have seen nothing of the kind. It certainly is not the case in my own theatre. My actresses are trying, how to live the most economically. I suppose I shall pay \$1,200 a week for salaries this season. When an actress is earning a nice sum of money she has the privilege of dressing as well as wives of men earning no more. A cashier, for instance, receives \$3,000 a year, and by keeping his house expenses low obtains credit of earning \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year by the display he is able to make. In the same way, if an actress wishes to board cheaply and spend her money on her person, I don't know who can object. But as a rule, I think, actresses are as modest and economical as most women."

"When an actress comes in town to play at my theatre I am often asked where she can board the most reasonably. I could point out to you leading women who have been in my company living on Sixth Avenue or the smaller hotels. There's no brown-stone arrangement there, and yet they made very handsome salaries."

"The greatest scandal arises about an actress after she has married out of her profession. Watch it and see if, nine cases out of ten, the man doesn't marry her to live off of her earnings!"

"Since the telegraph has been in use, old folks say, on reading the morning papers, 'What a wicked world it's getting to be.' This is because the crime of a day is gathered and published more fully than in their younger days. For a similar reason, people think actresses are so much worse than women in society, for an eternal watchfulness is directed toward their patrons, and everything wrong put in its strongest light."

"A manager is not supposed to know of the private life of the professionals he employs. He simply manages for the public. McCullough plays at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and at the Grand Opera House in the same season to make money and increase his reputation, and so a manager caters to the public taste. If a play has a high moral tone, and becomes popular, so much the better. But if people don't like a play all the morality in the world won't save it from failure. An actress who has the elements of popularity will be engaged by a manager; her private life is not investigated, but her professional ability. Of course, an actress notorious for immorality would not be tolerated in my theatre."

"A proof of the chastity of women on the stage is the excellent wives they often make. Mr. and Mrs. Waller, and scores of others I might mention, have lived together more than twenty years, and happily, we have every reason to believe."

Lester Wallace was riding in a car when accosted by the reporter.

"It's all bosh," he said. "I don't think there is anything in the subject to pay the newspapers for sending out reporters to write it up. I don't care to say much about the matter beyond this. Do you think I would go to my master mechanic, for instance, and inquire about his morality? I am satisfied so long as he works well. In the same way actresses are engaged by reason of their ability, and their private affairs are none of mine. If an actress wishes to dress handsomely, it's nothing in which I am concerned; and if she can pay for her clothing, however elegant, it's a matter of perfect indifference to me. I think they are a chaste class of women as a rule. There are black sheep, however, in every flock."

Greene & Thompson, the literary firm, are looming up in New York. It is said a comedy of theirs, *Sharps and Flats*, having direct bearing on the late Sierra Nevada or any other deal, is to follow Bronson Howard's *Hurricanes* at the Park. W. C. Crosby and wife have taken an Irish drama from them; too, and will travel with it.

A most attractive display is that made at the Pavilion by S. & G. Gump, Nos. 581 and 583 Market Street. This long-established and popular firm always keep on hand the latest styles of Mirrors, Cornices of all styles and prices, and Gilt Frames of every description. The beautiful specimens now on exhibition at the Pavilion are but a mere hint of what is to be seen at their extensive warehouses on Market Street. Their taste in framing pictures is unsurpassed. They manufacture a great variety of what might be termed novelty frames. Some of their patterns are simply exquisite. They are unique and original in design. There is a real science in the matter of adapting and adjusting a particular frame to a particular picture. It makes all the difference in the world how a picture is framed, there are so many points to be taken into consideration. An artistic taste in these matters is invaluable. Messrs. S. & G. Gump are never consulted in vain. It should be mentioned, in this connection, that their frames are made of the best of material. The gilding does not tarnish. Those who desire the best work at the most reasonable rates should go to 581-583 Market Street.

The *Alta California*, September 17: "Yosemite cologne, put up by Slaven, is as pure as the waters of the Vernal, Bridal Veil, or Yosemite Falls. Wouldn't it be nice if these waters could be scented as deliciously as Slaven does his cologne?"

This paper is printed with ink furnished by Chas. Enen Johnson & Co., 509 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, and 59 Gold Street, New York.

For silverware, go to Anderson & Randolph's, Clock Tower Building, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. She will be happy to see her former patrons. New Style Lace Patterns.

LADIES—NUMEROUS GOOD GIRLS APPLY DAILY for positions at my office. Your orders are filled by my lady clerk, a competent housekeeper, who knows how to select your help. Zeehandelaar & Co., 627 Sacramento Street, above Montgomery.

A BIG DEAL.

THE FAMOUS WILDCAT MINE.

Yesterday afternoon there was issued from this office a Sketch Book of the Stock Market, giving scenes of the exterior and interior of the Stock Exchange and character sketches on the street.

The work includes the whole ground of stock speculation, dealing more particularly with the comic side of the business, giving caricatures of the leading brokers of the Exchanges, the well known characters of "Pauper Alley," and the indiscriminate throng of the stock arena.

It is a very funny thing, rich in interest, and full of sketches that can not fail to be recognized by everybody interested in the business and acquainted with the sharps of office, board, and street.

Agreeable to the requirements of the market, the book is issued in the shape of a certificate, duly executed and transferable on any books except those of the ARGONAUT Publishing Company.

Capital stock, \$2,500.00; number of shares, 10,000; price of shares, 25 cents. Take in a few at bedrock prices before it is placed on the Board.

CHAMPAGNE.

Over an hundred years the art of Champagne making was surrounded by a veil of mystery, and to be candid, but a few of the many admirers of this sprightly and elegant wine have ever cared to know how it was made. They emptied glass after glass, and only sought its life-giving and soul-inspiring exhilaration, quite content to escape a headache next day, the usual penalty of their indiscretion. But now there are champagnes made, and made in this city too, which are absolutely pure, and which will not give a headache, no matter how immoderately they may be used. We allude to the Extra Dry Eclipse, the Sparkling Muscatel, and the Private Cuvée of Messrs. Landsberger & Co. In producing these wines they have accomplished a public good.

George H. Tay & Co., formerly Tay, Brooks & Backus, Pioneers, established in 1848, manufacturers of tin, copper, brass, and sheet-iron ware; have steam punching and stamping works—the only ones on the coast; make a specialty of stationers' japanned goods, tin cans and boxes of all kinds. Proprietors of the Alvarado Stove Foundry, where they manufacture a variety of patterns of cooking and heating stoves, French ranges; parlor grates, cauldrons, etc. Also manufacturers of the "Backus Water Motor," ranging from 1-16 to 6-horse power, and extensively used for sewing machine and all light machinery. Salesrooms 616, 618, and 620 Battery Street.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and detachable Flounces; Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

WANTED—Copies of the ARGONAUT of August 3d (No. 4, Vol. III.)

THE ARGONAUT BOUND.

Sufficient files of the ARGONAUT have been preserved to bind twenty full volumes of Vol. II, from January 12th, 1878, to July 6th, 1878. Any one can be accommodated with the bound volume by applying at the business office, 522 California Street. As the number of volumes is limited, it would be well to apply early.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Roxy. By Edward Eggleston, author of the Hoosier Schoolmaster. 12mo, cloth, illustrated \$1 50
Almost an Englishman. By M. L. Scudder, Jr. 16mo, cloth 1 25
Sibyl Spencer. By James Kent. 16mo, cloth 1 25
A Concise History of Music. By H. G. B. Hunt. 1 vol., 16mo, cloth 1 00
Medieval Church History. By R. C. Trench, D.D. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth 3 00
Fall of Damascus. By Russell. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth. 1 50

NEW STATIONERY

RECEIVED DAILY.

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

NO. 5 MONTGOMERY STREET.

RE-OPENED.

HAYWARD WAREHOUSES

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THE PATRONAGE OF FARMERS and others is respectfully solicited. Storage, one dollar per ton for the season. Advances and Insurance effected at the lowest rates.

Refer by permission to Chas. Webb Howard, President Spring Water Valley Company, Bray Bros., M. Waterman & Co., San Francisco; John Zeile, Hayward's; J. West Martin, President Union Savings Bank, Oakland.

R. H. BENNETT, Proprietor.

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We beg to inform our friends and all connoisseurs that we have received a shipment of the celebrated

POMMERY & GRENO CHAMPAGNE,

The favorite of all gourmets in Europe and the Eastern States. We guarantee the quality of this Wine to meet the demands of the most fastidious.

L. LEBENBAUM & CO., 529 and 531 Kearny St. and 1303 Polk St.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings and Saturday Matinee,

ALICE OATES,

And her unequalled new English Comic Opera Company.

Positively last performances of the successful Comic Opera,

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.

Serpolette.....Alice Oates.

Monday Evening, Sept. 23, Lecoq's masterpiece, in 3 acts,

GIROFLE-GIROFLA.

Girofle-Girofla.....Alice Oates.

The cast embraces the entire strength of the company. New wardrobe, scenery, and appointments.

Reserved seats may be secured at the box office every day. Prices as usual.
Marine Prices—Admission, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 75 cents. Children, half price.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.
G. R. CHIPMAN.....TREASURER.

Unprecedented success of

MR. & MRS. J. C. WILLIAMSON
(MISS MAGGIE MOORE),

Every Evening, including Sunday, and Saturday Matinee,

STRUCK OIL.

John Stofel.....Mr. J. C. Williamson.
Lizzie Stofel.....Mrs. J. C. Williamson.

To conclude with the original Californian Topical Sketch,

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Billy the Butcher, alias Ah Ka Funga Slim,
Kitty O'Shane, alias Sam See Lo.....Mrs. J. C. Williamson.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Stalls, \$1; reserved seats, \$1 50. Balcony, 50 cents; reserved seats, 75 cents. Gallery, 25 cents. Matinee, 50 cents to all parts of the house.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Saturday, September 21, last night of

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Monday, September 23, last week of

STUART ROBSON & WM. H. CRANE,

And first production in this city of Bret Harte's great play,

TWO MEN OF SANDY BAR!

In which Messrs. Robson and Crane will appear as "Sandy Morton" and "Col. Culpepper Starbottle."

Friday Evening, September 27, Joint Farewell Benefit of
MESSRS. ROBSON AND CRANE.

Last Robson and Crane Matinee, Saturday, September 28.
Seats at the box office six days in advance.

Monday, September 30, brief engagement of the popular favorite, MR. FRANK MAYO, in his great creation,

DAVY CROCKETT.

JOE POHEIM The Tailor,



223 Montgomery St. and 103 Third St., has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.
Suits to order from.....\$20
Pants to order from.....5
Overcoats to order from.....15

227 The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is at

JOE POHEIM,
23 Montgomery St. and 103 Third St.

amples and Rules for Self-measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.



OFFICE OF THE
BANK COMMISSIONERS,
No. 202 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11, 1878.

GUSTAVE MAHE, Director and Secretary
of the French Savings and Loan Society:

DEAR SIR:—The visit of the Bank Commissioners to your institution, and the fact that their report was not immediately made, having apparently caused a feeling of apprehension among your depositors, I desire to say that the estimate so far furnished by such experts as Maurice Dore, Gen'l Cobb, R. H. Sinton, S. P. Middleton, and W. H. Bovee, of the present value of the real estate held, and much of that loaned upon by your Bank, nearly coincides with the figures at which said property stands upon your books, while some estimate of property outside of the city loaned upon still remains to be furnished. I see no reason to doubt that your Reserve Fund is more than sufficient to meet any shrinkage that may arise, and I consider that your institution is in a solvent condition.

(Signed) EVAN J. COLEMAN,
President Board of Bank Commissioners.

BEST KOHLER & CHASE SAN FRANCISCO & OAKLAND.

THE POOR INDIAN.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way;
Therefore a scientific aborigine
Is something which we never hope to see,
But, seeing, shall immediately go
And report the same to Mr. Barnum's show,
Which will prove a bigger attraction than
Jenny Lind and the wholly horse driven tandem,
Or the Cardiff Giant transported
On two freight cars, with a cat in intestines
Sucking out of his mouth and ears.
Yet simpler nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-tort hill a humbler heaven—
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
As if a safer world than this could be,
Where Government is kind, and Howards flee
From the shadow of an Indian
As if the very Old Scratch was after them
With a seven-pronged pitchfork.
And, reaching a telegraph station,
Immediately sent word to the Associated Press
That they have caught up with the red demons,
And killed seven hundred and fifty Sioux,
Eleven hundred and seventy-five Comanches,
Four thousand Apaches, and untold numbers
Of Crows, Cherokees, and Black Feet, among
The slain being Sitting Bull, Hole-in-the-Day,
Spotted Tail, Old Stick-in-the-Mud,
And all their braves and papooses.
To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire,
But fire-water is his heart's delight,
Whether it comes in the form of Bourbon,
Robinson County, forty-rod, alcohol, aquafortis,
Or citro-glycerine with a stick in it.
Old City Derrick.

One day a Turkish joker borrowed a great kettle of a neighbor. When he had done with it he returned it and a little sauceman along with it. The neighbor asked what this meant, whereupon the joker said, "The kettle had a young one." On hearing this, the neighbor readily accepted both. Some time afterward the joker again borrowed the kettle, but, after waiting a long time to have it returned, the owner at last went for it, and knocked at the joker's door. "What do you want of me?" "I want my kettle," replied the neighbor. "I see that you look quite well yourself, but I am very sorry to say that your kettle is dead," returned the humorist. "Nonsense! Kettles don't die," cried the neighbor. "Certainly they do," opposed the joker; "if a kettle can have a young one, it can die."

Our Choir.

There's Jane Sophia,
And Anna Maria,
And Obadiah,
And Zedekiah,
In our choir.

And Jane Sophia soprano sings
So high, you'd think her voice had wings
To soar above all earthly things.
When she leads off on Sunday:
While Anna Maria's alto choice,
Rings out in such harmonious voice,
That sinners in the church rejoice,
And wish she'd sing till Monday.
Then Obadiah's tenor high
Is unsurpassed beneath the sky;
Just hear him sing "Sweet by and by,"
And you will sit in wonder.
While Zedekiah's bass profound
Goes down so low it jars the ground,
And wakes the echoes miles around,
Like distant rolling thunder.
Talk not to us of Patti's fame,
Or Nicolini's tenor name,
Or Cary's contralto—but a name—
Or Whitney's poudrous basso!
They sing no more like Jane Sophia,
And Anna Maria, Obadiah,
And Zedekiah in our choir,
Than cats sing like Tomasso.

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe shop with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

"Dot Leedle Loweeza."

How dear to his heart was mine grand-child, Loweeza,
Dot sheet leedle taugher off Yawcob, mine son!
I been vas tired to hug and to squeeze her
Yen bome I gets back, und der day's work vas done.
When I vas away, oh, I know dot she miss me,
For when I come homevards she rushes bell-mell,
Und poots oop dot sheet leedle mout' for to kiss me—
Her "darlin oldi gampa" dot she lofe so vell.
Katrina, mine fran, ene could not do midoudt her,
She vas sooch a comfort to her day py day;
Dot shild she made efrv von happy about her,
Like sunshine she drife all their droubles away;
She holdt der wool yam while Katrina she vind it,
She bring her dot camfire bottle to shmedl;
She fetch me mine pipe, too, when I don'd ead find it,
Dot pite-eyed Loweeza dot lofe me so vell.

How sheet when der toils off der veek vas all over,
Und Sunday vas mine mit its quiet und rest,
To walk mit dot shild more der daisies und clover,
Und look at der leedle birds building chair nest,
Her pright leedle eyes, how they sparkle mid bleavere,
Her lauch it rings oudt shust so clear as a bell;
I dink there vas nopody had vooch a treasure
As dot shmall Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

Vhen vinter vas coom, mit its coldt, shstormy wedder,
Katrina und I ve must sit in der house,
Und dalk off der bast, by de firevode togedder,
Or blay mit dot taugher of our Yawcob Strauss,
Oldt age mit its wrinkles remind us
Ve ganoot shstay long mit der shildren to dwell;
Badt soon ve shall meet mit der poyas left behind us,
Und dot sheet Loweeza, dot lofe us so vell.
CHARLES F. ADAMS.

He said he rather guessed he knew how to sail a boat—but the gentle zephyrs that kiss the wavelets o'er his watery grave mournfully whisper: "He luffed not wisely."

There was nothing but a plain slab at the head of the mound, but the simple inscription upon it tells its own sad story: "He was unwise in a close game."

A greenback orator shouts: "Give us greenbacks ere we starve!" Waiter, pass the watermelon that way; the wild eyed son of toil wants nourishment.

Painful question by the Sultan: "Is this Turkey, or is it merely portions of England, Russia, Austria, and other countries?"



ARLINGTON HOTEL,
SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

NO HOTEL ON THE PACIFIC
Coast can surpass the ARLINGTON in the airy cheerfulness and convenience of its arrangements. Note equal it in the natural and artistic beauty of its surroundings. The readers of the ARGONAUT will be pleased to know that the problem of combining solid comfort within doors, inexhaustible pleasure without, and calm contentment all the time, at a very economical rate of expenditure, has been solved at the ARLINGTON, and is respectfully submitted by
GEO. T. BROMLEY, Manager.

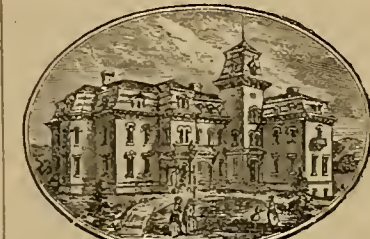
BERKELEY
GYMNASIUM

The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the interests of higher education, and in opposition to the cramming system of the small colleges and military academies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th. Examination of candidates for admission July 22d and 23d. By request, instructions have been provided during the summer months for students preparing for the August examinations at the University. For catalogue or particulars, address—

JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

GOLDEN GATE ACADEMY



AND CADET SCHOOL.

Next quarter will commence October 7, 1878.
For circulars, address
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ARE THE PERFECTLY PURE
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FRESH FRUITS

Prepared with great care. They are put up in superior style, in a bottle holding twice as much as ordinary brands of Extracts.
Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so cheap.
Wherever tested on THEIR MERITS, they have been adopted in preference to all others, and now are the

STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS
Of the Pacific coast. Dealers will find them to give better satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are respectfully requested to give them a trial.
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Druggists, Importers of Foreign
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Rock Drills,
Portable Hoisting Engines,
Marine Stationary and Portable Boilers
Baby Hoist, complete.

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Direct-acting Pumping and Hoisting Engines,
Upright and Stationary Engines,
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Standard Reputation, playing from one to over one hundred airs. The largest and best assortment in this city. MUSICAL BOXES WITH CHANGEABLE CYLINDERS always on hand. New and interesting styles constantly received. Call and examine our stock. REPAIRING OF MUSICAL BOXES thoroughly done in all their particularities.

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SOLE MAKERS OF
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ALSO, AGENTS FOR
HARNESS MANUFACTURED BY WOOD GIBSON,
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A. H. DUNSCOMBE.

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STOCK BROKERS,
S. E. corner Montgomery and California Sts.

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Drug and Prescription
STORE,
Northwest corner Polk and Pine Streets.

Prescriptions prepared with care from the purest of Drugs and Chemicals.

CHAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG.

FOX & KELLOGG,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS
AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

S. B. WAKEFIELD, A. W. FOSTER,
Member S. F. Stock and Exchange Board.

S. B. WAKEFIELD & CO.

STOCK & EXCHANGE BROKERS,

314 Pine Street, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS'
MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital\$200,000
Assets exceed..... 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 209 SANSOME ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

THOS. FLINT, President. J. W. FOARD, Manager.

FERO. K. RULESecretary.

I. G. GARDNER..... General Agent.

JOHN C. STABLES.....Special Agent.

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INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:
A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPA-

ny.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 10th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 33) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fourth day of November, 1878, to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

OFFICE OF THE BODIE GOLD

Mining Company, Room 3, San Francisco Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, September 10, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held to-day, a regular dividend of three dollars (\$3) per share was declared, payable on Saturday, the 14th day of September, 1878. WM. H. LENT, Secretary.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the sixth (6th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighth (8th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.
Office—Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 12 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Thursday, Sept. 12, 1878. Transfer books closed on Monday, Sept. 9, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street third floor San Francisco Cal

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES J. HENRY, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by reference to the complaint on file herein, to which your attention is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL OF COURT.) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
No. 629 Kearny Street.



COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Agos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. Stage connections made with this train. PARLOR CAR attached to this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and Way Stations. Stage connection made with this train at SANTA CLARA for Pacific Congress Springs.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SUNDAYS AN EXTRA TRAIN will leave for San Jose and Way Stations at 9.30 A. M. Returning, will leave San Jose at 6.00 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and other points, and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following MONDAY, inclusive.

Also, Excursion Tickets to Monterey—good from Saturday until following Monday, inclusive.
A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving San Francisco via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at COHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, and YUMA.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after Monday, August 5th, 1878, the two new, fast, and elegant steamers SAN RAFAEL and SALITO will run between San Francisco and San Rafael as follows:

WEEK DAYS.

Leave San Francisco.	Leave San Rafael.
From San Quentin Ferry, Market Street.	(Via San Quentin Ferry.)
7.15 A. M. for San Rafael.	6.30 A. M. for San Francisco.
8.15 " " & Junction.	8.00 " " " "
9.40 " " " "	9.00 " " " "
1.45 P. M. " " " "	11.00 " " " "
4.10 " " " "	3.20 P. M. " " "
5.10 " " " "	4.45 " " " "
6.10 " for San Rafael.	5.45 " " " "

(From Sausalito Ferry, Market Street.)
5.30 P. M. for all points between Sausalito and San Rafael.

1.45 P. M. Through train for Duncan Mills and way stations. Stage connections made daily, except Monday, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAYS.

From San Quentin Ferry, Market Street.	(Via San Quentin Ferry.)
10.00 A. M. for San Rafael.	8.35 A. M. for San Francisco.
12.30 P. M. " " " "	11.15 " " " "
3.15 " " " "	1.45 P. M. " " "
5.45 " for San Rafael and Junction.	4.30 " " " "
(From Sausalito Ferry, Market Street.)	
8.00 A. M. Excursion train, connecting at Junction with train for San Rafael.	(Via Sausalito Ferry.)
	6.15 P. M. for San Francisco.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Round Trip Tickets between San Francisco and San Rafael have been reduced as follows: Week days, 75 cents; Sundays, 50 cents.

W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.
JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, July 29th, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco (Washington Street Wharf), as follows:

3.30 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted.
Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the GEYSERS. Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10.15 A. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, via Donahue. For the round trip: Donahue, \$1; Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2; Healdsburg, \$3; Cloverdale, \$4. Connection made at Fulton for Laguna, Forestville, Korbel's, Guerneville, the Russian River, and Big Trees. Fares for round trip: Fulton and Laguna, \$2.50; Forestville, Korbel's and Guerneville, \$3. (Arrive at San Francisco 6.55 P. M.) Freight received from 7 A. M. to 3.00 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.
ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 SHERMAN'S BUILDING,
Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco (P. O. Box 707).

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1878, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS
WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE at FERRY LANDING, MARKET STREET.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams.

(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER
Train (via Oakland Ferry), arriving at San Jose at 9.45 A. M. Connecting at Niles with train via Livermore, arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. (Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry), Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R. for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Los Angeles at 3.40 P. M.

(Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY) Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN
Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, SOUTHERN
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only, for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 7.30 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER
(via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains at "Melrose."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To Peninsula.		To East Oakland.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		To Delaware Street.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	8.00	7.00	8.10	7.00	7.00	7.30	8.10	7.30	8.10	
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	9.00	8.00	9.10	8.00	8.00	8.30	9.10	8.30	9.10	
7.30	1.30	9.00	8.10	9.30	8.30	9.40	8.30	8.30	9.00	9.30	9.00	9.30	
8.00	2.00	10.00	P. M.	10.00	9.30	10.10	9.30	9.00	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	
8.30	3.00	11.00	B. 5.00	11.00	10.30	11.10	10.30	4.30	11.30	11.30	11.30	11.30	
9.00	3.30	12.00								P. M.	4.00	3.00	
9.30	4.00	P. M.								4.30	4.30	4.30	
10.00	4.30									5.00	5.00	5.00	
10.30	5.00	2.00								5.30	5.30	5.30	
11.00	5.30	3.00								6.00	6.00	6.00	
11.30	6.00	4.00								6.30	6.30	6.30	
12.00	6.30	5.00											
.....	7.00	6.00											
.....	8.10	B. 7.00											
.....	9.00	8.10											
.....	10.30	C. 10.30											
.....	11.45	B. 11.45											

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,

31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.



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KNABE PIANOS,

IRVING PIANOS, ROGERS' UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Prince Organs, Waters' Organs, Sheet Music.

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733 MARKET STREET.

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SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

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12 Post Street San Francisco.



"DOMESTIC"
THE LIGHT RUNNING
SEWING MACHINE,

The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine in the market.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS

Elegant, stylish, and reliable.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office
and Residence, 112 Kearny Street. Office hours, 11
A. M. to 1 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. Sunday 11 to 1 only. Tele-
phone in the office.

RARE ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS.

W. K. TICKERY NOTIFIES HIS
customers and the public that he has removed to
a larger and more convenient office at N. 23 Kearny Street
(next door to Snow & May's), where he has a large collection of
these beautiful and rare works of art. To those who
can not visit his collection, he will be glad, on receipt of a
postal card, to take a portfolio of Engravings for inspection
at their residence any forenoon or evening. 23 Kearny
Street. Hours, 11 to 5 P. M.

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Ranches for sale in all parts of the country. Agents in the
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BUY NO TRUSS



Until you see what has been accom-
plished by DR. PIERCE'S late in-
vention.
Call, or send for New Illustrated
Book. Prices reduced.

MAGNETIC PLASTIC TRUSS
CO., 600 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Eureka Mining Company, Nevada
Block, Room 2, San Francisco, Sept. 15th, 1892.—At a
meeting of the Board of Directors of the Eureka Mining Com-
pany, held on the 14th day of September, 1892, it was or-
dained that a dividend of \$1.00 per share be paid to the stock-
holders of record on the 1st day of September, 1892. The
transfer books will be closed on the 21st inst. W. W. TRAYLOR, Secy.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

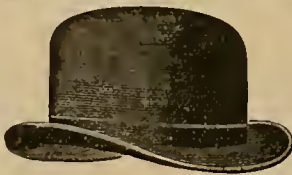
HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and
WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES
and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

HERRMANN'S



FALL STYLES

ARE NOW OUT AT

336 KEARNY STREET, BETWEEN BUSH AND PINE,
& 910 MARKET STREET, ABOVE STOCKTON.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

TERRACE SWIMMING BATHS

FOOT OF WEBSTER STREET, ON CENTRAL AVENUE, ALAMEDA
BEACH, now open to the public, and pronounced by the "elite" of San Francisco and Oakland as the only
place for a cool bath on the Pacific Coast. Perfect security against monsters of the deep. High water at all times
of day and night.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR LADIES UNATTENDED.

Reached in thirty-five minutes from San Francisco by steamer NEWARK—depot on the premises; or C. P. R. R.
to Market Station, or from Oakland by horse-cars at Broadway Station, running within two blocks of the Baths.
BATHS, 25 CENTS, including Private Room, Bathing Suits, Towels, Shower Baths, etc.

R. HALEY & C. A. EDSON, Proprietors.

A GREAT INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO OF BOSTON

Is one of the greatest trust institutions of the present age. It was organized over forty
years ago, and under a conservative management it has grown, and strengthened, and is
now at the head of honored and trusted companies for the insurance of life in the U. S.
Its policies are issued under the non-forfeiture law of Massachusetts. It charges no more
for its insurance than those companies that forfeit the policy in case of non-payment of
premium when due. Its present assets are \$14,893,427 78, and its surplus over all lia-
bilities amount to \$2,759,965 04. Wallace Everson, No. 328 Montgomery Street, San
Francisco, is the general agent for California and the Pacific States and Territories, and
is ever ready to give all information desired.

MRS. R. G. LEWIS, DRESS MAKING PARLORS,

ROOMS 27 AND 28,

Thurlock Block, corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, San Francisco.

Elegant Walking Suits, Evening Toilets, Bridal Trousseaus, and Mourning Costumes, manufactured
at the shortest notice, after the latest Parisian modes. TAKE THE ELEVATOR.

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135 KEARNY STREET, NEAR SUTTER, UP STAIRS.

The finest assortment of French Millinery Goods in the city always on hand.

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BUY YOUR SHIRTS AT

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FINE-ART DEALERS.

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A complete assortment of ARTISTS' MATERIAL, GOLD
FRAMES, etc.

19 AND 21 POST STREET.



WAREROOMS, N. W. CORNER
KEARNY AND SUTTER STREETS.

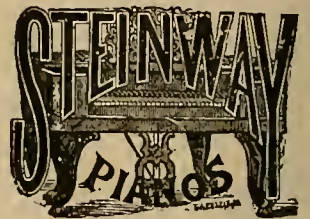
SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.

SHEET MUSIC,
MUSIC BOOKS,
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A WORLD'S TRIUMPH.

THE CURRENT OF

TRADE REVERSED.



TO EUROPE.

STEINWAY & SONS

ORDERS FROM EUROPE

have increased to an extent, necessitating the es-
tablishment of Warerooms in London, England, and
connected with it is a Concert Hall, the whole com-
bined making the most elegant Piano Wareroom in
Europe, and stands there as a monument of Ameri-
can genius and industry.

It is impossible to mention in the limited space of an
advertisement the innumerable triumphs of this en-
gineering firm. They stand foremost in the world in Piano
building in America, and in that respect, no small com-
pliment to their inventions is the undeniable en-
dorsement of all their competitors, as shown in their
imitative efforts. Certain principles of the Steinways
are however so completely protected, that no imita-
tion or substitute is attempted at all, and the shallow
method of crying such inventions down are resorted to
and relied upon.

The Steinways designed and perfected the Over-
strung and Iron Frame systems. The application of
the Agraffa Arrangements to Square and Upright
Pianos. The Patent Duplex Scale creating the most
beautiful treble tone, (the Duplex Scale is of recent
invention and only to be found in Pianos sold
recently). The improved Double Dampers. The
later idea extending the Agraffa to every string in the
Piano. The highest finish to all parts of the instru-
ment, including first qualities of Ivory, ebony, felt,
cloth, etc. The wood work and varnish of such first-
class character, that the employment of large capital
and experience alone permits.

The name of Steinway has become a "household
word" in American homes, and the satisfactory
record of 18 years' trial on the Pacific Coast, in itself
assures the purchaser that the investment is no
speculation, but one of perfect security.

The oft-repeated story of rival makers claiming to
have been Steinways' foreman, etc., should have no
weight with purchasers. An immense manufacturing
business like the Steinways is divided into de-
partments for the various classes of work, and a
foreman of one department superintends that alone,
and cannot be perfected in other details.

The Steinways (a numerous family) are the inven-
tors and designers of the principles of their Pianos,
and are alone responsible for the thorough execu-
tion of their own ideas.

In the Machinery Department at the late Centen-
nial Exhibition Steinways were awarded a special
medal for an invention for testing their iron frames
under a pressure of 5,000 lbs. to the square cen-
timetre. (This award was distinct from their medal
for the best Pianos exhibited.) The iron frames in
Steinway Pianos are the only ones so tested, and
while other makers rely on castings from an ordi-
nary foundry, the Steinways maintain their own
foundry, and manufacture a frame of composite metal,
which adds greatly to the resonant qualities of the
instrument in general.

It frequently occurs that the attempt is made to
raise the character of Pianos constructed on less
costly principles to the rank that the Steinway main-
tains, by naming a price, the same or nearly so.
This method is frequently exposed by the perfect
willingness of the dealer to make astonishing dis-
counts for cash or extremely long credits; systems
not entertained in any first-class business. In sell-
ing a Steinway Piano, a guarantee of worth is given
protecting the purchaser for 6 years, and catalogues
issued by the Pacific Coast Agencies have an uniform
rate of prices in gold, and where desired a liberal
installment plan is offered to responsible buyers,
with an additional charge of simply interest on
deferred payments. Catalogues mailed on applica-
tion to

M. GRAY, General Agent,
105 Kearny Street, S. F.

WILL REMOVE ABOUT OCT. 15TH TO

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PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE
for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. 33rd Entrance
south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

BEAMISH'S

CAPITAL : \$2,500,000

San Francisco Sept 20th 1878

184-11-44

10

SHARES



M. J. Muldoon - Trustee

Witnessed

— Ten —

Shares of the Capital Stock of

THE WILDCAT

SPECULATION

INCORPORATED



COMPANY.

SEPT. 1878.

Transferable on the books of the Company, by

Jos. D. Strong Jr.

SECRETARY.

Endorsement hereon on surrender of this Certificate.

Fred. M. Somers,

PRESIDENT

100,000 SHARES

25 CENTS EACH.

THE ARGONAUT PUB. CO. 522 CALIFORNIA ST.



H.H. NOBLE
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435.

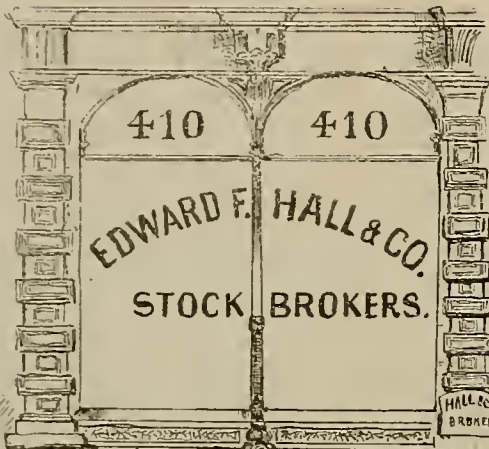
STOCK & MONEY
BROKERS
435.

STOCK
REPORT.

HAND
STO
BRO



Catching a Glimpse of the Latest Quotations - Cal. St.



Another Cal. St. Scene.



Bodie.



*Scorpion
15 Cts.*



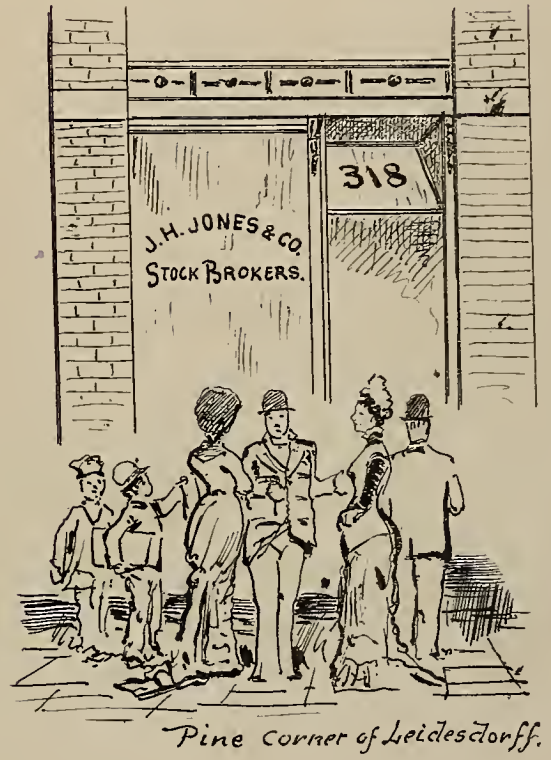
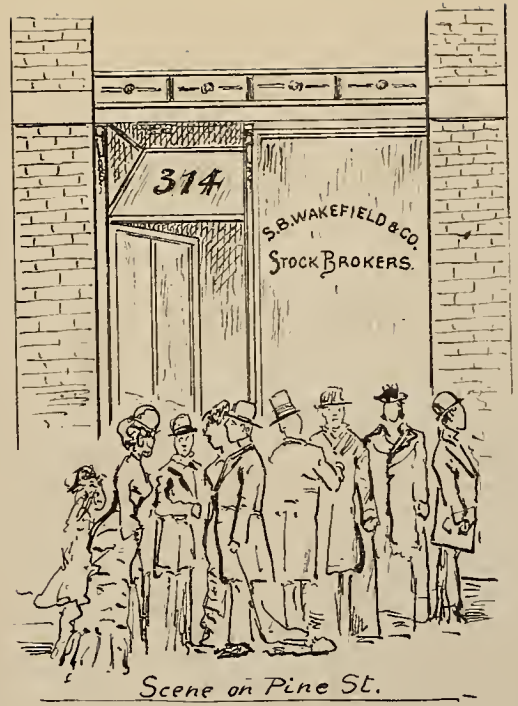
A Bird.



Sold at 28.

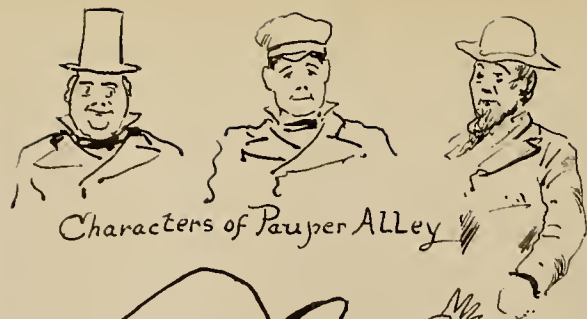


An Incline.





Heavy Operators



Characters of Pauper Alley



A solid Man.



Nerve



"A put & a Call"



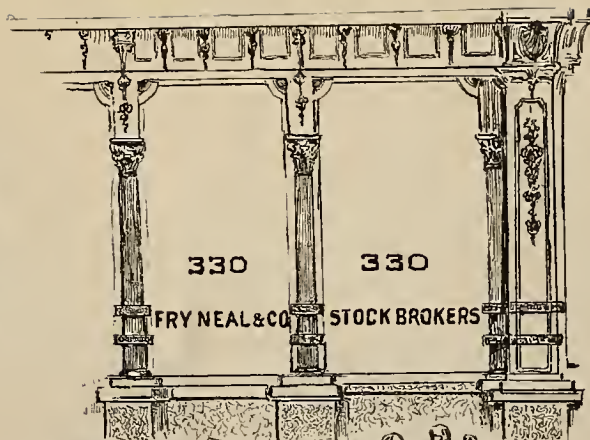
HARD LUCK



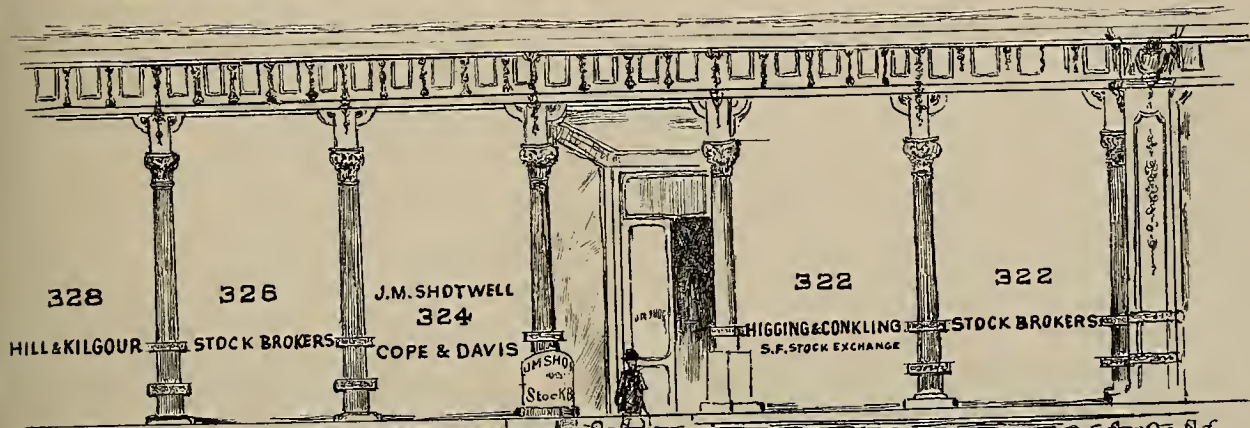
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Corner of California & Montgomery



Montgomery St. Safe Deposit Building.



Across Montgomery from Odd Fellows Building



Madies Broker N^o 1



Madies Broker N^o 2.



Operators, O. G.



Retired Barber.



A Pointer.



Fresh from Virginia.



Too Long.

Too Short.



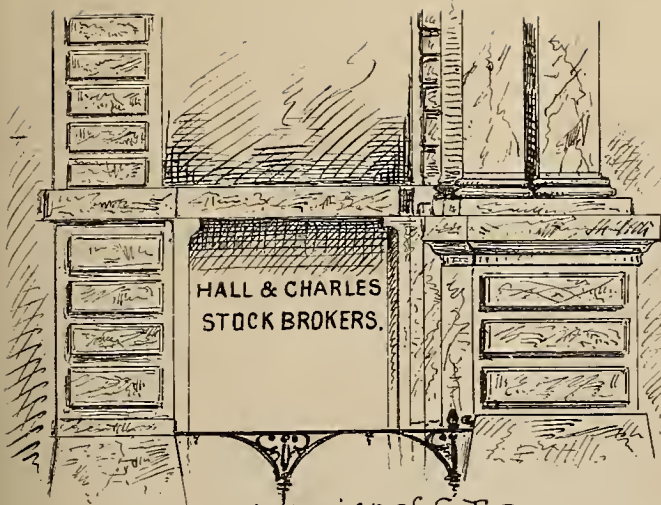
A retired mason.



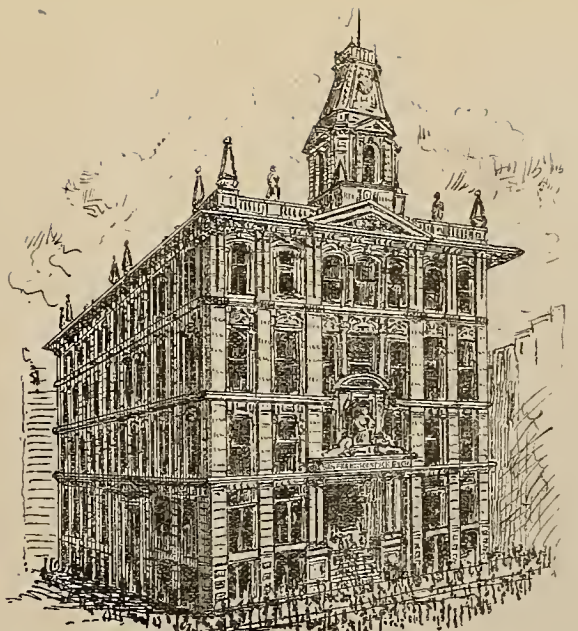
Canson.



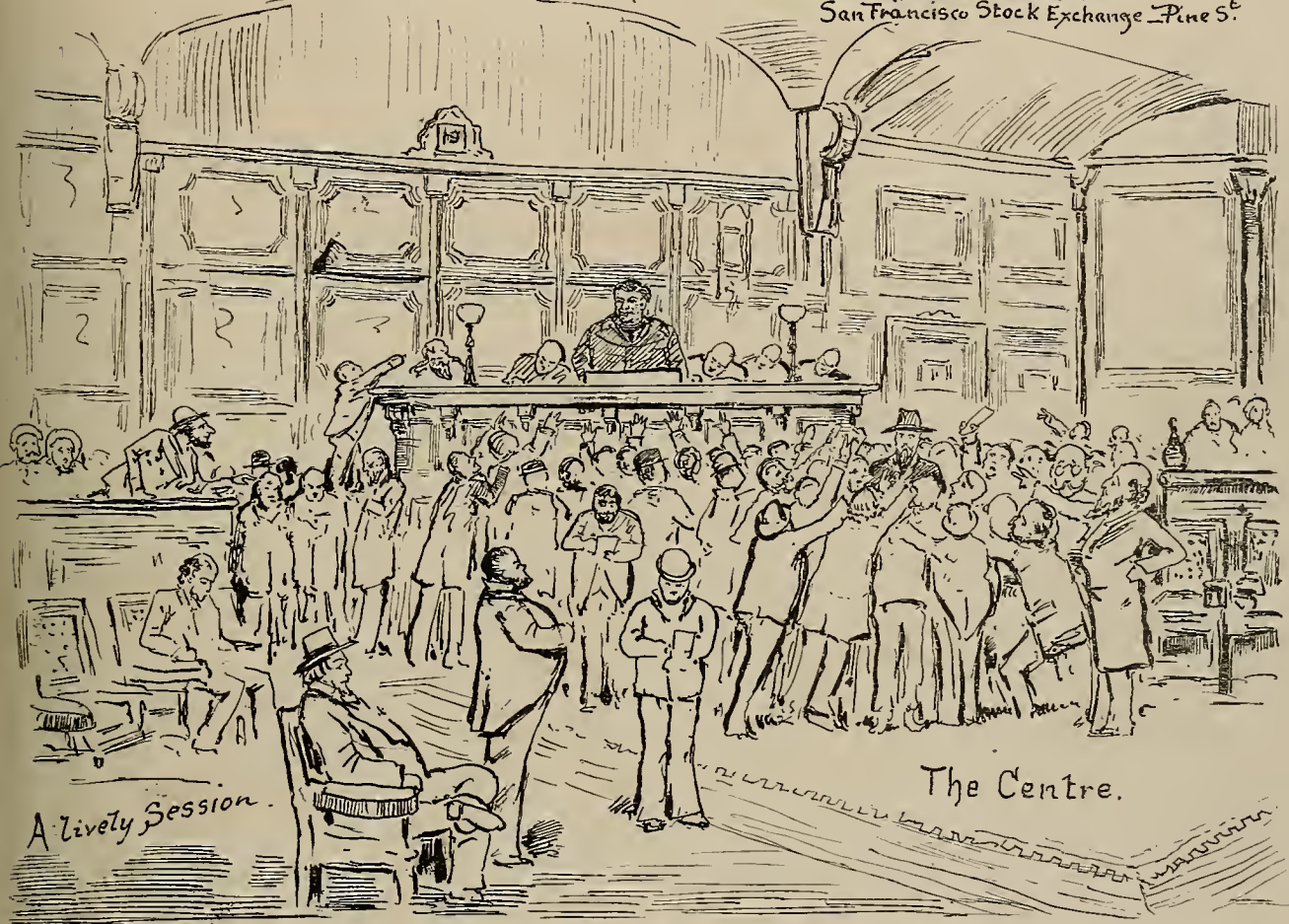
Reno.



Interior of S.F. Board.



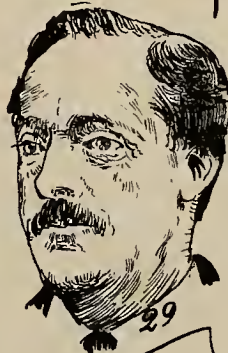
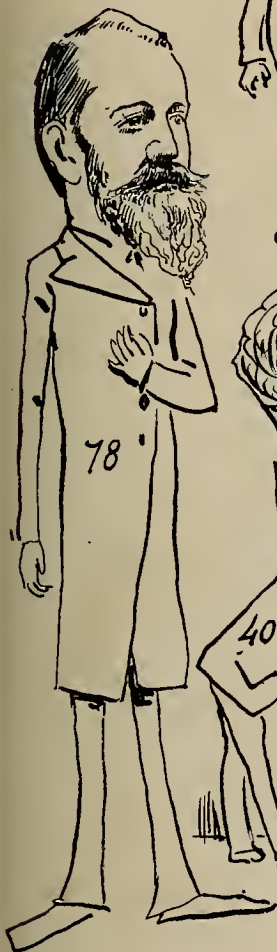
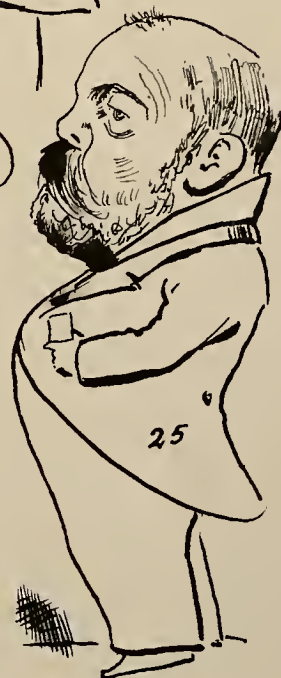
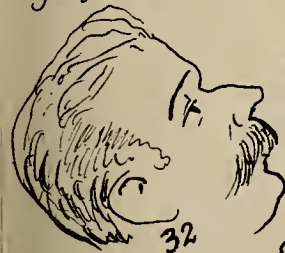
San Francisco Stock Exchange Pine St.

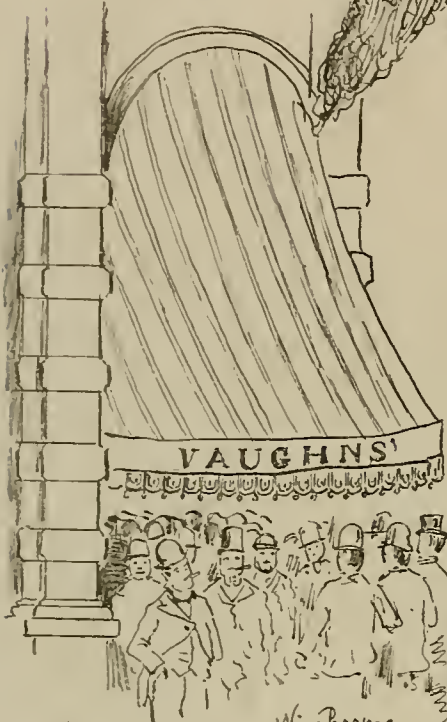
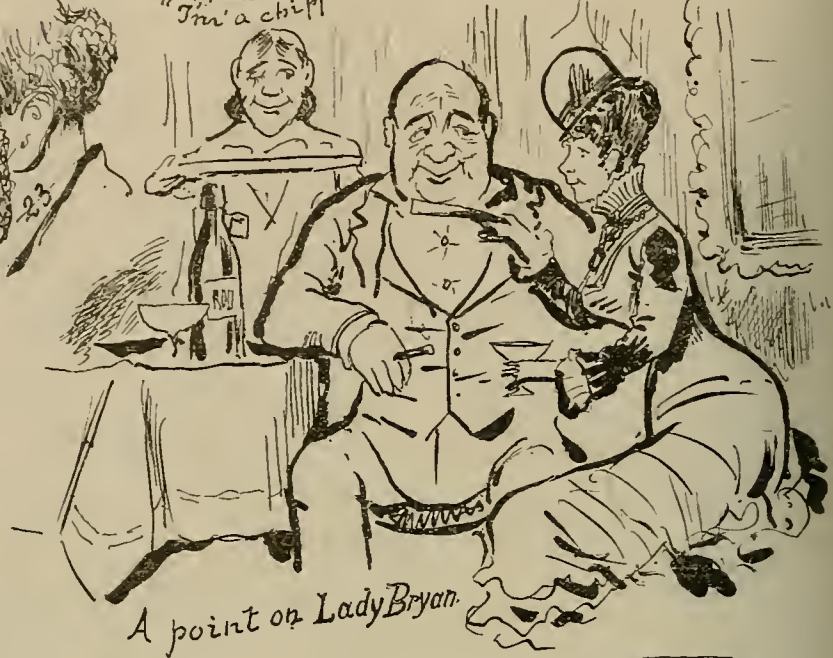
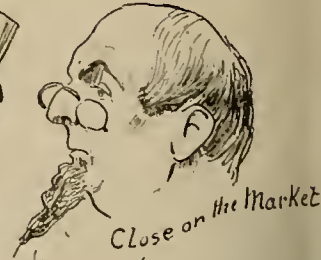


A lively Session.

The Centre.

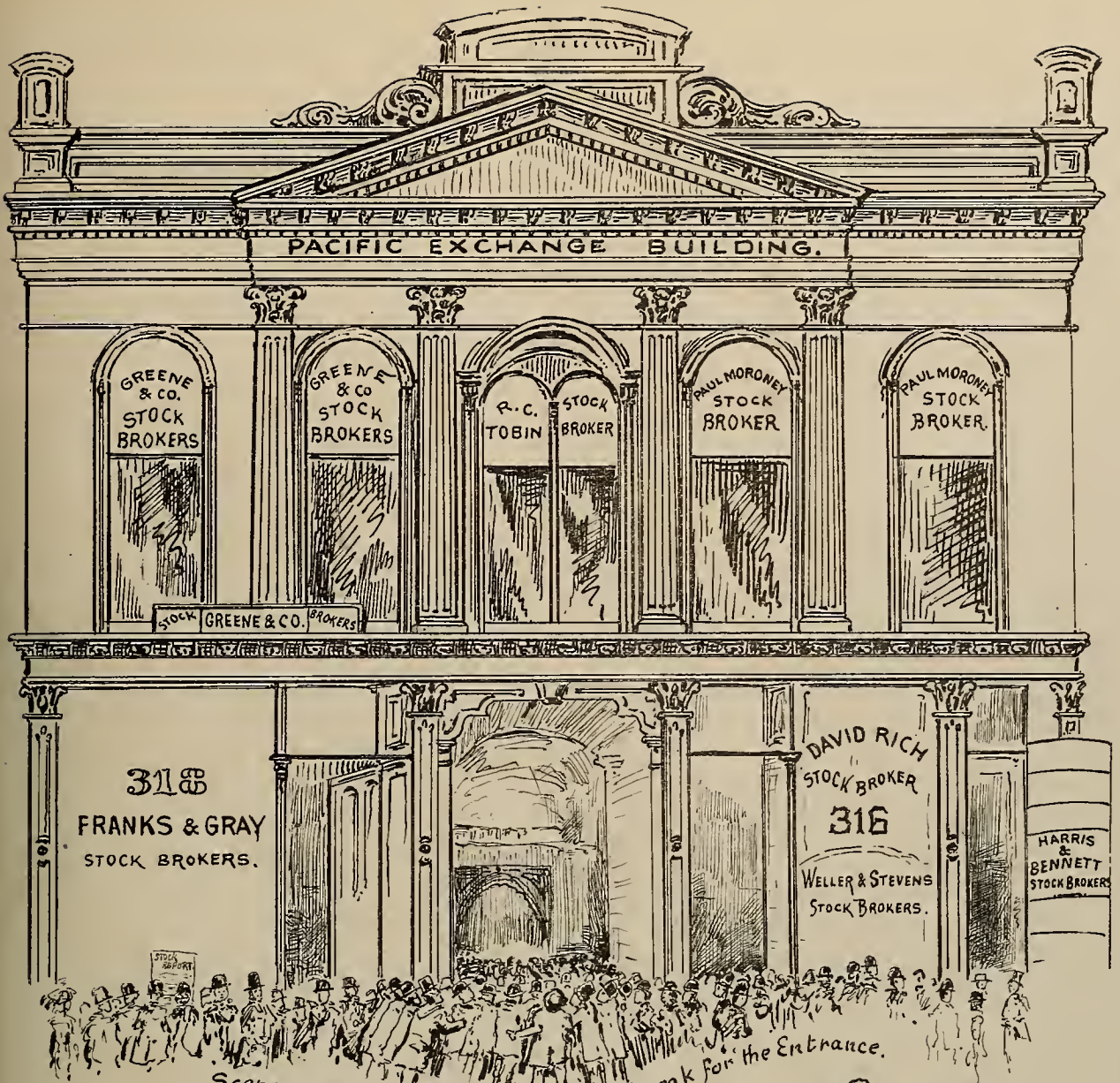






Merchant's Exchange Wine Rooms.





Scene on Montgomery St. making a break for the Entrance.



Explaining the Situation.



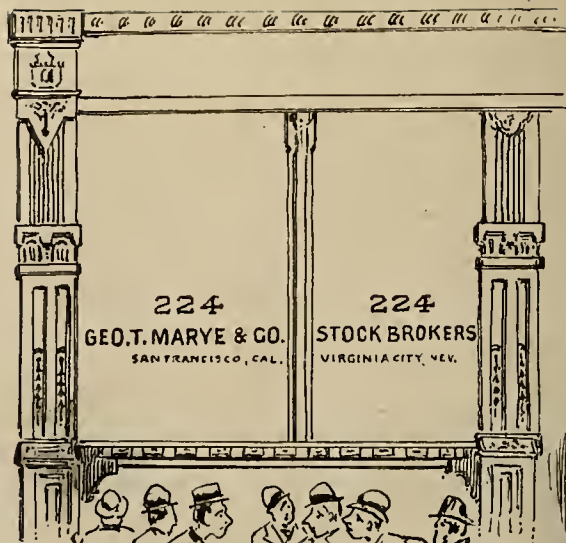
Floating a few Shares.



A Bonanza Biddy.



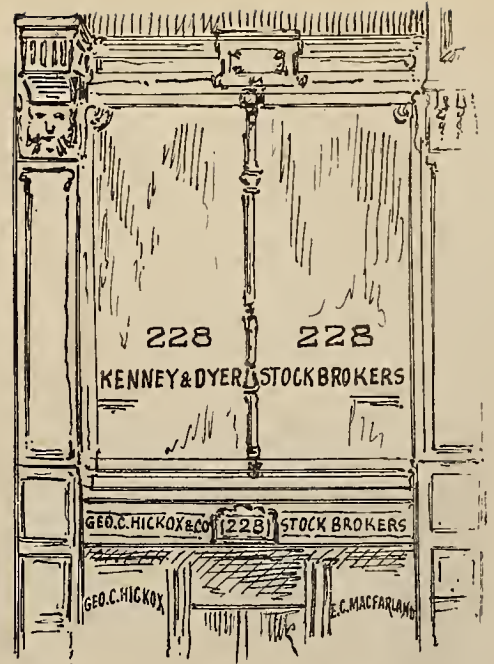
Offices in Nevada Block.



Office on Montgomery St.



Interior of Pacific Board



Offices T.R.E.A. Building
Montgomery St.

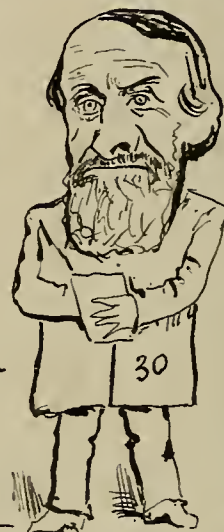
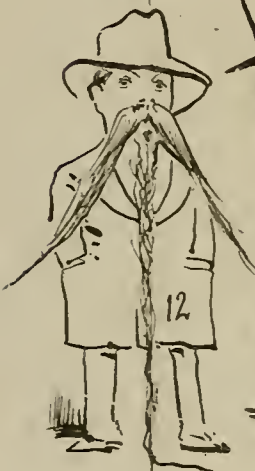
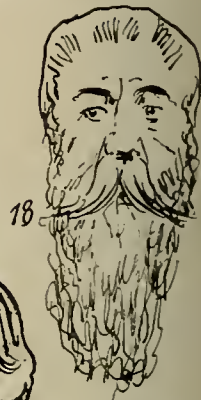
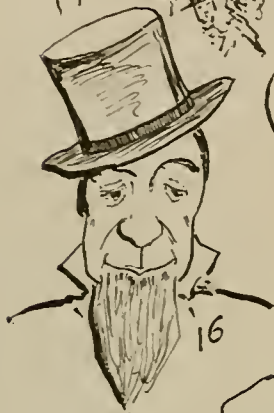


EUGENE E. DEWEY.
308
STOCK BROKER.

COFFIN, SANDERSON & COOK,

COFFIN, SANDERSON
& COOK
STOCK
BROKERS.

Scene 308 Pine Street.





The deal of the Newsboys.



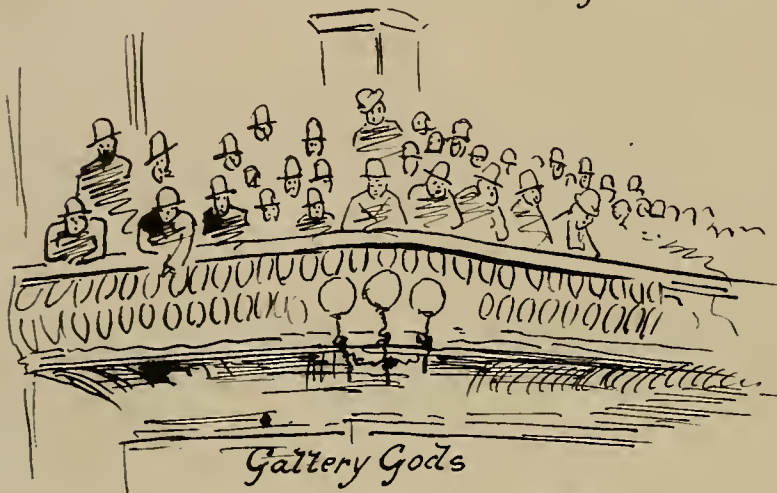


Making a Memorandum.

Office Exchange Build? Cal. S.



Sargt. Arms of Pacific Board.



Gallery Gods



The Haulum Board, Por. w. AZLEV.

"Take 500 more"?



Julia.

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 12.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

It will be observed that the ARGONAUT has improved of late. This is attributable in part to the fact that the senior editor has been absent delivering agricultural lectures at county fairs and duck shooting at Tulare Lake, leaving the juniors of the office greater freedom in making up the paper. The ARGONAUT has decidedly improved since its establishment, both in tone and in the general character of the enterprise. It has taken a higher range of thought than was its original purpose. It has found a better lead of literary matter to work than its proprietors supposed existed on the Pacific Coast. It has purposely avoided the acrimonious phase of political discussions, preferring to cut itself loose from any party association, and leaving its columns free to the discussion of all national questions—free, indeed, to the discussion of all questions; preferring to make itself the vehicle of independent thought rather than the organ of any class or the advocate of any party. It will be observed that on all questions on which the community is divided in opinion the columns of the ARGONAUT are open to a free discussion. The editors of the journal are Republicans by early association, education, and conviction; but, recognizing the fact that the party has fallen under most humiliating and dishonorable leadership, appreciating the littleness of his excellency, the goody-goody Mr. Hayes, and being somewhat distrustful of the integrity of the administration of the financial part of the government, and remembering the utter infamy of the ring transactions in land, naval, Indian, and internal revenue affairs of the last administration, are not altogether in love with the present Republican party. In a Republican government the long exercise of power is apt to beget abuses. This has been illustrated in the recent history of party affairs in our country. There is no honest man in the ranks of the Republican organization who does not wish that the election of President Hayes had been brought about in a different manner. There is no intelligent person who does not wish that the party at Washington was less under the influence of national banks and moneyed corporations. There is a somewhat well defined impression among Republicans that perhaps a change of party may not be a national calamity. The ARGONAUT, as we are confidentially informed by its editors (who are now both absent, and whose absence we take advantage of to make this announcement), will hold itself in position to advocate that candidate for the next presidency who comes nearest to the standard of patriotism.

With reference to State politics it will be equally independent. The present administration is an exceptionally good one. Governor Irwin, so far as our observation extends, is making an intelligent and honest administration of his office, and the same remark may equally apply to the Lieutenant-Governor, Attorney-General, Secretary of State, Treasurer, and Comptroller. Our State finances are in a most healthy condition, and there seems to be no very good reason why the political administration should be taken out of the control of the gentlemen who now form the State government. Of course the Democracy will plot and scheme to tear down and destroy their present faithful servants that other persons may have their places; of course the Republican party leaders will intrigue to place in nomination such candidates as may, by aid of money, party machinery, and stump yawp, be successful. We understand, of course, that the wires are being pulled to accomplish these results; we know half a dozen not very able Republicans, and as many more Democrats of not very great ability, are now passing sleepless nights in planning how to succeed Senator Booth. We wish Senator Booth might be reelected, because he is scholarly, intelligent, honest, and what is better than all this—a gentleman. He has been more useful than demonstrative. He thinks where others only talk. He has head, and brains are becoming at discount in the Senate of the United States.

We had not intended this to become a political dissertation; but, as it has, we must not omit mention of the municipal administration of the city of San Francisco. Again we find ourselves in the position to commend rather than scold. Mr. A. J. Bryant has made and is making a most excellent Mayor; none better was ever chosen to direct our city government. If he lacks—and we do not know that he does—any of the amenities that distinguished his predecessors, Messrs. Selby, Alvord, and Otis, he is quite the equal of any in executive and business ability. We have never heard any one question his integrity, and only with reference to the sand-lot uprising have we ever heard complaint of his executive firmness. In this, some thought him slow and lacking in resolution; others thought him unjustifiably severe in repressing the freedom of speech; but let us speak well of the bridge that carried us over the crisis without serious disturbance, without the loss of a single life or trampling upon the rights of any citizen. Mr. Bryant deserves well of every member of the community who was interested in the preservation of order. The financial condition of our city is in good shape; our police is efficient and well ordered; and, taking the city government as a whole, we may be thankful that it is so efficiently and so well directed. And yet in a few months all this tranquillity will be disturbed; the pot will begin first to simmer around the primary edges and at the corner of California and Montgomery Streets; seedy loafers with bad breath will begin to talk of the "party;" bummers will wipe their Bardolphian noses upon their greasy coat sleeves and offer their patriotic services to ward manipulators; ward statesmen will meet in solemn conclaves at groggeries to consult on the best interest of the city, State, and general government; demagogues, whose reputation is as broad as the county in which they live, will look wise and agitate themselves in obedience to some higher influence; politicians, county committees, State Central Committee men, candidates for city and State offices, officials now in place, expectants and parties in possession, from the man who flings the

lariat for dogs to the statesman who aspires to a seat in the Senate of the United States, will wriggle, and plot, and scheme, and intrigue, and drink whisky, and smile, and combine, and pay money, and lie, and make promises, and break them, and bribe, and bargain, and make speeches, and shake hands, and kiss dirty babies, and do dirty things, in order to obtain an office—an office in which there is no money if honestly administered, no honor if not, and in which they will from the beginning be compelled to live a life of subserviency in order to secure a reelection. All these things seem inseparable from a republican form of government. It seems as if no good thing can be attained without some unpleasant preliminary labor. Heaven is only reached by a life of self-denial. The promised land of milk and honey was reached after forty years of travail in the desert. The best duck-shooting is found in the farthest clump of tulcs, to which you must wade through deep water and tude mud. In politics there is a vast amount of preliminary nastiness through which to wallow in the attainment of the higher honors of official life. An outspoken, honest, and fearless utterance of political opinions consigns the one who utters them to the hopeless obscurity of private life. The demagogue, the flatterer, the obsequious and the unprincipled, the cautious and the intriguing, may, and often do, wiggle their way successfully to the most exalted stations, and attain to position by means which honorable men despise. Hence it is that the best intellects, the higher and better men of the nation, are disinclined to politics as a pursuit in life.

A gentleman—one whose opinions we highly appreciate—said to us the other day: "I wish the ARGONAUT would dispense with society gossip. I have," said he, "old-fashioned notions about seeing ladies' names in print. It always wounds my sense of propriety to see the name of any lady friend in the ARGONAUT, and pray tell me what right has any journalist to invade the social circle, even to announce that Mrs. A or Miss B were present? And still further, answer by what rule of social propriety are you justified in saying that this one looked beautiful, or that one was tastefully dressed in rich and fashionable attire?" A few days since we received a very severe note from a gentleman, and the subject of his complaint was that in these words our society correspondent had alluded to a member of his family: "The bride is a charming young lady, well known in society." Our answer to these complaints is, first a plea of guilty, and next a plea of justification; as lawyers say, we confess and avoid. So far as we ourselves and the ladies of our family are concerned, we should prefer to avoid newspaper notice. But society likes it—yes, demands it; and this journal would be a failure without it. It is a fact that one week's omission of "The Only Jones" or "Flibbertigibbet" causes more notice, and is the subject of greater complaint, than to have left out all our ponderous and well-written editorials. One line of social gossip is worth a whole column of "Olla-podrida," and it would be better to omit any mention of a foreign war than to fail to announce a wedding in fashionable society. An encyclical letter from the Pope, the proceedings of an international congress, the Queen's speech, or a change of national administration, are incidents of less importance to the average lady of society than what was played, and who played it, at the amateur theatricals given by Mrs. Gwin. Who gave a party, and who were there, and how they were dressed, and who is in love, and who engaged, and where the fashionables spend their summer months, and who goes to Europe, are matters of serious consequence to a great many very intelligent people who take this paper, and who, for the sake of "The Only Jones," "Flibbertigibbet," "Lillas Dubois," and "Betsy B," pardon us for lumbering our other columns with such stupid and heavy stuff as the letters of Kwang Chang Ling, "Atlanticus," and H. N. Clement.

Our people of San Francisco are not peculiar in this respect. London has its *Court Journal*, the *Times* notes all the movements of the Queen, the nobility and gentry of England, and not an entertainment is given by fashionable people that is not noted, described, and commented upon by the leading journals of Great Britain. This is also done in all the capitals of Europe. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have their journals especially devoted to society news. It is an utter affectation for any fashionable female to assert that it is displeasing to have herself, her daughters, her jewels, her dress, her equipage, receive kindly mention in a reputable journal. Why do women array themselves in velvets, silks, and laces? Not for their mirrors or their husbands, but for society. Why is the marriage ceremony made a pageant and spectacle in churches adorned with flowers, gas lit by daylight, with attendants in sweeping trains, and bride adorned in flowers and bridal veil? Not for the parson, or the bare-headed urchins that congregate on the sidewalk; nor yet for the spectators that crowd aisle and gallery; but for the reporters, the press, the sensation that attends a fashionable wedding in fashionable society. Why do persons give grand entertainments, and turn their elegant homes into a corral, restaurant, bar-room, and dancing hall? Half the guests they despise, the other half they are indifferent to. The answer is display, and the best and widest display is secured through the columns of the press. This journal notices only the movements of good society, and if there is a line in its society gossip that wounds or offends, or even stings, it is there by accident, and not design.

This is a very good place to observe that the paper will be grateful for society news, and if society people will furnish it the chances of errors are greatly lessened. Society in San Francisco is just beginning to crystallize; it is just getting itself into shape. In every city of importance there is a circle that ranks first—in point of birth, education, wealth, and that styles itself "good society," and is accepted as such. The ARGONAUT is aiding in this process of crystallization, and it is the only journal that can aid in this work. The *Post* jumbles things, and makes

the elegant and accomplished daughter of a tinker's apprentice a fair mate for the brave eyed, manly sons of Colonel Jackson. The *Chronicle* and *Call*, in grandiloquent language, portray as a "splendid and fashionable gathering" a ginger-bread party where sand-lots dance to the music of "The Arkansas Traveler" played on a single fiddle, and thus mix the upper ten and the lower million in a social hodge-podge. The *Post*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Call* find the names of fashionable society in their advertising columns, and for a first-class announcement of a soap factory would praise its proprietor and his estimable lady as the upper crust of the social pie. There are some curious things that we have always observed—everybody who is not in society affects to despise it; everybody who is poor affects to look with great contempt upon wealth; every female who can not afford to dress elegantly and expensively affects to admire simplicity of costume. All men are gentlemen and all women ladies—in their own opinions. We never knew a person who did not claim to be well-born, and it is very rare to find one who does not claim to be the possessor of all the virtues.

Money is the open sesame to society in San Francisco as it is the world over. Intelligence, birth, culture, and good character ought to be the qualifications for admission to the select circle. To illustrate our meaning we might take *Debrett's Peerage*, and we should find that that family of the English nobility or landed gentry which has not been enriched by the purse of the plebeian is the exception. The number of bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and successful business men that have become barons, earls, and dukes nearly equals that of those who have come to the ranks of the nobility by services upon the bench, or in literature, in science, or on the battle field. The number of daughters of fat brewers, bankers, and mechanics, of rich opera singers and actresses, that have united their purses with noble names is by no means small. In our own country there is very little good society that does not trace its goodness to money bags. The blue blood of Beacon Street comes down through a long line of pirates, negro-traders, and codfishers. The aristocracy of New York, who claim to have descended from the Patroons, are ancient and ignoble Dutchmen enriched by lands and vegetable gardens. The chivalry of Virginia is that portion of the people of the Old Dominion that had the most niggers, and the best families of the South were those of broad acres, and on whose acres niggers and cotton had given opportunity for education, refinement, and culture. The first society of San Francisco is that now, and will be that, which has the greatest wealth, lives in the best style, and spends the most money. We are not moralizing, we are only stating facts. The children of the wealthy stock-speculator, or the successful business man, will as certainly take their rank at the head of the social structure as if we had a college of heraldry, and their names were enrolled as the descendants of a long line of illustrious ancestors.

A correspondent asks the cost of getting a home in El Dorado. Now, that depends. A workingman can preëempt a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres. The land costs only the price of official fees. Then he would want an axe, price \$1.25; three hundred and sixty-five pounds of bacon, say ten cents per pound, \$36.50; two or three barrels of flour at \$6 per barrel; one hundred pounds coffee, \$15; twenty-five pounds tea, say \$12.50; a barrel of sugar at eleven cents a pound; a double-barreled shot gun, with powder, buckshot, and No. 8 for quail; a baking kettle, coffee-pot, frying-pan, pewter plate, tin cup, and sheath knife; two pairs Mission Woolen Mill blankets; one pair of army shoes, cost \$2.75; one pair rivet-fastened overalls, price \$1.25; two shirts, and a straw hat. After he has grubbed out the chaparral, he may hire a piece plowed for garden and orchard by exchanging days' labor among his neighbors. He makes his fence of stone or rail. He makes his cabin of logs and lays up his fire-place and chimney in stone and mud. His bed is pine boughs and blankets. In three months he has vegetables; in six months, chickens and grain. In a year he has a start; in two years fruit. In three years he has a farm; in four years he is independent; in five he is in condition to go to the Legislature. If he can get an industrious young woman, who is fond of picnicking in the country and not afraid of tarweed on her stockings, the whole thing can be accomplished more easily. It requires nerve, resolution, industry, patience, self-denial, and an honest purpose to accomplish a result. The workingman in health can make himself independent beyond the possibility of failure in five years, and a wealthy man in ten. Our fathers did it in New England, fighting a rigorous climate, Indians, and an unexplored continent. They did it in the Genesee country, now Western New York, in Ohio, Michigan, and the great Northwest, and in the valley of the Mississippi. The pioneers have done it in California. It is a better and surer way to get a living than to blaspheme God, curse Republican government, and damn one's luck on the sand-lot.

In the present aspect of national politics, with "Kearneyism" (which includes Fenianism) and "Butlerism" to the front, it may be well to consider what effect their success would have on our relations with Great Britain. It is certain that the accession of General Butler to the Presidency would put a strain upon these relations which they might not bear. There is probably no living American who so bitterly hates England and everything English as General Butler, nor one who is so warmly detested in return. The last number of the *London World* utters English opinion on this matter with English moderation when it says: "Should an unforeseen combination place General Butler in the Presidential chair, the consequences will be more serious to England than any election which has ever taken place in the United States since the days of Washington." They would probably be still more serious to ourselves, and not the least of the circumstances which would make them so would be the power which the man Butler would have to avenge his private grievances by precipitating us into a war.

A TRAGEDY AT DOWNIEVILLE IN 1851.

In Three Acts.

ACT I.

The celebration of the Fourth at Downieville, Sierra County, twenty-seven years ago—that is to say, in 1851—was not the elaborate affair we make it nowadays. Downieville was then a mining camp, and one, by the way, of the very roughest description, where gold dust, fresh and glittering from its native earth, passed current for coin; where values were computed not by dollars, but by “ounces,” and where the miner paid for his whisky not in dimes or quarters, but in “pinches” of gold dust. Downieville, therefore, had no mounted cannon, no cavalry, no infantry—in short, none of the accessories of a well-appointed State militia, whereby to celebrate the Nation's Birthday with the pomp of a mimic war, with thundering cannon and martial music. Hence, on the Fourth of July, 1851, there was no procession in Downieville worth talking about. But what the miners lacked in military appointments they made up for in uproar, in deep drinking and boisterous carousals, in abundance of newly-coined oaths, and some square fighting. They celebrated after a fashion of their own.

The occasion was too good to be neglected. Not every day would come a Fourth. It was therefore commendable, and quite becoming, to improve the occasion as much as possible. So they began a week or so before the time. Then grog shanties plied a lively trade, firewater was at a premium, and many a plethoric “shammy” bag was depleted of its glittering contents in “pinches” paid for tanglefoot. There is more than one millionaire to-day in California who obtained his start in the world by retailing grog to the miners during that week at Downieville.

The first day of this remarkable week was given to the rough hospitalities of the camp. Work was everywhere suspended; the miners visited at each others' tents—each tent having laid in a whisky keg for the occasion, when the tin cup from which the miner usually drank his coffee was made to do duty in serving whisky to the guest. As cooking in holiday times was out of the question, pork and beans enough to last a week were cooked in the bulk; and as each guest felt hungry, he went to the home-made safe and helped himself. Thus fortified, the revelers resumed their carouse, the tin cup once more went briskly around, tanglefoot was swallowed in huge gulps, talking gave way to singing, and Night spread her sable mantle over the inebriate scene.

Nothing could have been more natural than, on the following day, “to take a hair of the dog that bit”—than to drink more tanglefoot for the purpose of “curing” the effects of yesterday's excess—and therefore the second day began with “doctoring,” and then getting drunk again, and ended very much like the day before, with the exception that there was not, perhaps, upon the whole, so much effusive friendship among the revelers, and that the prologued debauch developed the animal, and brutalized the man to a greater or less degree.

At noon on the third day the whole camp was reeling drunk—was, in fact, mad. The fighting spirit was now in the ascendant, for tanglefoot had done its work. The most acceptable talker was he who talked loudest and longest on the glory of fighting with bowie knife and revolver, and hence Jim—Jim the Slasher—was the orator of the hour.

He quarreled with the Gimlet—a gentleman so called from the deftness with which he could bore a hole in the body of an antagonist—and the Gimlet gave Slasher the lie. “That's more nor I'd allow my own father to do—to give me the lie,” quietly retorted the Slasher. “I suppose you know the consequences?”

“I don't know as I do,” replied the Gimlet, coolly. “Well, step this way and I'll show you,” said the Slasher, walking outside to the square plat in front of the saloon. The Gimlet followed.

When the miners observed the two notables going out together on the Square they knew what was going to happen, and immediately scores of the spectators lined the sidewalk on both sides of the straggling street, but no one attempted to interfere between the Slasher and the Gimlet. The Square was left entirely to themselves, and each spectator felt instinctively at his weapons, for all carried knives and revolvers.

“How will you have it?” asked the Slasher. “Any way you like,” was the reply.

“I most always begin with the shooting-irons and finish up with the knife,” observed the Slasher.

“I don't know as any arrangement could be prettier,” replied the Gimlet; and the two retreated simultaneously a few paces backward, keeping their eyes steadily and murderously fixed on each other as they did so. You could have heard a pebble drop in the street. Mutually satisfied as to the distance, they drew their revolvers and fired together, each advancing on the other at every discharge during the four following shots, when, both being wounded, they rushed at each other knife in hand. At close quarters neither deigned to parry or fend, and thus waste his waning strength, but both struck out desperately and wildly. The Slasher, putting all his strength in a single effort, struck the Gimlet on the neck, inflicting a fatal and gaping wound, and both fell together—the Gimlet from his death-wound, and the Slasher from exhaustion and the force of his own impulse. They clinked and squirmed and wallowed in each other's blood for a few seconds, when the Gimlet, with an expiring effort, plunged his knife in Slasher's heart, and both died in fiendish embrace.

When two dogs get to fighting, all the dogs in the street jump at each other's throats; it is the animal instinct. So it was on this occasion with the drunken miners. The remainder of the day was consumed in drunkenness and fighting, in combats here and there of a more or less savage character. It was a saturnalia of debauch and bloodshed. And thus was ushered in the morning of the glorious Fourth of July at Downieville in 1851—a red-letter day in the annals of that mountain town; a red-letter day indeed in a sense more terrible by far than attaches even to the frightful death-scene of the two gladiators just related.

ACT II.

Henrietta was the familiar name by which a young Peruvian woman was known to many of the miners of Downieville. She lived with her husband back of the saloon in

which the Slasher and the Gimlet had had the difficulty, and which was a popular resort with the miners when loose on a jamboree. She was young, not more than nineteen, had been married only a few months, and in a short while would become the mother of her first child. Canova might have taken her for a model, so chiseled was every feature, and so faultless the contour. One could not help wondering how a creature so gentle and so beautiful could have elected to relinquish her home, her friends, and her associations for the sake of making her home among the roughs of Downieville. But the unholty thirst of gold had seized on her husband, and she would accompany him to the California mines, or anywhere in the world, at whatever sacrifice. Tomas had been an employe on her father's estate in Peru, when, in an evil hour, she eloped with him, and Tomas, loving her for her own sake alone, and scornful with that pride begotten of the Spanish blood in his veins to accept pecuniary assistance from her parents, set out for the mines to build a fortune for himself independently of the haughty Hidalgo, her father. But notwithstanding her high lineage, Henrietta conformed herself to the new situation, was affable and courteous to every one around her, and comforted herself with an unassuming yet decorous air, even toward the white savages of Downieville.

Late in the afternoon—about seven o'clock—she was seated on a bench outside her cabin door, when Charley Roper, a miner of some thirty years of age, accosted her as he was proceeding on the way to his tent. Charley was of medium height and thick set; had thick lips, a large mouth, ugly teeth, and a fetid breath. Nature stamped him a lecher, ignorant and brutal.

“Good evening, Henrietta,” he said.

“Good evening, señor.”

“How have you enjoyed the Fourth?” he asked, seating himself familiarly beside her on the bench.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, shocked at the scenes she could not help having witnessed during the day; “oh, not at all! Americans drink and fight so much!” and she gasped for breath, for in her delicate and weak condition the recollection of all she had heard and seen had nearly overpowered her.

“Some tall fightin'—wasn't there?” insinuated Roper, leering at her with his small, blood-shot, fishy eyes. “Will you take a glass of wine, Henrietta, if I fetch it?”

“No, thank you, señor; I don't feel well, and I never drink wine.”

“Where's Tomas? I hain't seen him all day.”

“Tomas is not at home,” replied Henrietta, wearied with the man and disgusted with his appearance.

After a few more remarks Roper, seeing the lady was in no mood for talking, bade her good-bye and left.

Alone and sick at heart, Henrietta retired early to bed. She could not sleep. In her desolate situation, her mother and the members of her family recurred to her mind, as did the respectable and comfortable home she had abandoned. And now at her accouchement, which soon would come, she hadn't a relative in the world to tend and comfort her. The scalding tears saturated her pillow. Thus she lay till about twelve o'clock, when a knock at the door summoned her from her bed.

“Is that you, Tomas?” she asked with anxiety.

“Yes,” said a voice; “open the door.”

“Who is there?” she demanded, on hearing a stranger.

“Who are you? What do you want?”

“Open the door,” said the voice; “I want to come in.”

“Go away!” cried she, indignantly. “You can't come in here to-night.”

“I must come in. Open the door and make no noise.” And before Henrietta had time to reply, Charley Roper burst in the door and stood before her! He made a motion to embrace her.

Instantly Henrietta plunged a knife into him, and he fell dead at her feet.

What! Dead! Dead! She did not intend to slay; she only meant to protect her honor. It was the act—the impulse of a moment. But he moves; O surely he is not dead! She stoops and lays her hand on his chest. He is stark and rigid. The motion was but the last quivering agony of departing life. Horrified, she stood motionless and agast over the dead body. O for the power to restore that life which had just departed! A murderess! ay, a murderess! Whither, O whither shall she flee? And, panting with undefined fear and horror, she trembled like an aspen—like the fitful shimmering on a sun-lit lake. The fury that had nerved her arm in defense of her honor—which to a virtuous woman is dearer than life—that fiery indignation evaporated like dew before the morning sun, and her woman's nature stood confessed in all its timidity and helplessness. She fled from the detested abode, and sought refuge with a married couple in the neighborhood, ejaculating in her flight, “A murderess! ay, a murderess!”

Ye Powers attest, whether the self-accusation was false or true!

ACT III.

The midsummer morning sun blazed slowly and majestically above the edge of the horizon, piercing with his penciled rays the rejoicing foliage of the surrounding forest, and flooding the air, the camp, the mountains with a sea of amber light. Day was in its infancy, and, save the chirping and flitting of birds, the ticking of myriad insects, and the indefinable animation that stirred nature to salute the morning—save these, all was still. Man as yet had slumbered; heavy and overcome with debauch and the unnatural excitement of the last few days, the miners still slept. Sleep on, sleep on, ye hard-conditioned men! Sleep till your senses return; sleep till the maddening fumes of alcohol exhale from your brains; sleep till your better nature is chastened by reflection; sleep, ay, forever, ere you witness—rather, before you enact—the scene which follows.

Before an hour a few stragglers, bleary-eyed and shattered, appear on the street and seek the saloons for stimulants, now, in their exhausted condition, excusable if not absolutely necessary. Then a few more stragglers, and so on until between six and seven o'clock, when, considering the early hour, the street was well filled, and men were seen talking together in knots, and evincing more than ordinary earnestness and excitement. This new excitement, whatever it might have been, craved for more drink, and they resorted to the saloons and drank freely till ten o'clock in the fore-

noon. They now began to talk, not mysteriously in knots of two or three, nor in undertones, but in loud and violent voices. It is needless to say that Charley Roper's assassination was the subject of discussion. Some one in the crowd termed Henrietta “a fiend,” and the word was hissed from mouth to mouth with intense, and still intenser, emphasis until the drunken mob lashed itself into fury, and demanded her death.

“Crucify him! Crucify him!” was shouted of old; “Hang her to the nearest tree!” shouted the Downieville miners, and the angry multitude surged and swayed, swore and blasphemed, as it moved on and on, as by individual impulse, toward the cabin in which it was known Henrietta was sequestered. Arriving in front of the domicile the tumultuous wave of turbulent men came to a stand, and a hundred voices cried aloud: “Murderess, come forth!”

“I'm here—I'm ready!” replied Henrietta, in a firm voice, as she stepped lightly to the door. “What is your wish, señors?” she added, with an almost imperceptible smile.

Half a dozen rushed to seize her.

“Nay!” she exclaimed, recoiling from the foul contact; “do not put your hands upon me. I will go with you quietly. But touch me not with your hands.”

Woman, oh, what a strange enigma! She pales at imaginary woe; she weeps at the distress of others; a sudden tumult makes her nervous; her poodle sick she is inconsolable. But in presence of mortal peril she is calm and she is self-possessed. In such a situation she becomes the embodiment of the heroic sentiment. Mary Queen of Scots walked calmly and gracefully to the block; Lucretia fell upon her husband's sword rather than survive her violated honor; the wife of Hasdrubal, holding her two children by the hands, plunged with them into the flames of burning Carthage sooner than be taken captive by the younger Scipio; and the Maid of Orleans, when burning at the stake, poured forth her intrepid soul in sacred song to the great Eternal.

The crowd now, with Henrietta imprisoned in its midst, surged back to the square—that square where the Gimlet and the Slasher had murdered each other the day before, and which was fresh with their blood. Here William Speare, an ambitious young lawyer, made a speech denouncing Henrietta as a fiend and a murderess, and deserving of death. “But,” he said, in conclusion, “we must not forget we are American citizens, law-abiding, enlightened American citizens; and, therefore, are bound to give the prisoner—even this horrible murderess—a fair trial. I propose that the gentlemen present nominate of their number a judge, and twelve men as a jury. [Cheers.] If you will accept my humble services, I will undertake to prosecute on behalf of the people, and discharge the duty to the best of my limited capacity. [Several voices: “Bravo, Speare, we'll elect you District Attorney next election.”]

A circle was formed, and a chair for the judge and forms for the jury were brought from the saloon, and the court was in session in the open air in less than ten minutes.

“May it please your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury,” began the prosecuting attorney, stretching himself to his full height, as duly impressed with the honor and distinction of his position, “this case, which I shall proceed to lay before you as briefly as possible, is one of unparalleled atrocity—one that deserves the reprobation of every right-minded man in the land—a crime that has been met with condign punishment in every age, and in every clime, from Cain, the first murderer in the Garden of Eden, situated in the Holy Land, up to the present time [applause from the crowd], and a crime, your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, which, I hope, will not escape punishment on this occasion. [Hear, hear.] A quiet and respectable citizen is returning home from his work, and calls, in a neighborly and friendly manner, at the cabin of an acquaintance, to inquire after his health, and cement that fraternization and brotherly love which should subsist betwixt miners on this glorious Coast and in the rugged wilds of the Sierra Mountains. [A voice: “What a splendid orator.”] Second voice—“You bet.” He knocks at the door, and obtaining no reply, quietly opens it and enters, when (horror of horrors!) he is set upon by a female fiend—the prisoner at the bar—and murdered in cold blood.

Judge—The court would like to ask prisoner to state the manner of entry.

Henrietta described Roper's assault as already stated. “Of course, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury,” continued the prosecutor, “the prisoner puts her own version upon the foul, murderous act; but there is no one who knew the lamented Roper, and the antecedents and character of this criminal, will put any faith in her false statement; for the woman, or man, who is capable of committing such a murder as she has committed, will not hesitate to tell a lie to palliate the wickedness.” [Hear, hear, from the crowd.]

After some more remarks of a similar character from the prosecutor, and certain observations from the learned judge, the case was given to the jury, who, after whispering together for a few seconds, returned a verdict of guilty in the first degree. The prisoner was asked if she had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon her.

“Nothing more,” replied Henrietta, in scornful irony, “than that you are all—judge, jury, and prosecutor, not forgetting you, señors,” pointing with her little hand to the human wolves composing the mob—“that you are all very manly and very learned gentlemen.”

She scorned to beg her life of such a crew.

The crowd felt relieved, for they feared she might make an appeal for mercy, such as would soften men's hearts, and so spoil the sport. As the case stood, it was as good as a show; better, in fact, than a circus. And so a rope being procured, one end was thrown over the limb of a tree which stood in the Square, and a noose made on the other.

THE CATASTROPHE.

The mob fell back and a lane was formed, through which Henrietta was directed to move to the place of execution. She walked calmly and quietly to the foot of the tree, around which the mob formed itself into a large circle, in order that no one should be cheated of a full view of the interesting spectacle.

Just here a gentleman elbowed his way through the crowd, for even in this blood-thirsty mob there was, happily for the honor of our kind, one man imbued with feelings of humanity.

He stood in the circle and took off his hat.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed in passionate tones, "I ask mercy for the woman. I appeal to you as men, as Christians. I call upon you in the name of the great God to relieve the woman, and, O my God, to spare the young life in her womb!"

"We'll hang you, too!" cried a voice in response. "Hang him, hang him!" shouted a hundred voices. The man was hustled out of the circle, narrowly escaping with his life.

The self-constituted hangman approached to put the noose around the victim's neck.

"Stand off!" exclaimed the heroine. "Do not put your hands upon me. I will adjust the rope myself."

Instantly taking off her little Panama hat, she shied it at an acquaintance in the crowd, and then deliberately lifting her flowing, exuberant hair out of the way, she put her head in the noose.

"A word or two before I die," she said.

There was breathless attention; for does not every incident enhance the pleasure of witnessing an interesting spectacle?

"I did not mean to kill, but only to protect myself from a vile assault. There is a just God above us all, and, as sure as He is just, some of you will follow me soon. Remember my prophecy!"

Then, clasping her hands in prayer and looking up to heaven, she said in a calm, audible voice: "Have mercy, O my God, upon my soul. Forgive me all my offenses, and forgive my executioners!"

Then, unclasping her hands and slightly bowing to the crowd, she said: "Adieu, my friends. I am ready!"

Twenty men hauled rapidly on the rope; in a second her neck was broken against the limb overhead; and all that was mortal of the Peruvian heroine was dead!

THE JUDGMENT.

In less than two weeks, upon the sober afterthought, the judge, jury, and prosecutor became, first, unpopular, and next detested and shunned. William Speare, the prosecutor, went to Oregon, where he became a sot and traded in whisky with the Indians. The Indians, in one of their drunken orgies, accused him of cheating them, and, first taking his scalp while alive, they tied him to a stake and burned him. D. Houston, the judge, going home drunk one night, fell on his face and hands into a pool of soft sludge and was smothered to the death. Harry Smith, the foreman of the jury, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. Not one of the jury, as far as can be ascertained, died a natural death.

Henrietta's prophecy was verified, and the justice of God was vindicated.

JOHN MANNING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19, 1878.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Toute femme porte en elle une arme mystérieuse, inconnue, que la nature a caché au plus profond de son âme, l'instinct, cet instinct vierge, incorruptible, sauvage, qui fait qu'elle n'a besoin, ni d'apprendre, ni de raisonner, ni de savoir; qui fait plier la forte volonté de l'homme, domine sa raison souveraine, et fait pâlir nos petits flambeaux scientifiques.—*Alfred de Musset.*

L'amour est l'accord d'un besoin et d'un sentiment.

Il est aussi absurde de prétendre qu'il est impossible de toujours aimer la même femme qu'il peut l'être de dire qu'un artiste célèbre a besoin de plusieurs violons pour exécuter un morceau de musique.—*Balsac.*

La femme est la partie nerveuse de l'humanité, et l'homme la partie musculaire.—*Hallé.*

La douleur apprend la vertu.

Amuser le public, quelle triste situation pour un homme qui pense.

Tous les hommes ont des désirs, mais tous les hommes n'aiment pas.

Les femmes ont choisi le parti de se défendre et laissé aux hommes le soin de les attaquer. C'est peut-être parce qu'ils auraient trop résisté s'ils s'étaient défendus.

VERS GRAVES SUR UN ORANGER!

Oranger dont la voute épaisse
Sert à cacher nos amours,
Repos et conserve toujours
Ces vers enfants de ma tendresse,
Et dis à ceux qu'un doux loisir
Amènera dans ce bocage
Que si l'on mourait de plaisir
Je serais mort sous ton ombrage.

La marquise de Pompadour ayant demandé à l'abbé de Bernis une définition de l'amour, il lui répondit par ce quatrain:

L'amour est un enfant, mon maître,
Il est d'Iris, du berger et du roi;
Il est fait comme vous, il pense comme moi,
Mais il est plus bardi, peut-être.

L'amour est une pure rosée qui descend du ciel dans notre cœur, quand il plaît à Dieu.—*Arsène Houssaye.*

PROVERBES SUR LES FEMMES.

Il faut choisir une femme plutôt avec les oreilles qu'avec les yeux.

Il faut être le compagnon et non le maître de sa femme.

Rien n'est meilleur qu'une bonne femme.

La plus honnête femme est celle dont on parle le moins.

Prends le premier conseil d'une femme, non le second.

(Les femmes jouent mieux d'instinct que de réflexion.)

L'homme change, la femme est toujours femme.—*Virgile.*

La femme est un oiseau que l'on ne tient que par le bout de l'aile.

Femme rit quand elle peut, et pleure quand elle veut.

Ce que le diable ne peut, femme le fait.

Temps pomelé et femme fardée

Ne sont pas de longue durée.

Rien n'est pire qu'une mauvaise femme.

Qui femme a, noise a.

Dites une fois à une femme qu'elle est jolie, le diable le lui répètera dix fois par jour.

Les femmes ne mentent jamais plus finement que quand elles disent la vérité à ceux qui ne les croient pas.

La langue des femmes est leur épée, et elles ne la laissent pas rouiller.—*Proverbe Chinois.*

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20, 1878. L. G. J. DE FINOD.

IONE.—A FANTASY.

Day after day in solitude I worked

To mould a white block into human shape.
With every chisel-stroke the form that lurked
Within my brain took clearer outline there,
And sliding days brought out its beauty rare.
Yet still the steel against the marble smote,
But lightly now, and carved the broad low brow,
The oval cheek, and slender, graceful throat
Uprising from the rounded breast below.
One polished arm the drapery caught back,
Half falling from her shoulder as she leaned
With downcast eyes, intent to hear, it seemed,
If living thing had followed on her track.

Complete at last, ev'n to the lightest touch,
I placed my statue in a small recess
Against some crimson drapery, and stood
In silent contemplation. Ah, so much
Of loveliness had needed nothing less
Than soul to make it perfect humanhood!

My white Ione! All the night her face
Serenely fair was flitting through my dreams,
Yet changed, since lacking nothing of the grace
Warm life had given. I woke: the moon's pale beams
Were shining on the bending marble head,
Across the rippling hair, the noble brow,
And pallid cheek, in ghostly radiance.

Then, while I looked, a strange light growing red
And vivid slowly filled the silent room,
And reaching in the alcove lit the gloom
And flushed the marble with a rosy glow.
Slowly the white lips took a tinge of red,
The cheek grew tinted, and the purer snow
Of neck and bosom gained the flush of life;
The proud lips parted in a slow, sweet smile,
The lids drooped over eyes of tender gloom,
And the red glowing light stained all the air.
Then, slowly still, my pure Ione stepped
Down from the alcove softly to my side,
And gazed on me with eyes that never wept
At the world's falseness or its hollow pride.

I reached my hand to her in dumb amazement;
She clasped it in her own, warm, white, and strong;
And while around us fell the crimson rays
She spoke in accents sweet as any song:

"Be not amazed, O thou who gave me form!
Thy God alone hath power to give me breath.
Ask not the mystery. Canst make the storm
Bend to thy will? Canst triumph over Death
As I have done? Ah, I have lived before
In other forms—ay, always, since the stars
First paled with envy at the aureate moon.
I am imperishable evermore!
I have been crushed in flower-shapes, unknown
By those who breathed unthanked the odorous boon,
My life's ethereal essence, on the air.
The lily fused in marble mocks decay,
And smiles at the sad march of change. And now,
Seeing myself so fair, I knowest thou
Art author of this change. Ask what thou wilt
Of earthly gifts or fame enveloped way
Thy Maker gives me power to fulfill."

Inspired, I reached my yearning arms to her:

"Give me, Ione, what my weak soul craves,
And, gaining, has naught dearer to prefer.
Give me thyself. Yield me the faith,
The secret understanding that past graves
And primal elements have made sublime.
Give me thy bright soul-radiance to save
And guide my footsteps through all future time;
But, dearer yet, share with me by Love's law
The growing knowledge thou hast gained from earth
Disorganized and integrate again.
Advance me to thy height in perfect worth;
Live as a fountain whence I may draw
The inspiration that may give us fame."

I paused. Ione stood with lifted head
As conscious of those things I could not see
With my dim vision. Gravely then she said:
"Nay, son of earth! I could not if I would
Make my life as thine own, nor dwell with thee.
My conscious elements are bound by Time
And Nature in obedience of God's laws.
Ask thou what earthly gift there may seem good—
I have not power to grant thee aught divine."

"Ione, there is nothing else that earth
Can give that I would willingly retain,
If thou, who art coeval with the birth
Of moon and stars, forbidden must remain
In this extremest hour of need. Oh, yield
Thy guidance to my erring human soul,
Full conscious of the power thou canst wield,
And let thy wisdom all my acts control."

"In vain thy plea; I may not grant thy prayer.
Oh, human love is not for me to know
Till chiliads hence, when my soul, grown more fair
Through countless transmutations, shames the snow
Of the unyielding garments I now wear.
I work repentance for primeval sin,
And though hereafter I to hope may dare
To meet you in some shining world afar,
The present offers nothing but—farewell!"

I caught her white hand in a closer grasp
As the red light began to fade away;
It turned dead-cold within my passioned clasp,
Unwarmed by kisses, tears, prayers for delay.
The crimson light grew dull and faded out,
My grasp relaxed, oblivion ended doubt.

In ash-gray dawn I lifted up my head
From folded arms, and watched the coming day.
The morning-star its pearly radiance shed
Within the recess where Ione stood.
White as a winter moon on snow-spread way,
The sky grew pearly and luminous with dawn,
While low I said: "O heart! O soul! be good.
Have I not seen the idol of my dreams,
That other self for whom my soul has longed?
Now can I live content, knowing my fate
From one whom God sent visitant to me
In silent watches of the night. O soul!
Behold in future what a clear day beams,
When thou shalt leave imperishable youth,
And wander through the maze of endless worlds
With her at whose touch mysteries unroll,
And the forgotten past is as a scroll
Unfolded to the shining spear of truth."

NORTH COLUMBIA, Sept. 21, 1878. MAY N. HAWLEY.

Time borders upon eternity. It requires but an instant to make the passage from one to the other.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.—VIII.

By an Early Californian.—San Francisco, 1848.

Leidesdorff's pretty cottage is planted in the middle of a beautiful garden—our first garden—on the southwest corner of Montgomery and California Streets. One can not enter its doors without remembering hours passed in friendly intercourse with its late host, nor without faintly discovering in each apartment the ghost of this most worthy Dane. Seven or eight years ago the Hudson Bay Company, having an agency here, bought of Jacob P. Leese, brother-in-law of General Vallejo, a house he had built a little while before (south side of Montgomery, between Clay and Sacramento Streets), and which was the first good house erected in town, although both he and Captain Richardson had put up inferior buildings on the hill (Stockton Street). It is a large, commodious, and comfortable-looking building, with a broad piazza in front, and with out-buildings; and, nearer the beach, little houses for launch hands, Kanakas, etc., and for storing hides, tallow, and other merchandise. When the agency was discontinued I heard that all this property was bought by Mellus & Howard for five thousand dollars, which sum was paid partly in cash, and partly in hides, tallow, dry goods, and other articles too numerous to mention—among which was a large organ, which Mr. Howard, with his ear for sweet sounds, had purchased from a whaler some time before, and which was transported to, and long ground music for, that portion of her Majesty's dominions lying north of us. This mansion, office, and storehouse combined was, I have heard, the seat of unbounded hospitality during the company's reign. I can answer for its continuance during that of its successors. Many were the dinners and suppers we have done justice to, and many the fêtes we have celebrated within its precious walls. But a change is coming "o'er the spirit of its dreams." Mr. Howard has moved to Leidesdorff's cottage, and now gives his agreeable parties there. Office and store are absorbing the pleasant domicile of other days, and gold dust, not wine, is offered at its festive board. Its bottles are used to store the dust in, and jars and crockery, designed for a baser use, are now filled to the brim with precious ore. A lofty neighbor, too, is rising to cast somewhat in shade its respectable predecessor. Yes, a real, (not sunburnt) brick store is going up on the corner of Clay and Montgomery, the first that has appeared in town, which will soon be in use by Mellus & Howard. Larkin has become interested with Vallejo, Semple, Cook, and Colonel Stewart in the Benicia speculation, and wants to open a store there, and stock it with Mexican and other goods. As there is a vessel up for Mazatlan, he begins to look for money. Meeting Brannan the other morning near his lot (southwest corner of Montgomery and Washington street, now worth \$250,000), he asked if he did not want to buy it. Brannan said he didn't know until he heard the price. "Well," said Larkin, "I will take five thousand silver dollars, or ten thousand dollars in gold dust for it." "How long will you give me the refusal of it?" "Till two o'clock." Brannan went immediately to Howard. "Howard," said he, "how many silver dollars have you on hand?" "Not more than a thousand." "Where can I get them?" "There are none in town." "Have you ten thousand dollars in gold dust?" "Yes, as much as you want." "All right; Larkin wants to sell his lot, and I'm going to close with him for it." "What!" exclaimed Howard, "ten thousand dollars! Isn't that high?" "Can't help it if it is; I'm going to have it." He happened to see Larkin passing, called him in, and told him to make out his papers and take his money. "Well," said Larkin, "I was kind of hoping you wouldn't take me up." "You don't know me then," returned B. How many tens of thousands of dollars the bottles, etc., of the Hudson Bay Company's building could pour out before they would become empty I can not say, but its treasury is large. As one of the proprietors of Benicia thus showed his want of faith in San Francisco by getting rid of a fifty-vara lot for ten thousand dollars, another proved his by ridding himself of another for nothing. One day Dr. Semple was telling his usual story of "the rise and fall" to Mr. J. C. Buchanan (Recorder during Alcalde Bryant's administration), and said, moreover, "he was going to give some of the boys (Bear party, I suppose) lots here and there in Benicia, and when the city was built and flourishing he would get up in the morning and walk around just to enjoy their smiling faces." "Well, Doctor," said Mr. Buchanan, "I think I'll take my lot here if you have no objections, particularly if they are worth nothing." "You shall have one right away, if you will accept it. Come into the office, and I'll sign the deed." No sooner said than done; and there stands recorded lot No. 264, from Robert Semple to John C. Buchanan, on the 15th of April, 1847. (This lot forms the southeast corner of Kearny and Pine streets, and is now worth in the neighborhood of \$400,000). Semple is a pretty good fellow after all, and "gives a reason for the faith that is in him." The Russians, wishing to supply themselves with furs—particularly sea-otter skins—and grain, took possession, many years ago, of land on the coast above the Bay of San Francisco. Villages were built at the ports of Ross and Bodega, with, I believe, a fort or stockade at the former. Russian River was named for or by these settlers, and quite a domain was under the control of the civil officers of the Russian-American Company. Petro Kostromitinoff (afterward Russian Consul in San Francisco in 1856) was at one time its Governor; and Alexander Rotcheff was in command in 1841, when the company concluded to wind up its affairs there, and take its hunters, traders, and clerks back to Sitka. The buildings and movable property, but not the land, was bought by the ever enterprising Sutter for the sum of \$50,000, I believe, payable in yearly installments of wheat, beans, and manteca. JAMES C. WARD.

The father peeped out of the hall-door and saw a youth sitting in the moonlight talking to his eldest daughter. The old man made a rush, the young man drifted out into the shrubbery, and as he went over the fence *father* made a good line shot and kicked. Then he carried himself into the house on one foot and sat down and wept, and called for witch hazel and arnica, and yelled: "Emeline! What does that young fool plate himself for?" And Emeline said: "Why, pa!" And she and Ferdinand laughed about it the next night till the moon went down.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

LII.—The Battle-Field.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed bands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Oh! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of fitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle cry—
Oh! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who mingled in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare, lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
Yet with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are best;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand the sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

BRYANT.

PSYCHE AND I VISIT MONTEREY.

One day Psyche and I, wandering through a picture gallery, chanced upon a picture which charmed us by its very simplicity. It was an old, brown church, with a dash of blue sea and a sweep of golden grain-field as a background. Reference to the catalogue informed us that this was the old, ruined church of the Monterey Mission, which was founded in 1770. The simple little painting haunted us; so we determined to visit this relic of a bygone time, when the zealous Jesuit fathers reared their churches, planted their orchards, and baptized their Indian converts.

So one bright June morning found us exploring the narrow, crooked streets of the town, and peering into the doors and windows of the adobe houses that are built right out on the apologies for sidewalks. As we passed one of these long, low buildings, we stopped to admire a beautiful cloth-of-gold rose growing beside the wall. While we were looking at it a young Spanish girl, with those lovely, Moorish eyes, that we see only in Andalusian pictures, stepped out of the open door. She gave us a cordial, welcoming smile, and we, emboldened by it, expressed our admiration of the lovely roses. She filled our hands with the large, yellow buds, soon to open and disclose their rosy hearts, and then invited us to walk into the courtyard. It was like stepping into Fairyland.

The house was built after the fashion of all Spanish houses, with an open court in the centre, and this was filled with flowers; a fountain played in the middle of the yard, and the roof was covered with soft, green moss. High up on one of the eaves a vagrant nasturtium had lodged, sprouted, sent forth long, trailing arms covered with pale green kidney-shaped leaves, and then blossomed, making the corner of the roof a perfect bower of beauty. Little multiflora roses climbed up the whitewashed walls, honeysuckle vines were trained over the doorways, and the odd little square windows were covered with clematis. We turned our backs upon the door which led into the street, and fancied ourselves in another world while we listened to the voice of the girl who spoke her English with the soft liquid intonation of the Spanish language.

A voice, humming a fragment of some old Castilian ballad, floated out from the house. Had we not been transported to another land by some enchantment? Was it possible that there was a narrow, dusty street outside? We bade the lovely Moorish eyes good-bye and stepped out into it with only the flowers which filled our hands to remind us that we had visited Fairyland indeed.

This same afternoon we made our long-talked-of visit to the ancient church. There was a large party of us; one was a dear, old lady, whose bonnet was constantly falling off, and her daughter, who constantly rearranged her mother's head-gear. Then there were two "inseparables," who rode on the post of honor, the front seat, all the way, thereby aggravating the rest of us; a young lady with lips and cheeks so red that with one accord we named her Cherry Ripe; Psyche and I.

The road wound through a lonely looking country; no farms such as one sees while riding through Sonoma and Napa counties; no pleasant farm houses, embowered in vines and surrounded by well-cultivated fields; only hills thickly grown with chaparral, deep ravines, and long stretches of country covered with short grass, and our hardy wild California poppy. A sudden turn in the road brought before our eyes the most curious effect that I ever saw, produced by the outline of tall trees and low branches against the sky.

Some one exclaimed: "See that pretty stream of water, with those trees growing along its banks!" The driver said: "That's no stream of water." We all looked and insisted that it was and that we caught a glimpse of a white cottage through the trees. He laughed us to scorn and iterated his

former statement, adding: "Everybody says the same thing when they first make this turn; its only some trees growing along the bed of a dry creek."

As we neared the spot we saw that he was right, but nothing else could have convinced us that the blue water and the white cottage we fancied we saw were only an optical illusion. We were speculating on this strange appearance when Cherry Ripe exclaimed, "The church, girls!" We gazed eagerly in the direction she pointed, and there stood the old church distinctly outlined against the blue sky, with the golden grain nodding in the ruined door. In the distance we could see the waters of Carmelita Bay dancing in the sunshine. Carmelita, meaning in the Spanish language, little Carmel. The church was still a quarter of a mile away from us, for we had to drive around the grain field in which it stood. We passed an old adobe wall overhung by the pear trees planted so many years ago by the Fathers; then a low adobe house, the open door of which framed a picture worthy of an artist's pencil. A bare-legged, chubby, rosy-cheeked child stood in the doorway. A mass of tangled curls crowned its head, and from under the clusters flashed the lovely Moorish eyes.

"What a picture!" cried all, while Psyche declared we were on enchanted ground, for who would have dreamed of seeing one of Murillo's heads in far away California!

We threaded our way through the grain, and at last stood within the church. The walls are all that remain intact, and they are crumbling into decay. The roof has long since fallen in, and the tiles are scattered on the floor. Looking at the building from a distance one would not imagine it to be such a ruin as it really is. The picture in the gallery represented the front, with its triple arched door and hexagonal shaped window above the central arch. This part still remains firm, but the sides and back are beginning to totter. We saw where the altar once stood, and the remains of the reading desk. Built off from the main part are two small rooms; one is where the priests changed their robes during service. The ancient baptismal font is also in this room. The walls of the other room are completely covered with inscriptions in Spanish.

Like all Spanish churches, this had no floor, the worshippers kneeling on the bare ground. The body of the church is filled with grass-grown graves, for in those days the dead were buried inside the church walls. Seventeen Alcaldes sleep peacefully in the shade of the old ruin. Cherry Ripe found a narrow, winding stair, which we ascended. It led to a narrow arched doorway, which we conjectured must have opened into the gallery where the singers once sat. But the gallery has long since fallen to the ground, and we stood on the narrow ledge and looked far over the surrounding country.

Psyche and I climbed up to a small door back of the reading desk; this opened into a room whose walls were made of earth. There was no sign of window or any entrance, except that by which we came. The floor was also of earth, and both sides and floor were covered by trailing vines and grass. In this room Psyche found a bird's nest, which she keeps not only as a remembrance of our visit but as a curiosity, for it really consists of two nests, one built on top of the other; the upper nest being placed on the back of bird sitting on the lower.

The two nests can be plainly seen, the dead bird making the division between them. This bird must have died on her nest, and another, undeterred by the fate of her predecessor, built her own on its back. We scrambled down to show our treasure, and found the rest busily engaged in cutting their names on the walls. This was abandoned while all went nest-hunting, without any further success.

The lengthening shadows warned us it was time to depart. Still we lingered, reluctant to leave the old ruin standing there so lonely. We thought of the eager hands that reared it; the earnest spirits that once worshipped under its roof; the hopes and fears, the doubts and longings to which those walls had listened, and the wearied hearts now forever at rest within its shadows. The sun was just sinking in the west when we reached the turn in the road where we caught our last glimpse of the church standing just as we saw it in the picture, the blue water in the distance, the golden grain touching the brown walls with mute caresses, and the crimson light of the sunset sky over all. We rode home in the gathering twilight, while Psyche said in an undertone:

"No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1878.

I.

A lady in Melbourne, who had advertised for domestic aid, received a call from a pretty maid with unexceptionable references, a pleasing manner, and a willing disposition. The lady was charmed, and engaged her on the spot. "But I have always had a whole day's leave of absence every fortnight," the young girl remarked, pausing on the threshold, "and an evening a week besides." "You shall not be deprived of them," was the encouraging reply. "And this is a very lonely place, ma'am," the girl rejoined, "and I could not come home by myself. Would the master mind coming for me?"

Mr. Edmund Yates writes in the London *World*: "Amidst the profusion of English laurels which Lord Beaconsfield has received, he may not disdain what Bret Harte, in his memorial lines on Charles Dickens, called 'a spray of Western pine.' The people of California have, it seems, taken a lively interest in the Eastern question, and a movement has been successfully organized by the English inhabitants of the Pacific coast to present to Lord Beaconsfield a costly casket of gold and silver, which is, I am told, a veritable work of art."

All but sixteen of Brigham Young's widows have married. Amelia Folsom, his favorite wife, was jerked to hymen ten days ago.

The soul is never so large and lofty as when its conceptions more than fill—crowd, exceed, transcend it.

"Take any shape but that," as the aeronaut said to the collapsed balloon.

CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISM,—II.

Many unpleasant mistakes get into newspapers on account of bad manuscript. This has been particularly the case with the New York *Tribune* in the days gone by. Horace Greeley's manuscript was very bad and was called by his printers "Koran."

When Colonel Forney, in 1859, started the *Philadelphia Press*, he wrote letters to his paper from Washington, signed "Occasional." In one letter he used the words "Federal Government" seven times, but he abbreviated the word Government thus: "Govt." The little "v" was taken for an "a," and the article made ridiculous in its several allusions to the "Federal Goat."

But one of the most laughable of all the funny mistakes that have appeared in newspapers is traced to the editor of the *Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligencer*: This *hombre* wrote one evening, grandly: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Louis Philippe." When the proof was sent down stairs the name read "Sam Phillips." The editor thought a mere reference to the mistake would be sufficient, so he inserted a caret after the word Phillips, and wrote on the margin of the proof-sheet, "Who in hell is Sam Phillips?" Next morning the item read as follows: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips. Who in hell is Sam Phillips?" But the conundrum was never answered.

Some years ago the *Galaxy* had a short article entitled "Lucky Misprints," which gives some very interesting specimens of typographical blunders and their effects. The article is short, so I will quote it entire:

"Everybody has been 'sold,' it would seem, about Carlyle's 'Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes,' as applied to spiritualism. People exploded with admiration over the phrase, and it ran a wild round of the newspapers. An inquiring creature here and there did perhaps ask of his own soul what 'Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes' meant; what species of ape was peculiar to the Dead Sea, and what was their liturgy. But even these inquirers were too timid to put the question openly, and so it passed into a public law that Carlyle had said something wonderfully clever when he spoke of a Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes. But behold, it now turns out that Carlyle never said any such thing. He wrote 'Dead Sea Apples,' and a bewildered printer made it 'Dead Sea Apes!' * * * The whole story is that of Sidney Smith and the 'kimes' over again. Sidney Smith wrote of some body being 'wounded with knives.' A printer's blunder converted 'knives' into 'kimes,' and the public supposed these latter to be some awful weapons used in foreign torture, and were, therefore, impressed far more profoundly by the story than would otherwise have been possible. We know of another instance of a somewhat similar kind. A journalist had to write an angry editorial about a certain person in Rome being committed to the tender mercies of the 'Papal Gendarmes.' The printers made it 'Papal Zendaives.' The article went around all the newspapers, and 'Papal Zendaives' figured everywhere. One journal actually inserted after the mysterious words a parenthetical line or two, explaining that these Zendaives were 'torturers kept in the Pope's prisons!' Now, the whole effect would surely have been spoiled by an untimely announcement that there are no such beings as Zendaives, and that the awful word was only a misprint for the familiar, commonplace gendarmes. We are, therefore, emphatically for the 'Kimes,' the 'Zendaives,' and the 'Dead Sea Apes.'"

Perhaps the most dreadful and, at the same time, most unpardonable blunder that ever appeared in an American newspaper occurred in the New York *Daily Times* in 1858. This journal was, in my opinion, the best newspaper in the United States, and admitted by all who are competent to judge as the most perfect sheet, typographically, in the country. It is to-day a marvel of typographical perfection and excellence. At the time I speak of Henry J. Raymond was managing and political editor; Hurlbut, now of the *World*, and Stewart (at that time lessee of Wallack's Theatre) wrote the European articles; Cordova, the lecturer, had charge of Spain and Cuba; Briggs, then editor of *Putnam's Magazine*, Ed. Swinton and Conant were literary editors; Maverick, now of the *Evening Post*, was city editor; Norvall was the financial editor; Crounse was Washington correspondent; "Podgers" (Dick Ogden) wrote letters from San Francisco; and Webb, William Swinton, and Joe Howard were roving correspondents; "Dick Tinto" (young Goodrich, son of "Peter Parley"), and "Malakoff" (Doctor Johnson, of Ohio), gossiped from Paris, and Mrs. Henry J. Raymond was the resident correspondent at Venice.

During the summer of 1858, Mr. Raymond went to Europe, and left the paper in charge of Briggs as managing editor, and Hurlbut as editor-in-chief. As no positively distinctive line was drawn touching their respective positions, Briggs and Hurlbut had a multiplicity of disgraceful rows as to which should be recognized as the editor, and occupy the private rooms of "Henry J." Hurlbut, however, secured possession of the sanctum key, and at once arrogantly announced himself as cock of that literary walk. Briggs (now dead) modestly acquiesced, although recognized by all the staff as manager. The same day Hurlbut got drunk, and was taken to the Astor House by some friends and quietly "put in his little bed." About midnight of the same day printers, proof-readers, and editors were assembled to make sense out of "a Hurlbut article," in which such words as "quadrilateral squares," "sewers of Pairs," and "elbows of the Mincio," etc., were "mixed up" in inextricable confusion. The deuce was to pay generally throughout the *Times* establishment. Hurlbut had issued written orders that his copy was "first on the hook," and "never to be left over" under any circumstances. The "forms" were "kept open" until nearly daylight, during which all the clubs and other fashionable resorts had been ransacked in a diligent search for the editor. At three o'clock in the morning "proof sheets" were sent to Mr. Briggs, who perused the same with unmistakable gusto, and then sent word to the foreman that, while the article would make the *Times* a laughing-stock, according to the instructions of Mr. Hurlbut it must go in. And it did go in, and is considered to this day in New York the most famous blunder in modern journalism. All the daily and weekly papers paid it their respects, and up to the present time, when the *Herald* wants to say something bitter regarding the *Times*, it vaguely refers to the "elbows of the Mincio," or to the "sewers of Pairs," and "quadrilateral squares." BEN. C. TRUMAN.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

The Thoughtful Stock Raiser who amused his old Father.—The True Story of the Circus that went Courting, but did not Remain to the Performance.—The Peerless Romance of a Feathered Flap Jack, an Incubation; following, however, the Tale of the Disappointed Dog.—The Author's ungallant Opinion of Crowing Hens, and sincere Admiration of a local Brigadier.—Model Instructions for the Guidance of a Picket Guard, and how they were to Preserve the Peace.—Captain Gipple's memorable Campaign and its Disastrous Result. How Colonel Jackson of the "Evening Post" routed a Regiment of Turtle-doves with one Hand tied behind his Back, and Major-General Lewis begged to be Excused from Replying to a Toast because He is a Man of Action.—With much else that Johnny has Forgotten to Record.

A man wich raised horses for a livin he had a father wich was so old he cudnt do no werk but jest set in the corner, and mosy a round the farm, and eat his grool like he was sick, but wen Billy my brother was sick he et a pickel cucumber and hollerd. So one day the mans naber he said: "Yure poor father was a mity smart, spri man one time, but he is failin fast, wot do you do for to amews him an make the evenin of his days nice for him?"

Then the man he spoke up and sed: "Wel, you know a feller wich owns sech a pile of horses al ways has got some wich is ole and plade out, and noboddy will bi em, and they got to be kil, taint hard work for to shoot em, and I jest let the ole man do that for to ocpie his mind, and make him feel like he was sum account."

Then the other feller said: "How thotfle!"

But ole men aint no boddys fols, I bet, cos once there was a ole man had a girl, and a sojer wich had come home from the war, and was ol over gole braid, and bras buttons, and stripes, and ol kinds of prettys, was a courtin the girl, but the ole man he didn't likim. So the ole man he see his boy Tom a cumin up the wock byfore the house, and he hollered out, the old man did, loud enough for the sojer feller to bear: "Tom, you go an rig up a spring board reel quick in the back yard, an git a fether bed on the ground, coz we got a vizzit from a man wich is a circus, and I spoze he wil be wontin to turn some flip flaps."

But flap jacks is the fellers for me an Billy, and Bildad, thats the new dog, he likes em too, mity wel, I can jest tel you, and one time he seen sum on a plate in the kitchen, bout a duzen in a stack. Bildad he thot no boddly was lookin, and he et em reel quick up like litenin, and evry one wich he swollered he tost his head up and bunched his back up, like cammlies backs, but they was all et evry bit in jest no time. Then my father, wich is neer sited, cept wen he has got speticles on, he said to Bildad, my father did: "Serf you rite, you got no bizness for to go round smellin, but, bles my sole, wot cude have been rubbd onto that plate, wich jest one wif cude give a dog sech con vulsions!"

But Bildad he loked up at my father reel incen like, much as to say: "You are mistook, wen I seen this plate I thot mebbly there mite be a flap jack on it, but you see there aint, and wot you call con vulsions was only jest srugs of dizzy-pintment."

Wen Mary, thats the house maid, was tole by my mother to cook sum flap jacks she put a big spoonfle of batter onto the griddle, and then she went into the pantry for to git sum thing. And my mother she was rippin up some pillers. So Billy he tuke a hanfle of fethers, and snook out in the kitchen, and put em in the flap jack wich was cookin onto the griddle, and you never seen such a lukin flap jack as thatn, no in deed, more like a chickn. Bime by my mother she herd Mary holler, an went in the kitchen for to see wot was up, and Mary she said to mother, Mary did: "O, if you pleese, mam, you have put too much egs in the batter."

Hens is chickens wich has grode up, but the he feller he is a rooster and croes, but wen there aint no rooster for to cro the ole hen she croes too, for to teech her little he chicks, but sech croun you never seen, jest like Mary, thats the house maid, tryin for to say hip, hip, hooray, like me an Billy wen Gennle MacCobm goes by on his horseback, with his big saword for to sloter the ennimy.

Wen Mister Gipple was a capten in the war the army he was in was close to the rebble army, and one nite Mister Gipple's cumpany was pickets, but not a picket fence, jest watchmen for to keep the rebbles from sprisin the other fellers. So Mister Gipple he marched his sojers to the place were thay was to watch, and there he was giv his orders, sined by the Gennle as follers, I cote from remember:

"One, the pickets is giv permission to ocpy empty houses on the line.

"Two, if the ennemys pickets is in a house first ourn is forbid to disturb em, there is houses anuf for us all.

"Thre, if our pickets gits in any house first, and the ennemys pickets cums in aftwards, thay got to be put out.

"Fore, if there aint houses anuf, and both parties stay in the same one, thay got to ocpy sepet rooms, and the ennemy mus keep theifselfs to theifselfs, and its the duty of the ofisir of the gard to see that the dores is locky by tween.

"Five, no sassin thru the ke hole."

Mister Gipple says one day he was a marchn his sojers for to attack the rebbles, and thay had stop for to spen the night under a tree in a planters yard, and Mister Gipple he sed to the planter, Mister Gipple did: "Here, you feller, yure one of them wich made this war yure ownselfe, now my sojers is jest wore out with wockin, but yure fresh, you got to stan gard wile we sleep, and Ile hole you sponible."

But in the nite the rebbles thay snook up and sroundend em, and shot em all ded, but jest Mister Gipple his single self, wich went back and jined the main body. Then the Gennle, wich was hopen mad, he sed: "Captn Gipple, you careless feller, you hav let yure selfe be sprised."

Mr. Gipple he sed: "Sprised aint no name for it, Gennle, I was a stonished!"

But if you cude see me and Billy drow our wuden sawords for to attack Uncle Ned wen he comes up the wock you wude say: "Them's the bravest sojers wich ever fot, make em both Majer Gennles and put em in the Custom Hous."

SAN RAFAEL, September 27, 1878.

MEN WHO MAKE STATES.

Also, Men Who Make Mouths.

There are two classes of men that seem to be, more than any others, the subjects of criticism and assault. They are the men who, more than any others, have contributed to the progress and prosperity of the Pacific Coast, and to the building up of a great commercial emporium. We refer to the railroad builders and to the mine operators. Among the railroad builders we embrace the names of Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, Crocker, Colton, Latham, Donahue, Mills, Davis, Newhall, Wilson, and others. Among the mine men we number Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, Fair, Hayward, Jones, Sharon, Baldwin, Sherwood, Lent, Morrow, Skae, Graves, and others, all of whom have been successful in their operations, all of whom have achieved great fortunes, and all of whom have from time to time been subjected to assault from the press, and seem to have been the subjects of great popular detestation. We should be humiliated if compelled to make the confession that all this contumely is the result of jealousy, and all these unkind animadversions come from motives not dictated by any consideration for the public good, or restrained by any respect for truth. It is popular to assault rich men just now. The moral influence of the sand-lot is in the ascendancy, and abroad in the land there is a general disposition to embrace all successful and money making enterprises in the catagory of monopolies, and to arraign all wealthy men as oppressors and tyrants. The unthinking masses are easily led astray by the shallow reasoning of the demagogue who wields a facile pen or easy-wagging tongue. Energy, enterprise, sagacity, and industry are put forth for the purpose of making money. It is an evidence that the successful business man possesses these qualifications for success. If we allow ourselves to denounce the man of wealth, do we not to that extent condemn the exercise of the faculties we have enumerated? We applaud all business rivalries, and we regard every industrial enterprise as worthy of encouragement, yet where the enterprise fruits in success we pounce down upon the man who has achieved it as an enemy to society. The railroad builders have taken nothing from this community, but have done that which has largely contributed to its prosperity. If they have obtained national subsidies they have expended them in our midst, and given us a railroad system that enriches us and extends our commercial jurisdiction. Every line of road that reaches northward to Oregon, eastward to Nevada, or southward to Arizona, gives us the trade of the locality to which it is built. If our railroad system shall push itself to Puget Sound, to Idaho, to the Gulf of Mexico, it will centralize in our harbor of San Francisco the business of all this vast area, and bring to us the commerce of eastern nations. In view of what the railroad builders are accomplishing for our city and coast, all the complaints of unjust fares and freights, of discriminations against localities, seem but insignificant and puerile. If the interest is not paid on the Government bonds, if the reserve does not accumulate to meet the obligations falling due in another decade, let Maine and Florida complain, let the next generation find fault, but let the business men of California and of to-day hold their tongues. If the mines of the Sierra had been left to conservative men, to newspaper editors, to those who do not gamble in stocks, to those who expend their energies in scolding the successful, in finding fault with the adventurous, there would have been no mining in California or Nevada; on the exhaustion of the placer diggings the miners would have gone home, or turned their attention to farming. We are not prepared to say that mines are desirable; we are not altogether convinced that California would not have been in a more healthy condition if gold had been exhausted in ten years after its discovery; but if mines are desirable, if it is well to work them, if it is well that hundreds of millions of gold and silver should have been extracted from the hills and put into circulation to infuse new life into the commerce and industries of the world, let us not withhold from the stock exchange and the gamblers in mining shares testimony of the influence they have had in producing these results. The great fissure of the Comstock would to-day have been but a furrow along the line of Mount Davidson if it had not been for the adventurous gamblers of our stock exchange. It was their daring and their courage that called the turn from the lower levels, and produced bonanzas from the very heart of the earth. It was the unenterprising and the cowardly who sat by and copped the game, and when it was won they could only scowl and scold that they had not dared the hazard of the deal. We might write homilies upon the evils of stock gambling; we have done so. There has been, and is, fraud in the manipulation of mines. We wish that everybody were as open, as honorable, and as generous in the conduct of mines and stock operations as editors are in the conduct of their journals; but this is of course impossible, as only the best men own newspapers. We wish that poor people, men and women, would keep from stock gambling, but they won't. We see the buoyant, flushed countenances on the street when stocks are up, and we wish everybody would sell, but they won't. We see the pale faces of despondent wretches clutching at straws to save them from drowning when the market turns, and we are sorry for them. We are sorry to see mechanics, workmen, clerks, servants, putting their accumulations upon the wrong card, and trying in vain to guess where the little joker lies, and risking their homesteads and bank accounts in their endeavor to put their finger into the right loop of the string game. But they will do it; everybody does it—preachers and godly men, business men and workmen. A negro barber in the country cut the writer's ear last week in his excitement about Sierra Nevada. We are sorry people will gamble, but the result of it is a system of mining on our Eastern Sierra that exceeds anything the world has ever witnessed; the extraction of millions upon millions of the precious metals, the encouragement of great enterprises, the employment of thousands of laborers, mechanics, merchants, and artisans, the building up of San Francisco; and it is at this point that our philosophy comes in. We look around at our city, and mark the costly commercial blocks, the splendid buildings, the elegant and palatial dwellings; we note our busy foundries and machine shops, our thriving merchants; we observe the splendid equipages driven in our parks, and we see the result of mine working and stock gambling, and we say to

ourselves, if anybody is justified in moralizing over the sin of gambling in mining stocks, it is not we of San Francisco. We are reaping the advantage of all this wickedness—so let the wickedness go on. Personally, we do not deal in stocks. It is not virtue; it is cowardice. When stocks are down we lack the courage; when stocks are up we lack the coin. We would gamble if we were certain we would win; hence our modesty in writing homilies upon the sin of stock gambling. We should like a pass over all the railroads; we wish some one would carry us in stocks. We would exchange money with any of the gentlemen we have named, and with their coin take all the sins of its accumulation; but then we agree with Canon Farrar and Henry Ward Beecher: we do not believe there is any hell.

All About Women.

A Spanish woman walks in the Paris boulevards leading a dove with a ribbon.

A Boston girl spoke of Lord Beaconsfield's new honor as the "order of the elastic."

One of Queen Victoria's carriages has a seat that rocks with the motion of the vehicle.

One of the few remaining vivandieres of Napoleon Bonaparte's armies died lately in Milan, aged ninety-nine. She went through the campaigns in Russia and Spain without a scratch.

Eleven thousand women are telegraph operators in Great Britain, and it is said that generally they keep the secrets intrusted to them except when they know some of the parties concerned.

Charlotte Thompson is mildly acting in Nova Scotia. Charlotte is suffering from nervous prostration brought on by an inconsiderate brute of an author who offered her a new play.

The newest styles in ladies' finger nails is to wear them long and sharp pointed, resembling claws. The ladies who have adopted the fashion look as though they had to scratch for a living.

Spanking a baby in a rude or angry manner renders a mother liable to prosecution for assault and battery, according to the decision of a justice in Lafayette, Indiana, who remembers his own sainted mother.

A woman in Ludington, Michigan, shot and killed a neighbor's pet bear that strayed into her house. On the following night she sent a bullet into a burglar who entered by the same door, which is still unfastened.

The Baltimore *Gazette* says, editorially, of Mrs. Hayes: "As an elegant, refined, matronly woman, she is far superior to Mr. Hayes." Of course she is. As a woman, Mr. Hayes is not to be compared with his wife.

In Spain there appears to be a fashion in grave clothes, amongst the higher classes especially. The young Queen expressed her wish, when dying, to be buried in the habit of the Nuns of "Vierge de las Mercedès."

A fashionable young lady, by accident, dropped one of her false eyebrows into her opera box and greatly frightened her beau, who, upon seeing it, was very much shocked, under the impression that it was his moustache.

A man may sneer at a woman all he will because she can't sharpen a lead pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender button in his hand, and wondering whether it will hurt less to pull the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in, or push it on through.

If the Sultan notices one of the girls about his palace or in the seraglio, even so much as to say to somebody else that "she is a pretty girl," the damsel is at once promoted to a "guienzde," has a certain revenue, and a suite of apartments. A Sultan's smile is also indication of promotion, and has a certain rank in it for the recipient.

Sarah Bernhardt, the famous Parisian actress, has made the discovery of a new cure for delicate lungs and health. She passes hours now daily in successive ascensions in the *ballon captif* of the Tuileries gardens, finding more and more healing for her shattered health and delicate lungs, as well as general reinvigoration, the higher she rises.

"The number of women here," writes a Parisian correspondent, "who wear moustaches is astonishingly large. I scarcely ever go into the streets without meeting several fine moustaches worn on feminine lips, and I have in a crowd, just for amusement, counted up the hairy adornments, including chin whiskers as well, upon the ladies, and the total number in sight frequently exceeded fifty!"

Among the young ladies who sat at the receipt of custom in a Western church fair, and retailed kisses at the nominal value of ten cents each, was a vinegar-visaged old maid, who had crowded herself in on the gauzy pretense that she felt it her duty to do her share toward helping along the good cause. But she could have earned just as much by staying away from there and making tating at ten cents the hundred yards.

Miss Jeannette Bennett, the sister of James Gordon Bennett, was married on the 19th instant to Mr. Isaac Bell, Jr., at Newport. Mrs. Bell is one of the beautiful and accomplished "sweet girl graduates" of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She is amongst the last of her schoolfellows to mate—some are married and some are dead—but she is not forgotten, and many heartfelt prayers for her happiness ascended from the cloisters on the heights above the Hudson.

At a recent fire in Sandusky a young lady in ball costume seeing the men did not take hold to extinguish the flames by forming a bucket-line (no engines being present) seized a bucket and made one, for an example. And she kept on working, passing the buckets as steadily and quickly as any one, looking like an angel of light in her pretty party dress and her diamonds glistening in the light of the burning building. Her name—pass it along—we have unfortunately forgotten.

THE CRYSTAL BELL.

A Traveler's Story.

It was in a country tavern; and I sat in the bar-room for lack of something better to do. Heaven knows there was little enough to amuse one in that dreary temple of Bacchus. There were five newspapers—the newest a month old—lying on the table. I knew every advertisement in them. There was a picture of the favorite Presidential candidate hanging over the fire-place, which, if it at all resembled the gentleman in question, entitled him to a glass case in a museum of curiosities rather than to a chair in the White House. A book for registering names lay on a sort of desk in the corner, but since my arrival the pages, though dated, were destitute of a single new comer's name. Apple-jack, bad gin, blazing brandy, and wicked whisky, in bottles of eccentric colors, filled a glass press behind a counter which, by courtesy, was called a bar; and behind this stood a wooden image, by courtesy a landlord.

When a man has no books and no acquaintance at a country tavern, he is apt to fall back on the landlord. I have met, in my time, very amusing landlords—landlords who could talk to you about fishing and shooting and politics, and perhaps retail to you some of the gossip of the neighborhood; for it is wonderful how a man in the strait in which I then found myself will find amusement in the doings of people he knows nothing about. But the landlord of the Hotscotch House was not to be relied upon in such an emergency. You were not to take any such liberties with him, sir, let me tell you. He took you into his house, as it were, under protest. He gave you a bed with an air which seemed to say he regretted doing it, but still did not like to refuse; and you ate your dinner before him in fear and trembling, lest he should reconsider his hospitality, and order you out of the house.

Whether it was a natural inflexibility of joints, or whether it was a high sense of personal dignity, I do not know; but certainly General Piper, the landlord of the only hotel in the village of Hotscotch, was the most dignified man I ever saw. The halo which he threw around a glass of whisky and water was perfectly wonderful. You might have imagined you were drinking "Green Seal," to judge by the lofty expression of his countenance as he handed you the bottle. At the dinner table he fairly awed the appetite out of one; and I shall never, as long as I live, forget the thunder-cloud which gathered on his brow when, one day, I unluckily asked to be helped twice to soup. He was especially great in referring to the privileges connected with the Hotscotch House. What these privileges consisted of he alone knew, for I never experienced any nor knew of any one who had. In personal-appearance the General was of ordinary stature, rather stout, and with a visage nearer resembling wood than anything I ever beheld.

As I was saying, I sat in the bar-room. General Piper stood behind the bar, counting the contents of the till with Olympian dignity. Quarter dollars seemed to become thunderbolts in his hands. I was very weary—very of Hotscotch; weary of Piper; weary of the Presidential candidate over the mantel-piece, who seemed to have been born with a patch of strawberries on each cheek; weary of the old newspapers; weary of everything, except the memory of my little sweetheart to whom I was engaged and on whose account I had left New York and immured myself, in mid-winter, at the Hotscotch House, in order, before our marriage, to settle some matters connected with my property, which lay near Hotscotch. I yawned in the very teeth of General Piper.

The door opened ere my teeth closed again, and a man entered. Shaking off the snow that lay in thick flakes on his coat, he advanced to the wood-fire that blazed and crackled on the broad hearth, and spread out his hands to the cheering warmth. He was a very seedy-looking man. He had but one coat on—an old threadbare evening coat—which was tenderly buttoned across a chest that seemed afraid to breathe too hastily lest it should burst the frail buttons. His shoes were old and soaked; his trousers wet and very scanty, shrinking from contact with his shoes as if he had not had a dinner in his stomach, nor a cent in his pocket, for a very long time. As he entered, the General raised his head from the till and glared sternly at him. I saw the poor man cower a little; but presently he seemed to muster up sufficient courage to go to the bar.

"May I have a bed here to-night?" he asked, in a timid voice.

"Full, sir, full!" said the General, frowning until his old eyebrows fairly creaked; "besides, we seldom have accommodations for strangers."

The poor man gave a glance at his threadbare coat and smiled; but oh, how sad that smile!

"It is a very bad night," he said, pleadingly, "and I am not particular where I sleep; anywhere will do for me."

Unphilosophical stranger! A worse plan than a confession of heedlessness of comfort could not have been adopted to win the General's favor. If he had blustered up to the bar and shouted for a bed of roseleaves with every leaf ironed out, the majestic Piper might have overlooked the seedy coat; but not to care *where* he slept—that settled him.

"Sorry, sir, but can't accommodate you;" and with this brief intimation the Jove of Hotscotch recommenced making the quarter dollars to look like thunderbolts.

The stranger sighed, looked wistfully at the bright fire, gave another hopeless glance at the wooden Piper, and then moved slowly to the door. It was more than I could stand. Olympus had no terrors for me at that moment.

"Stay!" I said, advancing from the obscure corner in which I had been seated; "stay, sir, for a moment. The weather is too inclement for any human being to wander in at night. I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, but there are two beds in my room, and I esteem it my duty to offer you one of them. Pray accept it."

I almost lost the murmured words by which the seedy man thanked me for my offer in consideration of General Piper's countenance. I never before beheld such a picture of astounded dignity. My heart sank after my speech was fairly out, for I really expected nothing short of being turned out myself; and, what is more, I believe that I should have gone.

The General gasped.

"Is Mr. Prince aware that the privileges of this house are reserved for its guests, and not for outsiders?"

"I can't help it," said I, speaking firmly, but with trem-

bling limbs; "I intend having my own way in this matter?"

"Very well," said the General.

For the first time the truth burst upon me that the General was not so awful as he looked, and that by the aid of a little resolution he might even be reduced to the position of a landlord. I plucked up courage from this supposed discovery, and, having opened the breach, pushed on.

"I want some supper, General Piper!" said I, peremptorily.

"Sir, you have *had* your supper," answered the General, clutching madly at the last rag of his importance that was being torn so ruthlessly from him.

"No matter, I wish to sup again. I sometimes sup frequently during an evening."

I was reckless with victory, and began to talk wildly.

"You shall be served, sir."

And the General abdicated his thunderbolts and disappeared into the kitchen. I had conquered. A hand was laid gently upon my shoulder, and the stranger now spoke audibly to me for the first time.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said, "for all this kindness; but if, in getting this supper, you put yourself to inconvenience on my account, may I beg you will countermand the order?"

"Not at all," I replied, diplomatically; "but, since you have reminded me of it, perhaps you will favor me by joining in the meal—that is, if you have not already supped!"

"I have not," he answered, with a feeble smile. "I see through your *ruse*," he added, "and to a gentleman who can act as generously as you have done, I feel little shame in confessing that it was because I had no money."

"Come, come!" said I, trying to bluster away those confounded tears that always *will* get in my eyes when I hear such things; "come, we'll have a jolly good supper together, and then we'll talk of business matters afterward. Let us sit up by the fire until it is ready, and, meanwhile, drink this."

So saying, I invaded the General's Olympian domains, and, pouring out a stiff horn of applejack, forced it upon my new friend. It did him good, I am certain, for I saw the dim eyes brighten, and the cheeks flush, and it was not the firelight that did it, cheery as it was.

I never met a more delightful man than this seedy stranger. He had been everywhere, seen everything, done everything, knew everybody. He was a finished scholar, an original thinker and critic, a delightful singer, an epitome of wit. He so fascinated me that we sat up in my room until almost twelve—an unearthly hour in Hotscotch, where the people go to roost with the chickens—and it never once entered my head to ask him why he was wandering about in the snow without any money. I even went to bed without securing my valuables.

It was the gray dawn of morning when some one sitting on my bedside awoke me suddenly. I started upright in an instant and beheld my friend. He was completely dressed, and in the dim light seemed like a departing ghost. For a moment, in the incoherence of my senses, I had a confused idea that he was about to rob me, and seized him instinctively by the arm.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, with a smile. "I intended to awake you; and, before I went—for I am going now—I wished to thank you for your extreme kindness to me. God bless you for it! I have but little to offer you in the way of return. Here is a crystal bell," and he drew a tiny glass bell from his pocket—a thing like a child's toy. "It was forged in distant lands, and, while in the furnace, its maker sang over it the spells known only to the children of the East. It is the touchstone of truth. Whoever utters a falsehood to him who bears it, on that moment the bell will vibrate. Scoff at the story now, if you will, but try the talisman. It will never betray you. Farewell!"

And, laying the little bell upon the counterpane, before I could collect my scattered senses, he glided to the door and went out, closing it softly after him.

I took up the bell mechanically and examined it. It was entirely formed of what seemed to be the purest crystal. The tongue was also of crystal and as flexible as the finest watch-spring. I tried to ring it; but although the ball at the end of the pendant tongue visibly struck the clear sides of the bell, it did not emit the slightest sound. I tried it again and again but always with the same result.

I arose and looked for my watch. It was safe. My pockets were untouched and my valuables intact. My seedy friend, therefore, was not an imposter. Again I returned to the mysterious bell and shook its crystal tongue—but in vain. Not even a muffled tinkling was to be drawn from it. Had the pendulum been a feather it could not have been more silent.

All day long I felt wretchedly uncomfortable with the crystal bell in my pocket. I scarcely answered the sneering inquiries after my seedy friend with which General Piper assailed me. I scarcely took the trouble to inform him that I had not been robbed. I was indifferent to the display which he made of counting his spoons in my presence. The last words of my mysterious guest rang continually in my ears: "Whoever utters a falsehood in your presence, on that moment the crystal bell will vibrate."

Annie Gray! Why was it that your face continually rose up before me whenever I touched the magic bell? Whenever I drew it forth and looked through its crystal walls, why was it that your countenance seemed dimly visible within, but always clouded with some horrible shadow? And, when I thought of you, why did the name of that hateful George Smithson always flicker in sparkling letters before my mind's eye?

I suffered positive agony. Here was I, engaged to be married to one of the sweetest girls in all New York, beloved by her to my heart's content, and rich enough to satisfy her every whim; when in comes a stranger, who puts into my hands what he calls a talisman for testing truth, and straightway I began to doubt the dear girl whom I had never doubted before. Did she really love me? The more I tried to conquer this abominable phantasy of jealousy, the more positive it became, until at last I had worked myself into such a fever of excitement that I could bear the suspense no longer. Yes, I would instantly hurry to New York and test this wondrous gift. It was folly—madness. I knew that well enough, but still I would test it, and test it all the more willingly because I had such faith in Annie. But why did she encourage that empty dandy, George Smithson?

In less than two hours I was in New York, ringing madly at Annie Gray's door. As I hastily entered the room, out walked Mr. Smithson. He smiled coldly; but I could have strangled him where he stood.

I must have been rather pale and disorderly looking, for I had hardly entered the room when Annie's first words were:

"O Howard! has anything happened?"

Dear girl! how could any one but a madman doubt that anxious, fond look, that quivering lip? I kissed her forehead and reassured her.

"Annie, dear! Why do you have that Mr. Smithson here in my absence? You know I don't like him."

"Why, Howard, I really can not help it if he does call. I don't care about his visits, I assure you; but I cannot be rude to him, I have known him so long."

Gracious heavens! was it fancy? or did I really hear a faint crystalline tinkling in my pocket? A cold shiver ran through my frame; but I endeavored to dissemble my agony, and with a forced smile, went on:

"So you really don't like him, you little puss? Come, now; confess that at one time you *did* care a little—a very little—for Smithson, your old playmate."

"Why, what ails you, Howard? you look so queer! I assure you I never cared anything for Mr. Smithson."

Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle! in my pocket. I felt the blood rush to my head. It was a Niagara of emotion; but I endured it.

"And you love me, then, better than any boby else—better, even, than the old school-fellow you have known so long?"

"How foolish you are, Howard! Of course I do!" and she kissed me gently.

Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle! in my pocket—plain, clear, distinct. Every vibration of the crystal bell thrilled me to the marrow. If the bells of all the cathedrals in the world had pealed together in my ear, they could not have moved me half so much as that sharp, shrill, crystal ringing of that tiny bell.

I could bear it no longer.

"Traitor!" I shouted, flinging away the tender arms that encircled my neck; "hypocrite! I despise you! Yes, madam! the eyes of your dupe were opened in time."

"Howard, are you mad?"

"Not quite; though a week after our marriage I would have been, imposter that you are! But I know you now—know that you do not love me—know that you have lied to me three times since I've been here."

She tried to embrace me, but I flung her off. She wrung her hands, the big tears rolling down her cheeks, while her gentle head bent as if stricken with some great blow. She acted her part excellently well.

"What do mean, Howard? I have never deceived you in thought or word. If you have proof of my hypocrisy, advance them; but do not storm me down with assertions."

"My proofs are here!" I cried, holding up the bell in triumph—the triumph of despair. "Here! look on this talisman, basest of women, and tremble!"

"But, Howard, are you sane? I see nothing but this bell."

"And this bell, as you call it, has told me that you are a worthless woman."

A tigress-like leap, and she caught it from my hand. With flaming eyes she held it aloft, and then dashed it to the ground.

A crash like the bursting of a thousand bombs; a thundering of great bells, that seemed to shake the world, and—looking up I saw General Piper standing over me in a dignified attitude.

"Mr. Prince," said he, "the dinner bell has been ringing these ten minutes; but you appear to have been sleeping so soundly as not to have heard it. Dinner waits."

And so it was a dream! No seedy friend, no talisman, no falsehood in sweet Annie Gray.

I rubbed my eyes and went in to dinner; but as I ate my soup under the awful eye of the General, I confess I regretted the non-reality of that portion of my dream in which I had subdued the thunderer of the tavern.

I never told Annie Gray that I had ever doubted her, even in a dream, until we had been a month married.

SANTA BARBARA, September 20, 1878. H. B. P.

Singular Suicides.

In the year 1500, William Dorrington threw himself from the parapet of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in London, leaving behind him a note, stating as his reason, "that he wanted to go to the opera that night but had not money enough to purchase a ticket of admission."

A farmer in Allendale, England, got a gun barrel, loaded it, and placed the stock end in a hot fire, and leaned his stomach against the other. The barrel soon became hot, and exploded, killing the unfortunate wretch instantly.

A blacksmith in New Orleans, in 1841, killed himself in the same manner, blowing his bellows until the fire was hot enough to explode the gun barrel.

A young lady at a boarding school, in England, drowned herself in a rain cask, because she was made to study from an old book. She was "sweet sixteen."

A Greenwich, England, pensioner, who was put upon short allowance for misconduct, in 1846, sharpened the ends of his spectacles, and with them stabbed himself to the heart.

In a French newspaper of 1862, we find an account of a man who, his wife having proved unfaithful to him, called his valet, and informed him that he was about to kill himself, and requested that he would boil him down, and make a candle of his fat, and carry it to his mistress, handing her at the same time the following note: "Dearest Therese:—I have long burned for you, and I now prove to you that my flames are real. Yours, PIERRE."

A young lady, nineteen years of age, having gambled away a large fortune, hung herself at Bath, England, with a gold and silver girdle. The following note was found in her hand: "Thus I tie myself up from play!" This was worthy of a French woman!

George Augustus Sala quotes the man who imagined *mors omnibus* was Latin for a hearse; but an equally good story, and of a cognate kind, is that of the man who translated *Père la Chaise* into "the governor's four-wheeler."

SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

The Reverend Father T. N. Burke, an eloquent priest of the Catholic Church, delivered at Bray Parish, Ireland, July 28th, a sermon in aid of parochial schools, extracts from which we herewith publish. We do this in accordance with our purpose of making the ARGONAUT the vehicle of independent thought upon leading topics. That we are in favor of secular, and opposed to sectarian, teaching in our public schools is no reason for withholding so able and eloquent an argument as we think this to be—we mean, of course, able from the Catholic standpoint. The text of this discourse is St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 6th chapter:

"To whom does the apostle speak all these words of accusation? Who were they whom this inspired man described as being so enslaved and so degraded? We might, perhaps, imagine, and naturally, that he was speaking to some savage tribe—untutored, uneducated, wallowing in their vices, because they were steeped in ignorance, and knew no better. We can imagine such words as these addressed to some barbarians of the North—to the wild, unclothed Scythians. But no, my dearly beloved, it was not to the savage, nor to the uneducated and uncivilized man; it was not to a race or nation of barbarians that the apostle addressed these words. It was to the Roman people, and at a time and in an epoch when Rome—pagan Rome—had attained to the very climax of its civilization, of its education, and its intellectual glory. Now, reflect upon this. The Augustan era had dawned; it was yet in the full blaze of its intellectual splendor; never was education so widely spread abroad; never was art and science so highly cultivated. The Coliseum of Rome, newly built, was yet shining fresh from the masons' hand in all the unrivaled splendor and majesty of its proportion. The arch of Titus was about to be raised, whose simple, tasteful grandeur impresses the eye of the most refined and civilized traveler of our own day; the Palatine Hill of Rome was being covered with the splendors of the grandest palace that ever the hand of man reared—the golden house of Nero; and in the midst of all this intellectual splendor, whilst Rome was listening enchanted to the strains of her poets—to the glorious measures of Virgil, to the shrewd philosophy embodied in acutest verse of Horace; while the newly-composed pages of her greatest historian, Titus Livius, was enchanting the eyes of all who read them; while the wealth and civilization of the East and ancient Greece was pouring itself into Rome, which, risen above mere material glory, had come to appreciate intellectual splendor; in the midst of all this stands the rugged Apostle, speaking to this highly educated people, and he says: "You have knowledge indeed, but you have not God in your knowledge; you have education indeed, but you have not the higher knowledge in your education. God has given you up to a reprobate sense; you are the slave of sin; you have yielded the very members of your body, as well as the powers of your soul, to uncleanness, and to working iniquity unto iniquity; you are the bondsmen of hell." What does all this prove? What conclusions are we to draw from this deliberate indictment, brought by a man inspired by the Holy Ghost, against this refined and highly educated people? It is this, dearly beloved, that man may be educated, he may be instructed in every law of nature, every mysterious force and power at work in this material world may be made known to him, and laid open before him. The very constellations of heaven may lose the mystery with which vastness and distance surrounds them, the earth may be sounded to its deepest depths, the sea may be investigated into its lowest abysses, every element of knowledge may be called forth, every fountain of education may be opened, and if but one thing be absent—namely, the knowledge of God—all the education and refinement will only make a man worse, instead of making him better; will leave him still under the thrall and slavery of his reprobate senses and wicked passions; all the education will fail to purify the blood in his corrupt veins; all the education will fail to provide him with one vivifying principle, with one purifying element; and, therefore, with all his knowledge, but without God, he stands a fool and a slave in the presence of the Lord God who made him; unfit for the highest purposes of life, unfit entirely for the society for which he was created—that of the angels and the saints in the kingdom of the living God. We are assembled here to-day for the highest and greatest purpose which can bring us together, namely, to take thought for a great question, and to make provision for a great want that exists in all Christian society—the Catholic, Christian, and godly education of the children of our people. It is a grave question, occupying every mind of the present day. It is a great question, fiercely assailed and as stoutly defended. It is the question of questions in senate-house, in church, and in state. It is the question upon which philosopher and statesman, priest and bishop alike are united in this—that the future of the people depends upon it. All agree that a people uneducated is a people vainly created; that education is the first, the primary, the most necessary want of man; that without it life is robbed of nearly all its sweetness and more than half its efficacy; that a man uneducated sinks to the level of the brute and beneath it; and if that man is ever to be raised from this degrading ignorance, he can only be raised up to the enjoyment of his intellectual, spiritual, and moral life by the blessing of education and instruction. On this all are agreed, that it is the great question on which the Catholic Church stands alone on one side, and the whole world with all its power and influence is arrayed against her on the other side. The great question, the great battlefield, on which this great warfare is being fought out every day is: what manner of education shall the children of our people receive? The worldly-minded, the philosopher who knows not God, the statesman who has only his own political aims in view, the false-minded and traitorous Catholic who, from indolence or perversity, refuses to give to this question the consideration it deserves, refuses to join in this battle with the enthusiasm of the Son of God. These men say that education in human knowledge alone brings with it such a refining influence, opens and expands the minds so by knowledge, raises and develops, and strengthens the intellectual faculties of man; that this alone suffices for the future well-being of the child. Is this proposition true? If it is, I have no business whatever to stand in this pulpit before you to-day; I have not an inch of ground to stand upon. I have no argument to put before you; I have no reason to ask you to put your hands in your pockets and to

help your parish priest in the peculiar kind of instruction which he is bound to provide for the children of this parish. Is this proposition true? Ah! my brethren, let us consider what is that child that mentally now stands before us and clamors for his right of education; what is that child? Man is made up of two distinct natures, the material or bodily, and the intellectual, spiritual, angelic element of the soul, that is within him—the material nature in man is represented by the body, and the spiritual element represented by the soul; one is created for time to wither away at the breath of death, to descend once more into meanness and corruption from which it was brought forth by the creative voice of God; yet still the bodily nature possesses crude faculties, strong passions, decisive and overwhelming inclinations, and all these tending to that which is gross and earthly, defiling and sinful. The spiritual element of the soul in man has its life like the body, but it is an immortal life that never can perish. The breath of death that kills the body only lets forth the soul in all the fullness of its freedom as a disembodied spirit to go out into that eternity which is so congenial to it. This soul in its turn is made up not only of the intelligence of the mind, but there is also in it the affective power, or spirit, as it is called—the seat of love, the seat of affection, the seat of its desires. There is, moreover, in this soul the still higher attribute of freedom of will, by which it can determine itself either for heaven or for hell—either for God and virtue or for sin and the devil. Now, the purpose of education is to meet the wants of this soul of man. The education which the philosopher and the statesman proposes to give all falls into the intellect; the intellect—which is one, and only one, of the powers of the soul—is, strictly speaking, the seat of knowledge. Knowledge alone, no matter how clearly imparted, no matter how deep its research, no matter how extensive in its range—knowledge alone merely forms and informs the intelligence in man. Knowledge alone cannot touch his heart; knowledge alone cannot influence his will; knowledge can only make him clever—can only make him learned—can only make him instructed. When it has done that, it has done all. And when the system propounded by the statesman and the philosopher has done all that it can do, it leaves that heart as untouched, it leaves that will as unrestrained, as if that man had never received one single element of education. Now, I ask you, is this education—is this training of the soul—that only touches one of its faculties, that only instructs and enlarges one of its powers? Is this a bringing forth all these glorious faculties? Ah! let us understand the nature of man. It is not by his intelligence only that he operates upon his fellow-man; it is not by his intelligence only that he lives. Even in our ordinary mode of speaking we look for much more than mental cleverness and intelligence in those with whom we associate; we prize much more other gifts than the mere gift of knowledge. It is the faculties, fully developed, of the heart and of the will, that produce the moral effect upon a man's life. Knowledge, however varied and however profound, gives no real vivifying influence. It may establish barren principles, but there is no strength of will to carry them out—there is no tenderness of a pure heart to love them. Some of the greatest philosophers of antiquity were the most degraded and the most vicious of men. Even in our own day, it is not mere knowledge that the world stands in need of. We have abundance of intellectual light; but what we want is the power to make a man chaste, the power that makes a man honest, the power that makes a man dutiful and kind to his aged parents—the grace that makes a man a faithful friend, a reliable servant, a trustworthy companion. These are the faculties that we demand. It is upon these that we live in our communion with each other; these are the things that make life pleasant and sweet, that lighten its burdens and enhance its joys; and these are the things that no knowledge alone can supply. Therefore, the system of education that says: "Let us exclude that which will purify the heart, that which will rectify and strengthen the will, that which will influence a man in the practical dealings of his mortal life—let us exclude these and confine ourselves to the mere instruction of his intellect;" that system is in itself not only deficient, but it is false in principle, for it is a practical and impious denial of the higher and better faculties in the soul of man. What wonder, then, that whilst the world glories in intellectual excellence alone, that whilst men boast of their scientific success, that whilst the man of the nineteenth century imagines that he is a god—because he can summon the lightning from heaven and make it the messenger of his thoughts unto the ends of the earth in one moment of time, because the sea has no longer any mysteries from him, because the earth has been sounded to its deepest depths by him, because the stars of heaven, even those for distant ages hid to man, are now like an open book for him, because he can analyze the air he breathes and weigh the sunbeam that falls upon him—he fancies he is a god; for all this, he fancies it is all in all. But beside him stands the Church of God, the Catholic Church, and says: "You have only begun the work of education; you know nothing about it in its highest interpretation; you are only a pedagogue; you can only read into the dome of the human soul. There is that within which you can never reach; there is that heart, oh! so strong for good or evil; there is that soul, so omnipotent in its power even of resisting Almighty God, if it only chooses, in the fatal attribute of its magnificent freedom. I alone," says the Church of God, "can educate. God alone can do it, and God works through me. The grace of God must touch that heart in order to keep it pure and purify it; the grace of God, operating through faith and love, must show to that young soul of the child, whom you pretend to educate, higher beauties than those of earth—that he may love them, higher duties than you can suggest—that he may fulfill them. The grace of God alone can so strengthen that heart against its own weakness that every unruly passion will be subdued, every inordinate affection chastened." The man that is thus reared up will grow as a child of God until in the maturity of his education Christ Jesus the Lord will be revealed to him. The Church says to the statesman, and these men, "there is in that child a free will, and out of that free will must come every motive that ever is to guide him in life, every virtue that ever he is to practice, every duty that ever he is to fulfill, everything that is moral and pure and good in him, even for the purposes of the world, even for those social, domestic, and civic things for which you pretend to educate him; you can not do it because in all these relations he must act through his will, and not through his intelligence; and you

can not touch that will. God alone can do it. God's grace alone can determine it, God alone can put by divine faith and by grace and charity sufficiently strong motives to determine that free will to God rather than to the evil to which he is naturally inclined. Give me, therefore, the child, the Church says, "give me the child, suffer him to come to me, I only can open the arms of Jesus Christ, who said: 'Suffer the little children to come to me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' I alone can keep him in the grace of his baptismal innocence; I only can bring out these graces in the full maturity of his glorious, immortal, and spiritual manhood; I alone can bring out the graces in the man. Give him to me, and all that the world can teach his intellect I will give him, as well as at the same time hand in hand with the growth of his mind will grow his heart unto love and his will unto virtue." Which of these two systems is the true one? Oh, my friends, there are a great many mysteries in this enlightened and advanced age of ours; there are a great many strange things that we see, and for which we find it extremely difficult to account, but the greatest mystery of all, and the strangest thing of all, is that an unprejudiced man can not see, looking into his own nature and examining in himself and his fellow-men, that the Catholic Church alone understands the meaning of the word "Education." Yes, they would fain give us knowledge, and only knowledge; they would fain send home the child just educated enough to despise his father and mother for their lack of the knowledge which he enjoys without the stern voice of conscience saying to him: "Honor them in their simplicity; honor them even in their ignorance." "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be not cut off, but may be long in the land of the Lord thy God in Heaven." They will send us home our children educated, indeed, with wits sharpened and intellect enlightened, for what purpose—for purposes of self, and only self. They will send us home those bright intelligences with no better idea of success, no better object in life, than to live for themselves, to centre around their own selfish passions, to provide for their own pleasures and enjoyment, to cater for their own desires, to make this life charming and pleasant to themselves, no matter at what expense to others. The wife may break her heart, the father and mother may go down with gray hairs steeped in sorrow to the grave, society may suffer, employers may be plundered, laws may be violated. The commonest privileges dictated by the reason of man may be overturned and triumphantly denied, as they are by the highly educated, but irreligiously educated man of the nineteenth century—all must yield, God in Heaven, society upon earth—all must be sacrificed upon the altar of self, for this man, highly educated, but unrestrained, has never been taught to worship a higher God than his own inclinations. Who will deny that this is the bitter fruit born of the education without religion of this age? Who will deny it? Who sees the strange principles of Communism and Socialism, the rebellion against all authority, the utter scornful rejection of all law, the murderous hatred of emperors and rulers, and those who represent law and authority, to whom, in the language of the scripture, God has entrusted the sword upon this earth, that they may keep the law and enforce its observance. Who can deny witnessing all this, seeing whole nations perverted by these principles of mere selfishness, that education without religion is no education at all; that it gives a man power, because knowledge is power, I grant you, but power to be directed toward evil things and bad purposes, and therefore accursed. Rather than see this Irish people thus trained, rather than see them thus educated, rather than see them raised up with intellectual power without morality, without faith, without love, I would turn to the days when penal laws enforced ignorance upon my fathers who are in their martyred graves, I would turn to the dark days when everything was denied to Ireland and to her people save the one thing that man could not take—because God resolved that it should remain—namely, their Divine faith; and I would say to them, *moriamur in simplicitate nostra*—let us die in our simplicity, let us die in our comparative ignorance, let us die in our simple, trusting faith, stronger than all the power of earth and hell, rather than live under the curse of this unholy education.

A traveler relates the following: "Riding during the summer in Syria, I lost my sheets. For four nights I did not sleep, although I was ready to drop with fatigue. On the fifth night I fell into a sort of delirium, rose from my bed, and got on my horse, which was tethered with its saddle on, and made a long speech. The Arabs all sat round me staring for an hour, then the dragoman stepped forward, took my hand, and led me back to my tent. The curious thing was, that after this performance—the particulars of which were told me the next day—the Arabs regarded me as a holy prophet."

Ladies who wear bangles would find it advantageous to also wear, in a conspicuous position, a notice to the effect that their "bracelets were bangles, and did not fasten up." It must be annoying to them to have people continually coming up and saying, "Your bracelet is unfastened!" but it's still more distressing to a timid representative of our sex, who, after five minutes' hesitation, makes up his mind to call attention to the probable loss of the bracelet, to be told, "Thanks, but bangles don't close"—the remark being accompanied with a look as much as to say, "I pity your ignorance!"

It is stated that silk stockings, with open-work lace fronts and clocks, are to be the prevailing mode for evening parties. Dear sakes, what are we coming to?

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, September 29, 1898.

Gumbo File.
Fried Flourders. Broiled Snipe.
Oyster-plait. Green Peas.
Roast Venison, Wine and Currant Jelly Sauce. Mashed Potatoes.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Blanc Manger. Strawberries and Cream.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Figs, Grapes, Peaches, Pears, and Plums.
To MAKE GUMBO FILE.—See No. 35, Vol. I.

TO ROAST VENISON.—Lard well with some salt pork; cover the outside of the meat with a thin coating of butter; put a small quantity of water in the pan, and after baking fifteen minutes add a small teaspoonful of white wine, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, half teaspoonful allspice, quarter teaspoonful of cloves, and some grated nutmeg; baste frequently. Just before it is cooked, add one teaspoonful of sherry wine, mixed well with half a cup of currant jelly and a little flour thickening. The leg is the best to roast, and it must be done rare. Serve with more jelly.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1878.

The letters of Quang Chang Ling, the Chinese Literate, whose remarkable presentation of his countrymen's views on the Chinese question have attracted such wide attention, can be obtained in pamphlet form at this office. Price ten cents per copy—\$1 per dozen.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have been duck shooting upon Lake Tulare. It is a long trip to this lake; the weather was warm, the journey tedious, but the lake is the home of all the game that flies, from the little sand-piper, with its querulous cry, skimming the water's edge, to the honker goose, that bears himself upon ponderous wings, and the stately pelican, that with graceful flight sails the air. Teal, butter-balls, spring-tails, widgeon, gadwalls, and mallards abound; snipe in flights as thick as black birds; plover and curlew, and all sorts of winged game. Of geese the expert shot may fill a wagon, but then, while it is fun to bring down the great clumsy bird with his long neck, wings, and legs tangled as he tumbles to the earth, it seems a pity that he must be left the food for coyotes and 'coons, for he is not worth bringing away. But it is not of the shooting part of our expedition we would write, but of the country we passed over, its possibilities, its capabilities, as the home of a great population. All the way from Martinez, where we left the bay of San Francisco and its grateful breezes, we passed through broad plains, down the great wide valley of the San Joaquin. Two hundred miles we rode through an uninteresting country, looking dry and arid, but upon this exceptional year producing splendid crops of grain—crossing the rivers San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Merced, Kings, Cottonwood, Mariposa, Kaweah, Cowchilla, Dry Creek, Elk Bayou, and ever so many other beautiful streams; a valley sixty miles in width dotted with splendid lakes; Tulare, larger than the bay of San Francisco, Kern, Buena Vista and others; a country whose fertility of soil is unequalled by any other that God's sun shines upon; a country broad enough for an empire, and one which ought to be the hope of happy millions of people—an unoccupied, abandoned, God-forsaken, desolate, dry, and dirty plain; a land of coyotes, jackass-rabbits, Missourians, sand lappers, and land grabbers; a land accursed of indolence, waste, and greed. From the town of Tulare we rode for forty miles across this broad desolation, conveying our drinking water and wood for camp purposes, passing over natural meadows, and on the whole forty miles we only saw six attempts at farming, and such farming! Only one place where there was enough of enterprise to plant fruit and shade trees and watermelons. A rickety cabin, with a melancholy corral and a dilapidated fence, is the San Joaquin farmer's idea of a country home. Here and there, scattered throughout this broad domain, is a prosperous rancho with flocks, herds, fenced fields, comfortable house, spacious barns, vines, and fruit trees. Just enough of these oases scattered throughout the great southern desert to contrast the goodness of God with the utter worthlessness and total depravity of the people who inhabit it. Through this country runs the Southern Pacific Railroad, with its comfortable cars and sleepers, and freight trains bearing away wheat, the single product of the plains—a crop may be raised once in five years. This land without water is almost valueless: with water it is invaluable. The land is measured by the hundreds of square miles. The water runs its inexhaustible wealth unused to the sea. Not only is there abundant water in the lakes and rivers, but by artesian wells, water flowing in inexhaustible quantities may be obtained at less than three hundred feet in depth. Reservoirs may be made in the foot hills capable of storing millions of gallons. If this land was

in any other country it would not be unused, divorced from water, unfruitful, and unproductive.

We had heard of the California Central Colony established by Mr. Bernard Marks, with the capital of Mr. W. S. Chapman, at Fresno. Having finished our sport, and packed our small game in ice, we determined to lie over a day and for ourselves inspect this enterprise. We stopped at the village of Fresno—a new railroad town, with a fine court-house, a spacious hotel, the usual number of country stores and groceries, a respectable depot, warehouses, and the other unpicturesque and unromantic surroundings of a Southern California village. The colony is three miles from the town, lying out in the sun upon the bare plain. To reach it we plod along a dusty road, the unfenced prairie on either side; not a shrub, or tree, or house—even the weeds hugging the soil as lichens cling to decaying wood; when suddenly, from out the desolation, we see the distant trees; and, as we near the place, we note cosy cottages embowered in vines, shaded in groves. On either side of avenues, tree-lined, are streams of running water. The place contains 4,000 acres, with twenty-three miles of avenues—Elm, Cherry, Walnut, Fruit, and other avenues, bordered with the trees that give them names—divided into two hundred farms of twenty acres each, all sold, and nearly one hundred families living in comfortable homes; industrious, prosperous, happy, and contented families, making a good living, with schools, and luxuries, and comforts, off twenty acres of land. Little twenty-acre farms, divided into "checks" of an acre each; each acre dyked and irrigable from ditches on every side. An acre of alfalfa will support five cows; an acre of assorted orchard gives the family fruit; an acre for garden, another for Egyptian corn, the balance for the raisin grape. The special industry of the colony is to manufacture the Malaga and Muscat grape into raisins. It is a pleasant and profitable industry; no failure of crop; no curculio—for the vineyard may be flooded, and this is death to the curculio. A raisin vineyard comes to perfection in five years, and an acre produces several hundred dollars worth of raisins when dried and boxed. The vine once planted, the balance of the work may be done by girls or women; to cultivate, trim the vine, pick the cluster, dry the grapes, and box the fruit, is work for children. We saw great clusters of luscious grapes twenty months from the cutting, and pears, apples, peaches, quinces, from trees less than three years old. The colony is not yet three years old, and Mrs. Smith, on the day we visited her, had shipped one hundred twenty-pound boxes of raisins to San Francisco. The soil is prolific beyond belief. Watermelons grow so large that they are uncomfortable to handle; sweet potatoes, tomatoes, and peanuts grow in abundance. Nearly every farmer has a few cows, and of course they are choice, because experience has taught them that good stock is as easily and cheaply raised as bad. Such pigs! and all of good breeds; so fat! We would rather be a pig at this colony than a sand-lot orator. Only three years, only twenty acres, and one hundred prosperous families secure, content—are healthy, happy, and accumulating something for old age, for a marriage dot to the children, or capital for another allotment when the colony is extended. Two school houses and a town hall; not a church, not a saloon, not a hoodlum, not a pauper, not a vagabond in the colony. We visited nine farms owned and worked by women—not worked as Solomon built the temple, but we found them actually toiling in the field; one fed the fanning mill while her husband turned the crank; a mother and daughter hoeing in the field; another mother and daughter at work gathering Egyptian corn; and down in the vineyard Miss Austin, an accomplished, cultivated, comely lady, in chip hat and cotton gown, packing raisins—rejoicing and proud of her escape from a San Francisco school room to the freedom, health, and independence of a raisin farm in Fresno.

And of such land there are millions of unoccupied acres—idle, useless acres—basking in the sun, with the water running to waste in Tulare Lake, and through the San Joaquin to the ocean. This colony interested us, and we have no doubt there are others in the State that are equally successful, and have demonstrated the problem of small farming. Messrs. Marks and Chapman deserve something better than to have a monument built over their remains, when dead, upon which shall be chiseled the achievements of their lives; they deserve to be encouraged in extending their most beneficent work of providing homes for the toilers. They have shown, in their small enterprise, that great things are possible; they have laid, broad and deep, the foundations of an empire upon the plains of the San Joaquin that may develop to colossal proportions. Given, this vast area of land, this boundless wealth of waters, divide the land into twenty-acre farms, and to each give a family of five persons, with flocks, and herds, and schools, and churches, and trade, and business, and contemplate the vast proportions of a community that lives in honest toil. That a family may be maintained by the industry of its members upon twenty acres of San Joaquin valley land is a great pregnant fact, worthy of the consideration of capitalists, "humanitarians," and political economists. It is a solution of the social and industrial problems that now, more than any other, are engaging the attention of thinking minds. If we are correct in our facts concerning the thermal belt, that runs

for four hundred miles along our foothills, and of an average width of twenty-five miles, carrying a rich soil to the summits of the highest elevations, watered by a network of ditches, and capable of raising grain, fruit, and wine; if we are correct, that the great valleys of Sacramento and the San Joaquin, with the thousands of other valleys stretching from Del Norte to San Bernardino, through ten degrees of latitude, are all fruitful, and, with irrigation, capable of supporting a family upon each twenty acres; and if it is true that there is water sufficient to irrigate their whole broad area, then assuredly the future of California is secure. We may look confidently forward to the development of an empire upon this coast grand in its proportions and permanent in its structure. If to these lands of mountain side and valley we shall bring into subjection the tule lands, with their inexhaustible fertility of soil, then indeed ours is an empire—depending not upon mines, commerce, or manufactures, but with its foundations laid deep and broad in farming lands. The suggestions that follow these statements are the importance of some general system of irrigation and reclamation, and the necessity of so dividing these lands that each working man may have his allotment; of so legislating concerning water and land that the ultimate end shall be attained of placing the soil in possession of those who till it.

We shall know more about tule lands next week than this, as we are going upon another duck hunt to Union Island, the guest of General Naglee, who has spent a great deal of money in, we understand, a successful effort to fight the water fiend, and keep the San Joaquin from overflowing. P.

We had just made up our mind to go into stocks, and we said to ourselves we will mortgage the ARGONAUT and put the money into Sierra Nevada. We chose that particular mine because everybody said they had found a bonanza, and that it would go to \$500 a share. We could borrow \$10,000, and, paying a margin of fifty per cent., at \$200 a share, we could purchase just one hundred shares. We would sell at \$500—clear up with a profit of \$30,000. It seemed so perfectly clear that we should make a nice transaction. And then we thought again, and we said: Don't be too sure, old fellow, that you are long-headed enough to outwit Bob Morrow, Head, Schloss, Miller, Williams, Glazier, and the balance of the syndicate; the mine you never saw and they know every inch of it—incline, cross-cut and level, tunnel, winze, and stope; they are in correspondence by telegraph and cipher with the men in the mine, and all you know is street rumor; Johnny Skae is down in the ground 3,200 feet with a diamond drill, and knows as much about the ore as an old rat does of a cheese in the heart of which he has made his nest. And then we made this observation: Is it likely that Bob Morrow, Head, Schloss, Miller, Williams, Glazier, and the other philanthropists who form this syndicate, will sell you one hundred shares of this mine at \$200 if they are worth \$500 a share; and if there isn't any bonanza there, or if it is only nine feet wide—only a slab—won't those "humanitarians" scoop up your ten thousand dollars? And then we thought what a nice man Morrow was, and what a nice little eleemosynary syndicate it was, and we remembered all their benevolent acts, and how they went round doing good and giving away things worth \$500 for \$200, helping the widows and orphans, and heaping blessings upon the head of poor editors, and we said: We guess we won't purchase Sierra Nevada this time; and we didn't. Just as likely as not we shall be sorry; we shall be very sorry if it goes to \$500; we shall feel exceedingly bad over it. But if it goes to \$500, Mr. Morrow, and Johnny Skae, and Mr. Head, and Mr. Schloss, and General Miller, and Mr. Glazier, and all the balance of them will feel so bad themselves to think that we did not make anything, and they will have so much and feel so benevolent that perhaps they will draw us a check for the amount and send it to us with their compliments. They will be just as likely to help us get rich that way as to sell a stock for one dime less than it is worth. If we are mistaken in our estimate of these gentlemen, and stock dealing is not an institution in which generosity and benevolence are the guiding motives of action, but selfishness and greed of gain are the controlling incentives of action, then we are certain that we would better continue to give an undivided attention to this journal and let these gentlemen milk that portion of the community that has less brains and more money than we have.

We note with pain that with regard to the proposed constitutional enforcement of "the Christian Sabbath" the truly good are practicing (unconsciously, no doubt) a bit of deception. No one, so far as we have observed, has had the honest hardihood to advocate this measure on the distinct and declared ground of a religious issue. "It has been abundantly proven"—we quote a representative argument—"by the foremost physiologists of this country and England that man and beast, for health and effective service, require a hebdomadal rest." It has been abundantly proven that they require nocturnal rest, in addition; why not compel them to take it? It has been abundantly proven that men require an occasional bath! No one objects to their taking it; all would object to compelling them to. If a man require "a hebdomadal rest" we think he can manage to obtain it under the present laws.

AFTERMATH.

Some of the views which Mr. Timothy Lynch recently held, and perhaps still holds, regarding the conjugal relation—if conjugal that relation can be properly called in which the yoke is worn by but one neck—appear to belong rather to a former than the present stage of civilization. This gentleman was last week on trial for the murder of his wife, with whom he had lived some forty years, and, testifying in his own behalf, he explained that having been to a fire he had naturally taken too much liquor. When he was in this condition the late Mrs. Lynch had the bad judgment to discuss the Chinese question with him, a topic which “always worked him into a frenzy.” Still, by a supreme effort of self-control, he abstained from cutting her throat, and might not even have knocked her down, but the lady, emboldened, no doubt, by his forbearance, remonstrated with him for his drinking habits, “usurping,” continued Mr. Lynch, “an authority which neither God nor nature has given a wife over her husband.” At this point in the family discussion the usurper unfortunately died. Had she lived to stretch her authority still further we should have had the advantage of Mr. Lynch’s opinion on other disputed points touching the limitations of a wife’s prerogatives.

Referring, no doubt, to Mrs. Lynch’s hardy usurpation, not, certainly, to his own shining success in resisting it, Mr. Lynch testified on his oath that “this is a wicked world;” and now that he is bereft of his liberty as well as of his wife he must be more stubbornly fixed in that opinion than he was before. To a mind so tenacious of its rights as his he must appear the victim of a pretty widely ramified conspiracy against the liberties of husbands; but whether the liberty to cut up one’s wife with a jack-knife is a natural and inalienable one, or is merely the outgrowth of social conditions, and therefore justly subject to statutory limitation, is not so simple a question as he seems to think.

Mr. Clitus Barbour was recently introduced to an audience of sand-lotters as “the Ben Butler of the West,” but modestly disclaimed “the high-sounding title.” This looks like humility, but it is only the crouching of the lion before it leaps. The time will come when General Butler will be proud to be called the Clitus Barbour of the East.

The ruffians of Reno, who recently took the law in their own dirty hands and tarred-and-feathered a man whom they merely suspected of a crime, blinding and so blistering him that he will probably die, have a ready apologist in the *Chronicle* of this city, which calls the outrage “a just punishment.” Other city journals, and most of the country papers that we have observed, have taken an equally liberal, humane, and edifying view of the matter, and it cannot be too often repeated that the Press is the bulwark of popular liberty, the conservator of morals, and the corner-stone of civilization. It is alarming to think what our rascals might become if deprived of it.

We are told by the Press that there are *two* bulwarks of liberty—itsself and trial by jury, but we are sorry to note a disposition on the part of the former to extend itself around in front of the latter, so as to render it practically useless. If the local Press would have the sincerity to conform its utterance to its thoughts we should hear less about the precious right of trial by jury, and a good deal more concerning the God-given privilege of being made to look like a Shanghai rooster backing up against the gusty north.

A well-known banker and capitalist of this city has died of disease, and the Coroner says if there is any more of this his office must hereafter seek the man, as no man will hereafter seek the office. Let him take what he has already wrung out of this community and light out to some other place, where the wealthy will throw more business in his way, if he can find such an earthly paradise. We shall not need him much anyhow if this stock market never breaks—and nobody is such an infatuated John donkey as to believe it ever will.

Some of our city officials are exhibiting so extraordinary haste to get to the front and explain their business relations and private transactions that it is probable that they will fall and break their precious necks. One or two of them have made so singular a showing that it is charitable to think them thieves.

The successor in Congress of Mr. Eugene Hale, of Maine, is described as an illiterate agitator, who is by trade a stone-cutter. By some unhappy fatality all stone-cutters, we believe, are illiterate; certainly all are who pursue that cheerful branch of their business which consists in recording in marble the virtues of the dead. There was never a spelling-bee in all the world that could not be floored with a headstone taken at random from the nearest graveyard. We should like to see the experiment of sending stone-cutters to Congress thoroughly and systematically tried. As all men are good for something there is a chance that this class would truly represent the living, for they do most condemnably misrepresent the dead.

The public officer whose duty it is to “perch up aloft” and watch the fire-alarm bell, to see that it responds with the correct number of bangs when tickled by the electric fluid turned on at the engine houses, has sent a petition to the Board of Supervisors, praying for permission to retain his horse and buggy. He conclusively shows that the mistaken economy of compelling him to relinquish them is a conspicuous instance of saving a horse and buggy at the spigot, and wasting a cabstand, a livery stable, and a jackass pack-train at the bung.

We note a circumstance of considerable interest to scientists. Simultaneously with the eruptions of Mts. Vesuvius and Cotopaxi there was a noticeable relaxation in the mining stock market in San Francisco—a distinct diminution of pressure. The safety valve theory of volcanoes appears to receive some support from this incident, if we rightly interpret it.

Those who acted upon our advice of a few weeks since, and mortgaged their homesteads to invest in stocks, we now advise to realize. There will be a dreadful tumble in a short time. The discoveries in Sierra Nevada do not justify an advance in all the mines within three hundred miles of it. Realize and travel in Europe; there will be another deal by the time you return.

An Eastern journal is “delineating some of the peculiarities of the character of President Hayes.” It would require all the ciphers is its type-cases to delineate the entire lot.

If the devils can look over the battlements of hell, down upon California, Pine, and Montgomery Streets, how they must enjoy themselves at the spectacle. To see the fussy old mud-hens scratching the street for points! To see young women snickering, smiling, coaxing for points! Widows, maids, *divorces*, dodging in and out of brokers’ offices, edging their way through crowds, all intent upon points! To note the confidential whispering of the bedraggled, dusty-petticoated female, as she hunts through lane and alley for points! Of all the women that have dealt in mining stocks, that have risked their reputation, domestic peace, and self-respect, we ask the name of one that has been fortunate. For those that have been unfortunate we will consult the divorce calendar, the Morgue, and Queer Street.

Another beautiful and most brilliant girl stained, probably ruined, getting money to support a position in society. What a terrible harlot is this same fashionable society! What a vicious, damnable, beastly thing it is, this endeavor to keep up appearances! Better put the girls to making raisins in Fresno County than to set them to sparing for coin in this wicked town.

If we owed a note for \$30,000 which we could not pay, and it were due to-morrow, we would not commit suicide. We would wait, let the note mature, and the person to whom it was owing might go and shoot himself.

William Tecumseh Sherman married Miss Ewing. He was a Protestant, and she a Catholic. In course of time they had a boy. Sherman became famous, the boy became of age. The boy took to his mother’s religion, took to the church, and finally took to the Jesuits at Rome; where, in process of time, he will become a priest, then a cardinal, and if he has the family luck, a pope. It does not seem that the entry of this boy to a monastery should be of sufficient importance to make much of a fuss about it, yet the Eastern papers represent the General as taking on dreadfully. The boy might have done worse. He might have married the hired girl, or run for Congress, or been “busted” in stocks. A monastery is a very good place indeed for any young fool who has no better sense than to go to it.

To those members of the Constitutional Convention who propose to mould our judicial system we offer the following suggestions: Let all the district, county, and municipal judges be chosen by lot; put the names of all the candidates into a hat and shake it well before drawing; let the lawyers on either side throw dice, best two in three, to decide all issues of fact; let the judge toss up a twenty-dollar piece to determine an issue of law; let persons convicted of crime have the choice to go to either the State prison or Legislature. This would make the administration of justice more expeditious, less expensive, would not draw business men from their vocations, and, on the whole, would be more satisfactory than the present system.

The following conversation occurred between a city official and a member of the Board of Supervisors who was reading a newspaper: *City Official*.—“Anything in the dispatches?” *Supervisor*.—“Not much; it is thought that the man Nobel, who attempted the assassination of the Emperor William, will not be decapitated like Hoedel.” *City Official*.—“Ah?” *Supervisor*.—“No; he will be sentenced to solitary confinement for life.” *City Official*.—“Yes?” *Supervisor*.—“He has petitioned to be permitted to retain his horse and buggy.”

The Republican party of Nevada is free from prejudice, and has set an example of tolerance which is as creditable to its heart as to its head: it has nominated two journalists for important offices—Lieutenant-Governor and member of Congress. Thus are the reasonless antipathies of centuries gradually disappearing like ugly vapors dispelled by the rising sun, and the time will come when the journalist, the Piute, and the Chinaman will assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature’s God entitle them. We hail with grateful satisfaction this marked recognition of a profession which would be as honorable as any but for the unhappy habit of its members of saying mean things of one another. We know that we are right in taking these nominations as a compliment to the press in general; the characters of the fellows nominated are sufficient proof that it wasn’t intended to be personal.

Mary Ann Trimble, a servant girl living—much against her will—in this city, has twice attempted suicide, and been twice prevented. This is a serious business. If Mary Ann is insane (as the headless will be quick to affirm), she would be better off dead than alive. If she is not, she knows a good deal better than any body whether life or death is the preferable condition for her. Nobody forcibly interferes to prevent a marriage; yet suicide is an infinitely more delicate and personal matter, more profoundly affecting the individual, and touching less nearly the interests of society.

God, they say, has forbidden suicide, though we do not recollect at this moment when the injunction was published, nor where it is recorded. Well, has he ever commanded us to enforce this prohibition as well as obey it? The life of no one person is necessary to this world, but it is of capital importance to the stability of the social system that we learn to mind each his own business. If it be urged that these remarks apply with equal cogency to the case of anybody attempting suicide, we confess they are open to that objection. Our object is to make the path from the stock market to the devil as smooth as possible.

Another investigation is being had over the whipping of a boy at the Industrial School. Every once in a while the Board of Education are called upon to make similar inquiries at the suggestion of some irate parent, who thinks his brat has been unwisely spanked. Solomon agrees with us in the opinion that a little more thrashing, and a little less display of popular sympathy over well-deserved and well-administered “cat” and shingle, would be good for the rising generation. We were thrashed at school, and the world sees the result.

A scientific person considerably explains to the ladies who love gold fish that their apparently reasonless and arbitrary changes of color (we refer, of course, to the fish) are not symptoms of disease, but perfectly natural processes. That is reassuring to the ladies, but it’s a hard nut for the clergy. What are we to think of the divine wisdom which adorns a fish with colors that won’t wash?

Bishop Simpson was dictating a sermon to his amanuensis: “Damascus was filled with the light of a divine emanation.” “Dam—” repeated the scribe, as his pen flew rapidly over the paper to the close of the sentence—“nation!” Then there was a holy hush, and again the work proceeded.

Mr. Richard Grant White argues, in the October *Atlantic*, that music is wholly without intellectual or moral significance, and the love and appreciation of it are no evidence of mental elevation, spiritual purity, or refinement of taste. He would modify his judgment and abate his warmth if he could have the advantage of living up about Virginia City, and watching a crowd of rough Comstockers growing great, and good, and tender, as their ears reach the melodious thunder of a jackass wood-train climbing the Geiger Grade.

Testifying last Tuesday before a committee of the Board of Supervisors an officer of the Industrial School explained that “during the past few months there has been a cessation of punishment, this being a season of rest.” Of course there is a point beyond which flogging can no longer be endured, and when that point is reached the teacher must spare the rod or suffer the fatal consequence of overwork. The annual “season of rest” is imperatively demanded by the flexors and extensors of the pedagogic arm.

An old and well known physician was in the Stock Exchange the other day, solicitously observing the turns of the market in which he had ventured his all, when a friend came in, all out of breath, and rushing up to him, gasped out: “For God’s sake, come with me at once; my wife is terribly burned with kerosene.” “Poor lady!” said the medico, sympathetically; “I wish I could go to her, but I feel that I should be entirely useless. I really cannot endure the sight of human suffering.”

It is reported that Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has addressed a petition to the Viceroy of India, asking to be permitted to retain his horse and buggy.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

Well, my dear, I come to you again this week with a record of many pleasant things, bonnets, dresses, *bric-a-brac*, and other items in which the feminine soul is said most to delight. Since I last wrote I have seen some of the most charming bonnets of the season at Miss McCarrick's opening the early part of the week. The styles are very marked this fall without being pronounced, for which your friendly chronicler is duly thankful, and many are exceedingly quaint in shape and combination of materials used. See how you would like this one: A cream-colored felt bonnet, setting close to the face (as all genuine bonnets do this season), the only outside trimming a soft roll of garnet velvet and a long ostrich plume of the same color fastened by two rich crimson roses, full blown, and placed low down at the left side. Inside, simply shirring of the velvet and a cord of garnet satin and gold running around the edge; satin strings. Or this: A bonnet, consisting principally of an extremely large crown and correspondingly narrow brim, of black embossed velvet, with a broad insertion and fringe of jet beads all round both front and back. An ostrich feather, also black, curled over one side, and on the other two distinct clusters of pink and red rusebuds, held in place by full loops of ribbon. Black satin strings, and a perfectly plain inside, finished only with a bias band of velvet. This shape, I fancy, will be popular, for there were several there made up in different materials, as the bright colored embossed satins, ornamented with long streamers of the new "bouquet" ribbons; felts in the various shades known as mastic, French gray, Russian gray, and olive brown; and one for evening wear of pale blue embossed velvet, the design of the material being a somewhat unusual one—rose-leaves on a white ground. The edges of this were corded with a blue row of fine gold beads, and a blue feather, combined with ample bows and rolls of velvet, completed the garniture. A plaited band of velvet acted as face trimming. Very similar was a peach-colored silk. But something still prettier was a mastic-colored felt cottage bonnet, with a dark green velvet cape laid on in pleats, and shirring of the same for a face lining, which lapped over on to the outside to the depth of an inch; four mastic feathers laid directly on top, and in front of them a soft roll of the same ribbon as the strings—a golden shade of satin and gros grain, reversible—was held down by a golden lizard with ruby eyes. We have almost forsaken the floral kingdom for the animal for our ornaments, you see, and the more *outré* they are the better does fashion like them. Lizards are special favorites, and they come in all colors, styles, and positions, the green and bronze being particularly effective on dead-leaf colors. Gold lace, too, is being used, and wings and peacocks' eyes still hold their own; but flowers seemed doomed to a temporary disuse while the fancy for the grotesque reigns. The tendency seems to be toward bonnets just now, though there are some lovely hats shown. As you are wearied already, I will not now tell you of them. To match all this pretty head-gear there is, every week, something new in dress goods and in cloaks. I wish you could see the new importations in the latter articles just opened at the *Ville de Paris*. There are several the like of which I have seen nowhere. Brocaded velvets and gros-grain silk are the materials most used and make the richest combinations. The shapes are principally the loose cloak shape, retaining the Dolman sleeve in a modified form, and the trimmings used are beaded passementerie, lace, whalebone, and moonlight bead fringes. The opera shawls there have won my heart so completely that I can hardly do justice to the opera cloaks in white cashmere, plushes, and other rich goods, which are really so elegant that they deserve a whole chapter to themselves. There are some changes in the fall styles for dresses and suits, which, oddly and inconsistently enough, are to be made somewhat longer than of late, and that, too, just when the coming wet weather of winter will necessitate even shorter ones, if the wearers have any consideration for health and comfort. The second change is the coming back of the slightly *bouffant* overskirt that has been so long worn, and only for a time abandoned. The back breadth is made straight and full, and caught up here and there in soft puffs. It is even whispered that the small bustle will be restored to favor. Apron fronts are most favored, usually very short, but in others the drapery is looped back *à la* window curtains, showing a prettily-trimmed frontpiece. Large velvet and silk bows will hold the *pouff* in place. These are by far the prettiest and most useful overskirts we have ever had—at least so thinks "Yours Truly," and Mrs. Coleman, one of our most reliable *modistes* (you remember her rooms—on Kearny Street near Sutter), says that they were always the pets, especially for slender figures like yours and mine. By the way, Mrs. Coleman is as busy as so many bees, with *trousseaux*, ball dresses, and the like. She has just completed some charming toilettes, among them, a white silk Princesse, cut short and trimmed with box and side plaitings, narrow velvet, and illusion sash, and garnished with a profusion of wild flowers; and another of black silk, the plaitings of which were all lined with cardinal red and finished with shell trimming, as were also the *revuers* of Pompadour waist. The overskirt was long and draped in puffs, and the upper portions of the waist enriched with Point lace. Notwithstanding some of our leading stores still meet one's inquiry for novelties with the declaration that there is nothing new yet, there will be abundance of pleasant surprises two weeks or a month later—as the case may be. I manage to find something to admire in all of them, and spent a very profitable half hour one day this week in at Nathan's among his china, pottery, and glassware. It does seem as though the fanciful can find no limit. Perhaps I may have remarked this before, but that is the leading impression left on one's mind by a judicious collection like this, where articles are rarely if ever duplicated, and a cultivated taste is displayed in the selection of even the most trifling object. I noticed among the "plaques" two especially original ones, Arab scenes, in both the horse and rider and accompanying dogs being depicted with great fidelity to nature. A pretty device for a *table-d'hôte* breakfast set is in delicately shaded rose colored china, in shape like sea shells, the saucers being the flat mussel shells with scalloped edges, and the cups, milk pitcher and other upright vessels, modeled after the conch

and nautilus. On the rosy groundwork are painted sea weeds, grasses, and submarine flowers. The odd and not unpleasing *Gien faience* is well represented, and the Celestial kingdom contributes many quaint forms in jars, cups, and so on, in the now familiar Chinese crackle ware, that roused the indignation of more than one housekeeper at our late Exposition as being "miserable, cracked and mended stuff to send to a fair," as I heard one lady irefully remark. But we have learned something since then, and now every one knows that every crack is laid in with mathematical precision, and we may have articles made to order containing any given number of fractures located according to taste. I was much pleased with the Venetian glassware, with its curious devices and its clear grass-green coloring, and mounted to the top floor purposely to see the really exquisite glass engraving done by Mr. Calfus, a native of Bohemia, and—if one may judge from the specimens of his work—an ample inheritor of the national artistic instinct. Have you ever seen engraving done on glass? It is even more surprising in detail than glass blowing, which used to be one of the "sensations" of my childhood. The engraver sits before an upright machine, and, holding the article to be graven in his right hand, traces with the point of the instrument—which is kept in motion by a revolving wheel—the complicated designs of birds, flowers, or arabesques you have so often seen on Bohemian glassware. It is not often though, I am told, that an artist works as Mr. Calfus does, without pattern of any sort to go by. Two weeks later I can promise you some very choice novelties at this establishment, which are now *en route* from Europe. I send you the embroidering materials you desire from Siering's. There are many new designs in worsted and silk work there this week, and some of the handsomest Afghans I have ever seen—particularly one in dark greens with white daisies sprinkled all over the face of it. In the clock department are two very charming statues in marble, one representing "Hygeia," the goddess of health, and "Confidence"—two girl figures, apparently exchanging some very important information. Being feminine, it is safe to assume that there is a man at the bottom of it. Both works are by Carrier-Bellense. A pair of flower paintings, newly received, and by Dietrich, would make very suitable companions to the figures, if one could build one's rooms exactly to suit, with niches and "sidelights" arranged with a view to special things. Not particularly new, but very comfortable and convenient, are the bathing slippers displayed in the window on Montgomery Street. They are of the unbleached Turkish toweling, embroidered on the toes, and lined with bright-colored flannel or serge. They are made in the regular Turkish style—that is, without heel pieces—and finished off with quillings of alpaca braid. Among the new things at Ackerman's I noticed quite a pretty novelty in the way of salt cellars for the table. Some were upright, with the napkin ring fastened across the top of the stem, and the cellars on either side below, two handsome, gold-lined butter dishes occupying the base; others have only the salt and pepper cruets at the bottom and the ring at the top. There is a large variety of China pitchers, in different colors and ornamented with flowers, that are pretty for almost any edible use, beer, cream, or even chocolate; and some exquisite single cups and saucers, thin as a rose leaf, of a solid color, and touched only with a band of gilding. The outside of the cup will be white, but the inside of pale green, pink, blue, or lilac. Yes, your old friends, the California Company, are as busy as ever, at both their depots, manufacturing, every week, something new and tasteful in the way of furniture for some of our millionaires. I saw lately two chairs, just completed, for a full set that is being made for—well, I am pledged not to mention names, but it is not long since two brunette daughters forsook the same paternal hearth "for better or for worse." The set will be decidedly unique, as there was but the one piece of goods of which it is made; an exceedingly rich Persian pattern, in large tropic-looking flowers and leaves, in the dusky green shades, on a dead-gold ground, imported here. The substitution of a straight band of velvet instead of the usual puffings, and a similar band, only narrower, and each somewhat wider in the centre than at the ends of the strips, of the tapestry, just beneath it, as a finish for the front of the seat, makes a noticeable difference in this special style of make up, and one that seems to me an improvement. In chamber sets, some very handsome work is shown at this house in the Queen Anne style, just now all the rage. The combination of walnut and birdseye maple seems to be a great favorite, and is exceedingly effective. Several newsets were in process of completion when I was in there. Walnut will always be favored, it is so rich and susceptible of so exquisite a polish. Of course you have seen the two thousand dollar set that was sent to the Centennial Exhibition. I wonder who will be the lucky woman to get that for her Christmas gift this year. I have seldom seen any thing richer than the ebony *ecritoires* and parlor cabinets, of which there are several, both at the Market Street and the Bush Street houses. One in particular, at the former place, can hardly be surpassed for simplicity and elegance. It has a canopy top, which is lined with a frescoing of Japanese design on gold ground. Another is ornamented on the lower doors with clusters of wild flowers in the natural colors. Both are "Queen Anne" as to style. They are made in Boston, too, which is a guarantee for their solidity and excellent general "tone," for the "Hub," you know, never does any thing by halves. Dainty embroidered handkerchiefs, white and colored, hosiery to match, and some pretty fancies in neck wear, at Chester's, must close my letter for to-day. Theoretically, I have always fancied both the former in plain white; practically, I am a miserable backslider when I see the charming things that are brought out every month, and I go over to the majority, in favor of colors. You have doubtless read something of the new-fashioned belts to be worn with black silks or white muslins. They are made of alternate folds of two colors, in silks, and have bows with long ends to match, that fasten them at the side. Two-colored bows for the neck and hair complete the set. The first I have seen are those at Chester's, and they are so pretty I advise every one to have one.

Adieu, till we meet again. Yours faithfully,

ESTHER PENROSE.

P. S.—Isn't it too bad that Snow & May are going out of business on the first of January. Meanwhile, as there is no evil that has not its compensating good, pictures, frames, artists' materials, and any number of other *et ceteras*, will be sold off below cost, which will be very nice for buyers.

THE RETURN.

Once more down the lane I've wandered,
Unto my father's door:
Once more my footsteps wake the echoes
Along the oaken floor;
Through many years of changing fortunes
Mine eyes have never seen
The blushing of these summer roses,
These walls, now mossy green.

There lies some tender tale of childhood
In every waving tree,
Some story in each rustic arbor
Of what I used to be;
Up yonder towering tree I've clambered,
To reach the topmost bough;
I trained that rose tree's climbing branches
That hide the brown roof now.

Here, as I sit within the parlor,
Where oft we used to meet,
I seem to hear the ring of laughter
And trip of youthful feet,
And phantom faces come and vanish;
Within the doorway there
I see the flash of snowy fingers,
The gleam of golden hair.

Here mem'ry conjures up before me
Each form of early grace,
And every scene of youthful pleasure
That cheered this hallowed place;
And in and out among the shadows
Fit childhood's boys and girls,
The shimmer of their summer garments,
The waving of their curls.

I hear their footsteps on the threshold,
Upon the oaken floor;
Within the hall I catch their whisper,
They call me at the door;
But when I reach to grasp the vision
That smiles and beckons there,
It passes through my outstretched fingers—
A phantom of the air.

I hear my mother gently singing
Her little ones to rest—
Those little ones who, later, wandered
Far from her loving breast.
Mother, thy weary child hath journeyed
Through years of doubt and pain,
And now, all sad and lonely-hearted,
He greets his home again,
But not the loved, familiar faces—
O mother, can it be
That here, within the olden homestead,
I call in vain to thee?

Oh, once again to lean my forehead
Upon that gentle breast,
To feel thy brown hair float about me,
To sleep, and be at rest.
Hush! 'tis the wind among the pine trees
That singeth low and sweet,
While autumn leaves drift down the hallway,
Like faintly pattering feet;
And all the old time forms and faces
Are creatures of the brain,
No trick of memory can ever
Bring them to life again.

OAKLAND, September 20, 1878.

MARY L. CLOUGH.

Italian Women.

Barry Cornwall has sung of the

"Dark-eyed beauty of the South,
Mistress of the rosy mouth."

Wordsworth wrote of

"Yon Italian maid,
Our Lady's laggard votress,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade,
To accomplish there her loveliness;
Nice aid maternal fingers lend—
A sister serves with slacker hand.
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festive band."

Byron thus wrote of them: "As for the women, from the fisherman's wife up to the noble dames, their system has its rules, and its fitness, and its decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline, or game at hearts, which admits few deviations unless you wish to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers to marry if they can help it. They marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honor, while they pay the husband as a tradesman—that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed, not as depending on their conduct to their husband or wife, but to their mistress or lover. If I wrote a quarto I don't know that I could do more than amplify what I have here quoted."

One of our latest writers on Italy, says: "The scenery presented as we drove through the Chiava (a street in Naples) was most amusing. Nursing, sewing, talking, washing, knitting, and even the offices of the toilette were among the sights that we beheld. The women place their chairs in the street, and seem quite as much at home as we should be in our own snug parlor or drawing-room in England. They are exceedingly fond of dress, and are sometimes seen with two or three gold chains around their necks, and their fingers covered with gold rings. It is singularly interesting to observe that the quickness of the people often makes up in some degree for the deficiency in education. Thus the fisherwomen, melon-sellers, and other humble vendors in the streets, are as keen after their interests as if they had had mental arithmetic carefully instilled into their minds from their earliest youth." Charles Mackay, in his poem of "A Man's Heart," tells us how the father of his hero,

"Stepping from a gondola,
Stood in the market-place, an idle man,
And watched the peasant girls of Trieste
Bring flowers to flowerless Venice. Young and fair
He roamed for pastime—master of himself,
To study art and nature in the South.
Here, as he loitered to refresh his soul
With beauty, fashioned in immortal stone,
Painted on canvas, streaming from the sky,
Impermeate in all shapes of earth and heaven,
He saw a maiden lovelier than art
Had e'er imagined in its happiest dream;
With Italia on her glowing face,
Its beauty, passion, tenderness, and hope."

Time flies swiftly for people who are not waiting for frosts.

INTAGLIOS.

To a Firefly.

Against the boundless night
Thou, with stout heart, dost set thy tiny flame.
Brave little beacon, thy one drop of light
Dost put my life to shame.

Though small thy lamp,
No brightest star may vaunt itself o'er thee,
As home, belated, to his grassy camp
Thou lightest the tired bee.

Thy mission no man knows.
To judge of thee. The mites thy critics are;
To the small folk that populate yon rose
Perhaps thou art a star.

The world of mine is glad
To see in its low heaven thy small spark.
My useless life—a smoking torch—dost add
But darkness unto dark.

Outward or Homeward.

Still are the ships that in haven ride,
Waiting fair winds or turn of the tide;
Nothing they fret, though they do not get
Out on the glorious ocean wide.
Oh, wild hearts that yearn to be free,
Look, and learn from the ships on the sea.

Bravely the ships, in the tempest tossed,
Buffer the waves till the sea be crossed;
Not to despair of the haven fair,
Though winds blow backward, and leagues be lost.
Oh, weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,
Look, and learn from the ships on the deep.

The End.

The course of the weary river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, for ever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree;
The rainbow the sky adorning
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form;
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be;
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Jealousy.

Love me not a little; I will share with none
Love me, if you love me, as earth loves the sun,
Unto whom she ever turns a happy face,
Glad of his warm kisses, proud of his embrace.
As the dew-dank roses for the daybreak yearn,
So, when I am absent, long for my return.
As glad birds at sunrise sing unconsciously,
Let thy heart sing softly when I come to thee.
As flowers brighten dewdrops, dewdrops sweeten flowers,
Set our hours together, be our sweetest hours.
Love me not a little; give me all or none.
If you love me, love me as earth loves the sun.

Drought.

Our thirsty valley looks up to the sky
For clouds in rain.
Her sun-singed fields, brown, dead, and dusty lie,
Parching for rain.

Her throat is choked with dust; her drinking rills
Are dead of thirst.
No moisture trickles from the sweltering hills;
The land seems curst.

The redbreast's wings are long unwashed, and gruff
Is his sweet note;
There's scarcely water in the brook enough
To wet his throat.

O God, who hast the oceans to command,
Hear us complain!
How little dripping from Thy hallowed hand
Would be a rain.

Sunrise.

Oh, draw me up, thou strong, aspiring sun!
I feel the tension of thy ropes of light,
O sun! There is a passion, fierce and strong,
Outblazing love as thou dost earth's cold fires;
It burns within my soul when I look up
And know thou art my father. Though the earth
Conceived me and brought forth, thou didst give life
To the void germ within her: I am thine;
Thy fire is in my breast. My high-born soul
Chafes at the mother's ether. It was hers
To suckle my infancy, 'tis thine
To teach my youth in things beyond her ken.
Yet have I loved thee, mother earth, and lain
Happy and dreaming in thy wide, green lap,
Lulled by the cradle songs of brooks and winds;
Thy breast hath fed me and thy love made glad.
I bless and love thee, mother, for thy love!
Yet it is fearful—hungry, fierce it is—
For thou art jealous of the winking stars
That bring me thought-flowers from the world of space
And hide me from them with thy veil of clouds.
I may not dip the pinions of my soul
In yon blue ether: For the watchful eye
Divines my thought, and with swift embrace,
Dost fetter me with kisses, crying, "Child,
Mine art thou—mine! Wander not far away;
Fretful and chase my butterflies awhile;
Then come to me for rest, and I will hide
Thee, slumbering, in my bosom, where no eyes—
Not thy strong father's—shall behold thee more."

A Memory.

A thousand lilies blossom, unaware,
Here where the earth seems chill with hurried love.
And in the flow'ry arabesque the dove
Still calls her truant mate, who lingers yet,
As though the world were always sweet and fair,
And you and I had nothing to regret
And hope for against hope, and think upon
Till all things fade!

And so yon lips may often wear a smile,
And so my heart may leap to music still;
Your soul may fly, and mine, with being thrill,
And all your manhood lift itself on high
In din of battle, or in sacred aisle;
Yet under all lurk one memory,
The grieving for a good time that is gone,
Till all things fade! VIOLET FANE.

Why Do I Love You?

Why do I love you, my sunny-eyed darling?
Why do the flowers still look to the sun?
Why does the lily close up its sweet petals
When the earth sleeps, and daylight is done?
Why do the stars, on the brow of the evening,
Burn the more brightly the darker the night?
Why do we see the more beauty in heaven
When the day fades and gone is the light?

Ask me of all the secret things hidden;
I may not answer, my darling, my own!
Love cometh to us as free and unbidden,
Whether it cometh is just as unknown.
Only, I love thee, my heart telleth to me:
Wherefore I love thee I know not or care;
'Tis not the charm of thy blue eyes of beauty,
'Tis not the sheen in the gold of thy hair.

Why do I love thee, O lips of red ripeness?
Why do I love thee, O heart of gold?
Ask me no longer, my darling, my treasure,
Love such as mine is may never be told.
Just as untold as why stars love the heaven;
Why thus the lily-cup just as unknown;
This is the all I may whisper thee, dearest—
Only I love thee, my darling, my own!

THE STORY OF A TICKET AGENT.

"The western train's gone, ma'am," said farmer Brown, coming into the waiting-room of the little depot.
"The train I was to take?" I said, gasping.
"Yes, ma'am. Too bad, but can't be helped. Harness will give out sometimes, you know," sympathizingly.
"When is the next western bound train due?"
"Not till six o'clock. You've five hours to wait. Be dreadful tiresome, ma'am. There's a nice family that live in 'tother part of the house—spos I tote you in there. I know Mrs. Holly'll give you a bite to eat, and she'll be proud to let you rest on her spare bed. Fine woman, Mrs. Holly is; I know her. Won't you go in and see her, ma'am?"
"No, I thank you, sir. I dare say that I'll be quite comfortable here."

"Wall, jess as you please. But now I must be going. Hope you'll get to your journey's end safe, ma'am. Good-bye."
And farmer Brown left the room, mounted his wagon, and soon disappeared down the dusty road.
I had been visiting a friend who lived in a country settlement, some five or six miles from the solitary building dignified by the name of depot, and when the time came for me to return home she had placed me in the care of a neighboring farmer, who was going to a distant village, and would pass the station.
During our ride we met with an accident. Part of the harness gave way, and we were detained such a length of time that, as the reader knows, I was too late for the train.

After farmer Brown left me, I amused myself by reading a newspaper which some one had left lying in the seat.
Finishing this, I studied the design of the wall paper, counted the panes of glass in the little window, and wondered at the tidiness of the whole apartment.
"Country depots are generally such vile, dirty places! Wonder why this is an exception?" I said to myself. Then a thought struck me. "Oh, probably the place is kept clean by Mrs. Holly, over whose virtues farmer Brown was so enthusiastic. Wonder if this same worthy female would give me a glass of water?"

And I tapped on the door communicating with the other apartment.
"Come in," said a cheery voice; and entering, I found myself in one of the prettiest, coziest rooms I had ever seen.

The most delicate tint of buff was on the walls, cool matting covered the floor, muslin curtains, festooned with ivy, hung at the windows, and here and there were pictures, brackets, books and flowers, and all the dainty belongings that make a room look so "home" and pleasant.

And, most charming of all, there lay in a white-draped cradle a rosy baby, fast asleep, with rings of golden hair over his white brow, and a great, red, velvety rose clasped in his dimpled hand.

Over him bent a woman of twenty-two or three—a little mite of a woman, with a bright, dark face, vividly colored, big black eyes, and wondrous dark hair bound in heavy braids about her stately head.

She rose with a bright smile when I entered, "Excuse me; but may I trouble you for a glass of water?"
"No trouble at all, ma'am. Pray be seated. Excuse me," and she left the room.

Presently she returned, bearing a silver covered with a snowy-white napkin, and containing a glass of water, a glass of creamy milk, a saucer of luscious strawberries, and a plate of yellow sponge cake, light as yellow foam.

"Pardoo me," she said, smiling, "if I take too great a liberty; but, you see, farmer Brown told me of your being obliged to wait so long, and I thought you might be hungry."

"Why, how very kind you are," I exclaimed, in pleased surprise.

"Not at all. It is a pleasure to me. If you are hot and dusty, perhaps you'd like to bathe your face. If so, just step in here."

And she led the way into a little white bed-room—the very heart of cleanliness and purity.

In a little while I was a different being from the cross, dusty, hungry mortal who had sat in the hot waiting-room.

I found Mrs. Holly a perfect little gem of a woman; and, after the manner of our sex, we soon became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. And while I was lying languidly on her comfortable sofa, and she seated in her low rocking chair, she told me the romance of her life.

"I have lived in this depot all my days," she began. "My father was agent here; and he served the company so long and so well that, when he died, they kindly allowed me to remain in this place, with the same wages, too. For, you see, I was seventeen, and father had long before taught me telegraph and all the other work. About a year after father's death I became acquainted with Jack—Jack Holly—my husband," and Mrs. Holly looked up and smiled.

"Jack was one of the best engineers on the road (and is now, too), and every one considered him an honest, likely young fellow. He thought the world of me, and we became engaged. But you know how girls are. The weakest of them can make a strong man tremble."

"A weak white girl held all his heart strings in her small white hand," I said.

"Yes, and I dare say I often pulled Jack's heart-strings rather hard; but he was gentle and kind when I flirted with the country lads, and when I was wild and wayward he didn't remonstrate. But one day there came along a city chap, who engaged board for the summer at a farm house in the neighborhood."

This Clarence Devarges, as he was called, was handsome, well-dressed, and had that polished, indescribable air that is so fascinating to most silly girls. Jack was kind and well-mannered, but he didn't have a bit of style about him, and at last I snubbed Jack, and smiled on in those days; so I snubbed Jack, and smiled on Mr. Devarges when he offered me his attentions. I flirted most dreadfully with him, till even generous Jack was displeased.

"One morning, looking somewhat grave and sad, he came into the ticket office. The last passenger had gone and the train was moving out. Jack's train had stopped to take on freight."

"Well, how long is this thing going to last?" said Jack.

"What thing?" I snapped out.

"Why, this affair with Devarges. I see it is going beyond a mere flirtation."

"Pray, what of it?"

"Only that I do not want my future wife's name joined with that of a— Jack paused; then added earnestly: 'Well, I warn you against this fellow. Who knows what he is?'

"Mr. Devarges is a perfect gentleman, and that

is more than I can say of some others," I said hotly. And then some demon prompted me to add: "And, Mr. Holly, in regard to your future wife, I believe I do not aspire to that honor—and here is your ring." I drew off the little golden band and handed it to him.

"Nell, do you mean this?" inquired Jack, with his white lips.

"Yes, I do. I'm tired of your carping and criticizing. This affair may as well be ended now and forever, pettishly."

"So be it, then. Good-bye," said Jack, and without another word he left the room.

"To tell the truth, I hadn't meant half I said, and every minute expected that Jack would kiss me and we'd make up. But now he was gone forever. A mist came over my eyes as I watched the fast-disappearing train, and I would have indulged in a good cry, but just then the 'special' came puffing up, and the president of the road came in. He was a kind old gentleman whom I had known since I was a wee girl."

"Good day, Miss Nellie. Everything prosperous, I hope. Will you do a favor for me?"

"Certainly, sir, if I can."

"Well, you see, when we were coming down I met a man who owed me some money. Paid me six hundred dollars, and I don't know what to do with it, as we are going up in the woods to see about laying out a new road. We shall be gone two days. Don't want to take the money with me—will you take charge of it while I am gone?"

"If you'll trust me,"

"Bless my soul! yes, of course. Here's the money. Must hurry away. Good morning."

"Scarcely had portly Mr. Sayre trotted away before Mr. Devarges came sauntering in."

"Got quite a little sum there, haven't you, Miss Nellie?" eyeing the bills in his hand.

"Yes," I replied, laughing. "Mr. Sayre has made me his banker. Look! Six hundred dollars! How rich I should feel if it were mine."

"You deserve to have much more, and doubtless that pretty face'll win it."

"Somehow his bold compliment failed to please, and so it was with coldness that I said: 'Take a chair, Mr. Devarges.'

"No, I thank you, Miss Nellie. I have an appointment. But will you allow to call on you this evening?"

"Well, I scarcely think I shall be at home. You know mother and sister Lulu are away, and a little while ago I got word from grandma saying that perhaps I had better come and stay all night with her."

"It was true that I had received such word from grandma, but I had no thought of accepting it. I had hoped that Jack would come and make up, and of course I didn't care to have Mr. Devarges all at the same time."

"What will you do with your money, Miss Nell?" carelessly inquired Mr. Devarges.

"Oh, I shall put it right here in this drawer. No one knows about it, and it will be perfectly secure."

"Dare say! Good-morning," and with a courtly bow my admirer then left.

"All that day I busied myself at my duties, and when night came I put on the dress that Jack liked best and very anxiously waited for his coming."

"Seven o'clock! Eight o'clock! The last train had come and gone, and my duties for the day were over. I put out the light in the ticket office, went into the sitting-room and sat and waited. Ten o'clock! Half past ten! No use waiting any longer—he would not come."

"I shivered with a nameless dread and closed the door. Went to bed and cried myself to sleep."

"I had slept an hour, perhaps, and then awoke with a sudden start, feeling a great difficulty in breathing. A part of the quilt lay across my mouth, I thought; but on reaching my hand to remove it, I found it was a handkerchief saturated with—what? chloroform!"

"A thrill of terror passed over me. Who had done this? Was there some one in the house?"

"I silently arose and just then almost screamed as a sudden sound smote upon my ear. It was only the clock striking the hour of midnight. I placed my hand upon my heart to soothe its fierce throbs."

"Stepping along, carefully avoiding all obstacles, I reached the door, opened it, and advanced into the sitting-room. No one was there, but some one was in the ticket office, for I saw a light and heard a noise. What did they want? The money, oh, the money left in my charge! Somebody was stealing it, and what should I say to Mr. Sayre? My God! I might be accused of taking it myself, and thus lose honor and position!"

"'Rather lose life,' I said to myself. 'I'll defend that money until death!' and I looked around for some weapon."

"Under the stove was a large iron poker. Seizing it carefully, I started toward the office door."

"'God aid me!' I said, with white lips, and then, opening the door of the office, I stole softly in. A man with his back toward me was at the other end of the room. He had forced open the drawer, taken out the money, and was looking gloatingly at the crisp green bills when I stole behind him. I had just raised the poker to strike him when he glanced around."

"My God! it was Clarence Devarges."

"'Hang it! now I suppose I'll have to kill this pretty—' He seized me by the throat, and uttering a faint cry I sank down. Just then Jack, my own dear Jack, rushed in. I heard oaths, blows, fierce struggling, then all was dark."

"For the first time in my life I fainted away."

"When I recovered Jack's face was bending tenderly over me, and Jack's voice uttered loving words. I put my arms about his neck and cried like a weak baby."

"Aren't you hurt, Jack?"

"Not a bit, dearest. Devarges is disabled, though, with a pistol wound in his leg. 'Tisn't very severe, but will prevent his escape."

"How did you come here?"

"Why, you see, when we parted this morning, Nell, I thought I'd never see you again; but to-night after I came home I made up my mind to come and try and 'make up.'"

"I rather thought he was a scamp because, when I was in the city yesterday, the chief of police told me that they had reason to think that a noted gambler and 'blackleg' had come up in these parts. He gave a description, and it suited Devarges perfectly, all excepting a moustache you so admired was false, and fell off in our scuffle."

"Well, as I said, I saw Devarges prowling about, and I thought I would see what he was up to. He looked in the window at you, and I heard him mutter: 'The deuce take it! She is at home after all. What the deuce made her say she was going to her

grandmother's? Now I suppose I'll have to wait till my pretty bird's asleep."

"So he sat down under one tree and I sat down under another. We both saw you open the door and look out. After you had been in bed about an hour, Devarges forced open the sitting-room window and crawled in. While he was in the office lighting the lamp I also got in at the window and concealed myself in the closet, and—well, you know the rest."

"Jack," said I, tearfully, 'you'll forgive me for being naughty and wayward, and you'll believe me when I say that I loved you all the time, won't you?'

"Well, ma'am, Jack said he would, and we've been happy ever since. And this is my story, ma'am—my only romance."

"There, the baby has woken up! See him stretch out his arms! I do believe he wants to go to you. Would you like to take him? He isn't a bit afraid of strangers."

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It is, perhaps, not much against Bret Harte that he is not a general favorite here. The few people who give the subject any thought affect to consider him ungrateful, and unmindful of the care and kindness which fostered his struggling talent when it was but opening. This is a fault characteristic of several literary lights whose candles were first lit on the Pacific slope, and their unanimity is so wonderful as to be entirely in their favor. Though Mark Twain writes but little that is not colored by his experience of mining life on this coast, and though Bret Harte is incapable of anything uninspired by the rugged grandeur and equally rugged life of the Sierra, neither of them display any great anxiety to visit us again. In fact, through all their utterances there breathes an undercurrent of "Thank God for our deliverance." In all Harte's stories there is a tone conveying to the reader the impression that this is a kind of life he has once known, but which he never wishes to be connected with again. Through Twain's humor there is a sneer which seems to indicate a not altogether creditable opinion of the surroundings. Perhaps they are not much to be blamed. People who rise to independence and social position are not likely to seek an intimacy with those who knew them when they were down and left them to fight their own battles; and, laying aside private friendship, Bret Harte and Mark Twain may well ask what California has done for them. It has done nothing. Years wasted in discomfort, talent kept down by discouragement and somewhat contemptuous neglect, are not incentives to pleasant recollections, and if the men who to-day receive as much for a few lines from a New York publisher as they received for a column from an unappreciative San Francisco newspaper in days gone by stick most closely to their new and warm friends, they can not be very severely censured. Bret Harte has many admirers in San Francisco, but he has many adverse critics. It may be that in some cases the animus against the man tinges the opinion of his work, but there is little doubt that the estimate of his literary ability held here is much nearer the truth than that held abroad. It is a proof of the poverty of American literature that the reading public of other countries have given him such an important place in the list of American authors. No man ever earned so great a reputation on a few clever but unequal sketches, a verse or two of fugitive poetry without even a name to remember them by, and one or two ambitious attempts conspicuous in failure to fulfill the early promise of the author. Bret Harte has no talent. He is a genius, and, like most geniuses, unreliable. To borrow a simile from our mining dictionary, he is a "pocket mine." There is rich ore in him, but it is only found in little bunches, and the spaces between are filled with barren rock. He can write when the fit is on him, but when the fit is not on him, the "wild horses of Arabia" can not drag anything brilliant out of him; a man with perceptive faculties strongly developed in one direction, and distorted by overweening sentiment, he is not an observer; he can not seize all the little points of interest in the life that surrounds him, but what he does observe he looks at through lens of extravagant sentimentality. He has fixed ideas of California character, and he finds in the gambler, the rough, drunken miner, and the degraded women of the mining camp, heroes and heroines who fill up all the niches in his gallery in scarcely changing form or characteristic. To a sentimental man the material is rich in imaginative study. One can draw such pathetic pictures of the hard, cruel, remorseless villain who has still beneath the crust a touch of honor and affection; of the rude laborer with the pick and shovel, who has, deep in his heart, warm recollections of pure and innocent love; of the debased camp-follower, who still has enough of womanly shame left to blush and stammer before her virtuous sister; and the eminently effective nobility which shines in the protection given by all these to trembling innocence and puny. There is no field so rich as the mining camp for the pen of the novelist, or the poet. And Bret Harte in his "Idyl of Red Gulch," in "Outcasts of Poker Flat," and in his minor poems, has given us little bits of sketching which make us sorry that he is so incapable of dealing with the subject fully. The best things he has given us have been crude and unfinished, and even *The Outcasts*, which abroad has done more for his reputation than any of his other pieces, is a very rough story outline, with one or two of the characters fairly filled in. His books have only served to show that his genius is uncontrollable, and that it obeys momentary conditions. In every thing there are pages which startle one with their beauty, their freshness, their finished and brilliant elaboration of poetical conceptions; we turn the leaf and all is rapid and commonplace. The blaze has gone out and left the embers

smouldering. But of one thing we are perfectly assured: that Bret Harte can not write a play, and the *Two Men of Sandy Bar* stands as an indisputable proof of that fact. There is possibly no piece on the stage to-day so clearly demonstrative of the difference between the faculties of writing and dramatizing. But if Bret Harte can not write a play, it is open to question whether Mr. Robson can recognize one. The actor must have taken it for granted that if such a celebrated author wrote a piece it must be a success. His experience in the East proved to him how cruelly he was mistaken. And yet there are few plays with such strong material in them. As a piece of dramatic construction *The Two Men of Sandy Bar* is about as miserable an attempt as ever was put on the stage; but there only lies the fault, and, with considerable alteration, which it would be worth Mr. Robson's while to undertake the expense of, we are certain it would be one of the best pieces ever produced on the American stage. If we take the story, as presented, and look at it from the point of view a dramatist should always take, as an entire stranger to Bret Harte and his sketches, there is simply no coherence in it at all. The first act opens at "Don Jose's" rancho, with the dismissal of "Sandy Morton," who, having saved "Doña Jovita's" life, is rewarded with a position as vaquero. "Don Jose" imagines that his daughter is in love with the vaquero, and that he means to elope with her. We know, of course, that the lover she goes to meet is "John Oakhurst," who, at Sandy Bar, had taken away "Sandy's" wife; but that is only vaguely told us with a very prejudicial effect on the intelligibility of the story. "Sandy's" father, who has run away with his brother's wife, or something of the kind darkly hinted at, appears with "Colonel Starbottle," looking for the lost son, and overhearing the arrangement between "John Oakhurst" and "Doña Jovita," in the dark, mistakes "John" for his son, and the act closes with the departure of "Oakhurst," on the understanding that his awfully-found father will make it all right with the Don. Why old "Morton" should make the mistake is not very evident in the play, and things are considerably mixed even in that act. The second act shows us "Colonel Starbottle" at Sandy Bar in quest of another injured relative of "Old Morton," who, having reformed, wishes to make his atonement complete. This injured cousin turns out to be the schoolmistress of Sandy Bar, "Mary Morris." She is invited to accept a home under the old man's roof on Nob Hill in San Francisco. Exactly in what way she has been injured is not quite intelligible. From her own statement it is impossible to say whether her mother ran away with her cousin, or her cousin ran away with her mother; or they talked about it, but did not run away, or ran away, but did not talk about it. At all events she is offered this reparation, and "Sandy"—between whom and herself there is a mutual love—strongly advises her to accept the offer; she concludes to do so, especially when Mrs. Sandy comes in and begs her to take care of a child of which "Sandy" is the father. "Sandy" admits the soft impeachment, without, however, much affecting "Mary's" love for him. A Chinaman is here brought in, who gives a clue to "Concho," "Don Jose's" spy, establishing "Sandy's" identity with "Diego," the drunken vaquero, to whom we are introduced in the first act. What use "Don Jose" makes of this clue we are never told, but we have no doubt the author knows all about it. The third act is in San Francisco, on Nob Hill, from the magnificent veranda of which we have an admirably painted view of the city. Here "Sandy Morton," the real, is found drunk on a lounge, where he is recognized by "John Oakhurst," who has for a year been personating him with the father. The occasion is the wedding-day of "John Oakhurst," as son of "Old Morton," and "Doña Jovita." The impostor is struck with remorse, and puts a stop to all excitement by declaring his intention of confessing. We have but a faint impression of what is done in the rest of the act; but somehow or other everything is arranged. "Don Jose" calls for his carriage for his daughter and her husband, the reformed gambler; "Sandy" is forgiven and marries "Mary Morris;" and the audience goes home wondering what it has all been about—knowing only that some strong character drawing has been disjointedly set in picturesque setting, and dissatisfied that more has not been made of it. We have given the plot somewhat confusedly, but it is clearly and coherently stated compared with its development in the play. Every situation in the piece presupposes an acquaintance with the story which the audience does not possess. The relations between "Sandy Morton" and "John Oakhurst," as partners, and the quarrel which parted them—essential, in a dramatic sense—are so indefinitely stated as to lose all effect, and make their meeting at the end quite uninteresting. Why "Alexander Morton, Sr.," should recognize his son in the dark, and without further inquiry or examination accept him, is unintelligible. Why "Sandy Morton," always known by that name at Sandy Bar, should have been overlooked, in favor of a man of an entirely different name, is a mystery not explained in the play. It is very unlikely that "Mary Morris" would not have some suspicion from the similarity in the names. Where "Sandy Morton" has been before the first act, or what has taken place between the first and second acts, it is impossible for the audience to tell. At the end nobody seems much astonished to find the real "Sandy Morton" in the vaquero, "Diego," and the drunkard of Sandy Bar. Nor is it to

be wondered at. It is only a wonder that the actors can form any intelligent conception of the piece at all. Even allowing for the unsatisfactory arrangement of the play, it is not well acted in most cases at the California. Mr. Robson has a perfect knowledge of his unfitness for the part of "Sandy Morton" as the author intended him to be. But if he does not give us a real and natural character, he plays it with considerable effect. Knowing that the peculiarity of his enunciation is apt to give a ludicrous point to almost anything he says, he has been at great pains to suppress it, and the effort reduces to absolute quietness the whole impersonation. But his "Sandy Morton" has strong elements of attraction in it, we might almost say of future success, in the pathos and earnestness with which he endows it. It is not by any means the worst performance in the piece, and we doubt if Mr. Robson would not do well to cultivate a vein which he has, as it were, struck by accident. His scene with "Mary Morris" is the most quietly effective we have seen for a long time, and Bret Harte's play will not suffer if he studies that conception of "Sandy Morton" to its fullness, and gives us just a little rougher appearance and a little more pronounced drunkenness. If Mr. Robson were starring in this part, it would be open to severe censure. As it is, we are glad he has given us an opportunity of judging Bret Harte's play, and we are satisfied to make every allowance for him. "Sandy Morton" may be, with study, and in a new arrangement of the piece, one of Mr. Robson's best parts yet. It and "Mary Morris" are the only two that linger with us. Miss Prescott calls for some praise for her playing of the latter. She has a good deal to learn yet; but in her "Mary Morris" she has a part which suits her, and she does fair justice to the stronger scenes. She has a marked tendency to over-acting, which she will do well to guard against. Mr. Bock makes up well, and plays "Don Jose" admirably. It is a pity he has not more to do. Mr. Barton Hill, as "John Oakhurst," does nothing to impart character to the gambler. He is like nobody but—Mr. Barton Hill. We hesitate to believe him when he tells "Doña Jovita" what kind of a man he is. Miss De Forrest, in dress, is a very natural "Doña Jovita," but she has not a very clear idea of the characteristics of the hot-blooded Spanish girl. Her address of welcome to "Old Morton" and "Starbottle" is sheer burlesque; and, indeed, she shows no genuine appreciation of her part in any of its details. Miss Long plays the servant very prettily, and looks it exactly. Mrs. Saunders is scarcely like a woman who could have been "Sandy's" wife; and, though the exigencies of a miner's life and the eccentricities of a miner's taste are things not to be judged by ordinary standards, the probabilities need not be accepted in *extremis* on the stage. She did her little part well. Mr. Crane stands out by himself in this piece, not altogether favorably. "Colonel Starbottle" can be made to suit Crane, but it suffers somewhat by the enforcement. He is a character, and, as such, grateful to the actor; but he loses by being made into farce, and played with the special attributes of Mr. Crane. It is a funny performance, but that is all. It is not a clever or talented impersonation, and we doubt if Mr. Crane is capable of raising it above the level he plays it on. The Spanish language was murdered generally. Last night *The Comedy of Errors* was given for the special benefit of the two comedians. On Monday night Mr. Frank Mayo appears in the time-worn idyl of *Davy Crockett*. It is said he has *Billiards* with him. We hope he will not dose us with his old repertory.

The Bush Street Theatre has fallen on good times. The boom in stocks draws all sorts of people to the theatre, and the audiences at *Girofle-Giroffa* during the week have established the fact that opera bouffe is the taste of the public. The bills announced the production of the opera on a scale unprecedented, and the managers have kept faith very fairly. New scenery (certainly superior to any this little theatre has ever seen) and gorgeous dresses have imparted a tone to the performance worthy of the good audiences. But the very circumstances which give us the benefit of the new dresses and general brilliancy of display act as a drawback to our enjoyment of the music. The people are as new as the dresses, though they are all skilled in music, and seem to have a fair idea of what the necessities of the piece are. Mrs. Oates is drilling her company in the repertory which is to astonish the continent, and she has selected San Francisco for her rehearsals. It is obvious in the little hitches that occur in the business, and occasionally in the music, as, for instance, in "Stolen Kisses," where the male voices limp behind the tenor in the chorus. Making allowances for these little things, which we have no right to do, the performance of *Girofle-Giroffa* is a very good one. At all events, pains have been taken to fit it up thoroughly, and whatever defects it shows do not arise from carelessness, but from want of familiarity on the part of the company with the play, the music, and one another. It is a wonderfully popular opera, and deservedly so, for in the whole round of such productions it has no equal in graceful, pretty, effective, and enjoyable music. We have heard the solos sung better, and the male voices in chorus have been more effective in other companies; but we judge that, altogether, Mrs. Oates has a company likely to make an impression everywhere. The second tenor, who made his first appearance in "Pedro," has been the most favorably received of all. His voice is ready and wants volume,

but he sings very effectively, and for his pretty ballad in the first act he has received an encore every night. He, like some of the others, is new to the stage, we judge, but he only wants experience. Mr. Connell plays "Mourzouk" with an appalling realism. Mr. Beverly appears to better advantage as "Marasquin," and, but for raising some of his finest airs with a vile falsetto, he would be quite successful. Miss Stevens has gained confidence rapidly, and begins to act. It is all she has to do as "Paquita." Mr. Taylor is amusing as the old father—we might even say very funny. Mrs. Oates has not yet recovered her voice, and though she gets a recall in the "Brindisi," the compliment is due more to the merits of the composition than to her somewhat spasmodic rendering of it. If she does not get over that cold people will be inclined to say she has lost her voice. It makes a great difference in *Girofle-Giroffa* when the *prima donna* can not do her part. On Monday evening *La Perichole* will be given on the same scale. With the new operas yet to come, the Oates engagement bids fair to be the success of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have had their share, and a very handsome one, of public patronage, and *Struck Oil* seems to be more popular than it was before. It is astonishing what a difference it makes to the "go" of a piece to have a good gallery, and the balcony of Baldwin's has stirred up the actors to new life. *Struck Oil* is likely to be withdrawn on Sunday night, and *The Emerald Ring* put on on Monday. The play is John Brougham's, and is one of Barney Williams' greatest successes. *Breaks of Fortune* produced so unfavorable an impression from its failure before that it has been withdrawn, and Mr. Williamson will bring it out in its reconstructed form before a new audience, who will be able to pass an impartial judgment upon it.

The Loring Club gave a public rehearsal at Platt's Hall on Monday evening, before a large audience. The performance showed a marked and rapid advance on the part of the members. The programme comprised, among other pieces, "Hie thee, Shallop" (Knicker), "Sailor's Song" (Haton), and "The Wanderer's Return" (Mendelssohn). The success of the evening was the Schubert-Liszt chorus, "The Almighty."

There is a delightful haze about Manager Kennedy. He sits wrapped in mystery at his little office at the Standard Theatre, and burns the midnight oil over correspondence with his agents in the East. Exactly how many people are employed in his service, picking up attractions for him, has not been clearly stated, but it has been customary to announce, whenever anybody who has been a deadhead at any of the theatres here, goes to New York, Chicago, or anywhere else, that he goes "to secure attractions for the Standard." It would seem that they are so scarce that it requires a lot of people to pick up any. Mr. Kennedy proposes to open next month, he says. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!

Letter-writing is not a lost art. Read this: "SAN FRANCISCO, May 6, 1878. "DEAR CLAY: Rankin (McKee) is putting on heaps of airs. I saw him for a moment in the theatre the other day, and my salutation was: 'Ab! How do? How do?' Oh, heavens, Clay, I thought I should scream right out. They say that he has made \$30,000 this season, but I bet he can't blow \$5,000, the old blow-hard! I hate people with the big head. Just as if a little money should make one lose one's head. I am sorry Alice (Mrs. Green) is not well. Give her my love, and tell her to 'brace up.' Great news; still, my heart, sit still! I am getting fat—111 pounds. Hurrah! I've never weighed so much in my life. Sincerely yours, "KATE MAYHEW."

Replying to this. Mr. Clay Green addresses her as "Dear Fatty." In a letter of March 5, 1878, Miss Mayhew, in speaking of Mr. Thompson, Mr. Green's partner, writes:

"Thompson must have been like a wet hen, flying around and worrying himself, and you, too, without any necessity. My hands are tied now, and have been, but my day will come, you bet; I am determined it shall come. Of course I will be all right then. I will show a certain gentleman (John E. McDonough) what 'my vague and elastic' is like now, you bet your boots."

A charming blackguard, this Mayhew girl.

The statement of the benefit of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, for the yellow fever sufferers, shows \$1,524 taken in and \$1,325.60 paid over to the Mayor. Added to that is an amount of \$104 subscribed, making in all \$1,428.60. The California Theatre benefit here showed \$2,644 taken in and remitted, all services having been given free.

The piece to follow the Williamson's engagement at the Baldwin will be a translation of *La Femme du Peuple*, now being played very successfully in England and the East. Miss Rose Wood will have the leading part, and it should be a great chance for her. Already the chorus is being gathered together for the coming opera season in January, and preparations are being made for the performances on a scale beyond any previous attempts in California. There should be now in San Francisco a very fine chorus procurable, and the want of it has heretofore been the main drawback.

Miss Eilly Coghlan, a sister of Rose and Charles Coghlan, will make her first appearance in a grand spectacular performance of *Henry VIII.*, at Booth's Theatre.

CANDY-PULLING.

In the Eastern States there is a revival (perhaps it is a survival—*n'importe*) of the old-fashioned social amusement of candy-pulling. We believe it has never been transplanted to the Pacific Coast, or if so has never taken root and flourished. In the hope of encouraging this kind of domestic sacchariculture we reproduce from an Eastern journal the following remarks and instructions thereon:

As a specimen of domestic industry, candy-pulling is at once fashionable, delicious, and frolicsome. There is nothing about the operation uncommon to the well-equipped manufactory; but the associations of a pulling party divest the manipulation of the stock entirely of the business element. Unfortunate is he or she who, amid the charming romances of the period of early youth, has not revelled in the patient delights of making molasses candy. Young loves grew apace as well-buttered fingers rolled, and picked, and kneaded the warm and savory mass of molasses. The shelling of peanuts and the cracking of walnuts, innocent operations as they were, furnished fuel for childhood jealousy, and sowed the seeds of many a school-day cavy.

The candy-pull of to-day is more bewitching still. It is a social pastime for those who have thrown aside their marbles and dolls, and yet preserved their coquetry, their love of conquest, and their smartings of unappreciated advances, while encouraging a deeper and more pronounced sentiment. It affords ample opportunity for creating striking effects with costumes; it relieves participants of much of the embarrassment of appearing in strange parlors; it is more generous and home-like for all than the usual gatherings of fashion. But, with all these peculiarities, it does not call for the sacrifice of the first element of sovereignty of young womanhood, nor limit the exercise of the witcheries of the sex.

Ladies are requested invariably to appear in an attire of calico. The party giving the entertainment procures a quantity of candy stock, and the necessary posts and hooks, and secures the attendance of an expert puller. The dining-room, relieved of much of its furniture, or, better still, the kitchen, where there is no danger of injury to carpets, is chosen for the work. The candy is stretched into a long roll, then made into a loop, which is thrown over the hook, and then the puller gently hauls away, until the strand grows long and thin, when it is taken off the hook, doubled up again, thrown on the hook, and again pulled out. By the time the expert puller has brought the mass into a pliable condition, it is cut up and divided among the party, who set about pulling it, using hooks wherever found, legs of tables, backs of chairs, or other fixed objects. When batch after batch has been pulled sufficiently, the candy is cut into small pieces and laid away to cool for eating. Refreshments follow, and then dancing.

The interest may be greatly heightened by combining the features of an apron and necktie party. A quantity of aprons and neckties, made of calico of various colors, but with little regard for durability, are distributed among the guests. The gentlemen adjust their neckties, and each seeks for a partner the lady whose apron corresponds in color or pattern with his tie. All sorts of rewards and penalties are established for the candy-pulling exercise, and the incongruities of the dancing couples are themes for long remembrance.

At Your Gate.

Ah me, for a word that could move you
Like a whisper of magical art!
I love you! I love you! I love you!
There is no other word in my heart.
Will your eyes that were loving still love me?
Will your heart, once so tender, forgive?
Ah! darling, stoop down from above me
And tell me to live.

At the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, a young sculptor, who was studying animals, made the acquaintance of a pretty and piquant nurse-girl, who, however, threw him overboard and took up with a soldier. The desolate young artist thereupon took to writing upon all the walls the heart-cry: "I love Adele," hoping that it would meet her eye and touch her heart. The willful girl, determined to escape this perpetual reproach to her perfidy, at last made her habitual resort the iron bench in front of the rhinoceros. The seat could not be written on and there was no wall. Here she and her soldier would sit by the hour, watched from afar by the jealous and distracted lover. At last they came at the usual hour, and the faithless girl glanced at the huge and ferocious animal. On its horn was carved a heart, beneath which were the words, "I still love Adele and am waiting at the duck-pond." How could a woman's heart resist this? Tears came to her eyes; in a moment the soldier's arm was encircling the ambient atmosphere, and the nurse-maid said to her youthful charges: "Come, my dears, let us go and see the pretty ducks."

The "life" of the Sisters Brontë ought to be written in tears; and perhaps it is in accordance with the fitness of things that one of them should find a resting-place in a dismal plot of ground, by no means suggestive of God's Acre, overhanging the German Ocean, near Bradford, England. Still one hardly likes to discover, close by the dusty roadside, a neglected grave, marked by a worn and sinking stone, with an almost obliterated epitaph: "Here lie the remains of Anne Brontë, daughter of the Rev. P. Brontë, Incumbent of Haworth, Yorkshire. She died, aged 23, May 28, 1849." And this brief and melancholly record is all that tells of the tomb of "Acton Bell."

A Bergen County man pleasantly sat down at breakfast, and his loving wife said: "Darling, does your head ache?" He replied with sufficient dignity: "No; why should you ask?" And she said back: "Well, dear, you came home at three o'clock this morning; and, as you couldn't hang your hat on the rack, you put the rack down on the floor, and said you'd hang every hat in the house on it, and I thought your head might ache."

Bleeding at the nose can be stopped by telling a man his parents were born in the poorhouse. His nose will stop, and yours will begin.

It is pretty hard work for a hard money bare-back rider to get up on a greenback horse and ride his act, but he'll do it, for office.

How we civilize Indians: Send them some missionaries, rob them, starve them, kill them for getting mad about it.

BUY A HOME.

We agree with the *Alta*, that George Barstow gave the people good advice in his speech at Metropolitan Temple on Wednesday evening. He said: "One man should no more be content to live in another man's house—if he can build one of his own—than one bird should take the risk of hatching in another bird's nest; and, for my own part, I would rather be able to own a cottage than to hire a palace. I would say to every man, buy a home, if you can, and own it. If a windfall has come to you, buy a home with it. If you have laid up money enough by toil, buy a home. If you have made money in stocks, buy a home. Do not let anybody tempt you to put all your winnings back into the pool. Take out enough to buy a home, and buy it. Put the rest back, if you will. Gamble on it, if you must; but buy the home first. Buy it, and sell it not. Then the roses that bloom there are yours; the clematis and jasmine that climb upon the porch belong to you. You have planted them and seen them grow. When you are at work upon them, you are working for yourselves, not for others. If there be children there, then there are flowers within the house and without. Buy a home."

We have heard some whisperings that lead us to guess that Governor Stanford has purchased from Henry Cascholt his railroad track and franchise on California Street west of Fillmore. If this is true, then the California Street Railroad will be extended to the ocean, and if it not true Mr. Cascholt will deny it in a card in the *Alta*. We hope it is true, because the California Street Railroad is, in our opinion, the best constructed and best managed of all our city roads and the Sutter Street, with its sprawling extensions, the worst built and worst managed. It seems so nice to ride in clean cars, propelled by reliable and staunch machinery, directed by gentlemen, that we wonder that all our avenue roads do not copy the California Street in point of cleanliness, order, and gentlemanly conductors and drivers. The California Street road secures enough pleasure-riding by tourists and moonlight riding by lovers to pay for all it expends in the direction of superior comforts or superior attentions to its passengers.

SPARKLING WINE.—Just at this moment there is a great scarcity of the imported brands of this wine in our market—the supply being limited and the prices higher than ever, a state of affairs very severely felt at all fashionable and social gatherings. It seems that without its sparkling presence no party can be lively, perfect, or enjoyable—the men are less witty and the ladies less amiable. Fortunately, to connoisseurs, this dearth in foreign brands has but little influence, for they recognize in Landsberger & Co.'s champagnes qualities of the greatest excellence combined with the most moderate prices. There are no more elegant or purer champagnes made than the famous Extra Dry Eclipse, the Grand Prize, Private Cuvee, and the Sparkling Muscatel, and their cost is one-half that of the imported wines. Just try them once and you will never regret it.

The purest and most delicate of all possible perfumes is the Yosemite Cologne, made by Slaven. It seems to combine in some magic manner the balmy breath of one's sweetheart with a dash of the moonlight in which one made her an offer of marriage and the music of the tones in which she was graciously pleased so respectfully decline. This may be fancy, but the Yosemite Cologne is a charming fact.

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PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained,
You old bald-headed goose-butcher.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes,
But that is not saying you will ever
Re-blest by it, you miserable sneak thief!
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
Or better than any suit of clothes he can wear,
I don't care if he has the garments made
To order and pays \$75 in cash for them.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway.
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
As I could prove to you in a holy second
Were you not drunker than a billed owl.
Therefore, my ancient, wall-eyed friend,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation; but as to that,
I'll bet you five dollars against a rotten apple
That you'll never get close enough to
Salvation to see it with.
Forty-horse power telescope.—*Old City Derrick.*

Herman Schuster, a respectable German of St. Louis, woke the other morning to find himself dead. He saw a statement in the morning papers to the effect that he was defunct, and all that was mortal of him reposed in the Morgue. He immediately, upon receipt of this information, repaired to that somber institution, and there, sure enough, lay his body on a marble slab with the water trickling over it. Every feature was life-like and natural—the nose, the hair, mustache, facial scars, clothing, all the exact counterparts of his own. He was about to accept the irrevocable decree of fate and retire, when a faint hope occurred to him. He had not seen the eyes. "Vot is de color of dose eyes?" excitedly demanded he of the attendant. "The lids were raised," "Mine Gott!" shouted the poor fellow, "dot pesh not mine body. Dose eyes is blue and mine is black. Gott in himmel, vat a glose schavet dot vos."

A member of the colored church was the other evening conversing earnestly with an acquaintance, and seeking to have him change into better paths, but the friend said he was too often tempted to permit him to become a Christian. "Whar's yer back-bone, dat ve can't rose up and stand temptation!" exclaimed the good man. "I was dat way myself once. Right in dis vere town I had a chance to steal a pair of boots—mighty fine ones, too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand and de debil said take 'em. Den a good spirit whispered for me to let dem boots alone." "An' you didn't take 'em?" "No, sah—not much. I took a pair o' cheap shoes off de shelf, an' I left dem boots alone!"

A Hand.

How often a hand may be won or lost
By lucre, or lands, or love!
How often a heart may be madly lost
By "somebody's" stolen glove!
And broken hearts lie in the bartered hands,
As cold as a sculptured stone,
And life has been given for loveless hands,
Instead of for love alone!

In the far away past a hand was mine,
And a heart was in the hand!
And I felt the thrilling of joy divine,
That lovers will understand.
I never shall hold such a hand again!
Yet a hand that I never kissed;
And regrets are useless, and sorrow vain—
For twas but a hand at whist!

Several years ago the reverend and venerable Dr. Jeter, of Virginia, was holding a Wednesday night service, and a very slim audience was present. After lecturing for a half hour, he gave out a hymn to close the exercises. No one belonging to his own denomination being present to raise the tune, he called on a Methodist brother present of the name of Moon. He said:

"Brother Moon,
Will you raise the tune?"

But brother Moon had no hymn book, as was unacquainted with the spiritual songs of the Baptist Church; therefore he replied, extemporaneously:

"Brother Jeter,
What's the meter?"

She was a Boston girl. She was visiting her Whitehall country cousins. While walking out, several butterflies passed her.

"O dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite."

"They are not birds, my dear," replied her country cousin; "they are butterflies."

"Oh, you don't say so! Then these are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything."

One Thanksgiving day, a Celtic dame called at an apothecary's, and asked what was good for a man.

"Why, what's the matter with your man?"

"Please, sir, is it castor-ile or salts that's good for him?"

"How can I tell unless you let me know what is the matter with him?"

"Is it the matter with him? Bless God, there's nothing the matter with him; but he has a leisure day, and thought he would take something!"

A countryman stepped up to Mr. Barnum, the other day, and shook hands with him. "Naouw, look here, Barnum! You advertise a procession three miles long, and you know 'taint as long as that." "Yes, 'tis," said P. T., without moving so much as an eyelash. "Did you see it to-day? There was full a mile of my show, and there were two miles of fools following it."

Young man, if you want to prohibit the mosquitoes from troubling you, get a fair partner. Get one so sweet that they'll do all their singing on her side of the bed. You can snore and enjoy yourself while she's knocking holes in the air with her dear little fists.

When a fourteen pound Bible falls from the pulpit desk on the toes of the preacher while he is praying—well, we can't tell what his mental reservations are.

Things are coming to a pretty pass. A man can't kill his wife now without being called an uxoriicide. Is this another scheme of the grinding capitalist?

"Black bury jam," said he, as he gazed at an over-crowded cemetery for colored people.



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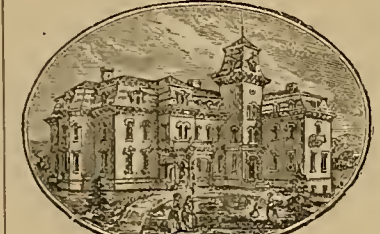
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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES J. HENRY, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by reference to the complaint on file herein, to which your attention is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL OF COURT.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
No. 629 Kearny Street.

GEO. W. PRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

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CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 12th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 7) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the seventh (7th) day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

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Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third (23d) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirteenth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,
JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR-POTOSI MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth (5th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 15) of five dollars per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighth (8th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-ninth day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPA-

ny.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 10th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 33) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the fourth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the sixth (6th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighth (8th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-ninth day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,
E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Sept. 16th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 35) of three dollars per share was declared, payable on Friday, Sept. 20th, 1878. Transfer books closed until Saturday, the 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

CHAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG.

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BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 13.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Feuillet.

[He who signs these pages is, properly speaking, only their editor. How they were confided to him, how he became authorized to publish them, what modification of their details has been imposed upon him, are questions about which the reader will care nothing if this autobiography interests him, and still less if it does not.]

May, 1872.—While I was at the convent my trimestrial reports ended almost invariably with this statement as to character: "Cheerful disposition, sober minded, grave beyond her years, even tempered, but of somewhat unquiet conscience."

The "unquiet conscience" I do not deny, but as for the rest, I beg those ladies' pardon, it was just the contrary. As my dear mistresses were mistaken, it is not surprising that the world should be also. I imagine that my personal appearance is the cause of these erroneous judgments. I am very brown and pale, and my face from tedious discipline is as stern as a young effeminate face well can be. A certain near-sightedness lends an expression of indifference to my black eyes (whose lustre, without this unfortunate circumstance, would certainly have proved unbearable). Moreover, I have naturally a quiet way of speaking, walking, sitting down, and of not making a noise, which gives to the observer the false impression of impassible serenity. I have no desire, nor have I the means, of correcting public opinion in this respect, and until further orders my locked book will alone know that the grave, prudent, and well balanced Charlotte is, at bottom, an excessively passionate and romantic young person.

And that is precisely the reason why I have delayed inaugurating this magnificent locked book, bought with enthusiasm three days after leaving the convent, and which waited three years for my first confidences. Twenty times have I sat down before these pure white pages, burning like King Midas' barber to intrust them with my secrets; twenty times has my "unquiet conscience" caused me to lay down my pen. That conscience told me that I was about undertaking an unprecedented and a dangerous thing; that the habit of engendering my impressions, of refining my sentiments, of hugging my dreams and giving them a body, would have its inevitable consequence, that of raising in me a store of romance and passion—a dangerous tendency in a woman, which might be fatal to the repose and dignity of my life, and which I ought to stifle and destroy.

A few words spoken by my grandmother this evening have, thank God, relieved me of these scruples. We had some people to dine with us, and afterward they played the game of Secretary. Questions were written on slips of paper, which were folded, put into a basket and mixed together. Then each person took out a question haphazard, and answered it as well as they were able. But one of our guests, a young member of the Chamber of Deputies, who prides himself upon his intuition, managed always to receive his own question so as to answer it with more effect. Thus he asked: "What is a dutiful woman?" I was charged with opening the slips, and read his question and his answer, which was thus conceived: "A dutiful woman is a woman who looks not for romance in life, for there is none that is good; who seeks not in it for poetry, for duty is not poetic; who looks not there for passion, for passion is only a polite name for vice."

A concert of flattering murmurs, in which I had the baseness to join, hailed these fine sentences, while the author betrayed his incoherence by a modest smile. He was, however, disturbed in the midst of his triumph by my grandmother, who suddenly stopped her netting work and exclaimed: "Oh, oh, excuse me! but I can not let such heresies pass unanswered before these young ladies. Under pretense of making woman dutiful, would you make them fools? First, I do not understand this mania that people have of always opposing passion to duty—passion here, duty there—as if the one was antagonistic to the other. One may put passion into duty, and not only may one, but one should do it. And I would even assure you, my dear sir, that therein lies the secret of the lives of honest women, for duty alone is very dry work. You say it is not poetic! That is precisely my opinion; but it must become so if one is to have any pleasure in practicing it. It is precisely in thus poetising vulgar duty that those very romantic dispositions against which you launch your anathemas serve us. If you ever marry, try the effect of marrying a woman devoid of romance, and you will see what will happen!"

"What will happen?" said the young Deputy.

"Well, everything in life will appear flat and insipid to her. Her husband first—pardon me—then her home, her children, even her religion! Ah, *mon Dieu!* I assure you, dear sir, that it is not against romantic ideas that one should warn the present generation; the danger for the moment does not lie there. We are not perishing from over much enthusiasm, but rather from inanity. But to return to our humble sex, which alone is in question. Look at the women who are talked about in Paris—I mean those who are too much talked about. Is it their poetic imaginations which ruin them? Is it the search for the ideal which leads them astray? Eh, *seigneur!* three-quarters of them at least are made up of the emptiest skulls and most barren imaginations in creation. Believe me, ladies, give yourselves no uneasiness; continue to be enthusiasts and romantic without fear of consequences. Try hard to get a grain of poetry in your hearts, for by it you will more easily be honest, and more assuredly be happy. Poetic sentiment in the home of woman is like incense and music in the house of God—like that delight which comes of well doing."

Thus spoke my dear grandmother—may God bless her!—and that is why I, at the hour of midnight, and with peaceful conscience, at last open my precious locked book, that I, face to face with myself, dare say: Good night, romantic, passionate Charlotte!

May 30.—I was in my boudoir yesterday, rattling over my piano and exercising the notes of my voice, when Cécile de Stèle burst in like a whirlwind, as she always does, took my two hands in hers, offered me her two rosy dimples to kiss, and said, in her short, vehement tones:

"Charlotte, are you still my cherished sister—my guide, my help, my little spirit mother, my gold heart, my tower of ivory?"

"Why this litany, *ma mignonne*?"

"Because it is in your power to render me an immense service. Only think, my father is going away!"

"Is the General going to leave Paris?"

"For some weeks only. He is about to make a tour of inspection in the provinces; and in the meanwhile he sends me to the country at l'Eure—to my Aunt de Louvercy's, in the midst of the woods. My Aunt de Louvercy is the best of women; but she lives alone there, in her old château, with her son—my cousin Roger, you know—who is half crazy since he was so frightfully wounded during the war. He has no arms, no legs, not even a human face, poor boy! It is most pitiable! You may judge what a home it is. So I said to my father: 'Father, I will go—though it is exile, despair, death—if you will only let me take Charlotte d'Erra with me.' 'Take her,' said he; and so I am going to take you with me."

"But, my dear child—"

"Oh, now, don't say no, I pray, or I shall expire at your feet! Make me this sacrifice—and, who knows, perhaps we may not be bored to

death there after all. We two will get out of it somehow. We will ride on horseback; we will play four-handed pieces; and then, besides, there must be neighbors in the environs. Well, my dear, we will turn their heads—you with your imperious beauty, I with my little wits, with that, I don't know what, which belongs to me, and which is commonly called *du chien*."

My black eyebrows came together, and, in my deepest contralto, I exclaimed:

"What do you call that, Cécile?"

She drew herself up with an air of bravado, and, showing one of her sharp little teeth, repeated: "*Du chien*."

"Who taught you such slang?"

"My father," said she.

"Ah! your mother would scold your father were she alive."

She looked at me fixedly with her large, bright eyes, which filled with tears—kissed my hands and replied, in a low, supplicating tone: "But you will come?"

"But, *ma chérie*, I can not leave my grandmother!"

"Your grandmother! I take her, too. I have thought of everything. I have written my aunt, and here, in her own handwriting, is a most pressing invitation for her. Take me to her."

Two minutes afterward Cécile precipitated herself into the parlor, pushing the door open roughly. My grandmother, who is frightened at the slightest noise, started inside her three screens.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* An accident has happened! I will bet that an accident has happened! Come, tell me immediately. What is it, what is it?"

"A letter from my Aunt de Louvercy, madame."

"Oh! Poor Madame de Louvercy! Poor woman! How does she do? How she is tried; and her poor son! Ah, *mon Dieu!* the poor people! Well, what does she want of me?"

"If you will have the goodness to read, madame!"

My dear grandmother read the letter and looked serious. When she raised her eyes she saw Cécile kneeling on the carpet at her feet with joined hands, and reaching out toward her her pretty face with its two dimples.

"Really, do you see that?" said my grandmother. "Do look at the pretty mouth!"

"You will, madame?" said Cécile.

"*Mon Dieu!* my dear child," replied my grandmother, while kissing her brow: "I will say, as a general thing, that I am not passionately fond of removals. I even hold them in profound horror. But on the one hand, I find that this is a little holiday arranged between you and Charlotte; and on the other hand, Madame de Louvercy has sent me so tender, so warm an appeal; besides, she inspires me with so much compassion, poor woman! But let it be well understood, pretty one, that when I do move I like to be located for some time. To travel somewhere, just to go in and go out again; to unpack my trunks and pack them again without taking breath—no, that will never do. I would not wish to impose myself upon your aunt; but this invitation—for how long is it?"

"Just as long as you please, madame; six weeks, two months."

"Ah, well! but that is too long," said my grandmother.

In short, it was agreed that the Countess d'Erra and I should go in ten days to meet my friend Cécile at Louvercy. She left yesterday. Ten days will hardly suffice for our preparations, which are considerable, as one may judge from the simple fact that my grandmother takes with her the three screens to exercise those currents of air which she says must rage through the old château. With my deceitful placidity I oversee those stupendous packings, while dreaming of belfry, of north tower, of galleries, of ancestors, and of ghosts; and also of that poor, mutilated, and half-crazed young man, whose groans doubtless mingle with the wind as it whistles through the long corridors. Ah! how enchanting it all is.

May 28.—This morning I received a letter from Cécile which presents the visit at Louvercy under new colors—less sombre, but perhaps less attractive to me. Here it is:

"CHATEAU DE LOUVERCY, May 27.

"My DARLING:—You will tremble. It was a trap! In whom can one trust after this? My father, my aunt—both so generally esteemed, whose lives up to this day have been irreproachable—to think of their joining together in a dark plot against a feeble child."

"It was on Monday, at five o'clock in the evening, I arrived at the station (where there is, by the bye, a blind man who plays the 'Marsellaïse' on his flageolet. I tell you this so that you may stop at that station, and not at another). I reach the station, and rush into the arms of my aunt. 'How do you do, my dear aunt?' 'How do you do, niece?' We get into the carriage, and had not exchanged four words when I perceived that there was something in the wind. My aunt embarrassed, her language mystified, her words obscure: 'There are visitors at the château.' They feared that I should be lonely while waiting for my friend Charlotte. 'Oh, my aunt, how could you think so?' They have got together a little circle of friends of my own age. Two young ladies, relations of the late Monsieur de Louvercy, Mesdames de Sauves and de Chagres. 'Thank you, aunt.' 'Then their two husbands.' 'Bravo, aunt.' 'Then the two brothers of these ladies; two well bred young men, remarkably well bred.' (Aside, disturbed)—'Hem! hem!' (Aloud, with indifference)—'Really, aunt.' 'Tell me, have you brought some handsome dresses with you, niece?' 'Quite the contrary, aunt; I was so far from expecting to meet visitors at your house.' 'At your age you should be prepared for every thing, my child.'

"Do you take, *ma belle*? Do you see the plot peeping out? Do you see the plan they are preparing?"

"Finally, we enter the courtyard of the château; there is a fountain in the middle of it with swans, and around it are Mesdames de Sauves and de Chagres, with their husbands, and those remarkable brothers, forming an interesting family circle. I bow, I blush, I jump out, I kiss Mesdames de Sauves and de Chagres, and I run off quickly to change my dress, while the echo repeats behind me: 'She is charming, charming!'

"My suspicions thoroughly aroused in the first hour were only confirmed during the evening, the next day, and the day after that. My aunt's gloomy château is suddenly transformed; it has become a pleasure ground, an enchanted castle, the théâtre of gallant fêtes and chivalrous tournaments, with a vague odor of orange blossoms behind the scenes. There are walks for the morning, horseback rides during the day, and dances and charades at night. Personally, I am caressed, spoiled, idolized; my tastes, my slightest desires are divined, considered, and more than fulfilled, before I can express them. This emulation is really touching. I quietly wish for a bouquet of camellias, and there it is! One of the Boisier's bags—behold it! A fire-colored parrot—there is the fire-colored parrot! A gilt cage to put it in—and the cage is before me. The moon—there is the moon!"

"You see, darling, how very serious all this is. There is not a shadow of a doubt but that my perfidious aunt and my guilty father have resolved to marry me alive. There are two pretenders for my hand between whom I am allowed to choose. Permit me to introduce them. Mesdames de Sauves and de Chagres have each a brother, and these young men, who are cousins, bear the family name, Messieurs René and

Henri de Valnesse. Just here I am reminded of those historical parallels in which you excelled at the convent (between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, for example. Do you remember? If one was the more skillful politician, the other was the more valiant warrior, etc.) To apply to the Messieurs Valnesse this rhetorical process, I would say if one is dark, the other is fair; if one uses an eye-glass, the other uses a *pince-nez*; that the one sings sentimental romances which make me weep, while the other sings comic songs which make me laugh. Both look well on horseback and on foot, both are good waltzers, agreeable talkers, well brought up, of fortune about equal. And both, if I can trust to appearances, are equally disposed to lay these fortunes at the feet of the innocent who writes these lines.

"You will ask, is your choice made? No, *ma divine*, my choice is not made. They please me to about the same degree. As I can't marry both, I await my wise Charlotte, to receive her counsel and develop a preference. Thy choice will be my choice, thy God my God! Come, then, O my darling, without delay, for all this is terrible, and you know there will be but little humanity in leaving long in such a predicament the most loving of friends, CECILE DE STELE."

"P. S.—In the meantime, my poor cousin Roger, gloomy and morose, keeps to his tower, leaving it only to dash through the fields in his basket dog-cart and behind the most vicious beasts. My aunt insists that he chooses them on purpose, and that he wants to kill himself. Very sad, is it not? Good-bye, darling. Come soon."

This letter troubled me considerably. Cécile is almost a sister to me. Though of about the same age, there has always been in the affection I bear her a shade of maternal feeling. The great event which is preparing for her fills me with emotion—with joy, but yet with anxiety. I want so much that she should be happy. She deserves to be so, the dear girl! So winning, so tender, so sincere! A crazy-pate to be sure, but with heart so true and pure—always self-sacrificing, and always ready to acknowledge her faults.

She has in her, as she is never tired of repeating, a little of both devil and angel—but, above all, of angel. This light, lively, tender creature has need, more than any other woman it seems to me, to be well married, well loved, and well guided. So I am much alarmed at the responsibility her loving confidence is putting upon me. I am very young and very inexperienced to direct the choice on which her destiny will hang. But I will, at least, aid her with all the zeal and conscience of which I am possessed. And it seems to me that in doing so I shall be even more exacting for her than I should be for myself. Messieurs de Valnesse must look out for themselves, for here comes the archangel with flaming sword who guards the gates of paradise!

Chateau de Louvercy, June 6.—My dream is realized; there is a North Tower, and I am living in it. How delightful!

But let us proceed in due order. Grandmother and I arrived this afternoon. In getting out of the car, the first object we saw was the blind man and the flageolet; then Madame de Louvercy and Cécile in an open landau; then two young horsemen who pranced about the little yard of the station, clapping with hands and voices their horses whom the locomotive whistle had somewhat frightened. From a stolen look of Cécile's I recognized the two admirers, and immediately their persons passed under a rigid inspection, while they, it seemed to me, paid me the same compliment. My first impressions were favorable. I found happy, open countenances, such as inspire confidence—the faces of honest men—and my heart melted.

We rolled along over the white road through a cloud of dust, with our cavaliers as escorts at each door. The sky was a delicate opal blue. The Normand apple trees, with their bouquets of pink blossoms, defied to the right and to the left of us. Cécile, radiant in a light, sky blue dress, pressed my hands and threw out her smiles right and left to keep the balance true. We were so happy! My God! how good it is to live sometimes.

I had not seen Madame de Louvercy for several years. She has aged astonishingly, and her hair has whitened, but frames gracefully her fine, suffering face. Under her eyes are two bluish creases, made certainly by her tears. She speaks little of her troubles, and only by allusion. I heard her, as we traveled along, tell my grandmother that, for a while, the unfortunate condition of her son entirely absorbed her thoughts; but, at last, she was forced to remember that Cécile had no longer a mother, and that she had a duty to perform to her also. All this was said reservedly, unhesitatingly, and with a smile of welcome very touching, coming as it did from such a well of inconsolable sadness. The poor woman is all the more to be pitied in that her son was charming, so they say, before he became mutilated, lamed, and half-disfigured by these horrible wounds.

The noise of the wheels was all at once deadened on the grass and moss, and we enter the avenue under bowers of green, through which I perceive beyond the façade of the château, elegant and severe, and of the renaissance style, I think. Here is the court yard, which is at the same time a flower garden. There are the swans, who flap their wings as we pass; Mesdames de Sauves and de Chagres, who wave handkerchiefs from the veranda; and their husbands, who throw away their cigars and wave their hats. It is a triumphal entry. The young couples are very agreeable to look at, and seem so good.

The instant after, Cécile installs grandmother and I in our rooms. While I shake off the dust of the journey, she questions me with warmth: "Well, tell me quick; at bird's eye view how do you find them?"

"At bird's eye view I find them *tres distingués*."

"Truly? Let me kiss you? But which do you prefer? say quick, the blonde or the brun? Monsieur René or Monsieur Henri?"

"So far I prefer neither the one nor the other. And you, *ma mignonne*?"

"Did I not write that I awaited your coming to develop a preference? You will tell me which one pleases you the most, and I will take him."

"I assure you, Cécile, that your confidence crushes me."

"Listen. I will place you at table between these two gentlemen. You must study them; study them profoundly, you understand. I am going to tell you what I desire to know, and on what you must examine them most particularly, and after dinner you will render me an account of the result. Well, I desire to know first, which of the two has the truest and warmest affection for me; then—and this is very important—which of them has the best disposition; then, which is the most intelligent and learned, for I wish a husband who will do me honor; then, the one who is the most generous and charitable. I hold much to this point. Then, which one likes to travel the best—I count much on that also. Then, which—don't laugh now, Charlotte, for this is a serious matter."

"I laugh, Cécile, because you really ask too much for one sitting; but I will attend to it, and do my best."

Cécile then left me with my maid, and I prepared for dinner. I put on a simple dress—a confidant's dress—dark colored, with half waist; a bit of lace in the hair, Spanish fashion, and a red rose stuck in above it. I am not a fright, and that suffices.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Ninety-five piano manufacturers are awaiting with breathless suspense the day when the French exhibition awards will be made, and each will get the first prize.

"SALTED."

A Bodie Speculator Relates the History of a Mine.

"Gi'me a whisky toddy, barkeep; an' there's the las' button off o' Gabe's coat. Come up, boys—ev'rybody—taint of'en you fellers'll hev a show to nail down yer coffin lids 'ith gol' spikes out o' salted diggin's. It's a fac', boys—ye needn't star. Thet thar yaller piece represents a pile so high—the las' color of a clean up of a thousan' solid rocks clear money. What racket did I play? Well, it's too good to lose, so I'll tell ye. Here's fun—drink hearty, boys. Eh! Change? Oh, you needn't be pertickler about a bit or two; an' I hev seen the time—not two weeks back nuther—w'en ye might a gathered in the hull piece an' I wouldn't a squealed; but I mus' make thet little balance las' me 'til I play it on some more 'Frisco suckers. Did I play 'em? Well, now, I reckon I did, an' ye hear my gentle whisper. Ye see I located my reg'lar fifteen hundred an' stuck up my paper in the fust rush to the Bodie Distric'—got my pinters in Pioche just afore Pete Eshington an' Louie Lochbar sold the Standard, an'—Hullo! Steve, is thet you? Why, you ol' pilgrim, derned ef I knowed ye. Git out from behin' thet noospaper an' shake. Readin' the Stock reports! Don't talk stocks to me—I've played the smoothest sharps on Californy Street, I hev, played 'em fine, ye hear me. What on? Why Broadaxe, o' course. Wasn't I sinkin' on Broadaxe w'en you was in Bodie? What're ye laughin' at? I s'pose ye think I'm lyin'. Well, mebbe it is a purty tough yarn considerin' the crowd I raked down the scads from. Don't keef ef I do. Gi'me the same, barkeep. Well, Stevey, ol' man, what d'ye know? Aint been speculatin' agin, I hope. Sho! No! Is thet so? Busted clean agin, eh? Well, well, well. Up to-day, down to-morrow—that's the game we're tryin' to beat now. What buy? Singlederry! Well, you are a fool an' no mistake. Why I could a give ye pints and a better buy than thet. I'd a give ye the deadwood on a Comstock—straight ez a string from the diamond drills. They could a throwed mud at ye 'til hell froze over an' never a fazed ye; an' ez fur margins—why ye could a come up smilin' ev'ry time yer broker let out 'ith his left—ye'd a thought it better fun to pungle'n to go on a tear 'ith the ol' boys, cause ye see ye'd hev 'em in the door on the las' turn. But you will fall onto a hoggin' deal, an' I s'pose ye'll never learn thet ef ye straddle a blind in a short card game 'ith up an' up sports, keen to sweep the board, thet ye're bound to be cinched, savvy? How'd I make the rifle? Well, I'll tell ye.

"As I was sayin' I located in the fust rush—alone, mind ye—no dummies—no partners, not much. I wasn't playin' to be give away, ye understand. I sunk on my ledge an' drifted at about forty feet, but the indications wasn't good an' I concluded I'd wait 'til Californy Street heerd o' the excitement. Bodie was just a boom—tender feet an' pilgrims a humpin' 'emselves to git to the Bluff. Fust we hed a raft o' Cornishmen down from the Comstock; then Tuscarora sent us a small bilin'. Arter thet a Custer City cuss or two dropped down, an' bimeby a gang o' Pioche fighters come in to look aroun'. I wasn't watchin' the little games o' these roosters very close, an' one mornin' w'en I went out to my claim I was warned off. Henry rifles an' Webby whislers wasn't my gait, so I laid low fur developments. I knowed thet Pioche didn't hev no Bank o' Californy to back 'em an' pay fur the dead loads o' giant powder they'd need to open another drift, an' I wasn't afeared they'd tumble too quick to the racket I was puttin' up—the job was too smooth. It turned out jist ez I'd calkerlated, an' one fine mornin' the ledge was abandoned.

"I heard of it in Bridgeport an' humped over to put up some more paper, but I was too late. A gang from Eureka hed relocated, an' a crowd o' Austin roughs was layin' round waitin' to be paid fur puttin' 'em off. The game was too interestin' fur me, an' so I didn't take a hand. Bill Stevens was chief o' the Eureka crowd, an' Irish Tom headed the Austin gang. One night in Bodie Tom declared himself, an' Stevens stood Tom off. Bill dropped at the third fire, an' Tom jist hed strength enough left to thank the boys fur pullin' off his boots, w'en he climbed into clat daylight, too. Then it was lively. Fur three days the peaceables was kep' dodgin' aroun' corners an' hustin' through bar-room winders, gettin' out o' range o' flyin' bullets. The nex' one thet passed in his checks was Curley Sam—died ez game ez a man ken die, darin' Joe Carter to come into the road an' settle it 'ith the knife—standin' full breasted in front o' the door where Joe was crouchin'. Joe laughed a shiverin' sort o' a laugh, an' sent his las' shot home from behin' the bar-room screen—like a low down, sneakin' coyote. But he didn't too; his hurn more'n twelve hours arter—Joe didn't. They foun' him on the Benton trail, tattooed 'ith gashes, holdin' a bloody eighteen-inch bowie in his hand, showin' thet he hed a fair deal fur his life, an' played it fur all it was wuth. Three or four more shootin's an' cuttin's kep' up the excitement fur a day or two, but nobody was killed, an' my chances fur gettin' the Broadaxe location again looked ez slim ez ever.

"One night they hed a game o' draw down at Strobebridge's, an' Charlie Rogers, who'd bought out his pardners, put up the Broadaxe fur a hundred dollars. Si Silverbrace won it, an' Rogers dropped out o' the game dead broke. Si played along fur an hour or two, but didn't seem to hev no luck arter he fell heir to Broadaxe, an' about midnight he shoved her up upon three jacks afore the draw. Jim Murphy was dealin', an' I seed him lift a hand from his lap ez cold ez Chris'mas. Si filled, and he grinned triumphant like under his big slouch hat, 'cause, ye see, Broadaxe stood him in nearly five hundred dollars, an' enough on the board to make him even ef he hauled it down.

"Bet yer a hundred more," says Si, chuckin' up a note. "See it, an' raise ye two hundred," says Murphy, pretendin' to be doubtful an' lookin' at the corners o' the kerds he lifted.

"Two hundred goes," says Si, slowly draggin' out his buckskin an' fishin' fur more cale seed.

"Then, kind o' sorrowful like, ez ef chuck full o' grief at losin' sich a good chance to git away 'ith a bigger stake, he calls fur a sight.

"What'ev ye got?" says Murphy. An' fur the life o' him he couldn't help grinnin'. Si seed the color o' Jim's teeth an' knowed he was gone.

"Jacks full on eights," he whispered so faint ye could hardly hear him.

"Tain't good agin a king full on bullets," says Murphy, an' he showed 'em down ez easy an' natcheral ez ef he'd played it fair an' square from the jump.

"Si looked mighty sick, but he didn't say nothin' an' left the table. The game went on purty slow arter thet, an' Murphy got up nineteen hundred ahead, 'ith the Broadaxe paper in his pocket, an' me standin' there wonderin' ef I'd hev a better show to corral it ef I blowed the true bizness to Si, an' then skinned out till the shootin' was over. I was jist on the pint o' givin' Murphy away, w'en the risk I'd be runnin' ef Si didn't get the drop on Murphy staggered me, an' I kep' my pints to myself. Murphy soon arter fell against a fero bank, an' asked the dealer what he'd take Broadaxe fur between the king an' jack. The dealer hummed an' hawed a minute, an' fin'ly says: 'Secin' it's you, Murphy, we'll let you bet her fur fifty, but you can't buy a quarter check 'ith it.' So Murphy plays Broadaxe between the king an' jack, an' in about three turns my location is chucked into the bank's safe. I waited long enough to see Murphy lose about a thousan', an' then I lights out fur a pool game down town. Steve, you know I ain't no slouch knockin' pins over, an' you'll b'lieve me w'en I tell you thet the solitary five I carried out o' thet fero bank was seventy-five afore nine o'clock nex' mornin'. At ten o'clock I hed the transfer paper in my pocket, an' makin' tall tracks over the trail to my location, thinkin' what a big pile o' coin thet little scrap o' paper, kivered 'ith indorsements, represented, to say nothin' o' the fun'ral expenses it'd been the cause of. I foun' ev'rythin' kerrect, an' nobody to keep me off. I went in the shaft an' found two new drifts, an' a pile o' new tools an' blazin' powder. I didn't hev no time to lose, 'cause there was plenty o' toughs roun' to jump the claim ef they thought there was anythin' in it.

"While I was settin' on the dump pile, a thinkin' over matters an' things, along comes Big Tim Conner, an' arter givin' him a game o' wind, I let him into a part o' my plans an' took him in ez a silent pardner. I hed to do it to perfect my rights. Thet night we borrowed a burro 'ithout lettin' the owner know nothin' about it, an' made six trips to three or four payin' leads. The nex' day we worked in the lower drift; an' w'en we'd got things fixed we took a snooze, an' went into town 'ith some o' the richest rock we could find in our drifts arter we'd got through stoppin' an' crosscuttin'. O' course Tim an' me give the camp the gran' gaff; an' in about an hour one o' them Californy Street experts asks us, careless like, ef we was on the sell, an' what we'd take fur the mine ez she stood. We didn't want to sell; we hed too good a thing. Thet made the agent more anxious, an' he stuck to us like a barnacle to a scow's keel. Bimeby, arter the agent had lickered us about ten dollars worth, we pertended to give in a little, an' fin'ly we made him a proposition: Ef he'd let us put in one more blast, he could go into the drift alone, an' whatever he offered, w'en he see what the powder hed opened up, we'd take; but he hed to go down alone, an' only stay down long enough to take one observation; then we was to trust to his honor fur a fair valuation. Then we drewed up the papers, reg'lar, an' nex' day about noon we put in the blast. Lord, how she did scatter things; I don't b'lieve ye could a told Standard rock from Bechtel ore to a saved yer life, they was so mixed. Anyhow me an' Tim didn't go back in the drift to look; but ez soon 's the smoke hed puffed out a little the agent slides down an' stays thar about twenty minits, lookin' at the 'indications' we'd freighted out from Bodie two nights afore by jackass express. Lord! ef jackasses could only talk, an' wasn't too high priced 'ith ther pints! W'en the expert come up he looked at us sorter queer, an' I thought, fur a minit, hed dropped on our little game. But he hedn't, fur he says, 'What d'ye think o' two thousan'?' 'Two thousan's good, ain't it?' says I, winkin' at Tim. 'A bargain's a contrac', says Tim, an' thet settled the bizness. We filled out the blanks in the dockyments, an' got our paper on the bank. Then Tim an' me lit out too, quick, you bet; we didn't think it was healthy to stay an' see the big works the agent said he was goin' to put up. You know, Steve, how they talk about us fellers there, an' the chances a 'wild cat speculator,' as they calls us, runs, w'en they tumbles to the low-grade ore in our foot-walls. But I reckon they won't cross the desert to haul us back to Bodie—two hundred miles o' alkali is a derned mean stretch o' kentry out here in Nevada, an' don't ye furgit it. What become o' Tim Conner? Oh, he loafed aroun' Carson, speecin' an' gamblin'—lost most o' his share o' the spec at poker. Yes, he did play a game or two 'ith me; I didn't win all his money, though; he hed to live, ye know, an' gin costs money. The last I heerd o' Tim he was shovelin' sand out at Cheyenne. Yes, I reckon I ken stan' another drink; stan' in, boys. Gi'me a cocktail, barkeep, stiff; this derned alkali hangs to a man's throat like grim death to a dead nigger."

Silence reigned in that desert hostelry for a moment, broken presently by a clattering of spoons against glassware, followed by a soft gurgling sound. "What did ye say was the name o' thet claim you sold?" asked Steve. "The Broadaxe. Why?" "Oh, nothin'." "What's the matter with ye? What're ye all grinnin' at?" And the speculator placed his glass on the counter and looked around upon the crowd of miners and teamsters as if he "meant business."

"D'ye ever read the papers?" asked Steve. "Sometimes."

"Read 'em lately?"

"No."

"What'd you say was the name o' that wild cat o' yourn?"

"Broadaxe, d—n it, Broadaxe. D'ye want me to write it down fur ye? Ask that Californy Street sharp; I reckon he knows."

"Broadaxe, eh. Well, ol' boy, you *did* play it fine, an' no mistake—on yerself," answered Steve.

"What d'ye mean?" fiercely inquired the speculator.

"Read the papers."

"Gi'me a paper. Where is it? Where'll I look?"

"Look at the stock list."

Another interval of silence, and then a murmur from the speculator:

"Broadaxe—Bid, seventeen 'n three quarters; asked, eighteen 'n a half. It's a lie! I don't b'lieve—"

"Look at thet," said Steve, indicating a paragraph in the introductory summary.

"The fust—blast—put in by the—new comp'ny—opened

up—a rich—body—of ore—wich hez gradgerly widened—an' the indications promise—the richest returns of—any—mine—now being worked—in this district. Broadaxe—bids—fair—to—rival—the—richest—gold—mine—in—the—world."

The words fell from his lips slowly, as if some unseen power was dragging them out by main force.

"The richest gold mine in the world."

The speculator dashed the paper to the floor, and arose in the majesty of despair, exclaiming:

"Salted, by the eternal! Salted, by God!"

He rushed from the saloon, and his last words, as caught by the crowd of desert nomads, were wafted back upon the wings of the soft summer breeze—

"Salted! salted! salted!"

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28, 1878. E. H. CLOUGH.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

La société qui fait tant de mal ressemble à ce serpent des Indes dont la demeure est la feuille d'une plante qui guérit sa morsure; elle présente presque toujours le remède à côté de la souffrance qu'elle a causée.—*Alfred de Musset.*

La raison humaine peut guérir les illusions, mais non pas guérir les souffrances.

L'amour est une chose frivole, et cependant c'est la seule arme avec laquelle on puisse frapper les âmes fortes.—*Stendhal.*

La saveur des pensées détachées dépend d'une expression concise; ce sont des grains de sucre ou de sel qu'il faut savoir fondre dans une goutte d'eau.—*J. Petit-Senn.*

On peut dire des femmes et du mariage tout ce qu'on voudra, on ne renoncera pas plus aux unes qu'à l'autre.

Les femmes trompent quelquefois l'amant, jamais l'ami.—*Mercier.*

L'amour a plus de fiel que de miel.—*Ovide.*

On meurt deux fois, je le vois bien.
Cesser d'aimer et d'être aimable,
C'est une mort insupportable;
Cesser de vivre, ce n'est rien.—*Voltaire.*

Ce qui fait que la plupart des femmes sont peu sensibles à l'amitié, c'est qu'elle est fade quand on a senti l'amour.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Aimer, c'est être deux et n'être qu'un: un homme et une femme qui se fondent en un ange, c'est le ciel.—*V. Hugo.*

L'amour a des dédommagements que l'amitié n'a pas.—*Montaigne.*

"Donne-moi mille baisers, Lesbie, ensuite cent, mille autres ensuite, et puis cent autres encore. Lorsque tu m'en auras accordé plusieurs milliers, nous les mèlerons ensemble, de peur d'en connaître le nombre, ou qu'un jaloux ne nous porte envie, en apprenant que nous nous sommes baisés tant de fois."—*Catulle.*

En envoyant à Mademoiselle de B... un exemplaire de sa traduction de *l'Art d'Aimer*, d'Ovide, le marquis de M... meures écrivit sur le volume:

Cette lecture est sans égale,
Ce livre est un petit dédale
Où l'esprit prend plaisir d'errer.
Julie, suivez les pas d'Ovide,
C'est le plus agréable guide
Qu'on peut choisir pour s'égayer.

Le duc d'Orléans, régent de France, voulait aller au bal de l'Opéra et n'y être pas reconnu. —J'en sais un moyen, dit l'abbé Dubois, et dans le bal il lui donna des coups de pied dans le derrière. Le régent qui les trouva trop forts et trop nombreux lui dit: —L'abbé, tu me déguises trop.

Lafontaine entendait plaindre le sort des damnés au milieu du feu d'enfer dit: —J'espère qu'ils s'accoutument et qu'à la fin, ils sont là comme le poisson dans l'eau.

On demandait à Diderot son opinion sur un homme très-riche qui venait de mourir: —C'est un homme qui a mangé deux millions sans dire un bon mot et sans faire une bonne action, répondit-il.

Un médecin de campagne allait visiter un malade au village prochain. Il prit avec lui un fusil pour chasser en chemin et se désennuyer. Un paysan le rencontra et lui demanda où il allait. —Voir un malade, répondit le médecin. —Avez-vous peur de le manger?

Une dame causant avec Monsieur de F. lui dit: Vous ne savez que dire des sottises. —Madame, répondit-il, j'en entends quelquefois, et vous me prenez sur le fait.

—Vous baillez, disait un homme fort ennuyé de Monsieur X. —Oui, répondit-il, quand je suis seul, je m'ennuie.

Sans les femmes, les deux extrémités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisir.

Vénus, d'après la mythologie, était fille des ondes; elle accoucha de l'amour: On ne pouvait attendre que des tempêtes d'une fille de la mer.

Léandre traversa l'Hellespont à la nage, au milieu de la tempête pour se réunir à son amante Héro, prêtresse de Vénus:

Léandre, conduit par l'amour,
En nageant, disait aux orages:
"Laissez-moi gagner les rives,
Ne me noyez qu'à mon retour."

Il n'y a point de mariages dans le Paradis. Dieu merci.

Il est trop tôt pour se marier quand on est jeune, et trop tard quand on est vieux.—*Thales.*

L'amour fait maigrir. Si une merluiche devenait veuve, elle serait grasse.—*Proverbe Provençal.*

Un médecin, accompagné d'un ami, rencontre une dame qu'il salue. Celle-ci ne lui rend pas sa politesse. —Qu'y a-t-il donc? demande l'ami. —J'ai soigné son mari dangereusement malade. —Ah! ah! et vous l'avez tué? —Au contraire, je l'ai guéri. —Oh! très-bien, je comprends.

La plus perdue de toutes les journées est celle où l'on n'a pas ri.—*Chamfort.*

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29, 1878. L. G. J. DE FINOD.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.—IX.

By an Early Californian.—San Francisco, 1848.

Each year a vessel comes from New Archangel for its cargo. This year (and last year also; I hear) it was commanded by an officer of the Russian navy, named Rudakoff (who became governor of Alaska in 1851, or thereabouts). Although he spoke but little Spanish or English, he could make himself understood in those languages, but depended mostly on his French, which all educated Russians speak so fluently. He was a handsome man of the true Russian type, of medium height, with good figure, surmounted by a round, well-shaped head. His hair and small military moustache were just tinged with red. His complexion was fair and florid, and his eyes blue. He had a beaming, if not jovial expression, and was in every way an agreeable companion, and very popular with us all. He dined frequently on shore, and we often with him on board his vessel. His stories and anecdotes were so Russian, and his description of St. Petersburg (as he called it), and Moscow and Sitka so unlike any thing we had heard, that we were never tired of listening to him. Next year he returns to St. Petersburg, and wants me to go with him. He said if I would agree to that, he would send for a government permit; that I would not suffer from cold, being well wrapped in furs, and the houses of huts where we would stop being perfectly heated; that the country we would pass through would in parts be wilder and colder than any I could conceive of, and that we should travel in sleds, sometimes drawn by dogs, and sometimes by reindeer. How I should enjoy it! In the sketch of the town which I sent you on my arrival you will notice an island over toward the Contra Costa side of the bay. It goes by the name of Yerba Buena Island, though some call it Goat Island, because Don Nathan Spear and Juan Fuller had a lot of goats grazing and increasing there. As the animals are sometimes interfered with, they have put notices in the papers warning people against meddling with them. Don Nathan lays claim to the island, which may in time become valuable for fortifications or other government purposes. (This was afterwards sold by him to Captain Ed. King for "one hundred cents," I believe.) Don Nathan is highly esteemed, having lived long at the Sandwich Islands and on this coast, and is the oldest merchant in California. While carrying on business in Monterey, Alvarado was a clerk of his, and when the latter became Governor he lost none of his attachment for his old employer, offering him, it is said, a large grant of land provided he would become a Mexican citizen. Don Nathan could not bring his mind to it however, still continuing American, and perfectly satisfied with a lot here and there, and his island. A friend of his, of great ability, and greater prosperity, is Mr. Eliab Grimes, for a long time in business in the Sandwich Islands, but now associated here with Mr. William H. Davis. Even before gold was discovered their profits on cargoes from the Islands were very large. I have understood that they cleared on the merchandise in the brig *Euphemia*, sold after my arrival, the sum of \$60,000. Old Grimes, as he is called, is a dry old gentleman of strong common sense, and a very strong way of expressing it. I have heard him swear. Our mining enterprise was anything but a success. Its whole history is a sad one. Owing to the deserted condition of the town and the consequent small amount of practice here, Dr. Fourgeaud made up his mind that he must look for it somewhere nearer the mines. The prospect of interesting himself in gold washing there was also an important consideration. While he was away for a fortnight in May exploring the country in the neighborhood of Sutter's Fort, he concluded to purchase a ranch on Bear River, owned by a German, and which he offered to sell for a reasonable price. It had a pretty good house on it for the accommodation of Mrs. Fourgeaud and their little boy, and was not very far from Yuba, where the mining prospects were good. Chartering a launch in the month of June, he and his family, with their household goods, were on their way to Sinclair's ranch (owned by Eliab Grimes, and situated on the American River. It happened when they arrived in the country that they came down the Sacramento River in a launch belonging to a man named Kriesberg, one of the unfortunate party who were snowed up and starved in coming over the mountains. Many of them died, but this man with a few others sustained themselves by eating human flesh. The horrible story you have already heard, as well as the rescue of the survivors by a party lead by Lieut. Selim Woodworth, U. S. N. This same launch, as it was of good size and safely navigated, making good time always, was the one chartered by the Doctor. Although it had a cabin, they preferred to have their beds spread upon the deck. There was an awning over them, and at night they were inclosed partially by canvas walls which afforded them all the privacy of a tent. Sometimes of an evening, when Kriesberg was in the cabin, they could overhear him relate his awful story. He would speak of his horrible repasts, and describe the delicacy of what he considered the choicest bits. The hands seemed to be a favorite portion, but other parts were scarcely less so. I will not dwell upon so disgusting a subject, and only allude to it now to show you that a human being can not only continue to live among people who have a certain horror of him, but to live in a seemingly happy and longing remembrance of his dreadful experience. There was always something to enjoy in their little voyage. Its varieties of wind and calm, its constant change of scene, the occasional quiet, and their loneliness in so wide an expanse of territory, gave them much to think of. When they reached the river, the crew would occasionally when the wind died away tie the boat to the bank or warp it along for a while. At these times no human beings met their sight; not even an Indian could be seen along those wide plains. In seven days their voyage ended, and the morning after they arrived at Sinclair's they set out on horseback for the German's. On one horse were Mrs. Fourgeaud and the little pet dog which came over the plains with them, and on the other the Doctor and little Nonie. Packed behind each were various little articles and some food required on the road and on arrival at their place of destination. A quarter of lamb which Mr. Sinclair had given them was tied on somewhere and formed part of the precious cargo.

JAMES C. WARD.

Life is like a city full of crooked streets.

"FIFTEEN AND A HALF."

Hair bright as a golden dollar,
Tight coiled, save one wandering tress;
Two white linen cuffs and a collar
Believing a black moiré dress;
Two eyes, soft and blue as the heavens,
Caught nigh and compelled me to stop;
My wits were at stakes and seven
When passing her shop.

When passing! Ah, had I not passed it!
But I am mere mortal, you see.
The spirit who through Lent time has fasted
At Easter regards himself free.
And I, who so long had been blameless,
Felt arrows through all my veins dart,
And a sentiment, hitherto nameless,
Awoke in my heart.

I entered, nerved for the encounter;
My senses came back by degrees;
As she, leaning over the counter,
Said, "What can I do for you, please?"
I gazed round the store's narrow radius—
Imagine my case if you can—
'Twas obviously meant but for ladies,
And I was a man.

I know more of Sanscrit or Latin
Than naming of feminine gear.
"Two yards and a half, please, of satin."
"We only keep underwear here."
Only underwear! That word suggested
One name that I didn't forget;
Most diffidently I requested
A frilled chemisette.

"What size?" The remark, you'll acknowledge,
Can not be regarded as fair;
I never had studied at college
What size the dear creatures do wear.
I thought that the best way was lightly
To turn the thing off with a laugh;
I answered, as gravely as might be,
"Fifteen and a half."

Fifteen and a half! She looked puzzled.
"Fifteen and a half what, sir, pray?"
My eloquence fairly was muzzled,
Because I had nothing to say.
"One moment—I'll show you a sample;"
She pulled a box down from the shelf.
"Don't mind," I said; "that size is ample
That you wear yourself."

Then she colored up quick, like a blush rose;
Said, "Sir, you insult me," and more;
While I, like a fool, with a rush rose
And made my best time for the door.
Her face, as I looked back, was changing—
Still angry, yet ready to laugh.
Now, what in the world is so strange in
Fifteen and a half?

LONDON, August, 1878.

G. H. JESSOP.

From Arcadia.

Idle and careless, with my book,
I linger where wild roses cling,
And cool ferns droop and sparrows sing,
Beside the brook.

Who has not dreamt some dainty dream,
Half sad, half merry, with scant tears
Wrung from the foolish, formless fears
Which seemed to seem?

And if there came a tangled thrill—
Half joy, half pain—a vision sweet
Of blue-black eyes, of bare white feet,
Or something, good or ill—

Was one to choose, as tradesmen may,
Who buy their goods in bale or crate,
And measure men and deeds and fate
Like ricks of hay?

No! For one may not wisely say
If it be good or ill for him
Who sees 'mid vistas thronged and dim
A gleam of day.

Yet who shall stand 'twixt me and fate,
If from the burden of some dream
I whisper to the babbling stream,
'I love you, Kate'?"

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1878.

R. S. SMITH.

Too Late.

When the trial began, Spring could promise no more
For the Summer's pomp and the Autumn's store.
But the Spring went by and the Summer time came,
And its clouds were tinted with purple flame.
Too gay and too full of a perilous pride
For her sober mate was the new-made bride.
Whose was the fault when the wrangling screech
At last took the place of the loving speech?
Pride awoke pride, and scorn repaid scorn.
And the storm-clouds burst on the tender corn
All trampled and spoiled in the fields of home—
The harvest and fruitage failed ever to come.
For a woman lay down on the bed of death,
And a pardon implored with her latest breath;
And a man knelt there who bore his part
With that worse than a broken, a hardened heart.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1878.

C. H.

Patience.

The swift years bring but slow development
Of the world's majesty; for Freedom is
Born grandly, as a solid continent,
Layer upon layer, from chaos and the abyss,
Shoulders its awful granite to the light,
Building the eternal mountains, on whose crests
The brooding calmness of the infinite,
Pinnacled in the intense sapphire, rests.
But we, whirled round and round in fevered gusts
Of eager indignation, think to weigh
Against God's patience our gross griefs and lusts,
Like foolish Jonah before Nineveh
(O world-wide symbol of his famished gourd!)
Expostulating holily with the Lord.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1878.

RICHARD REALP.

The best communion comes when the rich spend and the poor save.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

The Elephant with a Nose for Flowers.—*The Shadow on the Wall, and the Effect of Climate on the Human Profile.*—*The Reluctant Barber and his Garrulous Customer; an instructive Tale.*—*An Apologue interesting to Giraffes and Hippopotamuses.*—*Concerning the Tree that Bore a Camel.*—*The Author declares his Tenderness for Sirup of Squills.*—*A Shepherd Dog's expression of Want of Confidence in His Flock.*

One time my mother she was to the show, and my mother she had sum nice posies out of the hot house, 4 bits a posy, and there was a ephalant. Wen my mother she see the ephalant she sed: "Wot a long noze!"

Then the show man he sed: "Yes, mam, and if you was to let him smel yure bookak with it you wude make him reel happy, cos Providence don't make sech nozes jest for ornament."

So my mother she let the ephalant smel the posys and he et em up in a minnit. But that was wen my mother she was a little girl like Mary, thats the house maid, fore she had met me, cos I cude told her the ephlents trunk wasent a nose but a proboscus.

Ole Gaffer Peters he has got a mity long noze too, I can jest tel you, an one night he was to our house, and his shadder was on the wall, and Uncle Ned he sed: "Gaffer, you set reel stil an let me dro yure profe."

And Gaffer he done it. And Uncle Ned he drod it, but he made Gaffers nose bout a foot long, you never see sech a nose, more like a plov. Then my mother she sed: "Wot a sprizn likenis!" an my father he sed: "I wude hav knode that picter if I had saw it with my eyes shet," but Gaffer he loked and diddnt say nothing. But purty sune Gaffer he thot a wile, and then he puld his hankchef out and blode it. And then he sed, Gaffer did: "I got a mity bad cold."

And after a wile he blode it a other time and sed: "This cole of mine is a goin for to cary me to the grave."

An prety sune he blode it sum more and sed: "Wot a dredful swel up snoot a bad cole wil giv a man in this gum dasted climet!"

And now I wil tel you a little story wich was tole to me. One time a man wich was a wisky drinker an had a red nose, jest like fire, only no smoke, he went in to a barber shop for to git shafe, and he sed to the barber man, the wisky drinker did: "Now I want you to shafe me reel nice an Ile pay you, but no conversation, cos I wont hav it, dont you tock to me."

So the barber man he sharpened his razor, and put a towel under the man's chin, and then he went to the wotter cooler an drod a bole of ice wotter. Then the man he set up strate and sed: "Are you a goin to shafe me with sech wotter as that?"

But the barber man he diddnt say any thing, but went to latherin with warm woter. But bime by he stoped and went and got some wite rags and laid em down by side the ice woter. Then the man sed a other time: "Wots them for, I thot barbers always whiped their razors onto the *Bulletin*!"

But the barber man he diddnt say any thing agin, but went to shafin the man and whipin his razor onto the *Bulletin*. But purty sune he stopt agin an went an fetched a bottle of linniment, and set it down by the rags and the ice wotter, and put some sweet oil long side the linniment. Then the wisky drinker wich had the nose he sed: "If you put that linniment onto my face, and sech oil on to my hair, I wil lick you til you cant rest."

And then the barber man spoke up and sed: "Ime so horse that it most kils me to speak, but you force me to explain that them dockter fixins is for my fingers, cos pretty soon I cant shafe yure upper lip less I take you by the nose."

But the nosest feller wich ever I see was a saw fish. A hippopotamus and a giraf was a feedin, and thay come together and loked at one a other a wile a stonish. Wen the hippo had loked enoug it puld a root from tween its feet and et it down. Then the giraf licked in sum leafs from the top of a tree and sed: "I never see a poor feller so short cuppled like you, wich has got to stand on his own dinner."

But the hippo it smiled bout like a coal seller an sed: "The dfference tween me and you is I do my dining to home, like gentlemen, but you got to put yurn out."

A feller he was a huntin in Africy, and there was a other feller, and one of em he went onto a hil bout as highly as a steeple, but no whether cock, and he cude see abuv the trees and he seen a giraf had a stickin up out of the woods, hi like a libetty pole, only no flag on it, jest ears. Then the feller whic was on the hil he come down to the other and sed: "Hav you got a ax?"

And the other feller sed yes he had, wot of it? Then the feller wich had ben on the hil he sed: "You take yure ax and go in them woods and look up, and you wil find a tre wich has got a cammel a grain on it, and you jest cut the tre down and pick the cammel."

Then the other feller he sed: "O non cents, how can cammels gro on trees?"

But the hil man he was offfe mad, and he sed a other time: "You mite jest as wel say: 'O non cents, how can snakes grow in the ground, same as willers?' But spose I was to tel you I have et snake root with my own mowth, wot then?"

But wen Billy, thats my brother, had the belly ake las time, he was give cat nip tea, but giv me serp squils an you may have of the cat nip, and the belly ake too, but wen Bildad, thats the new dog, is sick to his stunk he chews gras like oxes.

One time a sheprd dog he felt a little sick and et gras for to make him thro it up. And a ole sheep sed to the dog: "Seems to me that if mutten aint good enugh for you you better quit this bizness, and let us run it our own selfs."

SAN RAFAEL, October 4, 1878.

It has just ben discovered that Colonel Ingersoll writes poetry. Gentlemen, that shelves another Presidential aspirant.

Brignoli says: "I lofe ze Engleesh song. I seeng him better zan before. I could seeng him all ze night."

A BOHEMIAN REVEL.

Rusticating in the Ancient Capital of California.

ADOBE PALACE, Alvarado Ave., Monterey, Oct. 1st.

There were four of us who came down here to this dream city by the sea, on the little steamer a week ago, to rusticate and rest. Charles Warren Stoddard, a writer, dreamer, and brevet monk; Jos. D. Strong, an artist with the future all in front of him; L. G. J. de Finod, a wild French academician and a mighty hunter, and your humble servant, a person of no particular consequence; a most curious mixture of dispositions. The first as sad and sorrowful as a silken sigh; the second sleepy—buoyant only under the most favorable circumstances; the third as demonstrative and restless as the wayward waves; the fourth sullen and morose, subdued by a sodden spleen. On the way down we sat cross legged on the coils of rope forward and smoked, and talked, and gazed each other. At Santa Cruz we had a little French dinner at a very large price, and then went aboard the little tug again and twisted along through the night gazing at the stars, drinking in the fog, and reclining in the lee scuppers at every relentless roll. Ten o'clock found us cruising about somewhere in the vicinity of Monterey, peering about in the gray mist for a wharf light, and blowing the whistle for some answering sound. It came in the shape of a pistol shot, and a hundred yells from as many small boys, with a yellow dog accompaniment; then a light broke through the blinding bank, the nose of the boat jumped responsive to the quickly turned helm, figures became outlined against the deepened background, the lines were cast, and Jules Tavernier, a resident Bohemian, from the planks high above fairly howled out a welcome. De Finod responded in French, something was hurled back in Spanish, the mate gave the deck-hands the devil in Portuguese, a plank was slipped over the rail, and we climbed out of the little craft to be embraced and introduced in the dark, and fall over grain sacks, and run against unyielding freight cars; then we got straightened out and went jabbering along the wharf, escorted by the small boys, preceded by the dogs, and followed at a respectful distance by a man with a lantern. Monsieur de Finod was the guide. He had visited the place once before and knew all about it—more so than the oldest inhabitant. He was going to take us to his splendid tavern where "a fair señorita keeps ze place so neat as ze vax," when every arrangement was suddenly shattered by the information that the presiding genius of the place had been married within the week. There is a general howl. The bridegroom is on hand to apologize, and swift to suggest another destination. We counseled in French, and German, and Spanish, and English, and then filed through the sand, filling our low-necked shoes flush with the gunwales, but keeping close on the heels of Dr. Heintz, the young bridegroom, who conducted us along under the shadow of huge adobe walls, across a shaky little bridge, and smack into the face of a barn-like building beyond. Not a glimmer of light anywhere. The Doctor rattles the rusty bell, a dog barks, a head appears, a candle is lit, the situation explained in French and Spanish, and we mount the crazy stairs and lean against the board partitions, till the house is ransacked for keys admitting us to rooms that smell as musty as a tomb. But we make the best of it, say good-bye to the guides and escort, kick out the dogs, and go to bed to smell the fragrant smoke of the candle-wick, which we in the general disgust had forgotten to choke to death—and listen to the strange noises ringing through the old rattle-trap of a place. We are a mile and a half apart. Stoddard and Strong in the third twist of the corridor, de Finod at the head of the stairs, and I down a little passage way with a step that broke the small of my back. No chance of a rescue if bounced by a ghost: the creaking bed suggests them. I dose away in the arms of shadowy shapes. In the middle of the night a restless Diego in the next room slams up against the board partition, and I wake with a start that stops the heart beat. Morning comes slowly: and as early as possible we are up comparing dreams; they are all bad, and, being superstitious, we conclude not to sleep in the place again. Then we sail out to take a look at the town. Charles Warren, with his Scotch cap and long ulster, just floats over the little bridge, Strong skips after him, de Finod and I take the middle of the road, and, behold, we are in the very centre of "the ancient capital of California." A queer old place. Streets twisting like trails accommodately up the hillside; adobe buildings, with tiled roofs, arranged curiously on either side; gardens walled in from vulgar intrusion—not a soul in sight. Beyond we can see the old fort, with the flagstaff of the whaling station on a bit of a hill. To the left, on a high ridge, a forest of pines, in which a heavy fog is hanging. To the right a lagoon, a stretch of desolate looking sand dunes, a sweeping, beautiful reach of beach on which the white horses charge with a roar. In the immediate foreground, two wharves, between which float a fleet of fishing boats; beyond, the bay, as blue and beautiful as that of Naples; and above, an atmosphere that shimmers out the glory blaze of the morning sun, and tempers to a nicety the breath of indolence. "Ah," says Stoddard, in a high aspirate, "it makes me wild." Now, Jules Tavernier comes swinging around the corner with both hands in his pockets, and presents again Herr Carl Von Perbandt, a fellow artist, whom the darkness had covered the night before. We are reminded of breakfast. Across the way from where we are standing a figure, bald and grotesque, suddenly appears in a door. That is old Simoneau, well known to Bohemians as the keeper of an alleged French restaurant and ale house. He crams us into his solitary "private room," looking out upon the old jail yard, and surprises us with a spread of raw sardines, cantaleup, and shuddering wine. Vociferously we howl for coffee, and get it, as the ransom of the dishes on the table which we threatened to break. We don't like the breakfast any better than we did the lodging, and hold a consultation. The result is, that we take rooms at the St. Charles, and accept an invitation to dine with Dr. Heintz, the town physician. This finishes up Sunday. Monday a brilliant idea strikes us. The sisters of Mr. Strong have a whole house on Alvarado Avenue, in which they have been living in quiet retirement for three or four months—the eldest one painting most industriously, the younger, who is not an artist, sighing for this city and its attractions of social life. We will make them take us as boarders. We call and make the proposi-

tion, and are met with a hundred objections. "We are too particular; there are but three plates in the house; no extra knives and forks, no silver spoons; the stove isn't much larger than a dipper, and nothing in the town to cook." But, obstinate as tramps usually are, we refused to take "no" for an answer, and made all sorts of impossible promises. In the first place we agreed not to grumble; second, we promised to "pool our issues," and buy a larger stove if necessary, and all the required crockery; third, we gave bonds to pay the first week's board in advance; and fourth, last but not least, we solemnly swore not to flirt with the cook nor call the housekeeper landlady. This settled, and we all registered with a piece of charcoal on the kitchen wall. Things moved along swimmingly. We bought the necessary dishes, helped get in the provisions, and when the old lady who lived next door, in the fullness of her heart, loaned us her large kitchen stove, we mashed our fingers and humped our aristocratic backs with genuine Christian fortitude in getting it in through the narrow doors. Miss Nolie Strong was installed as housekeeper and engineer-in-chief of the kitchen; Miss Lizzie kept order and dignity, and a plump, auburn-haired little partidge of a girl, a native of the town, was induced to do the dish-washing for the magnificent and munificent sum of \$1 per week. She afterward struck for \$1.50, and we had to pay it. You are assured our first dinner was a success. I did part of the marketing. Jewed down the Italian fisherman at the wharf, and cleaned the smelts for the frying-pan. Strong spread the table, de Finod interfered with the cooking, and Stoddard was continually in the way, being run over, and asking that heart-rendering question of his, "Are you mad with me?" Such times as we have had. Plenty of fish, and bread, and beef, and fruit, and *vin ordinaire*, and *café noir*, and cigarettes between each course, and a chance to put both elbows on the table. Then to sleep, to dream, to wake and eat again; to feel a forgetfulness of the city, to snooze in the middle of the day like an old resident, or an over-fed pelican on a sunny rock; to sleep at night and never miss a train, and get up late in the morning; to mock at care and responsibility, to simply exist, not live. Monday afternoon we had a bit of excitement. Two miles below the town a fishing boat went ashore in the surf, drowning one poor fellow, and badly smashing another. We saw the search for the body, the return of the boat along the beach, drawn by six horses, the Italian flag hanging at half-mast on the end of the fisherman's wharf. That same night, in the same place, a schooner, through the carelessness of the crew, was beached, four men in the rigging for several hours before they could get off. This wreck was a thing of interest to visit; a plaything of the waves. Tuesday and Wednesday we lounged along the rocky coast, and smoked, and bathed, and cat-napped in the sun. Thursday we camped at Cypress Point, and pried off abalone shells, and peered into the wonderful natural aquariums among the rocks, and shot sand snipe, and made it interesting with rifle-bullets for the pelicans perched on the rocks at sea. The rest of the week we made a rendezvous of Tavernier's commodious studio, and talked art, drank beer, and bored the town's people with our conversation and opinions. Sunday afternoon we gave a big dinner—a banquet I might say—to our friends. So thoroughly infatuated had we become with housekeeping and domestic economy that this was the only way in which the enthusiasm could be worked off. Dish-washing failed to do it. So with all the ardor and the inexperience and clumsiness of fledglings in this unaccustomed business, we went, in the language of chivalry, for that dinner. Our reputation as entertainers was at stake, so we must give a big one. The first programme made out would have taxed the capacity of the Palace Hotel. The second was a trifle more sensible; the third somewhat feasible; and the fourth attempt accepted as a fact. Invitations were issued as follows, each one having at its head a sketch, in black and white, of some dish calculated to tickle to death the palate of the individual guest:

THE INVITATION.

You are most cordially invited to meet the San Francisco Embassy at the summer residence of the Misses Strong, on Sunday afternoon, to participate in "a Bohemian blow out," given after the most approved and *distingue* fashion. Hereof fail not. R. S. V. P.

ADOBE PALACE, Alvarado Avenue, September 28.

The documents, in the absence of a footman, were delivered by us in person, the invited being requested to open the billet at once, and say that it was all right, and that they would come, which they all did. Then for the details of the dinner. We took a look at the banquet hall—being the drawing-room of the adobe—and concluded that it must be decorated. From Cypress Point we brought long, straggling branches of that curious evergreen with long, lonesome streamers of Spanish moss, and tacked them on wall and window top, and pronounced it very good. Then we made a raid on Tavernier's studio, pulled down his tapestries, made lambrequins out of the gorgeous Chinese and Indian robes that covered the walls, and carted off his unfinished pictures and sketches, to give color, tone, and effect to the other things we had appropriated. Then we set the artists at work on special features. On one of the windows Tavernier put in a full-length figure of Literature, and on the other Strong painted Art—both of them rich in color when the sunlight streamed through like the filtered light of some grand old cathedral. Then we took the girls' bureau, wrenched off the looking-glass on top, covered it with a Japanese figured cloth, piled on our little stock of wines, pushed it up under the stained glass window, and we had a buffet that made us shriek with delight. Tavernier, in the meantime, had painted an immense owl, with outstretched wings, and a look the very counterfeit of life. This was put above the buffet. A *carte de menu* was then painted on a huge strip of thick pasteboard, used for covering roofs. Each guest had a dish named in honor of him, and an individual cartoon in Tavernier's best style. This *carte* was something wonderful, and tacked on the ceiling, reached the floor. The festive board was made up of our own table and a borrowed one, covered with two borrowed table cloths. The wine glasses, and the cups and saucers, and the knives and forks, and spoons, and two-thirds of all the table furniture, were borrowed from neighbors and the hotel. We could find but three small butter dishes in the town, and used sauce plates instead. When set the table was a gorgeous affair; the white cloth was almost entirely hidden with beautiful ferns, interspersed with the highest-colored flowers that could be procured. For fruit bowls, we had two immense Chinese dragons—with apples tucked artistically behind their ears,

shaggy manes of grapes, and peaches stuck on their pointed nostrils. A card with the name of the guest was on each plate; also a *boutonnière*; also napkins—which were mighty hard to get; also a trimming about each little pat of butter. And the bill of fare? Twelve courses, with seven different kinds of wines and cordials. How is that for Monterey? Soup and fish (mullet and salmon carp), snipe for game, entrees innumerable, roasts, relishes *ad lib.*, champagne, and Madeira, and anisette, and French brandy, and *café noir*. At two o'clock the guests arrived. Miss Lizzie Strong, and Charles Warren Stoddard—dressed like a monk, in robe and fez—received. Strong, in cap and apron, held the kitchen. The younger Miss Strong, daintily dressed in a Swiss costume, saw that the table was properly served. Herr von Perbandt, faultlessly gotten up as a French head waiter, in white kids and gold decorations, assisted her; while your correspondent, in full oriental costume, presided and manipulated the big knife and fork. After the preliminary course of relish and white wine, the music of a guitar and violin came floating from a corner of the room, where two native musicians behind a screen were concealed; and when the tinkle of the instruments palled on the ear, the two sung, in tenor and falsetto, their Spanish and Mexican serenades. And so the viands were discussed, and toasts given, and responded to—even the ladies making speeches. At seven o'clock we were still at table, but soon adjourned to a neighboring adobe that had more room on the ground floor. Then came fireworks in the garden and on the street—a dance in which the señoritas of the town joined; a serenade from the Monterey brass band, and seemingly the whole population of the place gathered to wonder what was going on. This is the general outline of the affair, the details of which can not be satisfactorily described or appreciated except by those who participated, or who understand the nature and surroundings of the sleepy old town. For it is a sleepy place. A spot to drone existence away, and you can not shake the feeling off. Except for an incident or two like the one narrated the breath of life almost needs to be breathed into one; you are too lazy to do it yourself. But enough of this communication. At another time I want to make you better acquainted, by sketches and description, with a spot so quaint and curious, so memorable in the history of the State; discovered before a 49er was ever thought of; rich in history of the doings of the old Padres, and relics of the days of sandaled foot and shaven crown; beautiful in its natural features of crescent beach, rugged shore line, snowy sand and sweep of sea; blessed as a place of refuge and rest for the weary brain, full of something the accursed city has not—perfect tranquillity.

FRED. M. SOMERS.

The Serenade.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

Who wakes me from my slumbers
With these strains from heaven drawn?
Sweet mother! see who it may be
That comes ere early dawn!

I hear not—I behold not—
Oh, sleep thou, soft and mild!
They sing for thee no serenade—
Thou little suffering child.

It is not earthly music
That fills me with delight;
The Angel calls me with his song!
Sweet mother, dear, good night!

SAN FRANCISCO, October 3, 1878. JULIA C. JONES.

Not many years ago an English traveler on the Continent happened to meet with the last surviving member of the famous scientific commission to which Napoleon, in 1805, submitted Fulton's project of steam navigation, which the pre-occupation of the Austertitz campaign prevented him from examining himself. The scientist, although near the close of his eighty-third year, was still in the full possession of his faculties, and the Englishman lost no time in bringing up the subject of the memorable decision, remarking that Monsieur D. was doubtless of a very different opinion now. "Well," said the Frenchman, "I'll tell you exactly how the thing happened. When Monsieur Fulton came among us with his idea we were so eager to find some means of crossing the channel in spite of the English cruisers that if he had been content to offer us that one project, and nothing more, I really believe we should have accepted it, wild though it seemed. But, instead of that, he brought forward half a dozen other mad notions, each more extravagant than the other, till at last we finished by setting him down as a mere visionary, and reporting to the Emperor that his whole scheme was a gross delusion. And, upon my word, if the thing were to happen over again, I think we should do just the same as before." One of these "mad notions," it may be observed, was the torpedo, and another was the submarine cable.

A *Herald* man has been interviewing Marie Roze's husband, Mr. Henry Mapleson. "And in what," said the *Herald* reporter, in an off-hand way, as he lingered *vis-à-vis* over a cup of *café noir* at the Everett House, "has your success consisted?" "In tact, diplomacy, education, *sans froid*, a knowledge of the public, and, what is the most important knowledge of all in my business, that of managing a *prima donna*. You take a member of a foreign legation, the manager of a zoological garden, take even Superintendent Walling at the head of the Metropolitan police force, boil them all down, and you will not find more incongruous elements in the *potage* than those which make an operatic company and must be adroitly served." Commenting on this interview *Puck* says: "We are rejoiced to find that this modest, retiring, refined, and cultured young gentleman is such a perfect man of business and of the world. We couldn't have a better authority than himself. It had been noised abroad that he rather lacked these important qualifications, and was what the English call 'a duffer'—but how this world is given to lying."

In reflecting on that little episode between Lydia Thompson and the editor of the *Chicago Times*, it struck us that nobody ever thought to ask in regard to Lydia: "Did Storey dern her animated bust?"

THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

[The following extract from an address delivered by Professor Haeckel, on the occasion of a banquet recently given him in Paris by the "French Association for the Advancement of Science," is translated from the *Revue Scientifique*, and will undoubtedly interest believers in the doctrine of the descent of man so well known in connection with the distinguished professor's name.]

There can be no doubt that man and the apes of the old and new world have descended from a common ancestor. That which, sooner or later, will lead all good minds to transformist doctrines is the feeling—every day more profound among us—of universal causality, of development, of continuity in nature. The number increases every day of those who seek the truth, the whole truth, and who rest only in the clear vision of the universal connection of effects and causes. Reason, causality, mechanism on one side; superstition, mysticism, teleology on the other. The theory of evolution, which considers and embraces entire nature as one whole, has replaced final causes by efficient causes. This has already been accepted, at least by philosophical minds, the only ones of which we need take count, for the old doctrines of the final causes of the unwise, the immutability of species, sterility of hybrids, geological catastrophes and successive creations, the impossibility of spontaneous generation, and of the youth of man on the earth. We can not say at what moment of time nor under what conditions the first living beings appeared at the bottom of the sea, but there can be no doubt that they have been formed chemically from inorganic carbon compounds. The primitive monads were born by spontaneous generation in the sea, as saline crystals are born of their mother waters. There does not exist, in fact, any other alternative to explain the origin of life. He who does not believe in spontaneous generation, or rather in the secular evolution of inorganic matter into organic matter, admits miracle. It is a necessary hypothesis, which can not be ruined either by *a priori* arguments or by laboratory experiments. The time has arrived to replace the antique dualistic and theological conception of life and spirit by the monistic or mechanical conception of the universe. We have arrived at the boundaries of the old and new faith. Mystery exists, perhaps impenetrable; in any case, scholastic arguments will not pierce it. The doctrine of final causes has all the *naïveté* of the explanations which prevail among savages and children; the theories of Lamarck and Darwin have given the last stroke to that decrepit doctrine. Modern morphology is irreconcilable, not only, I say, with the dogma of creation, but with that of a Providence, or of a vague idealistic Pantheism of the kind associated with the names of Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann. If there certainly exists in reality, as I have striven to show, an etiological connection between individual development and the development of ancestry, between ontogenesis and phylogenesis, the phenomena of human embryology are only mechanical and necessary effects of the evolution of our remote ancestors, conformably to the laws of heredity and adaptation. Seventy years ago, permit me to remind you, the great Lamarck created the theory of descent, which Darwin, half a century after, was to develop by fecundating it with his doctrine of selection, founded on the physiological properties of heredity and adaptation. Goethe had also conceived that doctrine very philosophically. For it is the honor of our conception of things to have seduced philosophers, poets, and critics, such as Kant, Goethe, and Strauss. These great and noble geniuses saw perfectly, gentlemen, that which we see better to-day; I mean to say that the theory of evolution is only a particular case of the most vast of cosmical hypotheses, that of the transformation and conservation of the physical forces. This is what the best minds, the most judicious and wisest, such as the eminent naturalist of Montpellier, of whom France ought to be proud, Professor Charles Martins, now admit with entire good faith. According to Professor Martins, in fact, "the theory of evolution binds together all questions of natural history, as the laws of Newton have bound together the movements of the celestial bodies. That theory has all the characteristics of the Newtonian laws." Certainly, the laws of life, morphological laws, the laws of transformation of living beings, under the influence of adaptation and heredity, of selection and vital concurrence, are not susceptible of the mathematical rigor of the laws of astronomy. We cannot, however, doubt that they exist, as we do those of psychology, ethnology, or science of character, and moral science. It is, I think, somewhat *naïve* to insist, as is often done, on the numerous anomalies which are observed among living human beings. These anomalies are only apparent as are perturbations in astronomy. If we possessed all the elements of these morphological laws, the solution, at least in part, of which I have at heart, we should see that these apparent anomalies are explained by the general laws of mechanics. No one denies that the extreme instability of the elements constituting the woof of organized beings renders biological problems of an infinite complexity. Our mission—to which we have succeeded after the great heroic generation of servants of the eighteenth century; for they were heroes, gentlemen, and the greatest of all, perhaps, the Laplaces, Lavoisiers, Kants, Lamarcks, Frederick Wolffs—our mission to all, naturalists, physiologists, physicians, philosophers, linguists, historians, is to continue those traditions of powerful thought and manly love of liberty which made our grandfathers almost the equals of those Greeks of Ionia and Attica, whom we venerated in our infancy as the fathers of all human science.

The weather prophet has begun his nefarious business. The old woman, the old man, the wild geese, the muskrats, the earliest Spaniard, the oldest inhabitant, the moon, the early showers, the Indians, gophers, ground squirrels, and a thousand other signs, are significant either of a dry or wet season, over which the weatherwise will prophesy. The newspapers will be full of it, and the preachers will soon begin to pray about it. This has been going on in the same way ever since the deluge.

Another hoodlum killed! That's nice. There is, after all, some compensation in having the Chinese among us. It would be better, however, if they would shoot their own hoodlums, and not subject gentlemen to the trouble of killing and the after expense of trial.

JOHNNY SKAE'S RIDE.

By an Enthusiastic and Fortunate Speculator.

From Davidson's shadows and sage-brush gray,
On to the Eastward went Johnny Skae,
Leaving behind him gloom-stricken men
Who, musing sadly, wondered when
The good old times should return again.
On toward the ocean sped Johnny Skae,
With the Comstock many a mile away.

Faster and faster the swift train flew,
Longer and longer the shadows grew.
Virginia City, the Mecca of old,
Whose wealth of silver has oft been told
In song and story, now hung her head,
Her spirit frozen, her glory fled;
Duller and sadder she grew each day,
And Johnny three thousand miles away.

Gloom and depression everywhere
Hung like a pall o'er the country's bier,
When, hush! Did you hear it? A whisper came
From the West to the East, like a flash of flame:
"Change in incline looks important!" Huza!
Shout for the dawn of a better day,
With Johnny two thousand miles away.

From Canadian valleys Johnny sped
A thousand hopes in that level head.
"Let not pick or shovel touch the incline!"
He sent answer back to that glorious mine,
Where they waited in patience for Johnny Skae
Now but five hundred miles away.

"They have struck it rich—God send it so!"
Men said to each other, but none might know
How true or false were the rumors until
The man of genius, and sense, and skill
Sent word from Reno, "Arrive to-day,
I am now only twenty miles away!"

"Now at her, boys," and the picks struck fast
Through the deep rich vein, then all doubt was past;
A glorious bonanza; a treasure which
Was all for the poor, and not for the rich.
And among the thousands there's none to-day
That have aught but praises for Johnny Skae.

The sunlight fell in a glittering stream
On Davidson's crest, and its glowing beam
Stretched over the desert, and far away
To this city fast by her tranquil bay;
But who was it charmed the clouds away?
Sierra Nevada and Johnny Skae!

There were some who viewed this auspicious hour
With grim forebodings of waning power,
Who had ruled the market closely and long
And against little good piled mountains of wrong,
Who saw their crown moulder and fall to dust,
Their gilded sceptre grow dim with rust,
Their proud throne crumble like sun-dried clay—
These loved not the name of Johnny Skae.

Then hurra! hurra! for Johnny Skae!
And many a heart that is blest to-day
With comfort and plenty still looks back
To the flying train and the sounding track,
When on to the surke in the dim incline,
To the grand old Sierra Nevada mine,
Like a meteor flash, came Johnny Skae
From a city three thousand miles away.

The Fight at Lookout.

Here, sit ye down 'longside of me, I'm getting old and gray,
But something in the paper, boy, has riled my blood to-day.
To steal a purse is mean enough, the most of men agree;
But stealing reputation seems a meaner thing to me.

A letter in the *Herald* says some generals allow
That there wa'n't no fight where Lookout rears aloft its shaggy brow;
But this coat-sleeve swinging empty here beside me, boy, to-day,
Tells a mighty different story to a mighty different way.

When sunbeams flashed o'er Mission Ridge that bright November morn,
The misty cap of Lookout's crest gave tokens of the storm,
For grim King Death had draped the mount in grayish, smoky
shrouds—
Its craggy peaks were lost to sight above the fleecy clouds.

Just at the mountain's rocky base we formed in serried lines,
While lightning with its jagged edge played on us from the pines;
The mission ours to storm the pits 'neath Lookout's crest that lay;
We stormed the very "gates of hell" with Fighting Joe that day.

The mountain seemed to vomit flames, the boom of heavy guns
Played base to Dixie's music, while a treble played the drums;
The eagles waking from their sleep looked down upon the stars
Slow climbing up the mountain's side with morning's broken bars.

We kept our eyes upon the Flag that upward led the way,
Until we lost it in the smoke on Lookout's side that day.
And then like demons loosed from hell we clambered up the crag,
"Excelsior" our motto, and our mission "Save the Flag."

In answer to the rebel yell we gave a ringing cheer,
We left the rifle-pits behind, the crest loomed upward near;
A light wind playing 'long the peaks just lifted Death's gray shroud,
We caught a gleam of silver stars just breaking through the clouds.

A shattered arm hung at my side that day on Lookout's crag,
And yet I'd give the other now to save the dear Old Flag;
The regimental roll, when called on Lookout's crest that night,
Was more than doubled by the roll Death called in realms of light.

Just as the sun sank slowly down behind the mountain's crest,
When mountain peaks gave back the fire that flamed along the west,
Swift riding down along the ridge, upon a charger white,
Came "Fighting Joe," the hero now of Lookout's famous fight.

He swung his cap, as tears of joy slow trickled down his cheek,
And, as our cheering died away, the General tried to speak.
He said, "Boys, I'll court-martial you—yes, every man that's here;
I said to take the rifle-pits—we stopped him with a cheer—
"I said to take the rifle-pits upon the mountain's edge,
And I'll court-martial you because—because you took the ridge!"

Then such a laugh as shook the ridge where late King Death had
strude.
And such a cheer as rent the skies as down our lines he rode;
I'm getting old and feeble; I've not long to live I know,
But there was a fight at Lookout—I was there with "Fighting Joe."

So them generals in the *Herald*, they may reckon and allow
That there wa'n't no fight at Lookout on the mountain's shaggy
brow,
But this empty coat-sleeve swinging here beside me, boy, to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different way.

R. L. CARV, JR.

BONBONS.—FRENCH AND OTHERWISE.

An important state secret was confided to a young attache.
"Take care that it doesn't get out," said the chief.
"No one will see it. I will have it printed in the volume
of speeches of the eloquent X."

Never tell a blonde young lady that you wish she blonde
to you.

Brevity is the soul of wit. A man who was recently hung
in Indiana proves it. He made no remarks about heaven,
but nodded to the preacher and said: "I'll see you later,"
and then the trap fell.

A beautiful girl is dying. Calling to a friend, she hoarsely
whispers: "Plant tobacco on my grave, so that the weed
nourished by my dust may be chewed by my bereaved
lovers." There is poetry in the idea.

The following incident is told as having occurred at the
battle of Alexander (fought in 1801): An aide-de-camp
(Major Brierly), in carrying orders, had his horse killed, and
begged permission of Sir Sydney Smith to mount a horse
belonging to his orderly dragoon. As Sir Sydney was turn-
ing round to give the order to dismount, a cannon shot took
off the poor fellow's head. "This," said the General, "set-
tles the question. Major, the horse is at your service."

In Toledo a gay Lothario of the press fraternity takes
what he calls his "cousin from the East" out to see the
town by gaslight. They perform at various places, until
about ten o'clock in the evening the people in the orchestra,
at the Adelphi, see the "cousin from the East" display a
curiously small foot at the bottom of the trousers. Then
two detectives discover a rather full style of architecture in
the upper story of the cousin's vest. They skip.

Husband—"Why not take that dress, dear, and have done
with it?"

Wife (with cutting irony)—"Certainly, darling, if you
don't mind the expense of having the drawing-room refur-
nished?"

Husband—"Drawing-room refurnished?"

Wife—"Well, yes; you can hardly expect me to sit on a
red sofa in a magenta dress; and I should have thought that
it was more economical to have a dress to suit the room than
to have the room altered to suit the dress. But you know
best, of course."

At dinner, in the boarding-school.

Usher—Master Edward, stop that chattering, or I shall
have to report you.

Master Edward—I ain't chattering; I'm eating.

Usher—Hold your tongue, sir; I know you of old; you
eat with one ear and talk with the other. I know you.

They were expressing surprise at the success of a politi-
cian who had been everything—Bonapartist, Orleanist, Rep-
ublican.

"Oh, no wonder he gets rich," said a wise observer; "he
has sold every one that bought him and saved the money."

"How is the corpse?" asked an Ann Arbor medical stu-
dent of the pickler. "The corpse?" was the reply; "the
corpse? Oh, it's in the best of spirits." For the proof of
which he showed the liquor that it was put up in.

The Bible does not lie.—*Ex.* It doesn't, eh? Have you
never seen a Bible lying—upon a table? And the page de-
voted to a record of births—does that always tell the plain,
unvarnished truth?

The person who originated the contemptuous expression,
"It is not worth a button," had no correct idea of the import
of that remark. He never knew what it was to depend upon
a single button for the support of his pantaloons and have
that button give out when he was waltzing.

Recently discovered inscriptions on burned bricks bring
to light the astonishing revelation that King Ahasuerus hang-
ed Haman because he invented the accordion and put the
price down to one dollar and seventy-five cents, so that
every young man might have one.

Henri Mounier was the only man that ever discomfited a
Paris *concierge* during Exposition time.

It was that mad wag's custom to go round and examine all
the high-priced suites of rooms he could find.

"This will do better than nothing—not quite so stylish as
I should like, but still it will do," he would say. "The
price is—"

"Five thousand francs a month, your excellency."

"I will take them. But, my friend, where is your ribbon?"

"My ribbon!" says the janitor, with a vacant stare.

"What ribbon?"

"Why, your ribbon of the Legion of Honor, of course.

Haven't you been decorated? No. Oh, that settles it;

when I pay 5,000 francs a month for my rooms I always in-
sist that the porter shall be decorated. Good morning!"

There are some pious people with whom penitence takes
the place of restitution, even as there are some people whose
gratitude ceases when they repay a loan. Everywhere but
in France words are the servants of ideas; in France *mots*
control ideas. Equality is no vain formula. There is only
one class in France—the first class in Rhetoric. The masses
are like children; they would sooner have their way than a
good time. One writes illegibly to hide his bad spelling, as
one contents one's self with a half smile to conceal poor teeth.
"I love men," said Queen Christine of Sweden, "not be-
cause they are men, but because they are not women."

Nothing can exceed the intense affection which a girl
ladies out to her father for a day or two before the time when
she's going to ask for a new dress.

THE WHITE SHARK.

"This is very midsummer madness,"—SHAKESPEARE.

Once upon a time I had a dream, and in my dream I seemed to be drifting in a frail boat on a troubled waste of waters. The journey was not great, but as I left the shore the sun was shining brightly and hope was at the helm. But clouds obscured the light of day and the leaden waters began to rush and roar, and the waves broke against my boat from every side, curling into foam. The lightning flashed, and darkness yet more frightful came, and the heavy roar of thunder terrified my already sinking soul. Higher and higher rose the fury of the storm. Terror-stricken I looked around for help; but help was far away and distant, and death was near. Other vessels floated on the sea becalmed, I alone was compassed round with danger. Each wave seemed to be an enemy which I dared not face, yet dared not take my eyes from—for I was bound by the terrible fascination of conscious eyes, glittering in the foam with gleams of lurid light. Higher yet and higher was I borne. The thick darkness which pressed me down was rifted by the fiery darts; the iron chariot wheels of the gods grated on their brazen axles; the metal hoofs of their chargers struck thunder from the clouds as they madly galloped through the thick commotion. My screams of fear came back to me. The storm raged fiercer—the swell of the waves still bore me onward through the dark expanse. Suddenly, by the light of a more dazzling flash, I beheld a frowning cliff spring up before me and with a fearful crash of thunder I was thrown upon the rocks.

Bleeding, gasping, choking, I groped about for foothold—all now was still. A dense black cloud was over me—but all was still. Beyond, the sunshine played in shifting golden bars between the masses of broken shadow. The rainbow was spread in heaven—but for other souls than mine. The serpents wriggled their slimy way back into the sea, and I was left alone. Tormented by doubt and fear, benumbed with cold, half dead and losing consciousness, I made my weary way up the rocks and came to the black opening of a cave. "What have I to fear?" thought I. "Death waits without—what worse than death can be within?" I entered, still in darkness; which way to turn I knew not, but finally halted before a wall of masonry and sank down to die. Hours seemed to pass; a fever raged in my veins; my temples throbbed; a delirium prompted self-destruction. Thirst burned and parched me. Oh, for the pleasant water of a spring! The mocking babble of arcadian rills sounded in my ears, when lo! my hand outstretched was dipped in water. How I shrieked for joy! How eagerly I plunged my burning head into the spring.

I drank my fill; I threw the grateful water about and over me, and then I madly laughed again; the echo came back from the hollow cave. I was oppressed with my loneliness, and despair seized upon me. Down into the well I looked, and looked so intently that I felt and sounded its very depths, though all was yet dark. For ages I seemed intent in that penetrating look; when far down, faintly shining, was a phosphorescent light. With greater power I bent down again, and the light seemed slowly coming toward me. I exerted my will and drew it slowly on. Now shrinking back I saw a horrid monster, but whose eyes, withal, were more sad and soulful than any human eyes could be; so sad, and as yet they seemed so full of hope; nay, half hope, half fear, as if there was something long watched for and hoped for, and yet with this, the sad, sober consciousness of experience. The eyes went to my heart, their mellow beauty shone in through mine and lighted up my soul. I loved the eyes, but oh, the body was the terrible White Shark. What could this alliance mean? The soul of purity and intelligence was chained to the foulness and ferocity of the terror of the seas! My will had brought the monster half way to view and now I feared.

"Back—back—down—go back—back!" I cried in frenzied agony. And the silent halls of the vaulted cave sent my words ringing in a thousand demons' laughter: "Go back—back." Too late, alas! The fates now held me; would the furies scourge? The well was before me, and look I must. Nearer came the monster and the shining light; I could not stop it, for the eyes enchained me with their fascination. (Quicker now it came, else I had gone to meet it—for my fear and loathing had vanished: I wished no other death than looking into those fearful eyes—to feel the pearly teeth crushing through me. O Love! What is love? I loved a shark—the terror of the sea. How long I looked into the eyes I do not know; but sleep overcame me, and my dream was over.

II.

That day I wandered aimlessly with but one thought surging through my brain: "The White Shark!" I whispered to myself, and looked around stealthily to see if any one heard me. "Alone—I must be alone;" and solitude I sought, and whispered to myself again, "the White Shark—my love—the terror of the seas! Did any one hear me? Could any one suspect me? Why do all my friends watch me so? Why must I be followed about? Ah," I whisper, "it is the White Shark. Don't look at me so; if you know the secret, keep it; it's the Shark's secret—beware of the pearly teeth!" And when I shut my eyes in sleep again, the mellow eyes were watching with their sad look—half hope, half fear. I was in the cave again, and treasures were around me; heaps of yellow gold in bands and bars; caskets of gems, most precious—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and opals. Oh, the opals, with the look of the mellow eyes—half hope, half fear—shining and lighting up the cave. And now my work began; toil came, and in my toil I remembered the giver of the gold and jewels. For days and weeks I seemed to hammer and work the precious metal. The diamonds blazed, and told of pride and ambition; the rubies glowed their warm, red love; the emeralds gave, with their green sparkle, the springtime promise of better things to come—all bound together by the untarnished band of gold; the opals, with their half-inviting gleam, repelled and then again attracted me. Finally, my work was done; and a mountain of precious beauty—a crown worthy of an Indian empress—waited for a wearer. Down into the deep I looked again, joyfully anticipating the silvery light and the mellow eyes—the opalescent gleam—half hope, half fear.

The White Shark has come; but lo! the Shark is now almost a woman—a glorious woman—half kin to me. Can I

describe her beauty? Can the zealot imagine the hour of Paradise? Glory seemed to shine from her white skin; the light of her lips illumined the darkness; and straight I placed the crown upon her head. "Stop!" said she, in a low, sweet voice; "not yet can I be crowned. Love has made me but half thine; wait." Into the water she threw the crown; slowly it sank, shedding light in its descent; she clasped round me her alabaster arms, and into the well we went—I willing, too—guided by the mellow light of the opal—half hope, half love, now, for love succeeded fear; and gleaming myriads of snake eyes shone on our descent; but fear there was not, for I had saved my love. In a soft, dreamy, undulating movement we passed down, down, down; and ever I would close my eyes to feel the tender pressure of her arms, and ever I would open them again to see the beautiful countenance bending over me; and when her lips were pressed to mine, a burning spot remained and thrilled me; when my eyes were shut, shafts of sweet love would pry them open; when my lids were raised, her ardent glances made them droop again. What delicious languor, what passion, what love! My very soul was gone out—to my White Shark; and the snake eyes of the well were winking and shining through the water, and love had succeeded fear. As we came nearer to the bottom we approached the roof of an immense dome; and at the apex we stopped. "Here," thought I, "is the world again, and I am free;" but at the thought, which she divined, my lovely companion was bathed in tears. "Not yet, unfortunate one, is the trial over for me. I must divorce myself from all my past to love you, and fear seizes on me again." Down into the dome we went; and I stood on my feet in the midst of a scene of beauty. Immense sea ferns rose up on either side and interlaced their feathery foliage overhead; the floor was of clean, white sand, which reflected the rosy light that filtered from above; soft murmurs of the sea were floating in the air; æolian harps caught the sad refrain, and, far and near, the caves of ocean resounded to the melody. All the beauty of the water was present here; trees of coral, brilliant polyps, and other curiosities of animal and vegetable life surrounded us; shells, whose rosy variegations were caught from the glory of the tropic dawn—glowing and shimmering in the calm light. All was fair; and I, an unwelcome guest, was the first to survey its loveliness. Before me rose a throne of amber and coral, inlaid with pearls and mother-of-pearl; and, on the throne, lay the crown which I had worked—love's labor; a silver chain hung near at hand, holding a tiny conch shell—a cunning miniature of Neptune's trumpet; with my lips I blew a little blast. And through the ferns and sea plants the opal eyes were shining with the mellow light—half hope, half love. Toward the White Shark I threaded my way through wriggling beds of serpent polyps, rooted to the ground, who shrank away from my touch.

"My mortal saviour," said the Shark, "my destiny hangs on thee. To thee is given the blessed privilege of saving a soul to join the bright band of immortals. Whenever thou canst separate selfish desire from godlike love and become worthy of a worthier being, I am thine. To this add wealth and fame, a worldly store of knowledge, and the pomp of forms, and nothing profits. But be ever faithful, and love me truly, and thou'lt become my saviour, and in my love thou wilt ever prosper. Go into the world, seek that which most thou cravest, and in possession find nought but disappointment. But seek to know thyself—all other men thou wilt then bend to thy will. Probe all complaints against the distribution of Fortune's favors, and know that lust and idleness are man's greatest enemies. Fear nothing but dishonor; ever let thy heart and mind be pure. If thou lookest for evil thou wilt ever find it; therefore, look for good, thou'lt find no evil. To thee to love is pastime; to me to be loved is existence. Think of a soul trembling in the balance; think of a glorious day, and then of that oppressive darkness late endured by thee, and multiply into eternity; think how anxiously I'll view thine every action while my fate depends on thee; know, then, unlucky object of my love, that till I saw thee, life was all in all for me, but now I know a higher life. Existence in the future would be death without thee. Death is but marriage, so we are together." And the mellow eyes wept precious tears, the human spoke; a soul was born, and I—was sent back into the world to battle for two souls.

I seemed transported to a beautiful city. The houses were marble palaces rising from the sea. Into all the pleasures of life I plunged, and soon forgot my love beneath the waters. Beauty smiled on me, and smiles were bright with gold. Wine, women, and song—how glad the hours sped; but even when the gayest thronged about me, and the jest went circling round, my heart-strings tugged away, and an indescribable something was present to turn me back. The light gondolas and the stately barges floated over the glinting waves, light laughter came caroling down the ways, music, softly stealing, seduced my senses with forgetfulness, and patient love went unrewarded still. And when in the dance I thought I loved, the shrill piping of the tiny conch shell came back to me; my Shark for a moment partly came to mind with the mute appeal of the mellow opal eyes. Half hoping? No, all gone, but sorrow and love; the love was there, but hope had gone.

The gold and jewels brought from ocean were nigh exhausted now, and my gay companions came no more. Alone I was, neglected. The revelry went on, beauty smiled no more for me, and, homeless, I walked the streets. "Out upon the world! All is vanity, hard-hearted are my gay companions. Selfishness and pride rule all the daughters and sons of men; where truth and virtue are I, too, will be." I leaned on the marble quay and meditated death, and as I looked down on the water I was weary. Deep in the depths again I saw the tearful, mellow eyes, half anger and half love. "The White Shark," I cried. Lashing the sea into foam, the monster whom I had wronged came surely and terribly toward me. Overcome with fear, I swooned away. Sleep came, and my dream was over; and when I awoke my enemies all surrounded me. Why did they look at me so curiously? Why should they part right and left, and, wondering, follow me at a distance? Ah! fiends, you want the White Shark's jewels, the opal crown, but I alone can find it. "Oceano, tell thou no tales, fold the crown together, sink it in thy deepest ooze."

Now they look suspiciously on me. Their eyes are shining with greed of gold. "Do they know about the White Shark?" I whisper. Muttering, protesting, I curse family, relatives, and, oh, how I curse false friends! They hold me.

"Back—I can not join thee, O my love; but wait; retribution comes."

I struggle with them: "Hold, a man has fallen! True, he was a dear companion, but he withheld me from my love. He'll no more torment me. Let them come. Blood on my hands! Oh, horror, horror! No, not horror; 'tis but the warm, ruby tint of love, my Shark. They can not hold me; I am free again."

Sleep comes again, but as I close my eyes the opals are bursting with fire; the mellow eyes are gleaming with a murderous light. Away, ye phantoms of disease! I must sleep! And when the eyes of the Shark were taken away I fell asleep.

III.

In that sleep I dreamed again. I seemed to be at peace with all the world. All mankind had my best wishes, and calmness soothed me. Calmness came not nor yet did joy; but weary of my wanderings, apathy held me half unconscious. It was a mid-summer night, and the harvest moon hung in the sky as large, and round, and bright as a silver shield. I was in the pleasant valley now, and slowly wandered by the side of the little mountain stream. The experience of the past months seemed far away and past. I had no sympathy with my former life—nor could I hate myself, nor yet approve. Trees sprung from the hills on either side of me, and the undergrowth harbored the tuneful nightingale and the peaceful, homely owl. It was a loneliness that pleased me. I was tired, and wanted rest. Up the vale I still kept my solitary way. A little strip of land ran out to the water. The leaves on the trees rustled lightly in the breeze; the timorous hare barely let me pass; the serpent sleeping in my path silently unfolded his deadly coil, and glided off into the shade. "So," thought I, "strife is over; peace has come at last." And I stood on a large boulder, moss-covered and soft with low, fine grass. Beneath me was a pool of water, dark and deep, formed in winter by the brawling little stream; but now it, too, was at peace, and showed in quiet sorrow the ravages which passion made. "Death must be near for the little mountain stream," thought I, "for the summer's heat will scorch its life, and leave only the dry bed of pebbles and rattling leaves." Again the thought came to me, and yet again, and—"O my God! if I am like the stream at peace, I also like the stream must die; I, too, must die."

The White Shark comes to my mind. I go hurriedly to the edge of the great black rock that hangs over the deep, shadowed pool, and, in moonshine, call upon my love. For now I am content to make the sacrifice. "If we die together 'tis but a marriage!" "Save my soul, I'll love forever." These are the words that come ringing to me from memory. It shall be done; again I am at peace. I sit still in the beautiful, shimmering moonlight, and call to my love again. And the pool begins to boil and bubble; it turns inky black, and then is white with foam. Now looking deep down into it—O joy!—away down deep, I see a silvery light appear, the mellow, opal light, half hope, half love, soft, as from a distance. And the water grows clear, and my darling, pure, innocent love is floating up toward me. Her eyes look languor into mine, those dusky, opalescent eyes, as she comes nearer, nearer—oh, how lovely!—in her snow-white virgin robes, which float behind, pulsing with the throb of the crystal waters; her brow bound with the crown I labored for; the diamonds shining with happiness, the rubies glowing with warm love, the emeralds glittering and evergreen promise of eternal love, and above all the combined light of all the gems, the mellow gleam of the opal lighting her perilous way. Her hair spreads around her like a cloud, and still upward through the water comes my love. And her snow-white arms break the water, the waves ripple in golden circles and yellow, and fly away from her. Diana hides her face behind a silver cloud; my hand reaches down, and she slowly draws me to her. "The crown is mine," she cries, "my soul is saved; but thine, alas, is gone! 'tis come to mine."

The mellow eyes look long and sadly into mine. "Farewell"—so slowly and so sorrowfully spoken. A hasty kiss, and she sinks beneath the waves; the eyes so mellow with their opal light, half hope, half love, burn into my soul, and never will pale their long sought for light. The water—now black as hate—closes over her, and I am left standing, shrieking, blaspheming, on the slippery boulder of a little mountain stream. I am awake now, hard pressed by my devilish pursuers. Quick! one plunge, and all this life of pent-up misery, these galling chains, their taunts, and gibes, and sneers, will be forever over. One plunge. O my God! can you look on? They say I'm mad—mad!—mad!

SH. W., JR.

"This country," remarked a traveler in northwestern Iowa, "settles up very rapidly." "Ya-as," replied the native, nervously watching the movements of a constable dodging along the other side of the field, "settles up a darn sight faster than the people do." And before the traveler could ask him to explain he was making a mile a minute across the trackless prairie, with the constable a bad second.

Thou art scriptures and laws, planets and suns, the formed and the formless. Those who possess knowledge, and whose minds are pure, see the whole world as the form of thy wisdom.—Hindu Parana.

Although ministers are supposed to be truthful men, they seldom fail to give the remains a good notice.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, October 6, 1898.

Beef Noodle Soup.
Cantaloup.
Soft-shell Crabs.
Lamb Chops. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Asparagus. Spinach.
Roast Mallard Ducks, Spice Currants.
Okra Salad.
Raspberries and Whipped Cream.
Lady Fingers.

Fruit-bowl of Apples, Peaches, Figs, Grapes, Plums, Pears, and Grapes.
To MAKE BEEF NOODLE SOUP.—To one egg (slightly beaten), one dessert-spoonful of water, and a little salt, add enough flour to make a stiff dough. Work it well for ten minutes, adding flour when necessary. When pliable, cut off a portion at a time, roll it thin as a wafer, sprinkle with flour, and, beginning at one side, roll it into rather a tight roll. With a sharp knife cut it from the end into very thin slices, forming little wheels or curls. Let them dry for an hour. Drop them into one quart of boiling hot beef stock, and cook twenty minutes.

TAXATION IN CALIFORNIA.—II.

TO THE ARGONAUT:—Bearing in mind the well-known facts concerning the present system and results of taxation in this State, and applying to them the principles summarized in my previous communication, the condition of affairs stands practically as follows: The revenues of the State are derived from the imposition of various taxes upon its citizens, the principal one being an annual tax upon the ownership of real estate. This tax is levied upon the supposed market value of the property, or that portion of it—for example, one-half, two-thirds, or three-fourths—which custom has sanctioned. Under this system some men, doubtless, pay less, while others pay more than a fair share of taxation. But this is unavoidable under any system; and the present one has been so long in operation that whatever unfairness it worked at the outset has been remedied by the subsequent adjustment of rents, prices, wages, and interest.

According to the principles advanced, this system is only susceptible of practical improvement by eliminating from it whatever element of uncertainty it embraces. For example: The taxes on personal property are of doubtful efficacy. Whether I pay the State two per cent. per annum on \$500 worth of real and \$500 of personal property, or pay four per cent. on my real property alone, comes, so far as I am concerned, to the same thing. In either case I must pay \$20. But it is not the same to the State. In the first instance it is not sure of the \$20; in the second it is. My personal property is subject to destruction or removal beyond the State, or surreptitious transfer; my real property is not. But (inquires the inexperienced legislator) suppose you own no real estate, and yet are rich in personal effects, shall you not be taxed? Read the principles, which assure us that in a country so free as this, no matter in what form, or upon what incidence of social life, taxes are levied, provided they are specific, uniform, and non-evadable, every man, in the end, will be forced to pay his fair share. Study the experience of the past century, and the same lesson will assert itself from every portion of this country. Consult the most astute minds which have been devoted to this subject, and the answer will be the same. There are myriads of persons in every community who own neither real nor personal property. Is it supposed that these persons escape taxation? Of course not. They pay it in the enhanced prices of rent, of the commodities they consume, the money they borrow, the services they employ. And so would the owner of personal effects who paid no tax direct because he possessed no real estate.

License taxes are similarly objectionable. They are evadable, uncertain, and not uniform. For example, the assessment and collection of the taxes upon stock-brokers encourage an amount of rascality and false swearing that does more harm to the community than would be balanced by ten times the sum collected. As to equity, why should a stock-broker pay for a license to trade, and a grocer and a baker not? Why must a theatre or a bar-room purchase a license, and a church or an undertaker not? Is stock-dealing, play-acting, or refreshment-selling objectionable? Then why permit these vocations at all? Why vainly endeavor to suppress them by compelling stock-speculators, play-goers, and refreshment-seekers to pay the tax, and to charge it upon the general community in their demands for rent, professional services, wages, or the price of commodities or money? It is the community, generally, that pays it after all. Why then levy it arbitrarily and unfairly at the outset? Nevertheless the present system, as before stated, has been so long in operation as to have equalized its bearing upon each member of the community, and probably very few persons are aggrieved by its practical working. Therefore, unless I could improve it in respect of executing the law with greater strictness and impartiality, I should let it alone. It is not perfect. No tax system is or can be. But it rests largely upon the solid foundation of property, it has been long in operation, and no body complains of its unfairness.

Now comes forward Mr. Laine with the proposition of an entirely new system; a system which, if enforced, would not only disarrange and upset all the existing relations of rents, prices, wages, interest, and so forth, but would also, in my humble judgment, produce grave discontent and disorder. It is not Mr. Laine's general idea of a new Constitution that is objected to. Upon this I have nothing to say. My criticism relates exclusively to the subject of taxation. To this subject Mr. Laine devotes eight sections. First, he taxes all property, including "moneys, credits, bonds, stocks, dues, franchises, and all other matters and things capable of private ownership, real, personal and mixed." Second, he taxes every elector \$20 every time he neglects to vote at an election, and every male inhabitant between twenty-one and sixty years of age \$3 a year. Third, he abolishes all licenses, except upon liquors, theatres, exhibitions, and the like, leaving the like to be designated by the Legislature. Fourth, he requires uncultivated land "to be assessed and taxed at the same price as cultivated land of the same quality similarly located." Fifth, he taxes all new corporations, except benevolent, religious, scientific, or educational, one-fifth of one per cent. on their capital stock, the tax to be paid once and for all. Sixth, he makes the principal State officers *ex-officio* a State Board of Equalization. Seventh, he renders void any stipulation by a borrower to pay taxes on the thing borrowed. Eighth, he taxes legacies and distributive shares one per cent., exempting immediate relatives, for all estates under \$5,000; and doubling the tax upon non-resident aliens, and foreign corporations and associations.

Let us consider these sections separately. By including personal estates, money, stocks, credits, dues, etc., in property subject to taxation, he establishes a system so objectionable and pernicious that, were it enforced, it would depopulate the State. What man would submit to have his bank account, his cash-book, his pockets overhauled, with the view of determining how much money he possessed? Who would care to have it known what stocks he owned? Who would expose his credits, dues, franchises, etc., to the public gaze that he might satisfy the tax assessor or the State Board of Equalization? Nobody. Is it not obvious that such a system of taxation would be defeated by evasion, and that a people forced, by higher considerations than their duty to pay taxes, into so general a habit of evasion as this unwelcome provision would promote, would lose all respect for tax laws and perhaps for all others? To suppose such a tax collectable is so suppose an impossibility. Mr. Laine may have

some occult object in view, and it may be a good one; but in this stabbing at evil in the dark he is certain to injure the good. He may be aiming at the railroads, or the mining companies, or the moneyed classes; but his plan would end either by thoroughly debauching the community, or driving every dollar of capital out of the State. Mr. Laine has evidently not learned that taxation is intended to provide revenues for a State. His notion of a tax law is that it should be employed for other purposes as well; and herein he is mistaken. The knife that is made both to shave beards and carve roast beef will perform neither of these services properly. Societies in an advanced stage of civilization are distinguished by their highly differentiated functions, and it savors of the country store and barbarism to attempt to accomplish two things with one instrument.

The provision for taxing negligent voters is open to a similar objection. Either the State is so constructed that every man has an equal interest in its elections and an equal motive to vote, or it is not and he has not. If he has, we know well enough that no further monitor than self-interest would be needed to make him vote. If he has not, why fine him for resisting or evading an inequality which amounts to injustice? Why punish me for not voting in an election in which both tickets may have been fixed up in an obscure primary by shoulder-bitters and ruffians? The only consequence of such a law would be evasion; this is the result that attended the trial of a similar law in Greece more than two thousand years ago. The citizens became unwilling to be enrolled among the electors; but few fines were collected, and the expectations of revenue to the State from this source were never realized. Mr. Laine's proposed poll tax of \$3 a year upon all adult male inhabitants is objectionable upon the same grounds—liability to evasion. It will probably be paid by every man who has a fixed residence or place of business, and by none who have not, and these last form a very considerable portion of a mining and agricultural community like ours.

The proposal to abolish all license taxes would be a good one if it went far enough, which it does not. It does not remove this tax from certain specific classes of industries, and so discriminates unjustly against them. The discretionary power conferred upon the Legislature with reference to imposing this tax is also objectionable.

Mr. Laine's fourth proposition is one of the worst. It is evidently aimed at the land monopolists, but, like all attempts to reform a community by means of tax laws, will fail of its mark. He would tax land, not as now by its value, but by its potentiality, its "quality," presumably its agricultural quality, or capacity, or productiveness. Suppose such a law fairly executed—and this involves a violent stretch of the imagination—it would result in compelling the large holders of uncultivated lands to sell. But who would buy? Nobody except those who were prepared to cultivate. Is anybody or any set of men thus prepared? Is it likely that the premature cultivation of hitherto unbroken land can be stimulated to any considerable extent by this or any other process of compulsion? Assuredly not. With tens of millions of acres of productive land yet within reach of would-be cultivators, and at extremely low prices, it is folly to suppose that agriculture can be forced by tax laws. Under Mr. Laine's law the monopolists would indeed be obliged to sell; but the Sheriff would prove to be the only purchaser and the State would fail to obtain the necessary revenues.

And in respect of land taxes what system can be fairer, even at the outset, than the present one? The lands are taxed according to value. Now, value includes every relation which the land has or is reasonably expected to have toward any or all other commodities. Value embraces its potentiality, so far as known and so far as such potentiality can, at present, be rendered available. One piece of land may be potentially of very fine quality, but so far removed from roads, rivers, or markets as to be for all practical purposes worthless. Another piece of land may be potentially of poor quality, but so near to the advantages mentioned as to be practically of great worth. The potential fact can not be determined with precision in either case; the practical fact is determined in both cases with the greatest nicety. This determination is to be found in their respective values, and it is upon this basis and justly so, that the tax is now laid.

If it be complained that the present law is administered unjustly or corruptly, I admit it. But this no fault of the law; it is due to the dishonesty of assessors and the connivance of collectors. Mr. Laine's new Constitution will not remedy this, can not remedy it; no more can any Constitution. Under his system the administration will be as corrupt as it is now; nay, more corrupt, for the assessors can now only cheat as to the value of lands—a fraud not difficult to discover and punish; while under Mr. Laine's Constitution they will be clothed with power to miscalculate and misdetermine the productive capacity as well as the value of the land. Should these dishonest assessors continue, as undoubtedly they will, to exercise the same partiality toward the land monopolists which they are accused of now, I pity the poor farmer whose land they may have to assess.

The proposed tax on new corporations—really a license tax—is a bad one. It does not tax corporations already in existence and exempts certain classes of corporations. The effect of this measure will be to stimulate fraudulent incorporations, pretending to be religious, benevolent, scientific, and the like, but actually commercial or speculative ones. This has proved to be the case in Pennsylvania, where the same plan was tried and the result has brought great disgrace upon the State. Fraudulent medical universities and fraudulent colleges with fraudulent degrees and diplomas are among the many bad consequences of this bad tax law.

Mr. Laine's sixth proposition concerns the administration of the law, and upon this head it is not proposed to say anything in this place.

His seventh is an interference with the freedom of contracts, and subject to evasion. It stands in the same category as a usury law, and whether defensible or not, upon precisely the same grounds.

His eighth and last proposition is to tax legacies and distributive shares. Taken by itself there is no objection to this measure. Such taxes are not easily evaded, and, in the long run bear impartially upon the members of a community. But there should be no exemptions, and no invidious discriminations against "non-resident aliens and foreign corporations and associations." Such discriminations are cer-

tain to prove injurious in practice. In this case they would either tend to drive away investments of foreign capital or encourage evasion by inducing aliens and foreign corporations to make their investments in a roundabout way.

I have devoted this much of consideration to Mr. Laine's proposition for two reasons: First, the subject of taxation is bound, in my judgment, to occupy an important, perhaps the principal, part of the attention of the coming Constitutional Convention; second, Mr. Laine, of the several delegates who have hitherto promulgated their views upon the new Constitution, is the only one who proposes to radically change our present system of taxation.

Let me repeat that, in a country so free as this, the important matter of taxation is not an attempt to equitably adjust burdens at the outset, for this is impossible and leads to evasions and abuses, but to render the system as simple, as little subject to evasion, and as unalterable as possible.

Prices, wages, rents, and interest, in their silent and continuous working, will be sure to bring about a nicer equity, a fairer adjustment, than any which the cunning of man can devise. They have always done so; they do so now; they always will do so. A free community is like a fluid body; a free pressure on one part is a pressure upon all parts. We have only to make the pressure certain and non-evadable. Nature will do the rest.

With regard to the abuses now practiced in our tax system—abuses which, it is alleged, bear onerously upon our agricultural classes—experience assures us that they can not be remedied by means of new tax laws, or, indeed, by laws of any kind. Laws have to be executed by somebody; they can not execute themselves; and if the administration is corrupt under one set of laws, it is folly to expect that the mere enactment of another set will effect the desired purification. There appears to be a sort of fetishism about law-making which it is time that our people abandoned. Nearly every member of the community is ready with some new law which, like a poor-man's-plaster, is warranted to cure everything. They bow down and worship these fetiches so long as they remain in the embryonic stage, but so soon as they are matured into laws and put to the test of practice, they lose respect for them. The laws do not work as expected; the abuses which they were designed to remedy continue, or become worse. The reason for this lies in the execution, not in the law, but this reason is never perceived. It is supposed that the law is defective, and forthwith it is made to give way to some other statute, which, in the end, passes through another career of fetish-worship, trial, disappointment, disgust, and repeal.

Why do we not try to improve our officials rather than our laws? Simply because of the consciousness of the average voter that the average elected official is no more dishonest than he is himself. That is the whole thing in a nutshell. Place the average voter in an office of trust and he would prove equally corrupt, and he knows it; nay, he openly avows it. He does not even pretend to be honest, for he knows that such pretension would be treated with derision. That's what's the matter. The moral status of our voting population is too low. As to whether this evil can be remedied or not, it is not for me to say, but I believe it can be modified or lessened. Clothe the State, which means the officials, with as few powers as possible, trust them as little as possible, create as few as possible. Let the Constitution be brief, let the laws be simple, and let the administrators and executors of the law be few. Let the citizens remain free to execute such public works as each community may deem necessary for itself. Then you will have fewer public contracts, and fewer corrupt jobs, less expenditure, less taxation, less waste, and less official robbery. Such a system, of course, has disadvantages. The general credit and co-operation of the community will remain unemployed, and many enterprises, which, if accomplished, would prove of lasting benefit to the State—a general system of irrigation, for example—will become impossible. But if, as a community, we can not desist from robbing one another, it seems to me far better to diminish the plunder than to multiply the thieves.

ATLANTICUS.

"Up in a Balloon."

A Paris correspondent of the New York *Graphic* gives a condensed description of the captive balloon, from which we extract the following:

"Carries fifty persons. Cable, a big ship's hawser. Length, 1,800 feet. Diameter of rope, smaller near the earth than where fastened to balloon. Eight big hawsers, with great iron hooks attached, hold balloon in its place. Passengers walk into balloon on a gangway plank on two wheels. Balloon partly moored in a pit about twelve feet in depth. Cordage worked by a crew of sixteen men in semi-nautical uniform, largely red sash and straw hat. Managed by an officer, who pipes a boatswain's whistle. No sense of motion. Didn't know when balloon stopped going up; or when it commenced to come down. Very still and calm above. Air pure. No dust. Pleasant to breath. Proportions of palaces and churches toy-like, and not an angle corner or turret lost. People below in most thickly crowded streets do not seem so close together. Each person carries some space about him or her. Singular to observe how so many crawl about without touching each other. Little sense of danger felt by passengers. Not at all like standing on "giddy heights." Balloon gives one an impression of being strong enough for its work. No jolting, pitching, tossing or laboring as at sea. Our three tons' weight of fifty passengers float as lightly as so many feathers. Room enough in car for passengers to walk about and pass each other. Little talking on the trip, although passengers were mostly French, and six were women. No noise from the world below. As seen from a balloon, human beings really take up but little room. They and their houses are simply plastered thinly over the earth. Plenty of room left over their heads. Great pity that we can't fly and utilize it. Especially during hot weather. Great blunder in man's construction not to have had wings given him. Up in a balloon twenty minutes. Not long enough. Wanted to stay up an hour, at least. Hauled down by two engines. Each passenger, on stepping out of the car, presented with a green box containing gilt medal. Inscription, 'Souvenir of my ascent in M. Giffard's Captive Balloon.'

Jim Anderson has got a job for next summer—writing circus advertisements.

NOTICE.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Tule Islands.

We are sorry that we promised in our last issue to write concerning our tule lands. The subject is not sufficiently within our knowledge to enable us to discuss it as intelligently as we would wish to do. Everything that contributes to the development of the agricultural lands of our State profoundly interests us. We recognize this fact, that in all lands and all parts of lands, where the soil is owned by the men and women who cultivate it, there is wealth, prosperity, and contentment. An agricultural community, tilling its own small farms, is necessarily a good one. It becomes superior in point of intelligence and patriotism to that engaged in any other pursuit. France, Holland, and Switzerland are notable examples of the thrift, economy, and superior virtues of their people. In those lands where the soil is monopolized by the great landed lords, as in Great Britain, and in Ireland, in Italy, Spain, and Austria, there are political and social discontents that can only be suppressed by force of the military arm. In a republican form of government like ours, where the very underlying principle is the right of the majority to rule, where all are entitled to exercise elective privileges, and where the right to bear arms is an organic one, the monopoly of lands, and, indeed, the accumulation of great estates, carry with them an element of danger. Whenever, in the history of this republic, the idle, the vicious, and the agitating class—those who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by disturbing the rights of property and overturning the law that guarantees its possession—shall rule, then the days of the republic will be ended; then the experiment of American liberty will have been tried and found a failure. Anything that will put to a more distant future the realization of such a condition of things should challenge the attention of all thinking men. We note, with increasing alarm, the tendency to idleness, profligacy, and crime in our great commercial cities. We observe the fact that in the rural districts of our country we have a staid, industrious, and patriotic population. We contrast the municipal government of New York—its Tweed and Tammany rings spending stolen millions in debauching the ballot-box. We observe the vicious tendencies of all our great cities of the North—noticeably Philadelphia and Baltimore. We have seen the labor insurrection of the coal regions; the disastrous railroad strike at Pittsburg, that culminated in conflagrations and destruction of property. We hear of the communistic clamors in Chicago and Cincinnati. We witness the sand-lot conspiracy in our own city; and we observe with alarm the squint-eyed man of destiny endeavoring, through blasphemy and demagoguery, to seize the executive chair of the first commonwealth of America. We ask ourselves, and very soberly, the question, How shall these possible dangers be averted? We look to our farming population everywhere throughout the nation, and see that it is conservative, staid, honest, economical, industrious, and thrifty; we note the fact that in Congress and in the State Legislature the farmers are the honest men; when civil war overtook us we observed that from the rural population of the Northern, Middle, and Western States came the soldiers that fought the battles of the republic and preserved the Union. It was not from the young gentlemen of cities, nor from the Irish, nor the German population, that volunteers stepped forward to risk their lives in defense of the land they lived in. The foreigner may not, and indeed can not, feel for his adopted country that sentiment that belongs to the native born; his children will inherit the love of their native land that will give them the courage to die for it. Hence it is, that because we think the people of the country are better than the people of the town, would we desire to

do that which will encourage the settlement of our rural districts by industrious families. Hence it is, that we regard the monopoly of land as a crime against republican government, and one of the first steps to an overthrow of this republic of the United States.

Theories upon questions of political economy are of very little importance unless carried into practical effect. We presume that every one who reads this article agrees with us that it would be well to diminish the idlers of our cities and increase the farmers in the country. Everybody will assent to the proposition as we have laid it down. In a small way (and we realize how feeble are our efforts) the ARGONAUT would do something to practically bring our rich mountain and valley lands to the notice of the industrious poor. If we had the wealth in lands or money of many of our acquaintance, we would select upon fruitful hill side or fat valley land some splendid domain, and upon it we would rear a monument more lasting than brass or marble, a monument as enduring as time, the base of which should be laid deep in the hearts of a population blessed by our wealth and profited by our brain. And when tourist or traveler should in some distant future inquire for this monument, a grateful people, industrious, independent men, virtuous, cultured women, intelligent, ambitious children, should answer: His monument is our homes, our families, ourselves. There is no State in the nation where a rural population can be made so independent and happy as California. The thermal belt, twenty-five miles in width and four hundred miles in length, has immense possibilities of wine and fruit. Messrs. Chapman and Marks have demonstrated that twenty acres of irrigated land upon the plains of the San Joaquin will maintain a family. We reserve to ourselves the privilege of a visit to the mussel slough country, where we understand that cooperative labor, without capital, has taken the waters of King's River to the dry land, and of it made a paradise of plenty. We shall visit the experiment made by Haggin, Tevis, and Carr in the Kern County region, which, we are informed, is upon a grander scale than any of the others, and the practical effect of which will be to provide farms for thousands of families upon such terms as will enable an industrious man to acquire an ownership in fee under a preliminary and conditional tenancy.

Our observation of these various agricultural experiments have dissipated any fear which we may have had of land monopoly. We are convinced that no amount of wealth can monopolize farming lands that are under cultivation; no scheme can be carried into practical effect that will enable any wealthy man to hold land in large quantities unless in unused or in grazing tracts. Messrs. Lux and Miller, General Beale, McLaughlin, and others may for a time keep their hundreds of thousands of acres for cattle and sheep, and even this land may be wrested from them by taxation. We use the term *wrested* in all its Saxon strength; we would change the whole system of taxation. Discriminating against the cultivator and in favor of the speculator is wrong: we would by light taxation offer a premium to cultivation; we would by double taxation confiscate every inch of the speculator's land. Land to be cultivated profitably must be owned in small farms, and because it can not be profitably cultivated either in large bodies or by tenants it will in time be distributed. When it is, California will become a prosperous State, property will be secure, laws will be enforced, and our wealthy men will feel that they are no longer sitting upon a powder magazine with a mob of communistic and agrarian Guy Fawkes ready to apply the match beneath them.

Our visit to the tule lands was interesting and instructive. We do not know whether the tule islands can be redeemed from overflow of the rivers, but we do know that if they can they are an empire in themselves. If we have not exhausted all the superior adjectives in describing other marvelous soils of our State, we desire to say that the alluvium of this once great inland sea has a productive capacity that is inexhaustible. Our visit was to Union and Roberts' Islands, the largest two in the State, each of them within the water flow of the San Joaquin, through its sloughs and channels, and containing something more than one hundred thousand acres, and owned by three or four persons. The largest owner upon Union Island is General Thomas H. Williams; the next is General Henry M. Naglee. The largest owners of Roberts' Island are Mr. Fischer and Mr. McLaughlin. Roberts' Island is so thoroughly reclaimed that last year it withstood the floods, while most other levees gave way. Kidd's Ranch, owned by General Williams, 2,800 acres, was also dry. Union Island was overflowed. General Williams is engaged in a wonderful work of reclamation. At one point we saw a hundred and fifty scrapers, with the same number of men, and three hundred horses, at work. Gangs of men, all white, are at work on every side, building or repairing dykes, plowing and farming. His work is of the most substantial character, and would not be unworthy the Government of Holland in reclaiming lands from the sea. His whole work of reclaiming sixty thousand acres—which we understand is the extent of his property—will demand the expenditure of some millions of dollars. This splendid

work is a gift to California from the Comstock Mine. General Naglee is confining his farming operations to the main land upon the western bank of the San Joaquin River, using his island land for pasturage, guarding it with an ordinary levee, sufficient for dry seasons, but not for those of floods. In the lower portion of Union Island, and as you approach the junction of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, the land is more difficult of reclamation, much of it being float land, but when reclaimed even better garden soil than that which is more substantial. The reclamation of these lands is still in the domain of experiment. A vast amount of money, skill, and inventive faculty is now being expended in the effort. The time will come when, by storing the water in the mountains, by irrigating the plains, by exhausting the lakes—Tulare, Kern, and Buena Vista—the waters of the San Joaquin will be so controlled and regulated within its channels that all the islands and margins will be left for safe cultivation. When this time comes our State will have added to its wealth untold millions in value. These valley lands will support a population as great as the most fertile spots of India, the most productive shores of the Nile, or the choicest places under the Alps in Lombardy. Here, upon a soil of inexhaustible richness, in a climate almost free from frost, crops may be produced in rotation during the entire year. Ten acres of land cultivated to its highest capacity would be equal in production to a hundred acres of the richest bottom lands in the valley of the Genesee. Given, the area of this swamp and overflowed land of the valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin; place a family of five persons upon each ten acres of land; dot the broad plain with cottage homes, with school houses, contented, happy people, faces of smiling children; let ten or twenty years pass away, and then we commend Kearney, Wellock, Beerstecher, O'Donnell, Vacquerel, and the balance of this party of reform, to visit the colony. Let them, as at the sand lots, invoke in ribald blasphemy the Divine vengeance upon the heads of those who have the prudence and the foresight to gain country homes. Let them endeavor to teach the children of such a people the lessons they are now giving out against republican institutions, and a free government that has made such happy homes possible to all who are willing to work. Then will their cheap and nasty talk be appreciated at its full value.

The Hon. Stephen J. Field, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, has just returned from a trip through Oregon, Washington Territory, and the North country. He gives to us a glowing account of the land as one of marvelous fertility of soil, adaptation for commerce, and one destined to a magnificent future. He represents the trip to the North as one that every person should take to appreciate the capacities of this most desirable portion of our domain. The scenery of the Columbia is represented to exceed in picturesque beauty the Hudson, the Rhine, or the more romantic parts of Europe. The land abounds in magnificent forests, in streams filled with fish; the soil is of unexampled fertility, the climate unsurpassed for excellence. The Puget Sound is a splendid inland sea fringed with primeval forests and rich lands, out of which may be carved desirable farms and homes. The whole land is adapted for agricultural and grazing pursuits and abounding in coal. It is a land in which there are no loungers, no tramps, no grumbling, no poverty, and no idleness; a land of boundless opportunity for remunerative labor, where industry, perseverance, economy, and toil may carve out homes of plenty and abundance. This accords with all we have ever heard of Oregon and Washington Territory, and justifies us in withholding all sympathy from the broad-shouldered, full-necked, brawny idlers that throng our sand-lots, blaspheming God and cursing free institutions, because they can not, by simply lifting their grimy hands in applause of ranting demagoguery, earn their beer and bread. For these cowardly foreign miscreants and their flannel-mouthed oratory we have only the contempt due to crime and idle discontent. The industrious toiling man and woman we honor; the noisome clamor that comes of ignorance and idleness we despise. One of the questionable privileges of a free government is the unlimited license of demagoguery. One of the privileges of brave men in organized society is to dare these talking miscreants to some overt act that they may be crushed by the strong arm of the law.

The Republican party seems to be strengthening, while the Democratic seems to be going to pieces. In this State the workingmen's movement draws largely from the Democracy. In Maine and Ohio two Democrats have joined the Greenback party to one Republican. Wherever an independent movement shows itself, it is to the prejudice of the Democracy. Except in the probable fact of a solid South Democracy would cut but a small figure in the coming Presidential election.

The squint-eyed man of destiny in Massachusetts, aided by the blasphemous cart-driver of the sand-lots, is in danger of being distanced in the scrub race he is making for Governor. In boiling sap, scalding hogs, and making soap, the scum rises to the top and is skimmed off. This simmering and boiling of the pot political will enable the country to get rid of the scum before the Presidential election.

AFTERMATH.

Riding through the oak groves that skirt the San Joaquin, not far away from where the railroad bridge crosses the stream, we came upon a camp-meeting of Dunkers—a sort of Seventh-day Baptists, who baptize by plunging, and who in former times wore a peculiar dress, do not cut the hair nor shave the beard. Males and females live in separate houses; celibacy is regarded as a virtue. They salute each other by kissing. Washing one another's feet is a religious ceremony. This kissing business might do among the younger and fairer pullets of the flock, but when it comes to washing the feet of an aged rooster we should beg to be excused. The tule mud on the San Joaquin is so very nasty.

Mr. Clitus Barbour will put a provision in the organic law against puts and calls. The colored troops fought bravely.

There is no lobby around the Constitutional Convention. This is very hard on some of its members, especially that class to whom the opportunity for legislation is presented for the first time, and to whom it will never occur again. We refer to that class who delight in resisting a bribe.

When Clitus goes into court he violates that fundamental rule of equity which demands that the suitor must come into court with clean hands. We look to Clitus to become the most active opponent of the Spring Valley Water Company. A monopoly more abominable does not exist than one which adulterates our whisky and gives us no apology for being unclean.

We commend the following statement of facts to those beer-drinking Dutchmen, who, having emigrated from the swamps, polders, and canals of Holland, can find no better employment on the Pacific Coast than cursing God and grumbling at their luck. Mr. Eckstein, Consul at Amsterdam, states in his report to our State department that farm laborers, when hired by the year, are paid from \$50 to \$60, with board. It is also customary to give each laborer two suits of common clothing each year. Farm laborers, when hired by the day, command fifty cents in harvest and other busy times. In the nurseries in the vicinity of Haarlem, more or less skilled workmen receive \$2.90 a week for nine months in the year, and \$2.60 a week for three months. Female servants receive from \$20 to \$60 a year. The lower rate of servants are those who live in their own houses, whose duties are considered to end about four P. M. Diamond-cutters command high wages—from \$40 to \$80 per week. Carpenters, masons, painters, and other mechanics earn from seventeen to twenty-five cents per day. Shoemakers doing fine work sometimes earn \$6 a week; those doing the more common work earn from \$2.40 to \$3.60. The number of hours in a day's work is never less than twelve, and sometimes more. Workingmen contrive to live on these low wages, and it is said that there is no sign of general discontent.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has perfected a system of frequent examinations of Collectors' books and accounts by Agents. The Collector may not be honest, you know, whereas the Agent is very sure to be if he is fit for his position. From one kind of clay God makes a Collector, from another kind an Agent.

The wheelbarrow-man is expected at Sacramento to-day or to-morrow. He has urged his monocycle all the way from Chicago. Perhaps we do him injustice; may be it is only from Omaha. We would not willfully misstate the folly of a fool; it is bad enough for the poor fellow to arrive at Sacramento during the session of the Constitutional Convention and have his wheelbarrow stolen by the reform delegates.

Condon and Melody, the murderers recently released by the British Government after eleven years' confinement, had an "ovation" in New York. Condon is an American citizen, and was released at the already frequently refused request of this Government. Had he been confined in one of our own penitentiaries he would have forfeited some of the privileges of citizenship, but a conviction of felony in another country will not, we believe, effect his political status in his own, and Mr. Condon will vote "ferniest the Government." Mr. Melody is not an American citizen, but will be made one in time to vote against resumption, and put a spoke in the wheel of the lecherous bondholders.

Speaking of these great Fenian statesmen and possible Presidents, the London *Spectator* points out that although they committed the same offense their punishment is not equal, for their release from prison is accompanied with the proviso that they shall live out of Her Majesty's dominions—that is, says the *Spectator*, Condon is pardoned and sent home to his friends, while Melody is pardoned and sentenced to banishment for life. That Mr. Melody is not an American citizen, with all his friends and relatives holding office in this country, is his own fault; America was as ready and willing to provide for him then as now, although he is, of course, more agreeable to the simple Republican nose now that he smells of an "English bastille."

The defensive and extremely offensive alliance hitherto existing between Mr. George M. Pinney and the *Chronicle* is hereby dissolved, and each tub will henceforth stand on its own bottom. This, therefore, is to notify all persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of Pinney & DeYoung that they will be sued by each for what they owe to both.

The superintendent of a third-rate restaurant has committed suicide. This vulgarizes the business, and respectable "unfortunates" will no longer go to Glory but to Mexico. A considerable patronage will be thus diverted from the undertakers to the steamships, and down at Mazatlan the United States Detective Resident will sit upon the sand, projecting an expectant regard seaward, and executing a tranquil smile that shall extend all the way from Guaymas to Acapulco.

At some recent competitive examinations in oratorical pyrotechnics, the various speakers and readers were introduced by Mr. Edward Curtiss, of whom the *Call's* Jenkins says he "has a happy faculty of saying bright things at the proper time." For the second time a list of the bright things said is appended to this praise. Here are a few average samples: "I now introduce to you one of California's most efficient legislators, the Hon. Wm. B. May." Of another speaker: "A gentleman whose learning, originality of ideas, and brilliant eloquence have carved for him a place in the very fore-front of American clergymen." Of a singer: "A young lady whose musical genius and versatility is (*sic*) the wonder of strangers and the pride of her friends." If the author of the dazzling "bright things" has a proper regard for his well merited reputation as a speaker and scholar, he will cast about for some way to tether the pen-hand of his superserviceable sycophant. Or (as he who praises without judgment will defame without provocation) perhaps it would be even better for Mr. Curtiss to perpetrate some faultless idiocy, and so, by stimulating the creature's envy, secure the advantage of his abuse.

Mr. Joaquin Miller has chosen the subject "What is Poetry?" for his lecture when he arrives from abroad.

What's poetry? The bard is hot
To tell us with his tongue; and so
We'll know then all there is to know—
He's shown us with his pen what's not.

The dispatches inform us that England has offered the ruler of Afghanistan an opportunity to make amends for the affront to the British Envoy. We are somehow reminded of an altercation that occurred the other evening at the Palace Hotel, in this city. "Sir!" thundered an irate gentleman to a gentleman who held himself well in hand, "you have grossly insulted me; I will give you just one minute to apologize." "Thanks, I do not wish to apologize," said the other quietly. "But you have got to." "But I won't." "Very well, sir, then I won't." "But you must." And he did.

We are told that the warm welcome everywhere extended to Señor Zamacona in the Western States has made a favorable impression on Mexican merchants, who are enthusiastically favorable to closer commercial relations with the United States. Thus, as we approach the realization of Mr. Watterson's dream of a soft-soap currency, and European nations begin to wash their hands of us, we prepare to leech the ashes of the late lamented Sister Republic for lye in which to boil our own bones.

The artists of our illustrated papers have not come out very strong in their pictorial appeals to the sentiments anent the yellow fever. This penury of invention is almost as marked as that of the head-line editors of the dailies, who have relied for effect almost entirely on alliteration, and have produced nothing more moving than "The Desolating Demon Dismally Doubles 'em Up," and "Slaughter Still Swinging the Saffron Scourge"—which are feeble. The artists' imaginations have been unable to soar beyond the conception of the usual bat-winged skeleton flying through a pea-soupy atmosphere above a coal black city, or a buxom woman labeled "North" emptying a cornucopiaful of silver dollars as big as wagon wheels on the head of a ribby fever patient supported by a skinny old maid labeled "South"—in the background a Federal army licking a Confederate army on some new and unexplained issue. Poor as these conceptions are they are not without their power upon the heart; they fill one with a melancholy regret that he ever gave a cent.

It would seem that some one of these artists might have drawn a noble and adequate inspiration from those graphic lines of Fitz-Greene Halleck:

"The blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke."

Give it a pencil and a block of boxwood and this spirited conception will almost draw itself. Who will paint it in oils that the next generation may have a souvenir of the great epidemic?

A revolver purse is advertised in London as good for highwaymen. We would like to have one. There would be no end of casualties among our creditors.

PRATTLE.

On Tuesday morning last a man named Widmer, the leader, I learn, of the Baldwin's Theatre orchestra, entered the ARGONAUT office, asking if my name was Bierce, and if I wrote a certain line in last week's issue. On being promptly assured that such was the case he as promptly struck at me with his fist or open hand—as the blow failed of its intent I can not say which. I do not enter into contests of that kind, and drew my pistol, when Mr. Widmer's friend, who had entered unperceived by me, and whose name I have not taken the trouble to ascertain, sprang upon me and seized the cocked weapon, Mr. Widmer closing with me at the same time. At this stage of a struggle rather dangerous for all concerned and all within pistol shot, Mr. Pixley, knowing nothing of the cause of the contest nor who was the aggressor, emerged from his private office, seized Mr. Widmer and forced him into a corner. The "subsequent proceedings" consisted in a struggle between Mr. Widmer's friend and myself for the weapon, which eventually remained in possession of its owner. This necessarily terminated the contest, for it then appeared that the two gentlemen had had the singular indiscretion to come upon such an errand unarmed. Mr. Pixley and others now interceded for Mr. Widmer's life; to that gentleman's credit be it stated he did not ask for it himself, nor appear to expect that it would be spared. Both gentlemen now left the building; the bravest men in the world could have done no more nor less.

It was a pretty enough quarrel, no cursing, nobody down, no blood; so far as I know not a blow received by any one—a struggle for a weapon the possession of which was decisive without merit in the victor or dishonor to the vanquished. A disinterested and impartial bookcase suffered the loss of a square of glass for which I think Mr. Widmer ought to pay.

These are "the short and simple annals" of this affair—this is the whole truth. In relating it I have this advantage over the reporters: no one who knows me can disbelieve me, whereas they, even though they write anonymously, are nevertheless not believed, owing to the bad reputation of their editors. They have lied so much that they can no longer deceive except by telling the truth, and conscientious scruples do not permit them. Such occasions as this are their harvest; it is then they gather their tar-weed sheaves of revenge, for it must be confessed that neither Mr. Pixley nor myself have been uniformly good to them. They can not meet us on the ground of truth; they have not wit—pray what would you have them do? I would not shoot an unarmed and defenseless man; is it to be supposed that I would carry on intellectual hostilities with the journalists of this town without giving them the odds of lying? It is a condition of the combat, and I am astonished at their moderation. What was to prevent them saying I had my hand in Mr. Widmer's pocket?

But the press reports have this serious aspect—they seem to have been inspired by Mr. Widmer. If they were, that altogether alters their significance; they no longer amuse, they insult. The most picturesque and imaginative narrative is given in what purports to be Mr. Widmer's language; but that is of course in the *Chronicle*. It is impossible to believe that a man who in this matter bore himself like a man of courage with a grievance, when unsuccessful through an indiscretion accepted his life with dignity, and went away with the respect of his antagonist, is capable of the immatchable baseness of going about to newspaper and telegraph offices to retrieve his fortunes by a kind of victory for which even in excitement he could hardly be unaware that when cool he would despise himself. As a mere matter of common sense he could hardly desire that I should have the advantage of knowing that he suffered from self-contempt. Yet there are the reports, ostensibly his own version, certainly not mine, certainly emanating from no one in this office. They have not, to my knowledge, been disavowed. This, as I said, and beg Mr. Widmer to observe, is a serious matter. He must expect it to be so treated.

Mr. Widmer, under circumstances of grave provocation and supreme advantage I made to you a gift of your life, which morally you had forfeited, and in a sense legally, for had I taken it no jury in this country would have convicted me. Not one man in a hundred would have spared you; you did not expect to be spared. Because of this generosity I am described in the journals as a coward, and you are asserted to be their authority for the description. I do not ask you to confirm my version; I am satisfied to let that rest on my simple word, and the word of those who witnessed without taking a part in the quarrel. But, sir, if you are a gentleman you will disavow the version attributed to you. And this you will do not as a condition precedent to anything else, and wholly irrespective of any considerations other than those of truth and manliness. Reparation goes backward; it is the rule. He must not expect it who offends in his demand. Having disavowed the authorship of the falsehoods attributed to you, and not till then, it will be in order for you to demand a retraction of, or satisfaction for, the original offense—neither of which, I hardly need to remind you, you have yet obtained.

A. G. BIERCE

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

DEAR EM:—What a bright, charming corner is that of Slaven's, under the equally delightful "Baldwin," and what a world of sweet and pretty things you can always find there! I have been trying some of his pet perfumes lately and am particularly pleased with the *Ixora de Bréonic*, which, as its compound name indicates, is a duplex fragrance combining that of the *Ixora*, a delicate East Indian shrub, and *Bréonic*, the make-up of which is jealously guarded by perfumers. But what can rival his great specialty, the Yosemite cologne? I am sure you will agree with me, when you have used it, that it is unapproachable. Here is a little description of it I came across in my reading lately, which struck me as summing it up completely: "Would you learn the secrets of the wind that sweeps over fields of flowers, cooling here, and bending with the weight of his boisterous kiss the fragile blossoms there; carrying the spell that bewitches the senses—the breath of Venus it has been called—wherever he goes? Would you hear the story of the dew, that has kissed the lily lip and the rose cheek, and rested, like a diamond set by the hand of the goldsmith Nature on the purple blossoms of the violet and pansy, till every pulsation of the blossom's heart gives it a new fragrance? Would you share the powers of the golden sun that watches and warms, vivifies and brings to full perfection the treasures of field and garden? Would you gather, in one sensation, the warmth of the rose, the fragrance of the lily, the fire, the fragrance, and the grace of the heliotrope, geranium, verbenia, and orange blossom?" Of course, you know the answer. It can be none other than the one word Yosemite. Neat, isn't it. Couldn't have done better myself. Ahem! But there are many other things for which ye female mind (and male too, for that matter) has a weakness. There is a case full of those lovely Baccarat toilet ornaments that would satisfy the most exacting, and powder boxes, ring receivers, and the various other odds and ends that make a well-appointed toilet table look like the shrine of some favored saint filled with votive offerings, all of crystal, silver, and whatever the cunning of the artist's brain can conceive of daintiness. I don't venture into the realms of medical lore, but Mr. Slaven, I know has every remedy for every disease under the sun, and competent and experienced hands to make it up, while who in San Francisco has not tried his infallible remedy for that form of thirst that afflicts at least one-third of a theatre audience by the end of the third act. I have been wanting to tell you for some time of my delight at the success of my new sewing machine, but there has been so much else to talk of that I have basely neglected it, knowing that it and its merits would lose nothing by the keeping. Well, this marvel of modern mechanical skill can do everything that other machines can do, and more too. It can fell, braid, embroider, tuck, put on dress braid, make that troublesome trimming, "milliner's folds," now so much used; yea, even unto the double fold and setting it on at the same time; can gather a ruffle, set it on and set on the facing, all at once; almost intelligently it can cord, do hemstitching, quilting, fringing, bind scollops or points, and make side platings; in short, do almost everything except furnish the materials. There is nothing to learn about the tension, which is always right; no bother about threading the needle, for it is so simple a child could do it after being once shown, and there is no "feed" in the world like it. I have increased the thickness of the work from a single fold of fine linen to sixteen thicknesses of cloth just as an experiment, and that wonderful but simple "presser foot" just skipped along over all as lively as though there was nothing under it, for you must know that this paragon is expressly named the "Vertical Feed," in order to distinguish it from any other. It is made by the Davis Machine Company up in that pretty little spot in New York State, Watertown, where so many other notable industries thrive. The success of the machine has been so great of late that extensive additions have recently been made to their interesting factory, which is one of the places that sight-seers are sure to visit when they go there. I think we women owe a world of gratitude to not only the inventor, but the improvers of this blessed contrivance. I would not sell my Davis for a thousand dollars unless I was sure I could get another exactly like it right away. Landers & Gilmore have some pretty things in the way of cashmere wrappers, in scarlet, gray, and black, with the regular cashmere pattern borders, and a good line of serges, bourettes, and mixed woolen goods generally. Their front window shows what they can do in the way of sleep-enticing articles like blankets and comfortables, as well as those indispensable adjuncts of the toilet, handsome toweling. I saw some small shawl shawls on the counter that looked as though they might be very becoming to middle-aged aunts and grandmamas. They were of cashmere, in the dead-leaf colors, and embroidered in chain stitching of the same color as the shawl itself, only shaded. Dress goods naturally suggested trimmings, so I sauntered into Line's, next door, to see if his supplies within verified the pleasant display seen from the street. I was not disappointed, for I found several very choice things in the way of fringes, laces, and buttons. The latter, you know, are being used much smaller again, which is an improvement, I think, and the graceful drop buttons so fashionable a few years ago are also returning to favor. I saw some very handsome ones, single acorns, and also the same design in clusters, and two or three on a string. Those attached to a circular bit of *passementerie* are sometimes used, though not so much as the others. The whalebone and seaweed fringes have evidently come to stay, for they are staunch favorites, and are being improved on every new lot. A whalebone fringe with a handsome and solid *passementerie* heading, the whole over a finger in depth, may be had now for \$2.50 a yard, while plainer patterns are only \$1.50. A very beautiful piece of the double, mixed with chenille, costs \$7 a yard. "Seaweed" is a pretty name, but "Mermaid's hair" would have been better. It is not a bit like seaweed, not so much even as the so-called "whalebone" fringe, which resembles the whalebone only in the matter of gloss. But "what's in a name" after all? A very handsome imitation chenille fringe comes which is very deep, and the ends of chenille, which are made of silk twisted to resemble it, are alternated with bits of fine, flossy silk threads strung in little bunches; a roll heading completes it. The piece I

saw was in pale, silvery blue. Torchon lace, white, with the point of the scollops only touched with a color—pink, blue, or green—seems to be much sought after, and was well represented, as, indeed, were any number of other laces, including the guipure, in both white and black. How rapidly Wirkheim has gained favor since he first entered his present store on Kearny Street, only a few months ago. He has now one of the fullest and handsomest stocks of cloaks and suits in the city. A lovely blue suit, lately in the window, has attracted a great deal of admiring notice from passers by. It is of the deep shade—between a violet and a navy blue—and is trimmed with pipings of *ciré*, binding the pointed tabs that finish the overskirt and hang low down on the kilt platings of the underdress; pockets and sleeves are similarly finished; and reversible bows here and there complete an exceedingly piquant dinner or reception dress. In cloaks, the prevailing style at this house is the full-sized loose or half-fitting sacque, of matelasse—or the soft, shaggy cloth—trimmed with velvet, fringe, or lace. Their shapes are noticeable for the graceful slope of the seams, on which so much depends in outdoor garments—particularly in heavy goods. The multitudinous seams of the *Princesse* pattern are at last doomed; and I am heartily glad of it, for they made the most erect figure look round-shouldered, and were only a multiplication of stitches for no good end. The only sensible and pretty back ever worn, the genuine French one—with or without a seam down the middle, and the sloping arm seams—will take their place. Well, blessed be variety, I say; for it is sure to either bring back old favorites, after a certain time, or to introduce new ones. One goes to the *Ville de Paris* as a matter of course. (I am always impressed anew with a sense of profound gratitude to that pleasant firm for having selected so easy and comprehensive a title for their store, whenever I catch sight of its collective name on the Sutter-Street side of the building. It's a match for the well-known publishing house of Claxton, Remsen & Hefelinger that has so long tried the "brotherly love" of Philadelphians! Messieurs Kaandler, Lelievre & Scellier, I salute you!) Handkerchiefs, fine as gossamer, and embroidered in delicate designs, in mixed colors and with deep pointed edges—new devices in collars and collarettes—novelties in fans, neckties, and *jabots* attracted me to the fancy goods side of the store. Particularly pretty are turn-over collars, made of muslin and Mirecourt lace, with a cascade bow of the same material, having plaited ends—the whole attached to the collar; they are new, too, and exclusive—I have seen them no where else. My young friends, Billings, Harbourn & Co., are going in a way that indicates that they mean to win. They have opened in fine style at their new premises, No. 3 Montgomery, and everything is as fresh and neat as paint and good taste can make it. You would not recognize the place, it is so changed. There is a handsomely finished off gallery at the back, running across the whole width, and enclosed by a white and gold railing, behind which extend the well-filled book cases that fill that end and one whole side of the room, from floor to ceiling. These include the poets and other standard works, all elegantly bound, and a large number of holiday books. I tried to get off a feeble joke, on the gallery being for the *quière*, but it was nipped in the bud by my discovering that the stationery was destined to occupy a very different place. Alas! so do our best efforts sometimes fail. I strongly suspect that beautiful boxes of all kinds are to be one of the numerous specialties here, for there was a most perplexing variety of them to any one who would want to make a choice. Very handsomely mounted graphoscopes, too, for Christmas gifts, are among the novelties, a list of which would include more articles than I have space to name. For the fair *religieuse*, for example, there are elegantly ornamented prayer-books and Bibles, bound in ivory, carved or painted, and in Russia leather, in neat little cases of the same, to which are attached handles, that they may be carried like satchels. For the more worldly minded, all that is new in albums, work-boxes, writing desks, pocketbooks, and so on. Just here let me advise you of a delightful little accessory to your writing case. It is a sachet made of perfumed leather, technically called *peau d'espagne*, and is made by steeping a bit of chamois skin in civet and musk, which must be rubbed in a mortar with liquid gum. It is made somewhat more elaborately by perfumers abroad, by the addition of attar, odoriferous gum, resins, etc., and is sold by them by the square inch. These sachets were first made, it is said, by that Italian chemist, Frangipanni, who originated the perfume named after him. The odor is almost imperishable. *Cassiolette*, too, used for scenting hand-bags or work-boxes, may be filled with a paste of gum tragacanth, or acacia gum, and equal parts of musk, ambergris, vanilla, attar of rose, and orris root powder. But, dear me! here I am wandering back into Slaven's special domain; let us return to No. 3 Montgomery at once, that I may chronicle an example of thoughtfulness this enterprising young firm have already set, which it would be well to have generally followed. That is, in providing drinking water for the refreshment of warm and weary shoppers. It is often said that women are more keenly appreciative of small acts of courtesy than of the yielding of great rights. However that may be, I fancy very few who may avail themselves of this one fountain in the wilderness of San Francisco stores, will be disposed to underrate the attention. The latest hints as to what will be the styles for children during the coming winter are as yet slender. The *princesse* still rules, and the finest of side platings are the reigning trimming for the bottoms of skirts, jackets, and sacques, while plastrons, when used, are largely shirred. Mrs. Dannenberg, on Montgomery Street, has some very pretty suits, and will have very much more of novelty in the course of the coming week. I have numerous other items for your private ear next time I write. Commend me to your good man, and tell Adele I have something to tell her too. Always yours,

LILLAS DUBOIS.

The Shah of Persia is in a quandary: for he doesn't know whether the splendid promises of civilization and development offered him by Europe mean friendship or conquest.

Whatever you would not wish your neighbor to do to you, do it not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is a mere exposition of it.—*Talmud*.

Evil ministers of good things are as torches—a light to others, a waste to none but themselves.

THE DOG THAT I SHOT.

It was somewhere about the spring of the year 1852, as nearly as I can remember, when I used to get up early and take a ride before breakfast of fifteen or twenty miles in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

Among my other routes of return to the city from these rides was one through a small valley, which opened to the southwest like the lower end of a trumpet, but gradually diminished in breadth as it narrowed in a regular curve, like a cow's horn—similar to that of the famous valley of Cuernavaca in Mexico. Entering this valley at its broadest width, I passed, at my left hand, a rude cabin, whose frame-work was evidently constructed of branches roughly hewn from the neighboring oaks; over these were nailed, and most impartially distributed, dried hides of cattle, rusted sheets of iron, fragments of the tin lining of dry-goods cases, coal sacks, and gunny bags. At the lower corner of the cabin, at my left hand as I entered the valley, always sat the lord of the castle. He was evidently one of those trappers from the Rocky Mountains, who abounded here in those early times. He was clad in a suit of buckskin; a tunic of yellowish, dirty, greasy, mountain-dressed, untanned deer hide, whose borders were fringed with rude, twisted thongs, suggesting an imitation of tassels; foul breeches or pantaloons to match; and leathern boots—undoubtedly Yankee in pattern, make, and material. His matted, carrotty locks had no covering of hat or cap. A crisp, yellow-whitish beard curled over his face like a drought-smitten stubble. He was smoking a corn-cob pipe.

I had passed him thus many times in my customary rides through the valley, and it finally occurred to me that his dog—an immense yellow one, half and half of the bull-dog and blood-hound cross—had always done me the unnecessary honor to accompany me from the point at the cabin, where I entered the valley, to the other point, some three hundred feet distant, where I turned out of it and left the hovel out of sight, but always trying to seize my horse by the throat. I remembered, also, that just at this point, where he would get out of sight of his master, the dog gave up his assault upon my horse. I tried often to get that dog beyond that point, but to no purpose. I coaxed him in perfect English; I wheedled him in Parisian French; I cajoled him in Saxon German; I adjured him in a mixture of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, which would have passed muster as good *lingua Franca* in any port on the Mediterranean. All in vain. That dog could not be persuaded to go beyond that point where the gradual turn of the valley brought the slope of the hill between himself and his master's lodge. He was a sensible dog.

But one morning I rode back to my friend, the obvious trapper, and the following colloquy took place:

"My friend, you must have noticed me riding through this valley some three or four times a week?"

"Yus."

"You must have observed that your dog has always accompanied me, and tried to take my horse by the throat?"

"Yus."

"This is very annoying to me."

"Yus."

"Well, I propose to ride through here, as usual, and when you see that your dog is annoying me in this way I hope that you will call him off."

"No."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Well, my friend, if you won't call him off, I will take him off. Now, understand, I shall come here, as usual, on my morning ride, to-morrow morning; and if your dog assails my horse, I will shoot him. Do you understand?"

"Yus."

I rode home. I borrowed a pistol. If I remember aright it was one of those machines called a six-shooter. I had it loaded. I took lessons on it, so that I might fire it without shooting myself. I put it in my pocket. I rode out with it on the morning, on my customary route. We passed the cabin. There sat the trapper, in his usual costume, smoking his confounded old corn-cob pipe. There, also, was the dog, who, as we passed, rose gracefully from his repose at the feet of his master. Bounding up with a rising sweep, in a perfectly graceful curve—Hogarth's line of beauty—he tried to seize the throat of my horse. I drew the pistol. I accommodated my aim to the rise and fall of my horse upon the gallop.

I adjusted my aim. It is a curious fact, that as two clocks hung on the opposite sides of a thick brick or stone wall will affect each other, and come to run together in the same time, or as two sleeping snorers will gradually reach the same beautiful snore, so a horse and a dog running together will practice the same gallop or lope. So I easily made myself sure that that dog was bounding to the same regular movement as the gallop of my horse, and that I had fixed him with an aim which would certainly send my first shot through both his carotid artery and jugular vein. This was all in the cause of humanity, or rather of caninity, for bleeding from both sources would, of course, shorten the agonies of the dying dog. But I wanted one thing more. I wanted my friend, the trapper, to be in at the death. I had promised him that I would kill his dog. I wanted him to see me shoot the animal. Well, when I had got an assured aim, I cast one look back at the trapper, to be sure that he was there, and would see the killing. And there he was. He had dropped his corn-cob pipe. He stood erect. His left foot was advanced a foot or two beyond the other. In his right hand, with its breech resting on the ground, ready to be brought forward and dropped into bearing in the palm of his left hand, was a rifle nineteen feet in length. He himself was twenty-two feet in height. I am sure of these dimensions, because I was there. I saw him distinctly, and made my estimate on the spot.

Well, we turned out of the valley—that is, the horse and I did, for the dog could not be persuaded to come around the sandy slope of the hill, which would have concealed him from his master.

I did not kill that dog. I did not even fire at him. I do not know what became of him. According to the best of my recollection I never rode into that valley any more, or any where in that neighborhood. JOHN W. DWINELLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1878.

INTAGLIOS.

Summer's Doze.

Thinner the leaves of the larches show,
Motionless held in the languid air;
Fainter by waysides the sweetbreeds grow,
Wide bloom laying their gold hearts bare.
Languishing one by one;
Summer is almost done.

Deeper-hued roses have long since died;
Silent the birds through the white mists fly;
Down of the thistles, by hot suns dried,
Covers with pale fleeces vines growing nigh;
Little brooklets calmer run;
Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of sunrise sweeps,
Shortening the reign of the slow-coming day;
Earlier shade of the twilight creeps
Over the swallows skimming away;
Crickets their notes have begun;
Summer is almost done.

The Woods in Autumn.

Flashes of gold that fleck the sober grey,
Dark ruddy tints that crimson in the light;
Soft streaks of silver glimmering pearly white,
Amid the russet browns half hid away;
Pure green of spring that lingers while it may;
Patches of ivy-foliage dark as night;
Rich purple shades that peep out from the height:

Such crown with glory the September day.
Oh, autumn woods! I lie beside the stream
That winds you round about so lovingly,
And, rapt in sense of wondrous beauty, see
How vain must be ambition's lofty dream
To rival tints like yours, or dare to trace
Your perfect harmony, your perfect grace.

A Song of Modern Love.

Give me that branch of lilac, dear
(Full of what sweet, crushed fragrances!),
Out of your breast, as if so near
It lay to where your breathing is
That it is perfumed with your breath!
I would be taught but what I am,
Your lover just—no less, no more.
I would not have the right to claim
One flower, and lose the right to implore:
With joys possessed, such sorrow entereth.

I take the flower I pleaded for,
And it becomes my very own.
Where is its charm? Upon the floor
I strew the poor bruised blossoms down,
And he may gather them as he will.
I touch your hand—to let it go;
I kiss your lips—and turn aside;
And know that if it were not so,
Long, long ago our love had died;
God save your lord that I may love you still!
W. M. H.

To-day and To-morrow.

Old Time is the drollest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his rules;
He gave all to-day to the wise,
To-morrow he promised the fools.

At first he made naught but to-day,
With its joys, its successes, and sorrow,
Then to keep on good terms with the world,
He promised he'd make a to-morrow.

The idle rejoiced at the news,
Put their hands in their pockets and slept,
Believing the promise of Time
Would be most religiously kept.

At last they woke up but to find
To-morrow was really a myth;
And thought what they'd do when too late,
If they had the time to do with.

They prayed to old Time to return,
"Twice merely the wasting of breath,
For they found, as he laughed and flew on,
That to-morrow was nothing but death."

Rencontre.

Toiling across the Mer de Glace,
I thought of, longed for thee;
What miles between us stretched, alas!
What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side
Stood suddenly, like Fate!
For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate.

T. B. ALORICH.

The Luxury of Song.

The sweetest tones are not the tones of gladness;
Woe best calls forth the luxury of song,
When men pierced to the heart with secret sadness
Would fain avoid the busy, curious throng,
And while they soothe their own deep-seated pain,
Pour from their hearts a sad yet pleasing strain.

The nightingale, with dark remembrance singing,
Pours forth a rippling melody of song;
From her rich store of tragedy old-bringing
Such notes as to none other bird belong,
And while she "stays her breast against a thorn"
Teaches the woods and sullen caves to mourn.

"Through Rose of Dawn."

Through rose of dawn, and sunset's radiant dyes,
Through golden harvest, dewy joy of spring,
Through all the beautiful that poets sing,
She walked with heavy feet and downcast eyes.
To Nature's smiles she rendered naught but sighs,
While age made drearier yet each earthly thing,
Till Death bent o'er her with his shadowy wing,
And in his cold arms bore her to the skies.
And thus she left the world; but looking back,
She asked, as through the stars they took their way,
"What star, O Angel, with silvery track
Shines yonder, loveliest of the whole array?"
"What! I know ye not the place you thought so dread?
That shining planet is the Earth!" Death said.

The Doppelgänger.

Still is the night and the streets are lone;
My darling dwelt in this house of yore;
'Tis years since she from the city has flown,
Yet the house stands there as it did before.

There, too, stands a man, and aloft stares he,
And for stress of anguish he wrings his hands.
My blood runs cold when his face I see,
'Tis my own very self in the moonlight strands.

Thou double! Thou fetch, with livid face,
Why dost thou mimic my lovelorn mould,
That was racked and rent in this very place
So many a night in the time of old?

HEINE.

Plays.

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the lover!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sit before us,
How many prompters, what a chorus!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BLACK JAKE'S "INTENDED."

An Idyl of Deadwood.

"Say, gran'pa, suppose we stay here."
"Very well, deary, just as you say—just as you say."
Heart alive, what a cute little maid it is!

The last rays of sunset had left all but the tops of the taller pines and the highest crags of the surrounding rocks. The place the little girl had chosen as a resting place was a sort of alcove formed by the rocks, with a grassy sward and a little spring bubbling up, and open only to the highway—the stage road that led to Deadwood City, more than twenty miles away.

A strange pair they seemed to be, traveling alone on that solitary road. The old man was very old indeed, his figure bent and bowed, with long, white hair, and trembling hands that seemed to be always groping for something in a nervous sort of way, while the little girl, a child of ten or twelve, with a most engaging face, surrounded by curls the tint of sunshine, set at once busily to work gathering some sticks with which to make a fire.

In a very little while it was burning briskly, and then, seating herself beside the old man, she opened a basket nearly as large as herself which the two had carried between them, and taking from it some bread and cheese, divided it between her companion and herself.

"Now, gran'pa," she said, when they had finished their frugal meal and washed it down with some clear, cold water from the little spring, "you must be awful tired. You just go to sleep while I put some more sticks on the fire to keep away the bogies. Ain't it splendid. Just like a picnic."

"Yes, yes, deary," answered the old man, in his imbecile way; "but they'll be terrible mad when they come home and find it out. Dear heart alive, what a cute little maid it is."

"Now you just had better be asleep, gran'pa, when I come back, or I'll—I'll never kiss you any more."

And, kissing him again as she spoke, with one little finger held up in a comical, warning way, she set about replenishing the fire.

The old man obeyed her implicitly, and laying back on the soft sward, by the time she returned was fast asleep; and, kissing him, she buttoned his coat close about his throat. Then she knelt down, and saying her prayers, looked around her in a fearful sort of way, for it had grown quite dark and weirdly still, and then nestling her head on his breast, in a few moments also fast asleep.

She woke up with a sudden start to see herself and her grandfather surrounded by a dozen or more dark, roving-looking men, with broad-brimmed, slouched felt hats and heavy knee-boots, while each had one or more revolvers and a bowie knife stuck in his belt.

"Wall, I am derned, done up and busted!" said one who seemed to be their leader, "if this ain't a racket. Here's an old billed clam and a kid all alone in the wilderness without so much as a shootin' iron. What hev they got in that thar basket, Bill, anyhow?"

One of the gang reached over to look, but the little girl, in spite of her terror, rose to stop him.

"No," she said, "you can't have any of it, if you please. It is all we have to take us all the way to Deadwood."

"Wall, now," said the leader, admiringly, "you hev got grit, too. Put it down, Bill; and so yer air bound for Deadwood, eh?"

"Yes, sir, because father's gone there, and mother she died, and I had to go and live with Aunt Maria, and she and Uncle Abe was very cruel to me and gran'pa, and so we ran away while they were up to camp-meeting, and we are going up to Deadwood because father's there. We lived up in Illinois, which is ever so far away, but a splendid looking gentleman, dressed better than even our new preacher at the camp-meeting, that was throwing three cards between his fingers, bought us a ticket right on to Cheyenne, and then we started to walk; so you see you mustn't take the basket or we won't be able to get there after all."

"Wall, now, boys," said the leader, once more turning to his gang, "if yer don't call that grit, whar are yer goin' ter find it? And so yer father's out at Deadwood? What's his name?"

"His name is Joe Terry. Do you know him, sir?"

"Wall, I guess I kin find him if I want to. He knows me anyhow, you bet. I'm the road agent they call Black Jake."

"You wouldn't hurt us, sir, I'm sure," the old man struck in. "We have no money nor any—"

"Yes I have," the little girl interrupted. "I have a whole silver dollar a gentleman gave me when we left the train."

"Wall, you jest hold on to it, my little girl," said Black Jake, "and jest look a here, I'm goin' up ter Deadwood, as they'll know round thar to-morrow mornin', and yer seem such a peart little heifer I'm goin' to take yer along. What do yer say, pards?"

A hearty assent from all around.

"But, sir, gran'pa—"

"We'll take him along, too. Say, pards, trot out the animal of that feller we left down thar in the canon, and get the old cuss a-straddle of it. I'm goin' ter take the gal myself. Burn me wholesale if I ain't goin' ter marry her when she grows up. She's jest the sort I want."

The arrangement was made, and the whole party started at a sharp trot in the direction of Deadwood, the little girl seated before Black Jake on the saddle, till after three or four hours' ride, with occasional halts and suppers from the whisky flasks, they stopped before a clearing with a log cabin, and Black Jake dismounted, lifting the child to the ground.

"Thar," he said, "you jest go in thar and knock at the door and tell them yer want Joe Terry, and that Black Jake said so, and ef they don't mind yer they'll har from me agin. Now yer jest open that basket, and in with yer mites, pards."

He set the example himself by putting in a ten-dollar bill, and each added something, ranging from a half-empty flask of whisky to a gold pencil case. Then they wheeled their horses about and rode off in the direction they had come, Black Jake turning in his saddle as he did so to say:

"Remember, sis, I'm yer friend every time, and I'll be comin' back ter marry yer one of these days."

Whether he does or not the future must decide, but the same morning, by the time the child and her grandfather had found Joe Terry, the main subject of conversation in the saloons was that the mail had been robbed again, and the driver and one passenger shot dead.

HUBERT H. DWAR.

It is said that a recent convert in Deadwood yelled "Keno!" in prayer meeting instead of "Amen."

The portrait of a beautiful young lady is a canvas back duck.

VIOLETS.

"I never wear any other flower," I heard her say, because my favorites unite beauty, elegance, simplicity, and modest grace with a delightful fragrance, thus combining all the most esteemed characteristics of a lovely flower." And I said softly to myself, "that young lady is a grammivorous crammer—she has been reading up." Some time after I again heard her discuss the violet at length. And at such length! I might easily fill a volume with the odorous distillations of her violet volubility—and she had been to Homer, "dear, delicious, blind old thing," as she called him. "Homer places the violet in the garden of Calypso, and from his time downward there has scarcely been a poet, great or small, who has not had something to say in praise of my favorite flower." And then she ran and rattled on, and on, and on, while I reposed in a sea-sand car of silence, and the waves of her speech hummed in my ear till I fell asleep.

"As long as there are violets
They will have a place in story."

The Greeks called the violet "ion"—a word which scholars believe signified pale, pleasant, fine, true, la, the daughter of Atlas, fleeing into the woods from the pursuit of Apollo, was changed into a violet. Prosperine was gathering violets when she was seized by Pluto. Virgil tells us how

"The daughters of the flood explored the meads
For violets pale."

Shakespeare, in the *Winter's Tale*, speaks of

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

And in *Twelfth Night* he makes the Duke of Illyria beg the musicians to give him "excess of music," "the food of love," saying of the "dying fall" of the strain he would have them repeat:

"Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

Milton makes Echo dwell

"By slow Meander's margent green
And in the violet-broidered vale."

Sir Walter Scott says:

"The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs and hazels mingle,
May boast herself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle."

Miss Landon, the gifted but unfortunate "L. E. L.," refers to the violet as a flower

"Whose leaves,
Thick in their azure beauty, fill the air
With most voluptuous breathings."

In that matchless flowery poem, "The Sensitive Plant," Shelley alludes to

"The violet,
"Sprung from the earth with warm rains wet."

Keats tells us that the nymphs who waited on Endymion

"Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes."

Innocence, faithfulness, modesty, humble merit, hidden virtue, have all been severally compared to the violet. And it is the lovers' flower, too, for, as Barry Cornwall sings,

"It has a scent, as though Love, for its dower,
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost;
For though the rose has more perfuming power,
The violet (happy cause 'tis almost lost
And takes so much trouble to discover)
Stands first with most, but always with a lover."

The flower is one of the master keys to the treasure-house of memory, according to the inspired basket-maker, Thomas Miller, who sings thus of "a simple violet that graced a ruined wall":

"How small a key unlocks the human heart!
That little flower did many a scene recall,
And hide the veil of bygone years depart."

The Athenians, twenty-two centuries ago, were as proud of their violet as the English are of their rose, the Scotch of their thistle, the Irish of their shamrock, or the French of their lily. In all seasons violets were to be seen in the market-place at Athens, very much as they are to be seen in the windows of New York florists to-day. The rose gardens of Paestum were also celebrated for their violets, and it is said they still grow wild there, and fill the air with fragrance. In modern times, we learn that the first Napoleon chose the violet as his heraldic emblem; and, on his enforced departure in 1814 to his petty kingdom of Elba, he promised his friends that he would "return with the violets." His partisans accordingly adopted this flower as a symbol of their faithfulness. They designated the Emperor "La Pêre de la Violette," and hung violets up in their houses, or wore them in their button-holes, in token of unchangeable attachment to him. When he returned in the following March, Napoleon was saluted with violets by the overjoyed Parisians. After Waterloo, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., the wearing of the violet was branded as seditious. But Byron expressed the secret hope of millions of enthusiastic Frenchmen, writhing under the inglorious, leaden tyranny of the jolter-headed Bourbons, when he wrote:

"Farewell to thee, France; but when liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then;
The violet still grows in the depths of thy valleys;
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again."

As we know, the Second Empire revived as much as possible the traditions of the First Empire. Among them the emblematic violet was resurrected. Whether it is destined to be again the national emblem of changeable France it is useless to vaticinate.

The Eastern poets have vied with those of the West in celebrating the violet's praises. The Persian lover presents the flower to his lady love to tell in mute yet eloquent language

"What words can ne'er speak half so well."

And one of the Celtic bards gives his fair country women the following unique advice:

"Anoint thy face with goat's milk in which violets have been steeped,
And there is not a young prince upon earth who will not be charmed with thy beauty."

When summer passes away and the flowers lie withered and sere, when the forest puts on its annual robes of scarlet and gold, when the breeze becomes fresher and more bracing, when the crack of the gun reverberates through the silent aisles of the woodland, when everything has a tendency to make man pause and meditate upon the uncertainties and vicissitudes of life, what is sweeter than to sit on a rail fence and peacefully devour a raw turnip.

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customers and the public that he has removed to a larger and more convenient office at No. 23 Kearny Street (next door to Snow & May's), where he has a large collection of these beautiful and rare works of art. To those who can not visit his collection, he will be glad, on receipt of a postal card, to take a portfolio of Engravings for inspection at their residence any forenoon or evening. 23 Kearny Street. Hours, 1 to 5 P. M.





The people who have been suddenly elevated to wealth by the rise in stocks have become somewhat accustomed to their new position, and are beginning to acquire that repose which belongs to riches and aristocracy. To an observer the late social change in San Francisco is an interesting study; more especially is it to him whose duty calls him regularly to the theatre. The first movement was most clearly seen there in the sudden appearance of gorgeous toilets, and the general recognition of new clothes. The dress circle was filled with old and young, male and female, all showing by their self-satisfied air that though this was a luxury long strange to them they could afford it now. Their features and attitudes, the fluttering of fans, and constant arrangement of dress, gave evidence that they had got themselves up at some cost, and did not mean to be hidden from their neighbors' gaze. Everything betokened a glad relief from some terrible pressure—so glad it could not be concealed. Any performance seemed to attract them. They did not stop, evidently, to consider what entertainments were offering, but went in for a round of the theatres right and left. The novelty is over; they are satiated with enjoyment, and are developing an inclination to consider what is the performance most attractive to them. It is not *Davy Crockett*; most people have seen the play. The story is familiar in various forms in dime novels, and we fear that even the boys begin to doubt the truth of it. We who are up in years remember what intense interest we studied the life of the backwoods with all its alluring adventures, but the boys of to-day are beyond us, and have much more advanced ideas of probability and possibility. Frank Mayo has been "Davy Crockett's" other name so long that many people doubt which of them really belongs to him; and it may be admitted that the backwoodsman could scarcely find a better impersonator. It is a character always popular, always in accord with the finer side of human nature, and it is astonishing how mean, how unchristian, how dishonest a man will be in business all day long, and yet feel good and virtuous when he applauds the sterling honor and nobility of "Davy Crockett." If about Mr. Mayo's impersonation there are crystallized faults—faults that long association with the past and with the play have ingrained into the man—it is, on the whole, a very finished performance. The rehearsal of the business in each place he has gone to, the drilling of new people into the supporting parts of the play, have induced not a natural ease, but an angular precision in all his movements, and one feels that he is looking at a representation closely studied, and too apparently dependent upon the actions and words of others. But the chief drawback to the attractive powers of *Davy Crockett* is that Frank Mayo plays almost nothing else. He is an old Californian, and everybody who remembers San Francisco in years past remembers him associated with its rise to theatrical importance. But the city has seen a great change since he first made himself known as an actor, and indeed within the last two years his position is considerably altered. The difficulty of transportation across the continent and its heavy expense have been obviated by organization; we have now within our own circle all the necessities for first-class stage representations; and these have led to a competition so active and important that popularity has much less advantage than it had in the earlier history of the place. While California was isolated and had but a vague idea of the progress made in the arts abroad, the local pride in our prodigies made reputations and money for poor talent. The better and more talented, who stood the test of Eastern audiences, came back to find a welcome and a reward in later years; but we are beginning to grow critical, and while we are pleased to see Frank Mayo and his kindred still maintaining star positions on the stage, we are dissatisfied that they persist in sticking to the old and hackneyed characters. We want our prodigies to keep up with the advancing art; and show that the talent that first brought them into favor is not wasted on one character and one play. So many people reason about *Davy Crockett*, and to that reasoning the empty benches may impute their emptiness in a great measure. On this point we may repeat what was said about *Struck Oil*. *Davy Crockett* like Mr. Williamson's play, is one that may be laid on the shelf, and at some future day taken down and used with a probability of success. There is much that is extravagant and improbable about it. We can scarcely recollect many of its incidents to reason; and yet it has a strong attractive human interest, which, being unlike that element in modern pieces, has a peculiar charm. It is late to say that the fell motive of "Crampoo's" revenge, the satisfaction he is to derive from this marriage between his

nephew and Eleanor, is not very well defined, seeing he is wealthy himself; that even Lochinvar could not have escaped as easily with his bride, especially if he gave his enemies so much time and warning; that stage license has been freely used throughout the play. The fact remains that *Davy Crockett* is one of the best plays of its kind, of that healthful, enjoyable, and exciting kind, which does us good in this unhealthy state of society. Miss de Forrest plays "Eleanor" with a freedom from extravagance and a womanly strength which tell in her favor as an actress, and undo some of the impressions of weakness formed from her previous performances. It is not an easy part to play well, because it is made so much to subserve the necessities of the hero. That she rises beyond the situation and imparts to it an interest, which, while throwing "Davy" into stronger relief, adds to its own importance, is something in Miss de Forrest's favor. Mrs. Judah as "Davy's" mother did a very charming piece of acting. Otherwise the cast calls for no special notice. The play is admirably put on. On Monday night, Mr. Mayo ventures again *The Streets of New York*, a play that, in our opinion, neutralizes his reputation in an artistic sense.

Mr. Williamson has made his annual mistake. He has undertaken to follow his capital impersonation of "John Stofel" with his colorless and uninteresting Irishman. For two successful stars, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have the poorest repertory we know. When he was at the California Mr. Williamson had a kind of a reputation for impersonating Irish character. He developed *Struck Oil*; and it was then seen, by contrast, what a poor Irish character he could be. He has never had any reputation in the line since. There are few men in the world who can not be made up to look like an Irishman; there are not many who can put on characteristics so integrally a part of the man as the Irish. Consequently, while there are many who can sing a song and dance a jig, there are few who can carry through a drama a character whose very nature is the element of interest. Mr. Williamson can not do either. Mrs. Williamson, on the other hand, seems to have the qualities in her nature, and even long experience with "Lizzie Stofel," does not deprive her of her capabilities for Irish. As she is the best Dutch girl on the stage, so she is one of the best Hibernians; and though her performances are all tinged with variety peculiarities, her appearance, behavior, and brogue make up for the lack of artistic sense. *The Emerald Ring* was an attractive play to the same taste that appreciated highly tinted penny pictures in the days gone by. It belongs to a class in which effect is everything, and art and arrangement nothing. It is an unreasoning elaboration of an old-fashioned story; a story of an age of the extravagant in sentiment, when nothing was put into a novel that was probable, and nothing was done on the stage that was possible. It does not deserve criticism. It was made up principally of Burney Williams' songs and Irish absurdities, and Mr. Williamson is not Mr. Williams. He does not attempt to intuse any lively fun into "Mike McCarty"; and, indeed, lively fun is not a forte of his. Mrs. Williamson does all the singing, and she sings well. Of all pieces which a first class stock company has been called upon to support, it is the weakest; that is evidenced in the fact that Mr. Brown actually plays the father better than the star plays the son; that Mr. Bishop's "Fawney," the least important part in the piece, shines out beyond all the rest; that Mr. Lewis Morrison, as "Ralph Deadlight," plays the last act as if he would like to make fun of it, but it is too serious; that Mr. Bradley does not seem to realize that the piece is not *Olivia*; and that nothing remains with the spectator to recall the performance to his mind. *The Fool of the Family* closes the bill with a good deal of life, for which Mrs. Williamson deserves the credit. *Clouds and Sunshine* will be played next week. Following the Williamses, comes an adaptation of Denney's *L'Enfant Trouvee*. It is a play said to be re-written, but familiar to the stage in many forms, and under many names, for years. Rose Lytinge has been playing it in the East, and Madam Beatrice in London, under the title of *The Woman of the People*; but the success has not attracted the world. Mr. Maguire does not seem to be in any great hurry to begin the career of brilliant success which he predicted for himself.

The performance of *Girofle-Girofla*, at the Bush Street Theatre, has developed into the best ever given on the coast, without a doubt, and Mrs. Oates' company have begun to show their real mettle. The *prima donna* is recovering her voice, and she now sings the part fairly well. We note an earnestness of purpose in the general demeanor of the company which points to an appreciation of the importance of their first engagement and success here; and our opinion is confirmed that they possess great strength. The audiences have been large throughout. *La Perichole* was produced on Thursday night.

We do not see that the new season has brought out anything brilliantly successful in the East. *Clarissa Harlowe* is a flat failure, as Boucicault's pieces always are now. We have the usual stars in the old pieces. Miss Ward's attraction seems to be as much dry goods as anything else. Native authors do not score much.

MOURZOUK.

"THE LOST PLEIAD."

"*Merope mortali nupsit.*"

Such is the melancholy inscription which Mr. Rogers has selected to convey in a few words the sad story of the lost Pleiad which he has so powerfully rendered into marble for us, and which, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Shillaber, we are enabled to feast our eyes on for a season. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the fortunate owner of this fine piece of modern American sculpture sets an example of refined taste and judicious expenditure which we shall hope to see copied frequently in the near future. Mr. Randolph Rogers justly occupies a front rank among modern sculptors. He has been a resident of Rome for many years, where his studio, No. 53 Via Margutta, is the favorite resort of those of his wandering countrymen who are at all artistically inclined. Of his numerous meritorious pieces "Nydia" is the one on which his reputation most securely rests, and no one who has seen this touching, *hearing* figure of the "Blind Girl of Pompeii" will soon forget the appeal made to his feelings by the expression of despair on her sightless face. Both "Nydia" and "Ruth"—a very graceful, half-kneeling representation of Naomi's daughter-in-law—have been purchased by Californians, so that this last work from Mr. Rogers' chisel is his third production which has found its way to our far away shores. Three years ago Mr. Rogers was at work on the clay model, which so much pleased the present owner that he gave him an order for it; the venerable artist exercised an artist's privilege, took his time to deliver this creation of his genius, and it arrived here only last month. Mythological lore is rather confused in its legendary accounts of the careers of the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione. It is generally admitted that they were nymphs in the train of the "chaste Diana," who we may suppose exacted very circumspect conduct in her attendant maidens. Orion, a mighty hunter, became so enamored of their charms, however, that he forsook the chase for nobler game, and so annoyed the haughty sisters that they appealed to Jupiter for protection, who changed them into doves and placed them as a constellation amongst the stars. One version of the story tells us that Electra, one of them, left her heavenly place from grief over the approaching destruction of Troy, that city having been founded by her son Dardanus. Mr. Rogers, however, has accepted the tradition most pathetic in its associations, and possibly susceptible of more expressive artistic treatment. "Merope wedded a mortal!" She listened to the pleadings of a human lover, yielded to the force of earthly passion, and the only one of the sisters who mated with a mortal fell from her high estate, and was supposed to have become the wife of Sisyphus, King of Corinth, the instigator of the Isthmian games. Mr. Rogers has evidently endeavored to portray for us in marble, by face, and form, and gesture, the remorseful realization of the consequences of her act.

"Which way shall I fly,
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?"

A cloud forms the support of the figure, which, only partially draped to the waist, is represented as in the act of falling through the air. The head is partially turned, as though fearfully and inquiringly looking whither she is being carried, and the sad, wistful brow is shaded by the left hand. The right arm falls by her side, and the deprecatory, regretful expression thrown into the hand is very fine. The lower limbs are completely draped, only the feet showing from amidst the folds of the skirt, which is tossed aside by the light wind, which wafts her powerless to her fate. The modeling of this lower portion of the figure is of superb, worthy of an old Greek. The general poise the figure is well managed, and the all-pervading expression of floating down, down "upon the wings of silence, through the empty vaulted night," is admirably rendered. The treatment of the hair is weak, the line of drapery, as it falls away from the bust, is hard, and I do not think that the expression of the face is quite worthy of the evident conception of the artist; but we can afford to be critical when an alabaster form of such nobility and grace is exhibited for our admiration, for the flaws are but few, and the merits such as instruct and gratify the highest capacities and instincts of the human heart and brain. Modern plastic art has made huge strides within the past half century, and we may cheerfully hope some day to see an ideal reached, in workmanship worthy to be compared to the Greek, and in purity and grandeur of conception as much superior to the schools which have left us the Apollo and Laocoon, as a loving, human, spiritual, Christian ideal must be to the realization of any Pagan imagination. But as the essential aim of sculpture is the perfect representation of the human form divine, and as a very important element in all artistic education is the unconscious, continual training of the eye from daily contact with daily life, it is a consideration worthy of reflection, as to how great a degree of absolutely false education any artist must rid himself of before getting to work, if he ever permits his visions to be invaded by thoughts of the *apparent* conformation of the human nymphs of his every day life. Were a young sculptor, fresh from the art school, susceptible of strong personal impressions, to indulge his feelings, give form to his fancies, model for his maiden effort the fair Sophronisba of his waking dreams—the modern woman—and place her before us, as Vischer expresses it, an object of "tangible sight," what quality in us do you think would be most strongly appealed to, the sublime or the ludicrous? K. B.

TABER'S PHOTOGRAPH PARLORS.

The opening of the elegant photograph parlors of the well known artist, I. W. Taber, at his new place of business, corner of Montgomery and Market Streets, during the past week, was made the occasion of a very delightful reception by Mr. Taber and his accomplished wife. The event was one of the pleasantest episodes of the present season of "openings." The premises being entirely new some slight description of the building itself may not be uninteresting to our readers, particularly those portions occupied by Mr. Taber's rapidly increasing business. The lower part, it is well known, is occupied by the Hibernia Savings Bank, while certain rooms above have recently been taken by Messrs. Burr & Finck, popular tailors. The major portions of the third and fourth floors, however, are devoted to the reception and operating rooms of the studio. The arrangement of the first-named is somewhat unique, and as it was planned by the lessee himself, the result is that it is *au fait* in every particular, and is unapproached by any similar establishment in the city. The front parlor, in particular, is a model in itself. It occupies the corner of the building, and commands an extensive view, from its four large windows, of both Montgomery and Market streets, Lotta's fountain, the Palace and Grand Hotels, and other points of interest. Just within the doorway leading from the hall a broad, handsomely carpeted staircase ascends to the upper floor, where are the additional operating rooms, in which the "dark mysteries" of the art are practiced by experienced assistants. In the principal parlor, as in the others, the harmony of outline has been greatly increased by placing the mantel-pieces and fire-places across one corner of the room, instead of, as according to the common fashion, in the centre of the square. The walls are of a delicate neutral tint, paneled off by broad bands of red velvet paper, edged with a band of gilding, while the ceilings are very handsomely frescoed. This portion of the decorative work was done by Mr. Joseph Gumpertz, of 341 Bush street. Continuous with the front room are two others similarly finished, and furnished as reception and waiting rooms, the second containing a fine piano, elegant dressing bureau, and other articles of use. Still further back, and occupying a large space in the centre of the building, is the principal operating room. In form a parallelogram, it is lighted by an extensive skylight, and made otherwise bright and charming by a long bank of growing flowers, from the middle of which rises an urn filled with dahlias and other regal blossoms. Numerous canaries in gilded cages keep the air musical with their rival songs. The furnishing, superintended entirely by Mrs. Taber, during her husband's absence at the East, is elegant in the extreme. Rich crimson and black carpets, the design a large, graceful drooping leaf, and full-blown blossoms, cover the whole stretch of floor. From the windows depend handsome lace curtains, with elegant lambrequins of brocaded damask, of the prevailing color of the room. This drapery, as well as that above the mantel-pieces, which are of fine Italian marble, is exceedingly unique in pattern, and finished by a heavy fringe, interspersed with balls of gold-colored silk. It was designed and made by Chaddbourne & Co., whose taste and originality are too well known to need comment. Fredericks, of Market Street, who has lately incorporated his business with that of the California Furniture Company, supplied the carpets, and Messrs. McNally & Hawkins the gas fixtures, which last are of an exceedingly tasteful pattern and elegant workmanship. Large easy chairs, of various designs, in crimson velvet, as well as richly embroidered ones that bear the unmistakable mark of elegant home manufacture, are scattered about the room; and the walls are decorated with several fine specimens of Mr. Taber's art: among others are one of Mrs. Charles Crocker, a full length portrait in oils; and another, of Mrs. Havens, *nee* Hochkofler, in wedding dress; a charming picture of Mrs. Taber and babe occupies the place of honor over the mantel. The spherical photographs, a specialty of this establishment, are shown in several different styles, and these, as well as the various other fashions in photographs, oil paintings, and porcelain pictures, called forth the most unqualified admiration from the crowd that steadily filled the rooms from early morning until after ten in the evening. A pleasant feature of the entertainment, for such it might truly be called—despite the fact that a large number of the callers were strangers to their host—was the music, both vocal and instrumental, that was contributed by several of the guests. Among the semi-professionals of the occasion was our promising young artist, Mr. Sam Fabian, who presided at the piano the greater portion of the day. If we may judge of future success by the past, it will be safe to predict that Mr. Taber will very soon be known as the leading photographer of San Francisco. He has the prestige of several years experience in the business at his old stand on Market Street, which, by the way, will continue as heretofore to cater to the wants of shoppers on that route. He has availed himself of one of the best of the new locations in the city, and the most desirable building in that immediate neighborhood; and his "new departure" has brought him hosts of new friends in addition to hundreds of already staunch adherents. He enters his extended sphere of usefulness with the best wishes of every one who has hitherto had the good fortune to become acquainted with him, either personally or professionally.

IN THE FALL.

In the fall a silent sadness to the drooping flowers cleaves,
In the fall the woodland's dreamy with the *frons* of
leaves—
And the whir of the partridge, etc.

In the fall the hazy gloaming with a purple glory burns,
In the fall Miss Georgiana in the Bible places ferns—
If she has a young man to help her gather them.

In the fall above the valley snowy cloudlets stretch for
miles,
In the fall the dry good windows are profuse with Paris
styles—
Much to the joy of the ladies, it is said.

In the fall the merry songster leaves his pretty summer leas,
In the fall the politician is divorced from rolls of V's—
For reasons which require no explanation.

In the fall all breasts with reverie are buoyant and elate,
In the fall a man will fondly kiss his pretty cousin Kate—
Or Mary Ann, as the case may be.

In the fall the soul of beauty dwells within the gardens serene,
In the fall we all are positive that winter's drawing near—
The other fall happenings are too humorous to mention.

—Graphic.

At the Theatre des Bouffes du Nord, in Paris, a play has been performed which deeply interested the Americans. "Washington" and "Lafayette" are among the characters; the principal ones being "Ellen Warren," a lovely American rebel, and "Major Mackenzie," a British officer, with whom she is in love; "Moreno," a Cuban, who had taken service under the command of "Washington." The conflict of love and patriotism in the heart of the heroine (for she loves "Major Mackenzie," who is, moreover, a very fine fellow), and the adventures of a certain dispatch from "Washington" to "Lafayette," bring about a number of very dramatic complications. The situation in the third act is particularly well arranged. "Major Mackenzie" ventures within the rebel lines to gain a parting interview with "Ellen," whose obdurate heart he tries to soften, and at last he wins from her a confession of her love. At that moment the generals of the Federal army arrive to hold a council of war, with the co-operation of Ellen's father, and the young lady has barely time to conceal her British lover in her own room. The council proceeds; "Washington" writes a dispatch to "Lafayette," which he confides to "General Warren," who will carry it himself, as it is of the highest importance. The officers retire, and "Ellen" returns to the room to lead forth her concealed lover, and to point out to him the way to escape. Meanwhile "Moreno," who has spied out "Ellen's" secret, steals the dispatch, and contrives that the young girl shall imagine that it was taken by the Major. Of course all complications are unraveled at last, and the close of the war permits the union of the lovers. The piece was fully successful, and the name of the author was received with plaudits. It is carefully brought out, but several mistakes are to be signaled in the costume and make-up of the characters. The American officers ought not to appear in scarlet uniforms; and as to "Michigan," the Indian attendant of "Miss Ellen," with his paste-colored robe and curly hair, he looks much more like a South Sea Islander than like an American Indian.

The following is a literal copy of a play-bill issued in the year 1793, by the manager of the Theatre Royal, Kilkenny: "Kilkenny Theatre Royal, by his majesty's company of comedians. On Saturday May 14, 1793, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned metropolis, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns, the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hays, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakspeare's works. 'Hamlet' by Mr. Kearns, (being his first appearance in that character,) who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bag-pipes, which plays two tunes at the same time. 'Ophelia' by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favorite airs in character, particularly 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' and 'We'll all be Unhappy Together,' from the Reverend Mr. Dibdin's 'Oddities.' The parts of the 'King' and 'Queen,' by direction of the Reverend Father O'Callahan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage. 'Polonius,' the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public. The ghost of the gravedigger and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian. The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes. To which will be added an interlude, in which will be introduced several slight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor, Hunt. The whole to conclude with the farce of 'Mahomet, the impostor!' Mahomet by Mr. Kearns. Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, and the signs of the Goat's Beard, in Castle street. The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken (if required) in candies, bacon, butter, cheese, soap, etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public. *2d* No person what soever shall be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings."

One day, discoursing to a rustic congregation on the folly of using profane language, he told them that he himself was once guilty of the same folly, and addicted to the same vice, but that he had completely conquered the habit.

A flying insect, hearing the boast, winked his eye at the congregation, and thought: "I'll put him to the test." So, making a circuit round the gentleman's head, he lit upon his nose.

"See!" said the reverend gentleman; "here is an illustration. At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly—but, look now." Raising his hand, he said, gently; "Go away, fly, go away." But the fly only tickled his nose the more.

The reverend gentleman, raising his hand with some vehemence, made a grab at the offender; and, being successful, opened it to throw the insect from him, when, in extreme disgust, he exclaimed: "Why, d—n it, it's a wasp!"

Some of the Chinese Embassy wear outside garments of white silk so closely resembling night-shirts as to make an old maid dodge around the corner.

"What are Russia's terms?" asked a visitor, referring to the San Stefano Treaty. "Two dollars a year, in advance," replied the abstracted editor.

The "improved lamp post" is padded at about the height that a fellow wants to rest his aching brow, and is becoming very popular.

It could not be said of Africanus Herakleus Stanley, as of Buck Fanshaw, that he "never shook his mother."

IMPROVEMENT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

The artists engaged in this beautiful and scientific art have made such rapid strides in the last few years and brought pictures to such perfection that further improvement seemed to be out of the question. However, we were astonished last evening, in passing up Market Street, to find at the door of one of our leading firms many new and original ideas, differing very much from those seen at the various galleries throughout the city. The composition, tone, lighting, and mounting are very peculiar, beautiful, and finished. The accessories are well chosen, the subjects well posed and lighted, the exterior and interior decorations perfect. While looking at them we seemed to forget they were pictures, so lost were we in studying the beautiful effects. We were informed that Messrs. DAMES & HAYES have been devoting several months to getting up new designs, which they are about to have patented, and have also discovered some important chemical combinations which will be of great value to future photography. We must say they deserve great credit, and such a display of artistic taste places their names foremost on the role.

The propensity for applying titles is so strong in Kentucky that the *Courier-Journal* can hardly refrain from speaking of our first progenitor as Colonel Adam.

We have now three cable roads from the business centre to the Western Addition: Over Sutter, California, and Clay Streets. Another is contemplated, from the corner of Montgomery Street and Montgomery Avenue, along Union Street, to the Presidio. This last road is much needed, and if the charter is granted, will add largely to the value of the property of that part of the city. The branch roads belonging to the Sutter Street main line are badly managed, and ought in our judgment to be discontinued, allowing the main line to be extended through Sutter Street to the center. This would allow the California Street road, which is by all odds the very best street railroad on the peninsula, to be extended to the ocean. In this event it would become a fashionable thing to jump upon the California Street dummy and take a morning or moonlight ride to the ocean beach. The proposed Union Street road would connect the military headquarters with the city.

White neckties have been called in. This is a matter of regret, for it only took ten cents to make one resemble a banker.

At Mrs. Koerner's embroidery parlors, Baldwin Block, is to be found the largest assortment in the city of silks, wools, gold and silver bullion, filling silks, patterns for cloaks, dresses, lambrequins, flags, altar cloths, etc. Also, work designed and prepared for ladies in the most artistic styles. Monograms and initials a specialty. A large importation of Berlin canvas work lately received.

N. B.—Embroidery chenilles in all colors and shades reduced to sixty cents a dozen.

A Columbus man says he started thirty years ago to make \$1,400,000. He has got the fourteen, but the ciphers bother him.

In view of the fact that Snow & May retire from business on the first of January next, art collectors are afforded a rare opportunity to decorate their walls or replenish their portfolios from the immense stock of paintings, engravings, etc., to be found in their galleries, 21 Kearny Street. For the convenience of purchasers, pictures are arranged in folios, with prices attached. Open till nine o'clock each evening.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and detachable Flounces: Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

The Yosemite Cologne, made by Mr. Slaven, is to the nose what music is to the ear, love to the heart, religion to the soul. It ravishes like words of wisdom sugar-coated with poetry. Its bouquet is like a benediction translated from the one sense to another. When the poet said:

"With dreadful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise,"
he had been sniffing Yosemite Cologne.

This paper is printed with ink furnished by Chas. Eneu Johnson & Co., 509 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, and 59 Gold Street, New York.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

NEW BOOKS AT ROMAN'S.

Heir of Charlton. By May Agnes Fleming. \$1 50
The New Paul and Virginia. By Mallock. 1 00
Molly Bawn. By author of Phyllis. 12mo, cloth. 1 25
Hamlet. Edited by Rolfe. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
The Little Good-for-Nothing. By Daudel. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
Scientific Memoirs. By J. W. Draper. 8vo, cloth. 3 00
Roxey. By Eggleston. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
Marrying off a Daughter. By Henry Greville. 50c.
Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical. By Quackenbush. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
What is the Bible? By Sundland. 12mo. 1 25
Catholicity, Protestantism, and Romanism. By Ewer. 1 50
Like unto Like. By Sherwood Bonner. Paper. 75
The Great German Composers. Paper. 30
Antoinette. By Theriot. Paper. 20
Early Rome. By Ihne. 16mo, cloth. 1 00
History of Roman Literature. By Crutwell. 8vo, cloth. 2 50
Growth of the Steam Engine. By Thurston. 12mo, cloth. 2 50
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MR. & MRS. J. C. WILLIAMSON
(MISS MAGGIE MOORE).This (Saturday) Afternoon and Saturday and Sunday Even-
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THE EMERALD RING.

To be followed by the merry Farce,

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

Monday, Oct. 7, and Wednesday, Oct. 9, the operatic drama

CHILD OF THE REGIMENT,

—AND—

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Tuesday, Oct. 8, and Thursday, Oct. 10,

STRUCK OIL,

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THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

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J. C. WILLIAMSON.

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DAVY CROCKETT.

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FRANK MAY
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Mr. Mayo in his great character of Badger. New scenery
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Act 5—The Fire.

Act 6—Caught at Last.

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Scientific Memoirs. By John W. Draper. 8vo, cloth. \$3 00
Literary Essays. By W. G. T. Shedd. 8vo, cloth. 2 50
History of Roman Literature. By C. T. Crutwell. 8vo, cloth. 2 50
The Waverly Dictionary. By May Rogers. 12mo, cloth. 2 00
Lessons in Cookery. By E. A. Youmans. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
Early History of Mankind. By E. B. Tylor. 8vo, cloth. 3 50
The Heir of Charlton. By M. Agnes Fleming. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
Vesta Vane. A Novel. By L. King. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
The House by the Works. By Edward Garrett. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
Mildred Keith. By Martha Finley. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
Fortune of the Republic. By R. W. Emerson. 16mo, cloth. 1 50
Early Rome. (Epoch Series.) By W. Ihne. 16mo, cloth. 1 00
Like unto Like. A Novel. By Sherwood Bonner. 8vo, paper. 75
Classical Literature. By Lawrence. Paper. 25
Romance of a Back Street. By F. W. Robinson. Paper. 15

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large assortment of the latest
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Suits to order from \$20
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where the best goods can be
found at the lowest prices. The
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A STORY FOR GREENBACKERS.

"I know a sure way to make a government rich." The man who uttered these words on a July morning in 1715, in a villa near the Holstein city of Kiel, was Baron Goetz, who was destined in the next few years to play a conspicuous part in the history of Northern Europe. At this time he was about thirty-five years old. He was a tall, portly man, with a singularly attractive face. The only disagreeable feature about his countenance was his decidedly voluptuous mouth.

Goetz had written a number of pamphlets, one of which, entitled "The True Money of a Civilized Country," had created a profound sensation throughout Europe. In this remarkable pamphlet the author advocated the principles which are now those of our American greenbackers. He declared that every government could make its own currency, and enforce its circulation. It is a credit to the hard common sense of King Frederick William I., of Prussia, that, when he read this pamphlet, he exclaimed:

"The man who wrote this is a dangerous lunatic."

But King Charles XII., of Sweden, thought otherwise. He had always been pinched for money. A dare-devil soldier, he was as ignorant as he was brave. In 1715 he was so hard pressed by his innumerable creditors that he wrote an autograph letter to Baron Goetz, asking him to become his prime minister. Goetz accepted, and, in November, 1715, he arrived in Stockholm. Baron Goetz perfectly revolutionized the Swedish system of government. He abolished the parliament, deprived the nobility of its privileges and prerogatives, and leaned upon the peasantry. This made him for a time extremely popular; and, on the strength of this popularity, he began to carry his financial theories into execution. He caused ten millions of dollars to be struck off on blue and green paper. These notes, which are now extremely rare, contained the following significant inscription:

"He Who Refuses to Take This Bill at Its Full Value Will Suffer Death."

The prime minister sent at once notice to the rich men of Stockholm, that they would have to surrender their gold and silver in exchange for the paper currency. This order was received with a great deal of grumbling. In two or three instances violent resistance was offered to its enforcement. The culprits, however, were summarily punished. Two of them were beheaded, and the third was banished from the country. Government emissaries scoured the whole country for gold and silver. In three months there were eight million dollars in coin in the royal treasury. Charles XII. was delighted. He had never had so much money in his life. He immediately organized three new regiments of infantry, and began to talk about declaring war against Germany and England.

Meanwhile the Swedish aristocracy became more and more restless. Goetz's financial policy was not long in producing its natural effects. The necessities of life became excessively dear in Sweden. Trade and industry were prostrate.

In Norway the people refused to give up their gold and silver, and they threatened to sever their connection with Sweden entirely.

This exasperated King Charles XII. so terribly, that he organized an expedition against the Norwegians for the avowed purpose of laying waste their country. This was in 1718. Charles XII., in the first place, besieged the Norwegian fortress of Frederickschal, where he was killed.

Goetz, who had remained in Stockholm, was thrown into prison by Charles' successor, tried for high treason, and, early in 1719, beheaded, because, as his sentence read, "he had dishonored the national faith, and fatally injured the financial credit of Sweden."

An Invocation.

The queen of night, with pale, cold eye,
Looks down upon the river's shore,
Oh, coldly pure, thou starry sky,
Light, light this shadowy forest more!
In the blue river's heaving breast
I bated, and now my bliss is gone;
My trousers—coat—my white, white vest—
Where is the bush I hung them on?

His hair having been cut, and various offers of fancy soap, hair restorer, and so forth, having been declined with and without thanks, the barber says unto him: "Will your hair do that way, sir?" The customer contemplates himself with care in the mirror; then, returning to the sacrificial chair and enveloping himself in the calico wrapper, replies solemnly: "Just a little longer."

An Iowa temperance lecturer, while crossing a pasture the other day, was chased by a cow with one horn, with which she gave him a most vicious jab just as he was climbing over the fence. "Great and all-destroying specter!" he shrieked, rolling on the grass and rubbing his back. "I shall never like milk punch again."

"And so you've returned from Europe?"
Now tell us how much did you see?"
"Oh, we took in a lot of old castles,"
And trotted about in France.

"We saw all the things in the guide-books;
Did the classical dodge when in Rome;
But, between you and me and the bed-post,
We are thundering glad to get home."

The other day a stranger came to him to be treated for rheumatism. He said he had had it, "off and on," for twelve years. He hadn't any money, he said, but expected some next week and would call and pay. "Well," returned the doctor, "if you've had the rheumatism twelve years, I reckon another week won't hurt you much. Come next week when you have the money."

A room will hold nearly twice as many people when the light is dim as when it is bright; at least we have noticed that when the gas is low in the parlor a young man and a young woman can both sit in the same space which either one of them took up when the full head was on.

A fat woman of Corinth, Mississippi, drank ash-bark tea to make her lean; and she skipped for the better land just two hours ahead of a lean woman who was eating gum arabic to make her fat.

Perhaps you loathe the spider, but when he gets a mosquito in the meshes of his web, don't you feel like patting him on the back.

A Troy man has lost a canal-boat, and a local paper suggests that some Syracuse girl took it for a slipper.

B. F. STERETT, PRINTER
532 CLAY ST. SAN FRANCISCO

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NO HOTEL ON THE PACIFIC
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REDINGTON & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by reference to the complaint on file herein, to which your attention is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.
JESAL OF COURT. THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
No. 629 Kearny Street.

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CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 12th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 7) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the seventh (7th) day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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Assets exceed..... 326,000
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CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER
Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third (23d) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirteenth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR-POTOSI MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth (5th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 12) of five dollars per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighth (8th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twentieth day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 10th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 33) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the fourth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.
Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the sixth (6th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighth (8th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. HOLMES, Secretary.
Office—Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

J. H. JONES & CO.,
Member S. F. Stock and Exchange Board,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS
Office, 320 Pine Street, San Francisco.

CHAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG.
FOX & KELLOGG,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS
AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.
Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.



COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Ayres and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. Stage connections made with this train. PARLOR CAR attached to this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and Way Stations. Stage connection made with this train at SANTA CLARA for Pacific Congress Springs.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Meolo Park and Way Stations.

SUNDAYS AN EXTRA TRAIN will leave for San Jose and Way Stations at 9.30 A. M. Returning, will leave San Jose at 6.00 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and other points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

Also, Excursion Tickets to Monterey—good from Saturday until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at COSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, and YUMA.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, July 29th, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco (Washington Street Wharf), as follows:

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Geysers Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the GEYSERS. Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10.15 A. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M. Sundays only, via Donahue, for Cloverdale and way stations. Fares for the round trip: Donahue, \$1; Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2; Healdsburg, \$3; Cloverdale, \$4. Connection made at Fulton for Laguna, Forestville, Korbels, Guerneville, the Russian River, and Big Trees. Fares for round trip: Fulton and Laguna, \$4.50; Forestville, Korbels, and Guerneville, \$3. (Arrive at San Francisco 6.55 P. M.)

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 3.00 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.
ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Nos. 2, 3, AND 4 SHERMAN BUILDING,
Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco
(P. O. Box 707.)

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DOOGUE, San Francisco

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

ALASKA

COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

RE-OPENED.

HAYWARD WAREHOUSES

Are now receiving

GRAIN ON STORAGE.

THE PATRONAGE OF FARMERS and others is respectfully solicited. Storage, one dollar per ton for the season. Advances and Insurance effected at the lowest rates.

Refer by permission to Chas. Webb Howard, President Spring Valley Company, Bray Bros., M. Waterman & Co., San Francisco; John Zeile, Hayward's; J. West Martin, President Union Savings Bank, Oakland.
R. H. BENNETT, Proprietor.

T. J. PETTIT & CO.'S

LABEL, SHOW CARD, ENGRAVING AND PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

528 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, SEPT.

24, 1878, and until further notice.
TRAINS AND BOATS
WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:
OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE AT FERRY LANDING, MARKET STREET.

7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams.

(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry), arriving at San Jose at 9.45 A. M. Connecting at Niles with train via Livermore, arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. (Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, O. R.), Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.

(Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M. DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 6.35 P. M.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M. DAILY, SOUTHERN Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Summer, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only, for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.30 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 7.30 A. M.)

4.30 P. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M. DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Melrose."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To
Oakland.	Alameda.	Fernside.	Oakland.	East.	Niles.	Haywards.	San Jose.	San Jose.	San Jose.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	6.10	7.00	7.30	10.00	7.30	8.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	10.00	8.30	9.00
7.30	1.30	9.00	9.00	8.30	11.00	9.30	11.00	9.30	10.00
8.30	2.30	10.00	10.00	9.30	12.00	10.30	12.00	10.30	11.00
9.00	3.00	11.00	11.00	10.30	1.00	11.30	1.00	11.30	12.00
9.30	4.00	P. M.	P. M.	12.30	1.00	12.30	1.00	12.30	1.00
10.00	4.30	1.30	1.30	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
10.30	5.00	2.00	2.00	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
11.00	5.30	3.00	3.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
11.30	6.00	4.00	4.00	2.30	2.30	2.30	2.30	2.30	2.30
12.00	6.30	5.00	5.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00
.....	7.00	6.00	6.00	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30
.....	8.10	7.00	7.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00
.....	9.20	8.10	8.10	4.30	4.30	4.30	4.30	4.30	4.30
.....	10.30	9.00	9.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00
.....	11.45	10.15	10.15	5.30	5.30	5.30	5.30	5.30	5.30
.....	12.15	10.45	10.45	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00

B—Sundays excepted. C—Sundays only.
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From
Oakland.	Alameda.	Fernside.	Oakland.	East.	Niles.	Haywards.	San Jose.	San Jose.	San Jose.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.30	5.40	7.05	5.10	8.00	5.40	8.00	5.20	12.20	12.20
8.00	7.30	8.00	6.50	9.00	6.40	9.00	6.10	12.50	12.50
10.00	8.30	P. M.	6.40	10.00	7.40	10.00	7.10	1.20	1.20
P. M.	9.30	2.05	7.40	P. M.	8.00	7.50	7.50	2.50	2.50
3.00	10.30	4.30	8.40	8.00	9.00	8.25	3.20	3.20	3.20
4.30	11.30	P. M.	9.40	9.00	10.00	8.50	3.50	3.50	3.50
.....	1.00	11.40	10.40	10.00	11.00	9.20	4.20	4.20	4.20
.....	4.00	P. M.	11.00	11.00	12.00	9.50	4.50	4.50	4.50
.....	5.00	12.40	1.25	1.00	10.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20
.....	6.00	1.30	2.40	1.30	11.20	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50
.....	2.40	3.40	2.00	12.20	6.20	6.20	6.20	6.20
.....	3.40	4.40	2.30	1.10	6.50	6.50	6.50	6.50
.....	4.40	5.40	3.00	1.40	7.20	7.20	7.20	7.20
.....	5.40	6.40	3.30	2.10	7.50	7.50	7.50	7.50
.....	6.40	7.40	4.00	2.40	8.20	8.20	8.20	8.20
.....	7.40	8.40	4.30	3.10	8.50	8.50	8.50	8.50
.....	8.40	9.40	5.00	3.40	9.20	9.20	9.20	9.20
.....	9.40	10.40	5.30	4.10	9.50	9.50	9.50	9.50
.....	10.40	11.40	6.00	4.40	10.20	10.20	10.20	10.20
.....	11.40	12.40	6.30	5.10	10.50	10.50	10.50	10.50
.....	12.40	1.00	7.00	5.40	11.20	11.20	11.20	11.20
.....	1.00	1.00	7.30	6.10	11.50	11.50	11.50	11.50
.....	1.00	1.00	8.00	6.40	12.20	12.20	12.20	12.20

B—Sundays excepted. C—Sundays only.
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15—2.30—2.45—3.00—3.15—3.30—3.45—4.00—4.15—4.30—4.45—5.00—5.15—5.30—5.45—6.00—6.15—6.30—6.45—7.00—7.15—7.30—7.45—8.00—8.15—8.30—8.45—9.00—9.15—9.30—9.45—10.00—10.15—10.30—10.45—11.00—11.15—11.30—11.45—12.00—12.15—12.30—12.45—1.00—1.15—1.30—1.45—2.00—2.15

CHICKERING

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31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.
ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.
Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested
to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.



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TRADE REVERSED.



STEINWAY & SONS

TO EUROPE.
ORDERS FROM EUROPE

have increased to an extent, necessitating the establishment of Warerooms in London, England, and connected with it is a Concert Hall, the whole combined making the most elegant Piano Warerooms in Europe, and stands there as a monument of American genius and industry.

It is impossible to mention in the limited space of an advertisement the innumerable triumphs of this energetic firm. They stand foremost as inventors in Piano building in America, and in that respect, no small compliment to their inventiveness is the undeniable endorsement of all their competitors, as shown in their imitative efforts. Certain principles of the Steinways are however so completely protected, that no imitation or substitute is attempted at all, and the shallow method of crying such inventions down are resorted to and relied upon.

The Steinways designed and perfected the Overstrung and Iron Frame systems. The application of the Agraffo Arrangements to Square and Upright Pianos. The Patent Duplex Scale creating the most beautiful treble tones, the Duplex Scale of recent invention and only to be found in Pianos sold recently. The improved Double Dampers. The later idea extending the Agraffetto every string in the Piano. The highest finish to all parts of the instrument, including first qualities of ivory, ebony, felt, cloth, etc. The wood work and varnish of such first class character, that the employment of large capital and experience alone permits.

The name of Steinway has become a "household word" in American homes, and the satisfactory record of 18 years trial on the Pacific Coast, in itself assures the purchaser that the investment is no speculation, but one of perfect security.

The oft-repeated story of rival makers claiming to have been Steinways' foreman, etc., should have no weight with purchasers. An immense manufacturing business like the Steinways is divided into departments for the training and education of a foreman of one department superintends that alone, and cannot be perfected in other details.

The Steinways (a numerous family) are the inventors and designers of the principles of their Pianos, and are alone responsible for the thorough execution of their work.

In the Machinery Department at the late Centennial Exhibition Steinways were awarded a special medal for an invention for testing their iron frames under a pressure of 6,000 lbs. to the square centimetre. (This award was distinct from their medal for the best Pianos exhibited.) The iron frame of a Steinway Piano are the only ones so tested, and while other makers rely on castings from an ordinary foundry, the Steinways maintain their own foundry, and manufacture a frame of composite metal, which adds greatly to the resonant qualities of the instrument in general.

It frequently occurs that the attempt is made to raise the character of Pianos constructed on less costly principles to the rank that the Steinways maintain, by naming a price, the same or nearly so. This method is frequently exposed by the perfect willingness of the dealer to make astonishing discounts for cash or extremely long credits; systems not entertained in any first-class business. In selling a Steinway Piano, a guarantee of worth is given, protecting the purchaser for 5 years, and catalogues issued by the Pacific Coast Agencies have a uniform rate of prices in gold, and where desired a liberal installment plan is offered to responsible buyers, with an additional charge of simple interest on deferred payments. Catalogues mailed on application to

M. GRAY, General Agent,
105 Kearny Street, S. F.
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PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,
25 Post St., San Francisco.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH
FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,
NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

HERRMANN'S



FALL STYLES

ARE NOW OUT AT
336 KEARNY STREET, BETWEEN BUSH AND PINE,
& 910 MARKET STREET, ABOVE STOCKTON.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

We beg to inform our friends and all connoisseurs that we have received a shipment of the celebrated

POMMERY & GRENÔ

CHAMPAGNE,

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Silver Mining Company San Francisco, October 2d, 1878.—In accordance with a resolution adopted at a meeting of the Trustees of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company, held this day, a special meeting of the stockholders of said Company is hereby called, the same to be held at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the fourth (4th) day of November, 1878, at two (2) o'clock P. M., to take into consideration and decide upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said Company from ten million (\$10,000,000) dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (\$100,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each, the present capital stock, to fifty million (\$50,000,000) dollars, divided into five hundred thousand (\$500,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each.

JOHN SKAF,
CHAS. H. FISH,
JOS. CLARK,
A. E. HEAD,
R. N. GRAVES,
Trustees
W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirtieth (30th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 12, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Feuillet.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

I have time after the second bell to examine my surroundings. They surpass my expectations. The room is that of a captive princess. The walls, hung with old tapestries of forest scenes, high, sombre, mysterious; the recesses of the windows deep as chapels. I am, as I said, in the middle of the North Tower. This tower is a very high, square building, of feudal appearance, and of date more ancient than that of the rest of the chateau, of which it forms the right wing. It is especially consecrated as the dwelling place of Monsieur de Louvercy, who can there satisfy more easily his taste for retirement and isolation. They have lately even put up a transversal gate, hidden by a fence, which serves, so to say, as a boundary line between the tower and the chateau, and which enables the unfortunate young man to live completely apart when it suits him; and it suits him to do so whenever there are visitors at his mother's, for he has the sad fancy that he is an object of horror to every one but his mother. Buildings recently put up form a special yard, where he has his stables and kennels, and from which he has egress to the surrounding country. He can in this way go and come without crossing the main courtyard. Monsieur Roger occupies the apartments of the ground floor, and my grandmother and I are lodged in the first story. Cécile says we have been admitted to this sacred place because we are the quietest people of the party. We are, moreover, in communication with the chateau through corridors leading from each story, and can move about freely without being exposed to meeting Monsieur de Louvercy. Cécile, however, has warned us that he does sometimes mount to the second story to work in the library; "but," added she, "nothing is easier than to avoid him, poor boy! You will hear his crutch upon the stairs."

Notwithstanding this recommendation, I confess that I secretly promised myself some day or other to seize an opportunity to look upon this morose and deformed young man. My curiosity was satisfied—punished even—within the hour, and my compassion for him is with difficulty kept alive after what I have seen, and, above all, heard. The window of my dressing-room opens upon the little yard where are the stables particularly reserved for the use of Monsieur de Louvercy. I had just finished planting my red rose in the lace, when the yard resounded with a confused uproar, made up of the stamping of horses' feet, barking, calling, impatient cries, and, it must be said, of frightful oaths. I slightly raised the window, when I beheld two enormous Newfoundland dogs jumping up to the nose of a horse that was white with sweat and foam, then a species of basket dogcart, and in this cart Monsieur de Louvercy, too easily recognizable by his mutilated arm and leg. As for his face, I could scarcely make out anything but the long blonde moustaches hanging down *à la Tartare*. Monsieur de Louvercy called out in the tone of a veritable fury for two servants, who, without doubt, were not expecting him so soon, and who ran forward dismayed. He hailed them with another volley of fierce words while they assisted him to get out of his cart. I quickly closed my curtain and saw nothing more. I was heart-sick. This revolting scene lessened his misfortune in my eyes. My neighbor! We shall not be neighborly, I fear.

We are at table. Cécile, carrying out her programme, placed me between the two young rivals. At my right is the dark-complexioned Monsieur de Valnesse; at my left is Monsieur de Valnesse the fair—an arrangement, by the way, which seemed somewhat to surprise Madame de Louvercy. Cécile placed herself in front, the better to overlook my operations. She is beside the Curé de Louvercy, whom she strives to make laugh while drinking. She laughs herself with all her heart while inciting me by a side glance to do my duty. She evidently thinks that I am rather lax in my efforts. The truth is that I encounter unforeseen difficulties. Messieurs de Valnesse are both very polite, but they do not aid me in my inquest—they scarcely answer me. There is something, I do not know what, which seems to paralyze them. They look at me in a kind of uneasy stupor. They seem much interested in the red rose which is in my hair. But it is not that which is in question, my good gentlemen.

Scarcely am I out of the room when Cécile takes me apart:

"Well, what have you discovered?"
"I have discovered that they are timid, which is already something."
"Timid," cried she, "because you do not encourage them. You must encourage them if you want them to be sociable and open themselves to you."

That seemed to be reasonable. I encouraged them gently, and, in fact, with the aid of the coffee I found that they became sociable by degrees. Both sang for me; both asked me to waltz several times, and after each waltz I kept them by me for a moment to enjoy their conversation. Meanwhile Cécile was rushing about in the parlor in the strangest way, sometimes bursting into laughter without reason, sometimes turning the music on the piano up side down. All at once she disappeared, and after a few moments, fearing that she was suffering, I went to look for her.

Through the half shades of twilight I discovered her in the courtyard of the chateau. She was walking up and down with a quick step, like one who wishes to start the circulation after a bath. I went toward her; she made believe that she did not see me, and turning her back upon me continued to walk. I called her:

"Cécile!"
"What?"
"Are you in pain?"
"No."
"Well, what has happened?"
"Nothing!"

I looked straight in her face, when she continued: "No, nothing. Nothing more than what I ought to have foreseen if I had had less sincerity. Since your arrival, with your divine form, it was clear that I was lost. Ah, *mon Dieu!* it is not your fault that you are made so. I do not reproach you; that is—pardon me, my dear—you might get along without being a coquette. When a woman is as beautiful as you are, and coquettes besides, then good-bye! nothing is possible!"

"Really, Cécile, I do not know whether I ought to laugh or get angry. What does this mean? You beg me, you supplicate me, to study these two young men."

"Yes, but you study them too much—and they study you too much, also."

"Well, what now? Do you want me to stop?"

She seized my hand. "Oh, no;" and after a pause, softening, she said: "I am foolish, am I not?" and hiding her face in my bosom she burst into tears.

I comforted her as I would comfort a child, and she soon recovered her vivacity and her habitual tenderness: "Listen. I have a superb idea. You shall choose the one who pleases you best, and I will take the other. We will be cousins, almost sisters; it will be delicious. Besides, it is right that you should choose before me; you are superior in all respects. It is just, very just."

"Darling, you are the best little creature in all the world, but I can not enter into your arrangement. And be persuaded of this thing: the Messieurs de Valnesse can only be for me pretenders to your hand."

That title gives them in my eyes an absolutely sacred character, and prevents, even to the shadow of a thought, any personal pretension on my part, which would appear to me to be a gross offense against delicacy and friendship. Do you believe me? Are you reassured?"

"I do believe you, and I adore you! Come, continue your observations."

We entered the parlor, where I continued my studies, but in moderation, for zeal, too, has its dangers.

The old bell strikes. How charming at night, and in the woods!
Grand Dieu! two o'clock in the morning! Are you not ashamed, miss?

June 12th.—Is movement the synonym of pleasure, and is the mere act of moving about sufficient to amuse one? If so, I amuse myself too much. "What shall we do this morning? What shall we do this afternoon? What shall we do to-night?" is the burden of the song in this household; and behold us starting off on foot, on horseback, in carriages, looking at nothing, rushing by everything, with laughter, with racket, which accompany us on our return, go to table with us, dance with us, sing with us, and do not leave us even in the corridors.

Early this morning I wished to be refreshed with a solitary walk in the park, and, as it were, have a meeting with myself. I was going down noiselessly from my tower, and was about half way, when suddenly a dull hammering sound on the steps below warned me of the approach of Monsieur de Louvercy, who was apparently on his way to the library. I stopped quite short, and was on the point of bravely turning my back and escaping to my room. There was no time, however. Monsieur Roger and I met face to face. Seeing me suddenly before him, he turned as pale as though he saw a ghost, made an awkward gesture, as if attempting to bow, and in his confusion let go his crutch, which rolled to the bottom of the stairs. I can not find words to describe the expression of profound distress which showed itself in his face. It was pain, humiliation, and anger combined. He held to the railing with his right hand, while his broken arm and his shortened leg hung unsupported in the air. I hastily descended the steps, picked up his crutch, ran up quickly, and replaced it under his arm. He fixed his dark blue eyes upon me, and simply said, in a deep, grave tone of voice: "I thank you," and continued on his way, as I did on mine.

This little scene somewhat reconciled me with him. In the first place, I was infinitely grateful to him for having spared me those soldierly broadsides of which he was so prodigal; and secondly, in spite of the involuntary antipathy with which deformed people generally inspire me, I was far from finding him as repulsive as Cécile had described him. One arm is gone, and one leg shortened and perhaps paralyzed; but his face is handsome and refined, and the slight scar on his forehead does not disfigure him. He has, to be sure, a wild, restless look, which comes, doubtless, from the untrimmed condition of his hair, and his long—too long—moustache.

I was entering the park when Cécile saw me from the window. Three minutes afterward she was trampling the grass by my side, and hopping about like a little bird. I told her of my meeting with her cousin.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* How he must have sworn."

"Not at all."

"You astonish me. But yet he must be in good humor to-day; he expects his friend this evening."

"What friend?"

"Captain d'Eblis, you know."

"No, I do not know. Who is he?"

"I thought I had told you he was the one who saved Roger at Coulmiers. They have been very intimate ever since they were at Saint Cyr together. At the moment when poor Roger was torn to pieces by that shell, Monsieur d'Eblis picked him up from the midst of the fire and from under the horses' feet, and carried him off in his arms as one would a child. It was very fine! And since then he has behaved admirably to him; he has even found means to attach him to life again by persuading him to write the history of this terrible war. They work together at this. Monsieur d'Eblis comes to see him often, and brings him all the documents which may be useful in the work. He is himself well educated—quite learned, in fact. Commander of a squadron of the staff at thirty years—think of that!"

"But tell me, *ma chérie*, may not this gentleman be admirer number three?"

"Monsieur d'Eblis!" cried Cécile. "Ah, *grand Dieu!* My dear, one might about as well marry Croquemitaine—he is so stern, so terrible. I like him pretty well, however, on account of his behavior to Roger. But we have scarcely seen each other more than two or three times. He seems to look upon me as a baby, and I look up to him as I would to a father. Come, now, let us talk seriously, Charlotte. Don't it seem to you that there is time enough for me to think about deciding between the Messieurs de Valnesse?"

"It does seem to me that there is no hurry about it."

"I beg your pardon!"

"There is nothing disagreeable in your relations with those gentlemen."

"Really—you believe it? And my heart, my poor heart, what would you do with that?"

"Has it spoken?"

"No, but it is impatient to speak—it burns to speak. Give it but the words."

I saw, however, that she did not care a great deal about it, and, answering her in a joking way we entered the chateau as the bell rang for breakfast.

The truth is, that a choice between the two candidates seems to me very difficult. The result of my observation, and of the information I have obtained about them, continues to be both satisfactory and embarrassing: satisfactory, because both of them are endowed with valuable qualities; embarrassing, because these qualities seem about equal in each. Even in their intelligence, in their type of character, and in their physique, there are resemblances which are easily explained by their near relationship. To sum up all, I find them to be two of the best kind of young men which can be found. They are excellent fellows, of refined tastes, respectable talents, and somewhat ordinary intelligence, but of elevated sentiments, and possessing a high sense of honor. They sustain their rivalry and mutual pretensions with a chivalrous politeness which gives one pleasure to observe.

Mon Dieu! I love Cécile so dearly that I should have wanted an absolutely perfect husband for her—a thing so rarely found. But would it be wise to pursue an ideal which perhaps does not exist when one has at hand something approaching it, and which may never be found again? Has not a really superior man almost always, as far as one can discover, faults of character equaling his good traits, and, as it were, in inverse ratio to his merits? Is there not in reality more guarantee for the happiness of a woman in this honest medium offered so agreeably in the persons of the Messieurs de Valnesse?

"My uneasy conscience" is in torture while resolving these grave questions which may influence a destiny so very dear to me; and I am really astonished at the tranquillity of mind with which Cécile—let her say what she will—awaits my decree before pronouncing her own. I was never on my own account placed in a similar position, but I imagine that if I were I should be less calm, but much more decided. Well, we shall see.

Same day, midnight.—This evening was passed with less noise and not so tamely as the preceding ones. Captain d'Eblis's presence threw

cold water on it, Cécile says; but I think that it simply raised the diapason of our little circle. I have often noticed the peculiar influence which a really distinguished man will exercise in society by his presence alone. He gives, without wishing to, or without knowing that he does it, a new spirit to things about him. Whether he speaks or whether he is silent does not much matter; that he is there is sufficient. Each one rises more or less to his standpoint—has a sense of larger life in consequence of it; a more active current of thought on a higher plane is established; unimportant incidents become interesting; the amusements are of a more refined and useful kind. One feels uneasy, but very happy, because he is there, and sometimes relieved when he goes away; but he is missed, and one feels lessened by his absence. Less importance is attached to what is said because he does not hear it, and to what is done because he knows not of it.

This afternoon Monsieur de Louvercy went to the station with his dogcart to meet Captain d'Eblis. Partly from accident, partly from curiosity, I found myself in my dressing-room when they entered the little stable-yard. Hearing the noise of wheels I raised my curtain. Monsieur d'Eblis had just jumped out of the dogcart, and while laughing extended his arms to Monsieur de Louvercy, who, laughing also, slid down on the breast of his friend. It seemed to me that there was in this affectionate act a touching reminder of the terrible scenes at Coulmiers, and I took pleasure in picturing to myself the violent emotions and the fever of heroism stirred up by the battle and expressed on those two faces, at present so tranquil and smiling.

Monsieur d'Eblis dined with us. He is of medium height and somewhat unbending, but possessing that elegance of appearance which characterizes officers in civilian dress. It must be allowed that at first sight there was something extremely severe, and even hard, in his looks. Fine, clear-cut features, dark complexion, heavy, bristling moustache, and very black, calm-looking eyes, were what one first saw, and they were not very reassuring. But the slightest smile which appeared spread over all that an expression of kindness which gave one confidence. After a few words from him one takes courage, for his voice is singularly sweet and musical. It is indeed surprising and charming to hear such music come from under those frightful moustaches.

Several times during dinner I had that pleasure, having been placed beside him at table. We both began by holding our tongues. I was frightened, and may be he was not much braver than myself, for if he has his severe expression I have mine also, and have often remarked that I produce a sense of fear in people approaching me for the first time. All at once he broke the ice by saying, "Mademoiselle, I have heard a good deal about you to-day."

"How happened that, sir?"

"I already know that you sympathize with the unfortunate."

"Sir!"

"I know that you were very kind this morning to my friend Roger."

"*Mon Dieu!* Any one in my place would have acted as I did."

"Very true. Many people give alms, but then there is the way of giving them."

I told him that I felt flattered by the compliment, for he knew what good works were, having done more for Monsieur Roger than I had done or should ever have the opportunity of doing.

He bowed, and replied, in a sad tone, "I don't know that I rendered him a great service—in taking him from there."

We were well started, and there was no reason why we should stop. So we continued, saying pleasant things to each other while giving information as to our likings and dislikings of things in general, and the music of Wagner in particular, which pleases him and does not please me.

We were unfortunately interrupted by some of Cécile's nonsense. Busy in trying to make the Curé laugh while he was drinking, she all at once took it into her head to pick up two cherries whose stems were joined together and place them astride of her nose, turning up her pretty face the while to keep them balanced. Every one laughed, and the Messieurs de Valnesse applauded enthusiastically. She then pulled the cherries apart, put each one in a plate, and, calling a servant, told him to carry one plate to Monsieur Henri de Valnesse and the other to Monsieur René. While these gentlemen were proudly drawing the stems through their buttonholes, Captain d'Eblis looked on with eyes wide open. Cécile noticed it, and remarked in her saucy way: "You seem surprised, Captain!"

"Not at all, Mademoiselle."

"Excuse me, but you look very much surprised. Come, be frank; my joke seems to you in very bad taste, doesn't it?"

"Mademoiselle, everything you do is charming."

"No. You are right. It was in bad taste; but I must explain to you the peculiarities of my character, Captain. It is somewhat complicate, in some sort mixed; and you will understand why when I tell you that there is in me both an angel and a devil."

"*Mon Dieu!* Mademoiselle, you have lots of companions in that respect. We have all of us an angel to whom we try to listen more or less, and a devil whom we try more or less to keep silent. At any rate, the devil who led you to place cherries on your nose could not have been a very naughty one."

"Thank you, Captain," replied Cécile. "The reproach is apparent, but it is a gentle one. I told your pretty neighbor this morning that you were a father to me."

Monsieur d'Eblis smiled and bowed, and we continued the course of our conversation. From certain indications this valiant soldier must be, as the epitaphs have it, as good a son as he is a friend. He has a grave and gentle way of saying "my mother," which is a revelation to me. This word comes repeatedly to his lips: "It is on account of my mother," "My mother wished it," "It pleases my mother." In a moment of abstraction he even let fall the word "Mamma," but blushed faintly under his tan and went on with what he was saying. This infantile appellation, coming from that gentle voice and that masculine face, was not without its charm.

After dinner Cécile came, with her incomparable grace, to shake hands and make peace with the Captain. They talked together in a corner for some time, looking at me at intervals, so that I knew they must be talking about me; and then, as she passed me, she said in a low tone: "My dear, you are making sad havoc in the staff."

I do not wish to make havoc; but if that should signify that he is in sympathy with me, I acknowledge frankly and candidly that I am glad of it.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

M. Jules Noriac gives some curious statistics to show the value of wit regarded in a commercial light. He takes Nestor Roqueplan, so famed for his *bons mots*, for his wonderful attachment to Paris, and his curious collection of warning-pans, and remarks that during his life he said thousands of good things, each one of which represents ten lines. These *mots*, he adds, are either repeated in their original or in a disguised form every year by a thousand newspapers, thus producing a sum of 2,500,000 francs to those who make use of them; and if paper, cost of composition, etc., be taken into account, they set in movement 5,000,000 francs. It therefore results that the wit of Nestor Roqueplan, in the space of fifty years, "paid into the company of general humanity no less a sum than 250,000,000 francs."

AFTER MORENGO.

Early one morning, in the month of June, I started from camp, mounted on one of the toughest California mustangs that ever climbed a mountain trail. I was the leader of a party engaged by the stage agent to ferret out and bring within the grasp of justice, if possible, a notorious gang of road agents. We all entered into the spirit of the enterprise with a will, for we had been longing for some kind of adventure, as fully a month had passed since the "dry season" had set in, and, on account of the scarcity of water, we were obliged to abandon our claims until the winter rains. So it was with joy we embraced the opportunity that now presented itself for consuming at least a portion of the long, tedious interval. We had been engaged in this most agreeable work for some weeks without many favorable results; and, on the morning referred to, I decided to try my luck unaccompanied by the other members of the party. So I started out a day in advance; and in the afternoon, at the time mentioned, was winding my way along a narrow trail—having left the stage road far behind—and from the fresh imprints in the trail I was convinced it had been traversed but a short time before. I had never, at any previous time, penetrated so far into this forest of chaparral and incipient oaks; it was the densest I had ever seen, and the trail that led into it was the most tortuous and serpentine I had ever traveled. But, as I had never before struck a trail that did not lead some place, I concluded that this one led somewhere also. This conclusion was soon verified, when a sudden turn brought me into a natural clearing, of some five or six hundred yards in circumference, in the centre of which stood a house and a barn. Now, thought I, my efforts have been rewarded with success: here is the rendezvous of the notorious Morengo gang. At that moment my mustang, whose best feelings were evidently aroused by the sight of the barn, gave vent to a very spirited and prolonged whinny. I had not sufficient time to turn and get under cover of the chaparral before a dog—a most savage and ferocious looking brute—made his appearance, and, taking in the situation, was making a very straight line in my direction, when, to my great relief, and not less to my surprise, the door of the house flew open and a lady appeared, whose quick order:

"Tiger, Tiger! come back here, sir," accompanied at the same time with an emphatic stamp of her foot, brought the enraged animal cowering back.

"Won't you come in, sir?" she said, addressing me; "you must be very much fatigued." And, in almost the same breath, cried: "Ah Toy, Ah Toy! come and put the gentleman's horse away."

I immediately dismounted, and handed my horse over to the guileless and inoffensive-looking Mongolian who responded to the lady's call.

"Walk right in, sir," she said. I entered and thanked her for her kindness.

"You will please excuse me a moment, sir," she said, gazing down at her soiled apron; "I hardly expected any one to-day." she continued, displaying just the least confusion while contemplating what she doubtless thought her unrepresentable appearance.

She withdrew into an adjoining room, and I took advantage of her absence by surveying the one in which I was sitting. It was furnished in a manner uncommon to that section of the country. Everywhere there were evidences of the delicate taste possessed by its fair mistress. The floor was carpeted; the walls were covered with white muslin; there were upholstered chairs and a sofa; on a small table in the centre of the room was a pile of books; and in one corner was an open secretary.

How remarkable, thought I, to find such a house and so lovely a creature—for such she was—presiding over it in this isolated spot. But my thoughts were soon disturbed by the reappearance of the principal object of my wonder.

"Pardon me, please, for leaving you so long alone," she said, as she settled into a chair and smoothed down the waves of the rich dress which she had donned in her absence, and added: "You must have traveled a long distance to-day."

"Yes," said I, "I have come all the way from C—ville."

"Why, you must be quite exhausted," said she, and at the same time rising and going to a door: "Ah Toy, Ah Toy!" she cried: "get some dinner for the gentleman."

All my protestations were of no avail.

While awaiting the preparation of dinner we conversed freely, and I discovered that she possessed, besides her personal charms, rare attractions of the mind, for she was well read and intelligent. I learned from her that her father was a miner, whose claim lay in the immediate vicinity, and that he would be home in the evening.

Dinner was soon in readiness, and I partook heartily, while my fair hostess presided over the table; and, under the influence of the wine that she set before me, I grew more and more communicative.

"What could have brought you into such an out-of-the-way place as this?" she asked after the table had been cleared. I had evaded similar questions to this but none so directly put. Yet, thought I, why should I not tell her the object of my trip? What harm could her knowing it do? And it might be the means of my gaining valuable information: and the subtle influence which those dark, sparkling eyes exercised over me inspired me with confidence in their possessor, and lowering my voice, I began:

"Have you ever heard of Morengo's band?"

The dark eyes flashed with excitement as she answered:

"What, the stage robbers?"

"Yes," said I; "then you have heard of them?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "I have heard a great deal of them;" then added, archly: "I hope you are not one of their number."

"On the other hand," said I, "I am after them."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, with increasing interest, and then looking around in a frightened manner, asked: "But you don't think they live anywhere around here, do you?"

"I am convinced," I replied, lowering my voice still more, "that they do live in this neighborhood." Her alarm increased.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I have been living here for several years with no other protection during the day than Tiger."

I assured that I really thought it must be an abandoned set of wretches who would harm a lady—and especially her.

She appeared to take no notice of this little compliment, and I continued: "On the other hand, I understand, they are a very gallant band of rascals, and scarcely ever require ladies to surrender their valuables when they attack a stage." This seemed to reassure her. "But," I went on, "you can doubtless better understand this when I inform you that it is a question which is the leader of the band, Morengo or his daughter Juanita."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "now you have aroused my curiosity. How romantic! Tell me all about her, please; it is such a rare thing that we hear of romance in this isolated region."

Her graceful form inclined in her eagerness to catch every word I uttered, and her cheek flushed with pleasure and excitement as I told her all I knew and had heard about the remarkable woman, whose daring deeds exceeded those of any of her father's followers, and that it was affirmed that the most successful raids of the band were planned by her, and she always assisted in their execution.

Thus employed in pleasant conversation the moments slipped away into hours, and every moment that passed I felt myself becoming more hopelessly entangled in the meshes that the lovely woman before me was all unconsciously weaving and throwing around me.

As each successive hour passed I made up my mind to leave before another had, but as often failed in my resolution. The sun was now low and I essayed to depart, but was met with the words: "Why, you surely won't go until papa comes home; I am sure he would be glad to meet you."

"You really must excuse me," said I; "it is not in justice to the rest of the party—"

"What party?" she broke in.

"Why," I replied, remembering that I had not told her, "I am only one of a party of some ten or twelve."

"Ah, yes," said she, eyeing me closely, "I see. And all searching for Morengo?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I am a day in advance of them; and as I said, it would really be unjust for me to remain idle here while they are pursuing their laborious search."

"Then they will be here to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes," said I, "their intention was to follow the trail which brought me here."

"Well," says she, "you must stay until papa comes. I shall have to set table for tea." And before I could interpose a word, she was away. As she left the room I thought how many charms she was the possessor of: intelligent, beautiful, romantic, vivacious; of aesthetic tastes, I was convinced; and then looking round my eyes lit upon the books piled upon the table. I had a curiosity to see them more closely, so I walked over and on examining them found they were the works of authors of renown, and as I opened one after another, I saw upon the fly leaf of a book of poems several stanzas, traced in a most perfect hand. They attracted my attention, and I read them, and while I still held the book in my hand my fair hostess reentered and approached the table by which I stood.

"Pardon me, please," I began, "for examining your library uninvited; but may I ask who the author is of these beautiful stanzas?"

The color that rose to her cheek verified the conclusion I had arrived at, but she merely said: "Oh, no one in particular," and added quickly, "papa has just come; he will be in in a moment."

She had scarcely finished speaking when a tall, dark man with heavy brows, a full black beard and long flowing black hair entered the room, and after the formalities of an introduction were over we sat down, and as his daughter withdrew from the room, in a subdued tone, he commenced: "Viollet informs me that you are after Morengo."

"Viollet!" She bore the name of my favorite flower; and, oh, how well it fitted her, thought I.

"Yes, sir," I replied; "and any information you could give me would be greatly appreciated. Am I on the right track?"

"Yes," he answered, "I think you are."

I listened intently.

"But you should have left the trail," he continued, "some three miles back. There is a little clearing there. Didn't you see it as you came along?"

"Yes," I replied, "I remember it."

"Well, sir," he continued, "I have a suspicion which I have never yet communicated to any living being, not even to my daughter, and that is that somewhere about that clearing Morengo and his men live."

"But," said I, in surprise, "are you not afraid of your lives, living in such close proximity to such a desperate band?"

"Did you ever hear," he replied, significantly, "of Morengo attacking a house?"

"No, I never had."

"And let him dare to attack this house," he continued, with considerable spirit; "that girl of mine and I could give them a pretty rough deal, I reckon."

"Why," I exclaimed, "what could she do?"

"Do!" he replied. "Well, now, she can swing a rifle just as lively as the next bushwhacker."

I was astonished.

"And I never saw a horse so fast," he added, with apparent pride, "that she couldn't lariat on the keen jump."

It is unnecessary to say I was amazed. A lady, thought I, who possessed so many and such varied accomplishments—whose sweet voice I could now hear in the adjoining room as she hummed a familiar song while busying herself about her duties—was a wonder indeed.

The door opened, and supper was announced in readiness.

After supper was over and the table vacated I again essayed to leave, when the father met me with the words:

"Oh, you must stay over night. Your party will be along in the morning, my daughter informs me, and you can join them then."

It was just getting dark, and I insisted on going, although my heart did not; so my horse was ordered, and as I took the proffered hand of the fair creature who had in such a short time filched my heart from me, I gave it a pressure which brought the crimson dye to her fair cheek; and the father, seizing my hand with a vice-like grasp, repeated the warm invitation of his daughter to come again, which I assured him I should.

The moon was shining brightly as I rode slowly away, and,

thought I, what can equal the hospitality of a Californian? And as I was about to leave the clearing I took one last look at the house where my divinity dwelt, and was surprised at seeing a form approaching me. Could it be she? I stopped and waited. Sure enough, it was she. I dismounted, and as the fair creature drew near she said:

"I forgot to caution you. It is a very dangerous road you have to travel, and especially at night."

I looked into the dark eyes before me. Could it be possible that I had awakened the same feelings in her heart that she had in mine?

"Do not give yourself a moment's alarm about my welfare," I replied. "I have traveled roads a thousand times more dangerous than this trail."

"Oh," said she, "I do not apprehend any danger, but, you know, a word of warning is sometimes better than an ounce of steel." And then added, archly: "Look out for Juanita Morengo."

I laughed, and told her that I had never yet met a woman whom I thought could worst or take me at a disadvantage. With a merry little laugh she extended her hand, and at the same time handed me a note, requesting me to take it to C—ville; "and promise me," she added, as she looked me full in the eyes, "that you will not look at it till you arrive there. I think I can trust you." I promised by all that was holy that I would not violate her trust, and at the same time deposited the note in a pocket of my saddle-bags. I then raised to my lips the little hand that had laid so confidently in mine and imprinted a kiss upon it, and was soon on my way again.

I had proceeded thus about two miles, and as I neared the clearing, which was now my objective point, I unwillingly expelled the pleasant thoughts from my mind and became more cautious. I entered the clearing by a sharp turn of the trail, and hearing a slight rustle in the undergrowth close by I stopped my horse and listened. All was silent. I had proceeded but a little farther when I suddenly heard a whizzing sound similar to that made by a whip in cutting through the air, and at the same instant I felt my arms pinioned to my side as though a rope were wrapped around my body. Quick as flash of lightning the thought struck me: "A lariat—I am lassoed;" and at the same time made a desperate struggle to seize the knife which I carried in my belt to sever the strands of the lariat that encircled me, but in an instant I was unhorsed and lying prostrate on the ground. I saw a masked face above me, and a white hand pressing something to my mouth and nostrils which had a decided odor of chloroform.

The sun was high when I picked myself up and gazed in wonder around. Slowly, and one by one, I recalled the incidents of the preceding day, but could not understand how I had arrived at this spot, for indeed C—ville was in plain sight, and my mustang was picketed near by. My arms pained me a little, and that called to mind the lariat that had been wrapped around them, and then I remembered being pulled from my horse and robbed—as I supposed. But, strange though it appeared, my horse, my revolvers, and the several slugs which were in my packet, were all intact. I approached my horse to mount, but, to my surprise and horror, my saddle-bags were gone.

That night, as I was sitting sorrowfully in my cabin, there came a knock at my door, and upon opening it one of the party entered.

"Hallo," he exclaimed, "heard you got lariatied last night?" He then went on and told me what the party had accomplished, and to my amazement I found that they had been to exactly the same place I had. He described minutely the trail, the house, the barn, and every thing on the premises, "but," said he, "there wasn't a soul there."

"What?" I exclaimed, "no one there?"

"No," he replied; then very significantly: "They must have got wind that we was comin', for things looked mighty like as if they'd just cleared out."

I felt sick.

"Who do you supposed lived there?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

"Why, Morengo, of course," was the confident answer.

"What proof did you find?" I asked quickly, grasping at the straw.

"Well," said he, "we found about a dozen mail bags, and as many broken express boxes in the barn. Isn't that proof enough?"

I thought I was dreaming; I could not speak.

Another knock at the door roused me somewhat, and another of the party entered and said the agent would like to see me. I hastened to the stage office, where the remainder of the party were assembled. Not a word of greeting did I receive from one of them as I entered. The agent was the first to speak.

"I believe you said you lost your saddle bags yesterday?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, the boys found a pair about three miles this side of Morengo's. Are these yours?" he asked, holding them up.

I seized them, and plunged my hands into the pockets. The note was gone.

Then said the agent, while his and the eyes of the whole party were fixed upon me:

"Is this yours?" holding up an unsealed note.

"Yes," said I, and, in a rage, demanded: "Who opened this note?"

"Nobody," said one of the party, "twasn't sealed."

I unfolded it quickly, and read these words, traced in the same matchless hand that the stanzas I had read the previous day were:

"Compliments of Juanita Morengo."

As the agent saw the different expressions of my face, he said:

"This is very remarkable!"

I gazed blankly at the sheet; again were the incidents of previous day recalled; I remembered with a vivid distinctness the father's remark of his daughter's proficiency in the use of the lariat; I remembered the soft white hand that had touched my face as I inhaled the fumes of the opiate; I thought of the deserted house, the mail bags, the express boxes. My eyes grew dim; my knees shook; my heart seemed to be forcing itself up into my throat; I was suffocating. It was all plain now. Yet, as I staggered out into the open air, I repeated the words the agent had uttered:

"Yes,—it is—very—remarkable."

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1878.

L. H. CUMMINS.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

The Delighted Barber.—Fable of the Elephant that lived in a Glass House yet Threw Stones.—The Lady who spelled Satan with two a's.—Jack Brily, the Sailor, makes another Blunder.—Card Playing according to Haul.—Improving Narrative concerning the Conversion of a Gambler by the Homoeopathic principle of "Similia similibus curantur."—Mrs. Doppy's Capital Crime.

Wen Uncle Ned he red my sisters yung mans story bout the barber witch I rote out last week he sed : "I kno a other," and I sed wot was it, and he sed, Uncle Ned did, that one time there was a barber. And one day a feller he cum in the shop for to git shafed, and he handed the barber a card wich was wrot on like this way :

"For my Hair.—Taller, clove, lard, bergmot, pematum, oil, tonnick, restoratif, pitchooly, gum, beeswhacks, kerriseen and tar.

"For my Face.—Cole cream, cam frice, powder, ham fat, sof sope, glissern, poltice, rooje, nammel, giant sement, shoo blackn.

"For my Wiskers.—Sames for the hair, only more taller.

"For my Muchtash.—Do, starch, glew, morter, and sodder."

Wen the barber he red it he was jest dlited, and he sed to the feller : "You are the most sensible man wich has ever set in this chair, yes in deed, I never see a man of sech good taste."

And then the barber shafed the feller, and tole him all the news wich he cude think, and never stopt tockin, the barber dident, while he shafed, cos he was dlighted. But jes as he got dun shafn the feller, and was gittin reddy to put them things onto him, cordin to the memmy randem, a man woked in and took the feller by the ear, and he sed to the barber, the man did : "This fellers got to go now, cos he is a escape, if you want to finish him you mus fetch them things over to the Def and Dum Ward of the Lunatic Sylum."

One time a lion met a ephalant and the ephalant sed : "You better go and git your hair cut."

But the lion it sed : "Bah ! I shant re sent a fellers in sults wich has got his nose tween his own teetths."

But the wale is the largist of all livin things, and his rore is like dissent thunder. Wales is kild with harpoons, wich isent bairpins, the fools wich cant spel rites em jest a like.

One time wen Mister Brily, the butcher, was in his butcher shop a butcherin, a boy brot him a letter sined by a lady, but it want ment to be give him, but the man wich kep the dri good store, and the letter said : "Send me haf a yard of Satan." Mr. Brily he thot a wile, an then he cut of a long peece of sossidge and sent it to the lady, with this note on a paper : "This is the best I can do for you, its sum like his tail, but you got to devil it yure selfe."

Wen Mister Pitchel, thats the preacher, was stayn to our house Jack Brily, the sailer, wich is Mister Brily the butchers boy, he come in wile we was to our breck fest, and et too. And my mother she asked Jack if he wude have some devild kidny, and Jack did. Bime by wen he had et it up he said : "Ile thank you, mam, for sum more of them devilish kidny."

A other time my father had bot some dux, but they was so ded they wasent fit for to be et, and wen he brot em in he sed to my mother : "I clame 2 pints for hi game," and my mother she spoke up and said : "Take a other for bein lo."

But you jest ought to see me and Billy play cards, cos we can beat anny boddy, yes indeed, evry time I play a card Billy he plays a other, and then he says mine is only jest nothin but a trump, but bizen is a taker. But wen I ast Billy wy I never git enny takers he says thats cos its a square deal.

A preacher wich had been a wicked gamler fore he was a preacher he seen a feller wich was a gamler too, and he sed, the preacher did : "Ile jest play cards with this pore mizabable sinner, and win ol his munny, and wen he is busted may be he will listen to the divine trooth and be saved."

So thay plade and the preacher he winned ol the fellers munny, evry con, and then he sed : "Now see how wicked you have ben for to loos yure munny, and yure whife and babys havent got no bred for to eat."

And the gamler he sed : "Thats so," and bust out a cryin.

Then the preacher he sed : "Pore sinner, if you prommice me onto yure onner to not play cards agin Ile giv it ol back, cos lme a preacher."

So the gamler he was a stonish, and he sed : "I never see sech a good man, I prommis, yes in deed, and heven bles you !" and he busted out crine agin, the gamler did.

Then the preacher he give him back ol his money, and the feller put it in his pocket, and whiped his eys, and blode his nose gratefe, and then he thot a wile, and preti sune he cofed, and he sed to the preacher : "I feel mity mean taken back this hundred dollars from a man wich has rescwed me from card playn, tel you wot Ile do, you put up a other hundred agin it and weel toss up for the pile, heds or tails, best 2 out of thre."

But my mother she sez its notty for to toss up, and one time when Sammy Doppy was heds and I was tales for 2 kites she sed if we done it agin we better not. But I gess if Sammy's mother was threw up she wude be heds evry time, cos hern is red like fire, I never seen sech a red hed, but wude peckers aint no slowtches too.

SAN RAFAEL, October 8, 1878.

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home ; no man can safely speak that does not hold his tongue ; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become a subject ; no man can safely command that has not learned to obey ; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

The good old English poet thought that man should turn out and give an insect the whole road. Were the farmers to follow his advice in these days of potato bugs, they would all be arrested in their serpentine course for beastly intoxication.

When a man bolts his party he gets his political ideas down fine.

NEED AND OPPORTUNITY.

Lo! this is Christdom : this same blessed earth,
From its clear coronals of the air we breathe
Dowa to the primal granite underneath
Its mountains, hast had very notable birth
Out of Judaic insufficiency.
But what are we but unbelieving meo,
Who put not Christ in our philosophy,
And only call our brothers brethren when
We meet on Sabbaths? Tooth for tooth is good,
We think, on week days—the old rigor that,
With literal eye for eye and blood for blood,
Through the sad centuries strived to tread flat
The Memorable Hill from which alone
We dare lift steady eyes to the Unknown.

What shall we say then? That our brother's crimes
Aur our own diseases : that his hurts
Imply our shames ; that the same bond eagrits
Alike the man who lapses and who climbs?
That formulas and credos, when divorced
From the great soul of all-enfolding ruth,
Leaves still the lean and thirsty soul athirst
For the deep heart and blessedness of Truth;
That in the noblest there is something base,
And in the meanest, noble ; that behind
The sensual darkness of the human face,
Not to be quenched by any adverse wind,
Enough of heaven's light flickers for a sign
That Man's best possible is its divine.

Here's room for poets ; here is ground for seers ;
Broad leagues of acres furrowed for the seed
Whose recompensio sheaves of song shall breed
Within the bosom of garnering years
Harvests of prodigal plenty. O ye lips
Anointed for the proper utterance
Of what things lie in worthy fellowships!
O eyes to whom the dread significance
Of Life's vast mystery is visible!
For lack of ye the poor Earth perishes—
The patient Earth, so very beautiful ;
The comely Earth, so clung with ooble stress ;
Achiong for God unutterably, and wet
With most immortal tears and bloody sweat.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 7, 1878. RICHARD REALE.

Father, Take my Hand.

THE PRAYER.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunder roars above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Loogs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me, and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Thee, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fleeting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

THE ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light,
I would not always have thee walk by sight;
My dealings now thou canst not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child.

The way is long, my child, but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand
And, quick and straight,
Lead to heaven's gate
My child.

The path is rough, my child, but oh! how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet :—
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And, safe and blest,
With me shall rest
My child!

The cross is heavy, child, yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee—My Son,
My well-beloved. For him bear thine, and stand
With Him at last, and from thy Father's hand,
The cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child.

Two Mothers.

I sit and rock beside my cottage window;
My baby boy is lying on my knee—
His tiny hand clasped close about my finger,
His wisful hazel eyes regarding me.
Outside, among the cherry tree's thick branches,
There sings a robin with a crimson breast;
I hear her song and guess its tender meaning—
She has two little eggs within her nest.

The summer days are blossoming around us,
And every heart is filled with summer's joy;
I wander slowly through the sunny garden,
And by my side totters the baby boy.
Gaily sings robin in the tree above us,
The mother-rapture thrilling all her song;
And twittering answers from her two brown birdlings
Fill the soft air with music all day long.

Autumn has come, and crimson leaves are falling,
And golden leaves are flying here and there;
The cherry tree is stripped of half its beauty,
And stretches out its branches brown and bare.
Robin sits lonely 'mid the autumn splendor,
And in his heart echoes her plaintive moan.
This is the end of the sweet summer story;
Our nests are empty, and our birds have flown.

WEST OAKLAND, October 7, 1878. E. M. D.

PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

Heureux celui dont le cœur ne demande qu'un cœur, et qui ne désire ni parc à l'anglaise, ni opéra-siera, ni musique de Mozart, ni tableau de Raphaël, ni éclipse de lune, ni même un clair de lune, ni scènes de romans, ni même leur accomplissement.—*Jean-Paul.*

Il y a des affinités mystérieuses d'autant plus irrésistibles qu'elles sont inexplicables, qu'elles viennent des contrastes ou des similitudes. L'instinct a une lucidité supérieure au raisonnement. C'est d'ailleurs une question d'évidence mathématique ; l'amour, comme les axiomes, ne se démontre pas.

Un homme de cinquante ans est plus redoutable à cet âge qu'à tout autre. C'est à cette époque de la vie qu'il use d'une expérience chèrement acquise et de la fortune qu'il doit avoir.—*Balzac.*

Peu de gens savent s'amuser. Quelques uns se disent : Je fais ceci ou cela, donc, je m'amuse. J'ai payé tant de pièces d'or, donc, je ressens tant de plaisir. Et ils usent leur vie sur cette meule.—*A. de Musset.*

Lorsqu'un amant donne, il demande, et beaucoup plus qu'il n'a donné.—*Parny.*

Un homme amoureux n'est plus un mortel ordinaire, c'est un homme inspiré. Dès que l'amour s'est emparé de lui, il ne reconnaît plus ni parents, ni amis, ni lois, ni magistrats, ni souverains ; il n'estime et ne respecte rien ; l'unique chose qu'il craigne, c'est de déplaire à ce qu'il aime.—*Plutarque.*

La jeunesse, cette fleur de notre triste et fugitive existence, se fane vite, et tandis que nous buvons, demandant des parfums, des couronnes, des jeunes filles, se glisse traitreusement jusqu'à nous la vieillesse.—*Juvénal.*

Plus inconstant que l'onde et le ouage,
Le temps s'effuit. Pourquoi le regretter?
Malgré sa peote volage
Qui le force à nous quitter,
En faire usage,
C'est l'arrêter.
Goûtons mille douceurs ;
Si notre vie est un passage,
Sur ce passage, au moins, semons des fleurs.

Quand je pense qu'il y a des hommes assez hardis pour regarder une femme en face, pour l'aborder, pour lui serrer la main et pour lui dire sans mourir de frayer : Voulez-vous m'épouser? Je ne puis m'empêcher d'admirer jusqu'où va l'audace humaine.—*Sthal.*

Monsieur X., ayant lu la lettre de Saint Jérôme où il peint avec la plus grande énergie la violence de ses passions, disait : La force de ses tentations me fait plus d'envie que sa pénitence ne me fait peur.

On parlait dernièrement des femmes, en général, dans un cercle de Bohèmes, à San Francisco. —Il est certain que les femmes aiment le danger, dit un peintre bien connu de ce côté-ci du Pacifique. —C'est peut-être parce qu'elles se rappellent trop bien cette maxime de la Sainte-Ecriture : "Qui s'expose au danger périra," fit remarquer Monsieur de F. qui était présent.

On s'étonnait qu'une femme qui était rousse n'avait jamais failli à la vertu. Quelqu'un dit : Elle est comme Samson, sa force est dans ses cheveux.

Monsieur X. avait vécu quelque temps dans une ville de province, et à son retour, ses amis le plaignaient de la société qu'il avait eue. —C'est en quoi vous vous trompez, répondit-il, la bonne compagnie de cette ville y est comme partout, et la mauvaise y est excellente.

Il n'y a point de femmes laides . . . la nuit.

Ne pourrait-on pas découvrir le secret de se faire aimer de sa femme?—*La Bruyère.*

Aimer est un bonheur rare ; s'il était commun, il vaudrait mieux être homme que Dieu.—*Mme. de Staël.*

Un homme allait depuis trente ans passer toutes ses soirées chez Madame de X. Il perdit sa femme ; on crut qu'il épouserait l'autre et on l'y encourageait. Il refusa :—Je ne saurais plus, dit-il, où aller passer mes soirées.

Un banquier anglais fut accusé d'avoir fait une conspiration pour enlever le roi George III et le transporter à Philadelphie. Amené devant ses juges, il leur dit : Je suis très-bien ce qu'un roi peut faire d'un banquier, mais j'ignore ce qu'un banquier peut faire d'un roi.

L'homme qui entre dans le cabinet de toilette de sa femme est un philosophe ou un imbécile.—*Balzac.*

—Votre malade est mort, disait-on à un médecin qui l'avait soigné pendant longtemps. —Oui, répondit-il, mais il est mort guéri.

Quelqu'un disait d'un homme très-gros qu'il avait été créé et mis au monde pour faire voir jusqu'où peut aller la peau humaine.

Un lord anglais, étant gris, avait tué un garçon dans une auberge. L'aubergiste effrayé vint lui dire : Savez-vous, mylord, que vous avez tué le garçon? —Mettez-le sur la carte, répondit-il.

Qui se ressemble se devine, se trouve et s'assemble.

Une cour sans femmes, disait François I., c'est une année sans printemps, un printemps sans fleurs, une fleur sans parfum.

October 5, 1878.

L. G. J. DE

BONBONS.—FRENCH AND OTHERWISE.

It's not tea, but its nice—Coffee.

A famous Irishman writes to a friend: "At this moment I am writing with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

Penalties—The penalty of popularity is envy. The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights. The penalty of marrying is a mother-in-law. The penalty of a pretty cook is an empty larder. The penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is the sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamed of, and of a number of debts you had quite forgotten.

"Sweets to the sweet," says a young man on passing the syrup to a young lady seated at a hotel table.

"And beets to the beat," remarks the lady, shoving a dish of that vegetable toward the young man. For some reason the observation casts a settled gloom o'er a countenance just before radiant with smiles.

A poor little boy, without any jacket on, but with a broad patch on the after-deck of his pantaloons, is passing along a street, when a bold, bad man hails him and says:

"Say, sonny, why's your breeches like a paid bill?" The little innocent only says in reply: "What yer givin' us, taffy?" But the man says it isn't taffy, but only a conundrum: and the answer is, that the reason why the breeches are like a paid bill is because they had been resealed. Smart man: embarrassed boy.

An old lady misses two pounds of fresh butter, and accuses her maid of having stolen it.

The maid, however, not only denies the accusation, but fastens the theft upon the cat; averring, moreover, that she caught the cat in the act of finishing the last morsel.

The wily old dame immediately puts the kitten into the scales, and finds it to weigh but a pound and a half.

This mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confesses her crime.

Merry college jest:

"Your professor has given you some elementary instruction as to bodies?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. What is a transparent body?"

(Silence that would reflect no discredit upon a Trappist or a deaf-mute.)

"Well, what is a transparent body? Don't you know?"

"Of course I do; I recollect the words in the book. A transparent-body—is—is—"

"It's a body through which you can see light. Now give me an example of a transparent body?"

"A lock."

"A lock?"

"Yes, sir; you can see light through the key-hole."

Severe Examiner—What is a mountain?

First Student—An elevation of ground.

S. E.—Well, what do two mountains form?

F. S.—The beginning of a chain of mountains.

S. E.—They don't; they form a valley. You can stand down. Your ignorance would make an idiot blush.

(To Second Student—What is a mountain?)

S. S.—An elevation of ground.

S. E.—Well, what do two mountains make?

S. S.—A valley.

S. E.—No, they don't; they form the beginning of a chain of mountains. You are a goose of the first water. (*Plucks both.*)

The defendant, having been proved guilty of the offense of calling the complainant opprobrious names, as "thief," "robber," etc., is duly fined. He pays the fine, and asks the Judge:

"Your Honor, there is, I understand, a law against calling an honest man a thief; does the law forbid a man to call a thief an honest man?"

"Of course not," replies the magistrate.

"Then, sir," says the defendant, turning to his prosecutor, with a triumphant air, "you are the most honest man I ever met."

Swiss conscript to his superior officer.—Hi, Cap, I say; gimme a light for my pipe.

Captain.—Here's a match; but let me remind you, my gentle youth, that if you were in the Prussian army you wouldn't be allowed to address a Captain in that manner. Not if Von Moltke knows himself.

Conscript.—You're talking; but (and the free-born spirit of William Tell flashed in his eyes) if we were in the Prussian army you wouldn't be a Captain.

Jeannette.—Ma, are you going to give me another piece of pie?

Ma.—What do you want to know for?

Jeannette.—Because if you ain't I want to eat this piece slowly.

A dancress celebrated of the cancan, on return from the Garden Mabille, meets one of her female companions.

"Well, are you satisfied? Was there a good attendance to-night?"

"O, do not speak to me thereof, my dear," replied the artist; "I am altogether disgusted. Imagine you that the place was literally jammed with economical clergymen."

An old maid has a cat and a canary. The cat dies first. She has him stuffed, and places him in the cage of the canary, saying: "I have put the dear creature where he always desired to be."

The good Dr. X., visiting an actress patient, surprises her fifteen-year-old daughter so intently absorbed in her book that she does not notice his presence.

"My pretty child," says he, "what is't you read, romance or fairy fable, that you are so deeply interested in it?"

"Nothing," says the dear child; "only the book you said mamma wasn't to read."

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

The Invisible Land.

There was a land that lay beyond my sight,
For which I vainly searched the great earth through.
Thither, right often, my companions flew
At day-break, or at noon-tide, or at night,
And never came again. I took my flight,
Explored all portions of the globe, yet grew
No nearer where that mighty retinue
Had fled into the stately fields of light.

But once, when evening her dusk sails had spread,
And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er
My spirit; and in it I, rising, said:
"Now is the country mine, long sought before!"
And one I heard lament that I was dead;
And lo! the land stretched just beside my door!

Andrew R. Saxton, in *Scribner's*.

Silver Buttons.

When I was half asleep, and wholly dreaming,
Out in the maple grove the other day,
A woman and a swift horse passed me, riding
Far down the hill-side in a splendid way.

Oh, there was something very bright about her;
She went so swiftly that I do not know
What all that brightness was, but stars and sunshine
Gleamed down the shady road I saw her go.

She was no angel riding down from heaven,
For she had on a very mundane dress;
All adown it two long rows of buttons
Threw the light of heaven-like worldliness.

All of the scene that I can well remember
Is the swift grace with which she dashed along,
And the two twinkling rows of starry buttons.
What matter, then, is this to make a song?

But it has done it. As the vision vanished
My heart set up a song. Oh, how it sings
Of stars and brightness! And her dashing motion
Gave me the time in which the music rings.

Those buttons! oh, those buttons! Why she wore them
I can not think. Were they for use or show?
And why should I persist in thinking of them?
These all are mysteries I can not know.

Those buttons! oh, 'twas vanity to wear them.
I've learned she sat up late to sew them strong,
Then slept to dream of me, and slyly saw me
The while she rode so loftily along.

Elizabeth H. Fenn, in *Atlantic*.

Concealment.

When I beheld some mighty, listening throng,
I marvel, while their faces gleam toward mine,
At the large hope, despair, faith, sorrow, and wrong
That slumber in their midst, and make no sign!

So, when I watch night's thick-starred gulfs profound,
I wonder at all the calmness they reveal,
Though filled with infinite motion and wild sound
From myriads of vast spheres that gradually wheel!

Edgar Fawcett, in *Appleton's*.

Meeting.—From the Spanish.

Many years have floated by
Since we parted, she and I.
Now together here we stand,
Eye to eye, and hand to hand.

I can hear her trembling sighs,
See the sweetness in her eyes.
Silently I hold and press
Her soft hand with tenderness.

Silence, who shall fathom thee?
Who reveal the mystery
Hidden between loving eyes,
Burning bands, and answering sighs.

Harper's Magazine.

Apothegms.—From the Turkish.

AN ANCIENT TREE.

Mock not the fruit-tree's wrinkled face,
Its knotty boughs, its want of grace;
For underneath no barren tree
Could you so many missiles see.

BITTER WORDS.

The knife's sharp cut can be endured—
Its ugly gash by time is cured;
But bitter words, when they o'erflow,
Inflict a deep, unhealing blow.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

How easy 'tis for some to say,
"Your route is wrong, that's not the way!"
For when the carriage breaks, all know
Which road the driver ought to go.

DEATH.

Death is the dark, grim guest
Who slights not rich or poor—
The coal-black camel's form
Which kneels at every door.

Joel Benton, in *Appleton's*.

A Desire.

Let me not lay the lightest feather's weight
Of duty upon love. Let not, my own,
The breath of one reluctant kiss be blown
Between our hearts. I would not be the gate
That bars, like some inexorable fate
The portals of thy life; that says, "Alone
Through me shall any joy to thee be known!"
Rather the window, fragrant early and late
With thy sweet, clinging thoughts, that grow and twine
Around me, like some bright and blooming vine:
Through which the sun shall shed his wealth on thee
In golden showers; through which thou may'st look out,
Exulting in all beauty, without doubt,
Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

Susan M. Spalding, in *Scribner*.

EMBALMED IN SENTIMENT.

The New York *World* tells the tale of how an undertaker doing business in a Pennsylvania town has discovered a neat way of embalming the dead, whereby he can preserve a "life-like appearance" in his subject for three weeks, by combining four drugs, and applying them to the cuticle so as to "marbleize it." To prove the efficacy of his process, he is at present exhibiting a departed husband "of full habit and addicted to drink," who in the sublime stillness of death is accompanied by his widow, who testifies to her complete satisfaction with what the undertaker has done for her spouse, and stifles her sobs long enough to point to the corpse and show how carefully and beautifully it is preserved. It may be doubted whether ever before has there been seen so beautiful an example at once of wifely devotion and pride as this, for the notion is to be scouted that the lady has any business end in view dependent upon the successful introduction of the new embalming process. Like the ancient Egyptians, she must take a solemn pleasure in the presence of an embalmed friend, but added to this there must be a sort of pride in exhibiting him publicly as one who, of however full a habit he may have been, and however addicted to drink, was her own true love, and would remain with her even after he had lost all enjoyment of her society. As a curiosity such a man is certainly well worth seeing and showing. His devotion rises far above the common capabilities of the flesh, and is worthy of being embalmed in noble verse as well as in a marble cuticle. The mind is loth to believe that any motive less admirable than a laudable pride in a husband so excellent as this could induce any woman to suffer her departed lord to be exhibited publicly. Wishing to show him as an example of fidelity to his family, the lady probably took advantage of the presence of a man with a patent process of preservation, who, while furthering his own unsentimental purposes, would bring into prominence the virtues of a truly noble though now helpless man. Thus sometimes does simple selfishness become the servant of that which is more exalted. And yet it is possible to take another view of the case. Gentlemen of full habit who are addicted to drink are apt at times to make their homes the scene of revelry and mirth which they alone can appreciate. Their jests, their quips and quiddets, in the nature of tables overturned and chairs put to uses for which they were never designed, are far from pleasing to their families; and their wives, though loving them entirely, long at times to see them in a complete state of reasonable quietude which shall endure for an appreciable period. They wish that their husbands could be induced to follow wifely advice—to depart when they bid them and to come at their call. In the natural state of such men implicit obedience is impracticable; and, seeing that it is so, it is no wonder that it should become a settled purpose, or even a mania, on the part of some peculiar women, to have some time when her refractory lord must and shall act precisely as she wishes him to. Likely enough this particular woman has often asked her husband to go with her from Stroudsburg to Philadelphia, and the train started out, but, by the time she had gone a short distance, the wife found that her perfidious and full-habited lord suddenly vanished from her sight at the Delaware Water Gap. There was such a monotony about these occurrences that, when the time came and it was possible for her to lead him to the great city without danger of his escape, she naturally took solid satisfaction in seeing him alight there in a balmy condition and ready to follow her about town whithersoever she would go. Doubtless it was some such feeling as this that led the ancients to place their mothers-in-law in cases, and shift them about from corner to corner and from pillar to post, feeling all the while a joy unspeakable because it was impossible for their old tormentors to raise the slightest objection.

The Rev. J. S. Furnis, an English clergyman, has written an interesting and graphic description of hell, "for the instruction of the young." Hell, he says, is situated four thousand miles from here, at the middle of the earth, and is tenanted by millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with fury, who dwell in the midst of screams, groans, yells, cries, shouts, shrieks, roarings, hissings, howlings, wailings, fearful blasphemies and thunder, not to mention the sound of "oceans of tears running down from millions of eyes with a great splash upon the floors of hell." The Rev. Mr. Furnis then says: "The roof is red-hot, the walls are red-hot, the floor is like a thick sheet of red-hot iron. See, on the middle of that red-hot iron floor stands a girl. She looks to be about sixteen years of age. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet. The door of this room has never been opened since she first set her feet on this red-hot floor. Now she sees the door opening. She rushes forward. She has gone down on her knees upon the red-hot floor. Listen—she speaks. She says: 'I have been standing with my bare feet on this red-hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing-place has been upon this red-hot floor. Sleep never came on me for a moment, that I might forget this horrible burning floor. Look at my burned and bleeding feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment—only for a short moment. Oh, that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for one single moment!' The devil answers her question: 'Do you ask for a moment—for one moment to forget your pain? No, not for one single moment during the never-ending eternity of years shall you ever leave this red-hot floor.'"

Last month a Turk, Fein Pasha, Governor of Banjaluka, with twelve wives, children, and a guard of eunuchs, arrived in Vienna and took lodgings at the Hotel Daniel. Three wives were put in a room, with a guard of two eunuchs at each door. It took a whole day to complete the registration of the party at police headquarters. The most of the wives were real beauties, wearing their raven black hair closely cut and dyeing their finger-nails. Under the Austrian law these ladies were entitled to their personal freedom, and the German reporter naively says, "If they only knew it." Each eunuch carried a gun on one arm and a baby on the other.

Whole years of joy glide, unperceived, away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.—*Harvard*.

Virtue requires no other recompense than the tribute of self-approbation and respect.—*Cicero*.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Walker, Jr., Addresses that Uncle of Mine.



PHOENIX CLUE, San Francisco, Oct. 9, 1878.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—You are now somewhat old, and I observe with regret that the locks of which, fifteen or twenty years ago, you were justly proud, have almost entirely disappeared. Indeed, I have watched them from time to time being roughly removed from the hair brush and irreverently swept into the dust-bin by the Chinaman whom, in spite of Kearney, you insist upon retaining. It is now quite five years since my arrival at an age when the law recognized my liability to jury duty, and my privileges as an American citizen enabled me to relieve you of the charge of my affairs, which, on the death of my revered father, fell into your hands. That I address these letters to you is an evidence that I am not ungrateful for the kindly interest with which you watched over my tender minority, and if from them you may gather any advice of value to you, any hints that may tend to smooth your pathway to the grave, I shall feel that I have not vainly undertaken what is the obvious duty of an affectionate nephew. I can not forget that, when my young mind was but opening, you stored it with wise saws and modern instances, and the reflections, which from time to time will crop up as I write, you will find are but the experiences and observations inculcated upon me by you, developed by the change in conditions and the progress of human life to a point where they may be as useful to you at your years as they were to me in an earlier stage. The practical knowledge of the world which made you such an able mentor when I was most in need of one, has enabled me to reach my present age without having committed any grave or irreparable mistakes, and now, having benefited by that knowledge to keep up with an era of unusually rapid development, I feel proud that I am able to put down on paper for your guidance, certain rules, hints, and regulations, which will enable you to find your way out of the world without compromising your family or your name by senile foolishness. My dear uncle, I need scarcely point out to you that things were very different in your younger days, and up to the time when you became ill-fitted to cope with the rush and racket of life, progress was slow. That, with deadened facilities, in increasing years, you should now find many pitfalls and snares which you did not expect, and of which you were entirely ignorant, is not to be wondered at. Old men are obstinate and cling to old theories and old notions, even in spite of stubborn facts. In every department of his existence the same obstinacy prevails, and I may tell you now, my dear uncle, looking back at some disputes which we have had on various subjects, that more harm comes to young men from the inability of their parents and guardians to recognize the changes in a progressive society, than from the inherent tendency of youth to oppose the strict discipline and authority of age. It may be painful to contemplate, and I feel for one whose sage advice I have so often followed, but it is a certain fact that the world has gone beyond you. This is an age of unexampled rapidity of thought and action, and let me assure you that it is only with an effort that even I, young and strong, and in the full flush of bodily and mental health, can keep pace with its mad haste. In order that you may not be altogether exposed to the dangers that beset men whose associations and ideas are entirely in the past, that, dragging behind in the human procession, you may yet be prepared for the obstructions which I have met and overcome, I pen these letters, trusting to find my account in your gratitude for much anxiety spared, and many discomforts avoided. And first, I would take exception to your associates and constant companions. When I heard that the investment I made for you in Sierra Nevada had been so wonderfully fortunate, I congratulated myself that the honor and respectability of our family were about to take on fresh lustre, and that your wealth would make you a fit coadjutor in my ambitious designs. But on my return from the Exposition, I am deeply affected to find you band and glove with brokers of the Big Board, Supervisors, Judges, and other officials, whose familiarities are the first things to be avoided. You frequent the saloons between the acts of the speculative drama; you are visible hobnobbing with well known politicians who fill up the time between elections in using their influence with possible candidates, to be carried in mining stocks; you accept cigars from men whose salary of a few dollars a month in official positions enables them to live a fast life, spend a moderate fortune, and lose thousands of dollars on blocks of wildcat securities; you are familiar with men whose knowledge of the law is only useful to them in so far as it enables them to break it with impunity; you visit free-lunch counters with men who indorse and disseminate communistic doctrines, that, when the inevitable absolute reign of ignorance and unscrupulous blackguardism shall begin, they may float on its highest wave, notorious at last, if even only for a moment; you seek the companionship of those whose money comes out of the pockets of the poor, the deposits of savings banks, the purses of women and children. My dear uncle, what can have made you change since you first took me in hand and educated me? You will say, doubtless, that you only know those gentlemen (!) who are known in society. You will say that your most intimate friend is Mr. —, a magnate whose wealth is enormous, who

maintains one of the finest establishments in town, whose mansion is filled with rank, and elegance, and fashion, whose wife is a leader of the *ton*, and with whose charming daughter I am proud to be seen. This is precisely an example of the mistakes you make through your adherence to your old-fashioned principles, and your inability to grasp the difference in the condition of things in this society from that in the old established communities with which you are acquainted. The pioneers who came to California in 1849 did not come to lay the basis of a fashionable and refined society; they came to gather gold. They were not "society" men, and with the rapid change from poverty to wealth they carried all their faults and all their vices. Where you and I were born a man was known by the company he kept, and, apart from his circumstances, was respected or despised according to the status he held in society. It was not possible to move in two classes of the community at once, and the man who elected to visit the pot-house had to find his friends among the sawdust. The principle remains, in a measure, the same, but the company has changed somewhat, and the question is further complicated by the admission of another discordant element. The standing of the parent in old times and in old communities was the standing of the family. The parents and children were of one caste, and to be always in the good graces of the father was not only a passport to the good will of the mother, but often to the affections of the favorite daughter as well. Here it is widely different, and as I am making efforts, which I may say are not altogether hopeless, to make Miss — my wife, I have to request that you will not mention me in public in any connection with her father. Her mother is my friend, and between Miss — and myself a perfect understanding exists, based on a mutual liking, which has no interest for the old gentleman. I should be sorry indeed if it were known that I was in any sense a friend of his, because I am sure that any friendship with him would be a drawback to my progress with his daughter or his wife. He is so seldom at home, and he really knows so little of his family affairs, that I doubt if he is aware that I am received by Mrs. —, or even acquainted with his daughter. I am cognizant of the fact that he signs the checks which are required to sustain the social standing of his family; but I have a shrewd suspicion that in consideration of his asking no questions, the details of his private life are permitted to interest the members of his household less than they do the outside public. Mr. —, my dear uncle, and his wife and daughter, form two parties, and work quite independently of one another. In the brilliant circle, of which I am accounted a member, which surrounds this estimable lady, the name of the male head of the family is rarely mentioned, and although he often gives the assembly the honor of his presence, he and his especial friends are not missed when they retire from the festivities. In tender moments, when the moonlight has thrown our shadows, close together, on the veranda wall, I have heard vague hints of unhappiness from the young lady. Not without considerable apparent pain has the fair girl frequently withdrawn her lips from mine to drop some allusions to family difficulties, and so far as I have been able to guess, there is some syren whose attraction for the father is not relished by the mother or daughter. Indeed, judging from those little straws which blow about the home circle, I am inclined to put down the old gentleman's magnetic variations from the marriage pole at quite forty-five degrees. You will understand from these remarks that I am opposed to your intimacy with Mr. —. I have reason to know that your relations to him have already tended to lower me in the eyes of the fair girl, whose virgin heart is mine, and whom I hope to espouse before a break in the stock market deprives her mother of the opportunity of obtaining from her father a worthy dot for her. But for my own attractive qualities I doubt if the young lady would accept the affectionate attentions which her father's absence and her mother's favor enable me to shower uninterruptedly upon her. Your fortune, my dear uncle, is not a large one, and, if for no other reason than that, I should counsel you to avoid Mr. —. That gentleman has been accustomed to deal with female human nature for many years, and is likely to have many acquaintance of limited accomplishment and expensive tastes. It is only lately that you have been wealthy enough to enjoy the society of widows of refined intellect, whose distressful misfortunes have induced them to seek soothing consolation from gentlemen of means; of pining wives, whose husbands return at inopportune moments and demand satisfaction for their injured honor; of young ladies, whose love of ease and luxury is stronger than their virtue; and of strictly moral women, who erect between their morality and sin a thin wall of conscience, which succumbs judiciously to a battering ram of gold. And then your vanity is in danger. Your worthy friend gauges his flatterers exactly, and is not deceived. You are easily misled by a show of tenderness, and will be duped. If, at your age, vanity is not completely subdued, it is weak in the extreme. Old structures are always feeble; and it is better for a man to do as I have done, let such conceit fall and be swept away with the debris of all other forms of youthful vanity, than to prop it up, to come down in old age when the ruins must encumber the happiness and comfort of his declining years. To this subject I may refer at greater length at some future time. In the meantime I close this letter. There are many points in your general conduct which appear to me calculated to affect adversely both your present and your future welfare; and I can not allow you to go blindfold to ruin after a life which has been, so far as I know, comparatively free from vice. I may next touch upon the general standing of the theatrical profession, toward which you have of late been much attracted; and I mean to offer you the benefit of my experience. I sincerely hope it may be of as much value to you now, as yours was to me when I was young. For the present, believe me,

Your affectionate nephew,
WALKER, JUNIOR.

A dispatch from Calcutta quotes the passionate words of the Ameer of Afghanistan, uttered some time ago before his Court, as proof of the hostility to the British which exists in Cabul. "I have seven crores of rupees by me," says the Ameer, "every rupee of which I will hurl at the British Government, and I will roll the border tribes against them like blasts of fire."

One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Nothing is beneath you if it is within your clutch.
When you take your day off be sure and bring it back again.
Raise no more spirits than you can conjure down, say at four swallows.
What cannot be cured must be endured, but first try Condition Powders.
What we know respecting ourselves increases our contempt for others.
The most powerful man in this country carries a horse scar on his cheek.
Dogs do not snore, but do not fool around a dog long enough to find out.
When asked if you would like to be lynched reply "No, I'll be hanged if I would."
Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt, now that the bankrupt law has expired.
Who hath a cold hath sorrow to his sops, especially if his handkerchief hath starch in it.
Trust not a horse's heels nor a dog's tooth, neither a man who says he'll pay you Saturday.
When war begins hell's gates are set open, and it is the same when Congress reassembles.
Read carefully the label on the bottle of chill remedy requesting you to shake well before using.
Character is the result of a lifetime; but a single silly act will often win you a reputation, you bet.
A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects while his eye is getting well.
The man who says yes to everything you say is the hardest kind of a man to borrow ten dollars of.
A short horse is soon carried, but a mule, short or long, will kick you into the middle of next week.
That which is mine is all my own; that which is yours I go halves in. I will also take up a collection.
It is darkest just before day, but that unfortunately is the very time when a chicken is the widest awake.
There are four roads leading to hell, and Bob Ingersoll is opening another. It will be called Fifth Avenue.
The wolves eat the poor ass that hath many owners, but not until he gets the rheumatism in his hind legs.
Immediately after every hard wind farmers come into town with choice lots of fresh, hand-picked apples.
Remember that you can have everything you want, but be careful and don't want any thing you can't have.
The meeting of a man and a lion is majestic. The man runs off with all his might, the lion with all his mane.
Don't despise your poor relations. They may get rich some time and then it will be so hard to explain things.
The world looks different to a man when he has three inches of rum in him, and he looks different to the world.
Who wants to beat a dog soon finds a stick, but already has the dog shot around the next corner yelling "Ki ki!"
The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house, and penneth the festive joke at the expense of the lightning-rod agent.
There is nothing in the world a man resents so quickly and so deeply, as to find you awfully busy when he is perfectly at leisure.
The wind expended in a single political speech by some orators would furnish the motive power to keep a baby crying for a whole year.
The second meal makes the glutton, the second ill word makes the quarrel, and the seconds load the pistols with blank cartridges.
When you are taken from jail and hanged for some slight misdemeanor, there may be some doubt of your guilt, but none of your death.
The best books for us are not always those which the wise recommend, but those brought around by the fellow with a pimple on his nose.
Many who find the day too long think life too short; but, short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.
The woman who refuses an offer of marriage should always do it by postal-card. By this means she secures several hours to say her prayers before being murdered.
The number of fools is to the number of wise men as the number of times one gets nothing for something is to the number of times one gets something for nothing.
The fiddler of the same town never plays well at their feasts, because he is too full to distinguish between the "Arkansas Traveler" and the "Dead March in Saul."
Touching and beautiful superstitions prevail among Indian tribes, and one of them is that the scalp of a white man makes a better show on the wigwam wall than an oil painting.
When you want an unreasonable man to go ahead, he will hold back; and when you want him to hold back, he will pull you with all his might. With such men just reverse the engine.
A piece of pasteboard with a verse on it, given as a reward of merit in a Sabbath School, has not half the charm for the boy as the same size piece of pasteboard with the simple talismanic words, "admit one."
Man must not expect to jump into fame all of a sudden. He must either climb the ladder slowly or else marry a woman who will make him famous by eloping with a negro, a Chinaman, or a bald-headed widower.
When the Sunday-school superintendent tells us that some of us are liable to be taken away during the week, there is not a dry eye till the sexton is seen dragging out a fellow-pupil for putting cayenne pepper on the stove.
There are no circumstances under which honesty and integrity of purpose will not stand a man in good stead; but how will it help the man who finds himself suddenly forced to associate with a bulldog in an orchard with a high fence around it.

"A TOURIST FROM INJIANNY."

The Story as Told by Bret Harte.

We first saw him from the deck of the *Unser Fritz*, as that gallant steamer was preparing to leave the port of New York for Plymouth, Havre, and Hamburg. Perhaps it was that all objects at that moment became indelibly impressed on the memory of the departing voyager; perhaps it was that mere interrupting trivialities always assume undue magnitude to us when we are waiting for something really important; but I retain a vivid impression of him as he appeared on the gangway in apparently hopeless, yet, as it afterward appeared, really triumphant altercation with the German-speaking deck-hands and stewards. He was not a heroic figure. Clad in a worn linen duster, his arms filled with bags and parcels, he might have been taken for a hackman carrying the luggage of his fare. But it was noticeable that although he calmly persisted in speaking English and ignoring the voluble German of his antagonists, he, in some rude fashion, accomplished his object without losing his temper or increasing his temperature, while his foreign enemy was crimson with rage and perspiring with heat, and that presently, having violated a dozen of the ship's regulations, he took his place by the side of a very pretty girl, apparently his superior in station, who addressed him as "father." As the great ship swung out into the stream he was still a central figure on our deck, getting into everybody's way, addressing all with equal familiarity, imperturbable to affront or snub, but always doggedly and consistently adhering to one purpose, however trivial or inadequate to the means employed. "You're sittin' on suthin' o' mine, Miss," he began for the third or fourth time to the elegant Miss Montmorris, who was revisiting Europe under high social conditions. "Jist rise up while I get it—'twon't take a minit." Not only was that lady forced to rise, but to make necessary the rising and discomposing of the whole Montmorris party who were congregated around her. The missing "suthin'" was discovered to be a very old and battered newspaper. "It's the Cincinnati Times," he explained, as he quietly took it up, oblivious to the indignant glances of the party. "It's a little squashed by your sittin' on it, but it'll do to re-fer to. It's got a letter from Playris, showin' the prices o' them thar hotels and rist'rants, and I allowed to my darter we might want it on the other side."

When we were fairly at sea, he was missed. A pleasing belief that he had fallen overboard, or had been left behind, was dissipated by his appearance one morning, with his daughter on one arm, and the elderly female before referred to on the other. The *Unser Fritz* was rolling heavily at the time, but with his usual awkward pertinacity he insisted upon attempting to walk toward the best part of the deck, as he always did, as if it were a right and a duty. A lurch brought him and his uncertain freight in contact with the Montmorrises, there was a moment of wild confusion, two or three seats were emptied, and he was finally led away by the steward, an obviously and obtrusively sick man.

A few days later it was discovered that he was not an inmate of the first, but of the second cabin; that the elderly female was not his wife, as popularly supposed, but the roommate of his daughter in the first cabin. These facts made his various intrusions on the saloon deck the more exasperating to the Montmorrises, yet the more difficult to deal with. Eventually, however, he had, as usual, his own way; no place was sacred, or debarred his slouched hat and duster. They were turned out of the engine-room, to reappear upon the bridge; they were forbidden the fore-castle, to rise a ghostly presence beside the officer in his solemn supervision of the compass. They would have been lashed to the rigging on their way to the maintop, but for the silent protest of his daughter's presence on the deck. Most of his conversation was addressed to the interdicted "man at the wheel."

Hitherto I had contented myself with the fascination of his presence from afar, wisely, perhaps, deeming it dangerous to a true picturesque perspective to alter my distance; and perhaps, like the best of us, I fear, preferring to keep my own idea of him rather than to run the risk of altering it by a closer acquaintance. But one day, when I was lounging by the stern rail, idly watching the dogged ostentation of the screw, that had been steadily intimating, after the fashion of screws, that it was the only thing in the ship with a persistent purpose, the ominous shadow of the slouched hat and the trailing duster fell upon me. There was nothing to do but accept it meekly. Indeed my theory of the man made me helpless.

"I didn't know till yesterday who you be," he began, deliberately, "or I shouldn't hev' been so unsocial. But I've always told my darter that in permississ travlin' a man oughter be careful of who he meets. I've read some of your writins—read 'em in a paper in Injianny—but I never reckoned I'd meet ye. Things is queer, and travlin' brings all sorter people together. My darter Loozee suspected ye from the first, and she worried over it, and put me up to this."

The most delicate flattery could not have done more. To have been in the thought of this reserved, gentle girl, who scarcely seemed to notice even those who had paid her attention, was—

"She put me up to it," he continued, calmly; "though she, herself, hez a kind o' prejudice again you and your writins—thinkin' them sort o' low down, and the folks talked about not in her style—and ye know that's woman's oater; and she and Miss Montmorris agree on that point. But thar's a few friends with me round yer ez would like to see ye." He stepped aside, and a dozen men appeared in Indian file from behind the roundhouse, and, with a solemnity known only to the Anglo-Saxon nature, shook my hand deliberately, and then dispersed themselves in various serious attitudes against the railings. They were honest, well-meaning countrymen of mine, but I could not recall a single face.

There was a dead silence. The screw, however, ostentatiously went on: "You see what I told you," it said; "this is all vapidity and trifling. I'm the only fellow here with a purpose. Whiz, whiz, whiz; chug, chug, chug!"

I was about to make some remark of a general nature, when I was greatly relieved to observe my companion's friends detach themselves from the railings, and, with a slight bow and another shake of the hand, severally retire, apparently as much relieved as myself. My companion, who had in the meantime acted as if he had discharged himself of a duty, said: "Thar ollers must be some one to tend to this

kind o' thing, or thar's no sociableness. I took a deppytation into the Cap'n's room yesterday to make some proppysitions, and thar's a minister of the gospel aboard as ought to be spoke to afore next Sunday, and I reckon it's my dooty, onless," he added, with deliberate and formal politeness, "you'd prefer to do it, bein', so to speak, a public man."

But the public man deprecated any interference with the speaker's functions, and, to change the conversation, remarked that he heard that there was a party of Cook's tourists on board, and—were not the preceding gentlemen of the number? But the question caused the speaker to lay aside his hat, take a comfortable position on the deck, against the rail, and drawing his knees up under his chin, to begin as follows:

"Speaking o' Cook and Cook's tourists, I'm my own Cook. I reckon I kalkilate and know every cent I'll spend twixt Evansville, Injianny, and Rome and Naples, and every thing I'll see." He paused a moment, and laying his hand familiarly on my knee, said: "Did I ever tell ye how I kem to go abroad?"

As we had never spoken together before, it was safe to reply that he had not. He rubbed his head softly with his hand, knitted his iron-gray brows, and then said meditatively: "No, it must hev been that hed waiter. He sorter favors you in the musstache and gen'ral get up. I guess it was him I spoke to."

I thought it must have been.

"Well, then, this is the way it kem about: I was sittin' one night, about three months ago with my darter Loozee—my wife bein' dead some four year—and I was reading to her out of the paper about the Exposition. She sez to me, quiet like—she's a quiet sort o' gal, if you ever notissed her—'I should like to go thar.' I looks at her—it was the first time sense her mother died that that gal had ever asked for any thing, or had, so to speak, a wish. It wasn't her way. She took everything ez it kem, and durn my skin ef I ever could tell whether she ever wanted it to kem in any other way. I never told ye this afore, did I?"

"No," I said hastily, "go on."

He felt of his knees for a moment, and then drew a long breath. "Perhaps," he began deliberately, "ye don't know that I'm a poor man. Seein' me here among these rich folks, goin' abroad to Paree with the best o' them, and Loozee thar—in the first cabin—a lady, ez she is—ye wouldn't bleeve it, but I'm poor! I am. Well, sir, when that gal looks at me and sez that—I hadn't but twelve dollars in my pocket, and I ain't the durned fool that I look—but suthin' in me—suthin', you know, away back in me—sez you shall! Loo-ey, you shall! And then I sez—repeatin' it, and looking up right in her eyes—'You shall go, Loo-ey'—did you ever look in my gal's eyes?"

I parried that somewhat direct question by another: "But the twelve dollars, how did you increase that?"

"I raised it to two hundred and fifty dollars. I got odd jobs o' work here and there, over-time—I'm a machinist. I used to keep this yer over-work from Loo, saying I had to see men in the evenin' to get pints about Europe; and that, and getting a little money raised on my life insurance, I shoved her through. And here we is, chipper and first class all through—that is, Loo is!"

"But two hundred and fifty dollars! And Rome and Naples, and return? You can't do it."

He looked at me cunningly a moment. "Kan't do it? I've done it."

"Done it?"

"Wall, about the same I reckon, I've figgered it out. Figgers don't lie. I ain't no Cook's tourist; I kin see Cook and give him pints. I tell you I've figgered it out to a cent, and I've money to spare. Of course I don't reckon to travel with Loo. She'll go first class. But I'll be near her if it's in the steerage of a ship, or in the baggage car of a railroad. I don't need much in the way of grub or clothes, and now and then I kin pick up a job. Perhaps you disremember that row I had in the engine room, when they chucked me out?"

I could not help looking at him with astonishment; there was evidently only a pleasant memory in his mind. Yet I recalled that I felt indignant for him and his daughter.

"Well, that d—n fool of a Dutchman, that chief engineer, gave me a job the other day. And ef I hadn't just forced my way down there and talked sass at him, and criticised his machine, he'd hev never knowd I knowed a eccentric from a wagon wheel. Do you see the pint?"

I thought I began to see it. But I could not help asking what his daughter thought of traveling in this inferior way.

He laughed. "When I was gittin' up some pints from them books of travel, I read her a proverb or saying outer one o' them, that 'only princes and fools and Americans traveled first-class—and Amerikan gals being Princesses, didn't count. Don't you see?"

If I did not quite follow his logic, nor see my way clearly into his daughter's acquiescence through this speech, some light may be thrown upon it by his next utterance. I had risen with some vague words of congratulation on his success, and was about to leave him when he called me back.

"Did I tell ye," he said, cautiously looking around, yet with a smile of stifled enjoyment in his face, "did I tell ye what that gal—my darter—sed to me. No, I didn't tell ye—nor no one else afore. Come here!"

He made me draw down closely into the shadow and secrecy of the roundhouse.

"That night that I told my gal she should go abroad, I sez to her, quite chipper-like and free, 'I say, Looey, sez I, 'ye'll be goin' for to marry some o' them counts, or dukes, or potentates, I reckon, and ye'll leave the old man.' And she sez, sez she, looking me squar in the eye—did ye ever notiss that gal's eye?"

"She bas fine eyes," I replied, cautiously.

"They is ez cleao as a fresh milk pan, and ez bright. Nothing sticks to 'em. Eh?"

"You are right."

"Well, she looks up at me this way" [here he achieved a vile imitation of his daughter's modest glance, not at all like her] "and looking at me, she sez quietly: 'That's what I'm a goin' for, and to improve my mind.' Ha-ha-ha! To marry a nobleman, and improve her mind! Ha-ha-ha!"

The evident enjoyment that he took in this, and the quiet ignoring of anything of a moral quality in his daughter's sentiments, or in his thus confiding them to a stranger's ear, again upset all my theories. I may say here that it is one of the evidences of original character, that it is apt to baffle

all prognosis from a mere observer's standpoint. But I recalled it some months after.

We parted in England. It is not necessary, in this brief chronicle, to repeat the various stories of "Uncle Joshua," as the younger and more frivolous of our passengers called him, nor that two-thirds of the stories repeated were utterly at variance with my estimate of the character of the man, although, I may add, that I was also doubtful of the accuracy of my own estimate. But one quality was always dominant—his restless, dogged pertinacity and calm imperturbability!

"He asked Miss Montmorris if she 'minded' singin' a little in the second cabin to liven it up, and added, as an inducement, that they didn't know good music from bad," said Jack Walker to me. "And when he mended the broken lock to my trunk, he absolutely propothed to me to atkh couthin Grace if thee didn't want a 'kooir to travel with her to do mechanics, provided thee would take charge of that dreadfully deaf-and-dumb daughter of his. Wothn't it funny? Really, he's one of your characters," said the youngest Miss Montmorris to me as we made our steamer adieus.

I am afraid he is *not*, although he was good enough afterward to establish one or two of my theories regarding him. I was enabled to assist him once in an altercation he had with a cabman regarding the fare of his daughter, the cabman retaining a distinct impression that the father had also ridden in some obscure way in or upon the same cab—as he undoubtedly had. I heard that he had forced his way into a certain great house in England, and that he was ignominiously rejected; but I also heard that ample apologies had been made to a certain quiet, modest daughter of his who was without on the lawn; and that also a certain Personage, whom I approach, even in this vague way, with a capital letter, had graciously taken a fancy to the poor child, and had invited her to a reception.

But this is only hearsay evidence. So also is the story which met me in Paris, that he had been up with his daughter in the captive balloon, and that at elevation of several thousand feet from the earth, he had made some remarks upon the attaching cable and the drum on which the cable revolved, which not only excited the interest of the passengers, but attracted the attention of the authorities; so that he was not only given a gratuitous ascent afterward, but was, I am told, offered a gratuity. But I shall restrict this narrative to the few facts of which I was personally cognizant in the career of this remarkable person.

I was at a certain entertainment given in Paris by the heirs, executors, and assignees of an admirable man, long since gathered to his fathers in Père le Chaise, but whose Shakspeare-like bust still looks calmly and benevolently down on the riotous revelry of absurd wickedness of which he was, when living, the patron saint. The entertainment was of such a character that, while the performers were chiefly women, a majority of the spectators were men. The few exceptions were foreigners, and among them I quickly recognized my fair fellow-countrywomen, the Montmorrises. "Don't thar that you've theen us here," said the youngest Miss Montmorris, "for ith only a lark. Ith awfully funny! And that friend of youth from Injianny ith here with hith daughter."

It did not take me long to find my friend Uncle Joshua's serious, practical, unsympathetic face in the front row of tables and benches. But beside him, to my utter consternation, was his shy and modest daughter. In another moment I was at his side. "I really think—I am afraid"—I began in a whisper, "that you have made a mistake. I don't think you know the character of this place. Your daughter—"

"Kem here with Miss Montmorris. She's yer. It's all right."

I was at my wit's end. Haply, at this moment, Mlle. Rochefort, from the *Orangerie*, skipped out in the quadrille immediately before us, caught her light skirts in either hand, and executed a *pas* that lifted the hat from the eyes of some of the front spectators, and pulled it down over the eyes of others. The Montmorrises fluttered away with a half-hysterical giggle and a half-confounded escort. The modest-looking Miss Loo, who had been staring at everything quite indifferently, suddenly stepped forward, took her father's arm, and said sharply, "Come."

At this moment a voice in English, but unmistakably belonging to the poliest nation in the world, rose from behind the girl, mimickingly: "My God! it is shocking. I bloosh! O dammit!"

In an instant he was in the hands of "Uncle Joshua," and forced back, clamoring, against the railing, his hat smashed over his foolish furious face, and half his shirt and cravat in the old man's strong grip. Several students rushed to the rescue of their compatriot, but one or two Englishmen, and half a dozen Americans had managed in some way to bound into the arena. I looked hurriedly for Miss Louisa, but she was gone. When we had extricated the old man from the melée, I asked him where she was.

"Oh, I reckon she's gone off with Sir Arthur. I saw him here just as I pitched into that damned fool."

"Sir Arthur?" I asked.

"Yes, an acquaintance o' Loo's."

"She's in my carriage, just outside," interrupted a handsome young fellow, with the shoulders of a giant and the blushes of a girl. "It's all over now, you know. It was rather a foolish lark, you coming here with her without knowing—ye know—anything about it, you know. But this way, thank you. She's waiting for you," and in another instant he and the old man had vanished.

Nor did I see him again until he stepped into the railway carriage with me on his way to Liverpool. "You see I'm traveling first-class now," he said, "but goin' home, I don't mind a trifle extry expense." "Then you've made your tour," I asked, "and are successful?" "Wall, yes, we saw Switzerland and Italy, and ef I hadn't been short o' time, we'd hev gone to Egypt. Mebbe next winter I'll run over again to see Loo, and do it." "Then your daughter does not return with you?" I continued, in some astonishment. "Wall, no—she's visitin' some of Sir Arthur's relatives in Kent. Sir Arthur is there—perhaps you recollect him?" He paused a moment, looked cautiously around, and with the same enjoyment he had shown on shipboard, said: "Do you remember the joke I told you on Loo, when she was at sea?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't ye say anything about it *now*. But dem my skin if it doesn't look like coming true."

And it did. —New York Sun.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

This has been a week of "openings." First of all, there was the Taber gallery, in the new building corner of Montgomery and Market Streets, where we had a delightful time looking at the pictures, the elegant furnishings, the birds, and flowers, in the afternoon, and an even more charming hour after dark, when the brilliant gaslights brought out all the richness of coloring in everything, and excellent music and pleasant conversation made one forget how time was speeding on. I have always had a fancy I should like to fit up a studio just after my own notion—and this comes very near it. I suspect I know the reason why; there was a woman's hand—and a very artistic one—shaped pretty much everything there. Moreover, Mrs. Taber will—so her husband told me—be constantly associated with him in his business; and that will be a great inducement to many persons to visit this, the most perfect studio in the State. Please remember, too, that there is an elevator to save all uncomfortable steps; and when you come to town (which I begin to despair of your ever doing again) you must just take a peep, if no more. As to pictures, wait till you see Arthur's that is being done there, that's all; it was made instantaneously, by means of electricity. Samuels had his fall exposition of suits, cloaks, and bonnets on Wednesday, and showed some elegant styles. Among other things in the cloak line, were two especially handsome models from Pingat, both of mastic-colored cloth; one trimmed with bias folds of brown corded velvet down the sloping back and sleeves; the other with a rich mass of silk chain stitch embroidery, the pattern of which was closely followed, and filled in with cut moonlight beads, and finished with silk tassels. The border trimming was particularly noticeable, and consisted of a broad band composed of three narrow ones, each an inch in width, of a mossy, mixed brown plush, with an intermediate band of darker brown. This is something quite new, and as unique as it is novel. In shapes, we get nothing newer or handsomer than a modified Dolman, the first of the two I have mentioned being very much larger and looser-fitting than the second, but each being of the same general form. In fact, nothing can be much prettier than this favorite shape. The suits exhibited at Samuels' this week are still of the clinging character of the past year; and the draperies all lie low on the skirt, are loosely put on, and considerably trimmed. Some pretty styles in hats and bonnets are shown, the prevailing tendency being to the close, cottage shape; in which there are one or two felts, moderately trimmed with the very popular Alsatian bows of velvet; and others, notably one of black felt—a round hat with a single velvet bow fastened with a cut steel buckle, and an ostrich feather curling round the low, round crown. Altogether, while Paris has, so far, sent us nothing startlingly new, what we have is handsome and avoids unpleasant extremes. John thinks I have forgotten my promise of some weeks ago, to let him know somewhat of fashions masculine. Not so. I was merely waiting for Messrs. Burr & Fink to get settled in their new place, to get all the particulars of them, as indisputable authorities on the subject. They have an elegant suite of parlors now, opposite their old stand, on Montgomery and Market Streets, and, I think it safe to say, the largest and handsomest stock of goods in the city. Such cloths! I declare it made me almost wish that we women could have only those heavy, durable goods made into the simplicity of men's fashions, and the same minute attention to detail in the workmanship as you find in first-class tailoring work. The neatness of every stitch is really something wonderful. Always looking out for the points on the vexed "woman question," I asked Mr. Fink as to the desirability of women workers in his business, and his reply was that it is so seldom that one can be found who has the muscular strength to do the required pressing of heavy cloths, that they might as well be counted out of that field altogether as first-class hands. I was glad to find that we were not excluded on the ground of neatness, however. The most popular styles, I found, are the single breasted, three-button sack coats, for general wear. The rolling collar comes somewhat higher than formerly, and the skirt seems a trifle longer. Pantaloon, notwithstanding the great latitude taken by the many in the shape and size worn, to be the correct thing, should be loose fitting, perfectly straight, and cut square across the foot; no "spring," and not a suspicion of the old-time Bowery-boy Zouave cut. Cloths, it seemed to my somewhat inexperienced eye, were never handsomer or more varied in design, and made me silently wonder that one ever sees an unbecomingly dressed man on our streets, with such a variety to choose from. Those delicate pearl grays, with just a suspicion of a darker stripe, and the mastic-colored doeskin cloths that will last forever, and then dye, turn the other side out and cut over for one of the boys afterwards, are a match in elegance for the handsomest of our brocades and velvets, and are exceedingly fashionable for wedding suits, in conjunction with black broadcloth dress coats, one of the few English fashions I like, and a wonderful improvement on the all-black suits gentlemen used to wear on such occasions, when one could never tell the bridegroom from the headwaiter if they got mixed up. I mustn't forget an elegant bridal coat, just finished, I saw in the case. It was the handsomest piece of sewing I ever saw, of the finest possible broadcloth, and lined, every inch of it, with heavy black satin. Delicacy forbade my inquiring the full extent of the trousseau, but as Messrs. Burr & Fink provide all gentlemen's underwear in addition to cloth goods, I am sure it will be something elegant. Having some solicitude as to that very necessary adjunct to a gentleman's toilette, the shirt collar, I made some inquiries. The neatest as well as the newest are the turndown, buttoning close in the throat and worn with small ties, although there are various open and flaring styles for those to whom these are becoming. I have been carefully watching the current of events on the subject of hats for some time past, and although I cannot say, as I would like to do, that that abomination known as the "stove-pipe" hat shows much diminution in popularity, yet there are many others that come nearer to my fancy than this, the coldest in winter, warmest in summer, unventilatable, utterly ungraceful—oh, they're altogether horrid! don't let's talk about them. Really stylish are the felts, coming in round and square crowns, flat and turn-up brims, the most popular of which is the shape known as the Derby. Miller is my

authority, and he knows all about it. Let's see now what I have found new in hats feminine. One of the queerities shown is the Czigan, that comes down like a roof over the head, and has a tower-like top, with a perked up rim at the back. These are specially intended for seaside wear, and are trimmed with fluffy balls of worsted in bright colors. Camel's hair felts, too, add the finishing touch to the present popular Esau-like costumes. In at Werner's, on Kearney Street, I have seen very lately some very handsome felts in different colors, with crowns of silk plush, or, more properly speaking, the same material from which gentlemen's silk hats are made. Square pieces of velvet are also shown, with embossed velvet designs in the centre, which are to be used for crowns, and much of the very oddest looking trimmings, gold dusted feathers and wings, strips of feather trimmings, and any number of different styles in ribbons. He seems to have made a decided "hit," in theatrical parlance, for the store is thronged at all hours. Cashmere feathers are something entirely new. They are so called because they reproduce the colors seen in cashmere shawls. Very elegant ones are breasts of garnet, with narrow transverse bands of cashmere, and with the one bit of color on a dark bonnet, are charming. I am told that the fancy among milliners just now is for ribbons in width even under No. 12. Trimming on hats is invariably placed on the front, at the left side, or over the crown, in fact, any where but on the inside. "Peekinades," which general name covers the large class of goods that are the reigning favorites, the many-colored, oriental stuffs I told you of the other day, are all the style now. The same designs come in silks, satins, moire, and even velvets. Of course, while these rich, thick fabrics hold on the Princesses will continue in popularity. Lace draperies will be much used with the richer ones, and lace shawls, quite useless articles of luxury in this treacherous climate, can be well utilized in this connection. By the way, at Samuels' opening there was one used in this way, that was very graceful, the two ends being fastened up under the waist, and the most of the fullness being brought down below the hips. Blush roses, if I remember rightly, were the garnitures. A pretty variation of the polonaise is made after the following model: The middle of the waist terminates in a point, or is trimmed with a band of different goods, which falls over the apron. The small side pieces in front are separated from the remainder of the dress, commencing from the lower part of the waist. The apron is joined to the seams in the back, the side pieces are draped over the hips, and trimmed with lace or fringe. The waist, with a panier, is in princess shape, and the panier is to be draped over the train skirt. Draperies will also be used on the waists again. I have been changing the chandeliers in the drawing-room this week, so I can tell you "what I know about" gas fixtures. I found, among a host of beautiful things in this line at McNally & Hawkins, on Market Street, opposite Montgomery, just what I wanted, a chandelier of polished brass, in the Egyptian style, with globes of crystal fairly covered with the loveliest figures engraved in blue. There were some others in brown, real Landseer designs, deers and trees. Among the choicest there were the silver-plated ones, with crystal drops depending from every point. They must light up beautifully. Every variety of fancy is displayed in the newel lights, which are intended for hallways and deep niches. Bronze female figures seem to be the favorite, and many of them are exceedingly artistic. Others, again, have a trifle of open work as the sole ornamentation, and the gas-jet springing from the centre like the calyx of a flower. My guide called my attention to some new shades that were very dainty and graceful, particularly those with wreaths of flowers and leaves in delicate mauve or wood color, and one design, a winter scene, in which the dead white of the snowy landscape shows wonderfully well on the peculiar background. The bronzes at this house are very choice. Verde antique, the blue green bronze, which has no special name, that I know of, and the genuine bronze, are all well represented in such figures as the famous horse, Stonewall Jackson, two mailed figures on horseback, vases after the graceful Greek and Etruscan styles, besides smaller figures, more or less quaint, as John Owens in the character of "Solon Shingle" for instance; this last a capital likeness of that jovial comedian. But I doubt if many of these will remain long in stock, they are so desirable. Sauntering up Market Street yesterday, I noticed a very striking sort of Bombay ware in Lawton's window. It is of brick red and rich yellow, with black lines. With this set comes a pretty little novelty in the shape of a China napkin ring that is fixed in the middle of an upright stand of porcelain, the top being a small open rose to hold a *petite* bouquet.

LILLAS DUBOIS.

The sarcastic girl rarely succeeds in catching a husband, consequently she runs down upon the lee-shore of old maidenhood as fast as the gale of years can drive her. Her character is not lovable, and only a most confirmed hunter of curiosities would care to marry her for her intrinsic merit.

Victor Hugo asserts that there are children in heaven the same as on earth. Then they can't be happy, for no one ever saw a child yet who didn't sigh to become a man or woman.

No persons make so large a demand against the reasons of others as those who have none of their own, just as a highwayman will take greater liberties with our purse than our banker.

There is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, October 13, 1878

- Vegetable Soup.
- Fried Soles.
- Broiled Teal Ducks.
- Fried Potatoes.
- Baked Tomatoes.
- Summer Squash.
- Roast Beef.
- Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
- Charlotte Russe.
- Fruit-bowl of Figs, Grapes, Plums, Peaches, Pears, and Apples.

TO MAKE VEGETABLE SOUP.—To one-quarter pound of fresh butter, boiling hot, add onions chopped very fine. When they are quite soft, throw in spinach, celery, carrots, kidney, turnip, a small quantity of parsnip, parsley (all chopped fine), and peas. Stir them well in the onions and butter until they begin to dry. Have ready a kettle of boiling water, and pour about a pint at a time over your vegetables until you have sufficient soup. Serve with bread or toast in the bottom of the dish. Pepper and salt to taste. A chopped green pepper improves it.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

The Shah of Persia has ninety wives. He lies awake and chews tobacco in bed.

There is only one thing stronger than a woman's will, and that is a woman's "won't."

Indian maidens on the Northern Nebraska Reservation have begun to carry parasols.

It is not a misfortune for a young lady to lose her good name if a young man gives her a better one.

Olive Logan says that man existed over 600,000 years ago, and she wouldn't say so if she hadn't seen him herself.

An Oswego man was knocked down by a codfish in the hands of a woman. He pronounced it very like a whale.

Girls, don't keep a business man waiting when he asks an all-important question. He may have another engagement.

The London *Athenaeum* decides that Charlotte Cushman was "the most powerful and original-minded woman that ever followed her art."

The position of a Gypsy Queen entitles the holder to have the first piece of meat from the skillet at the camp-fire, and to occupy a tent made out of stolen horse-blankets.

"One half of the world don't know how the other half live!" exclaimed a gossiping woman. "Oh, well," said her neighbor, "do not worry about it; it is not your fault if they don't know."

"Not Yet," is the title to a poem by Lilla N. Cushman, of Connecticut. Well, there is only one thing about it, Lilla, we are getting somewhat along in years, and we can't wait much longer.

There are several new leaders of fashion in Paris, who, under the republic, adopt the most extravagant styles of dress, and rival any of the eccentricities for which women of the imperial court were noted.

The little daughter of a leading physician in a country town presented the following as her first school essay: "There was a little girl, and she was very sick; they sent for papa, and she died very quick."

A marriage vow for lady readers, when occasion requires: "I will continue to love my husband so long as he is lovable, honor him so long as he remains honorable, and obey him so long as his commands are just and reasonable."

Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of America, has a baby. The way in which she rescues it from drowning itself in its wash-tub is one of those sights which make one long for the time when down-trodden woman shall pool her issues in the full view of tyranny and oppression.

We can imagine Mrs. Lot skinning out of Sodom on the occasion of the great fire, and her fatal remark to her husband about its being awful Lot (awful hot) down there. Of course she perished immediately, and her fate should be a dreadful warning to women who try to be funny.

A number of English ladies have formed an association each member of which pledges herself to do everything in her power to make herself handsome. In this country the influences of association are not necessary to persuade ladies to make the most strenuous efforts in the same direction.

What woman among us have not had tickets to sell or begging to do for charitable cause or institution? and who among us have not had our best efforts almost frozen by some human bear, who sits with his feet upon his desk or railing, with his hat on, and a scowl on his crusty face enough to dampen the warmest zeal in the most worthy cause?

A resident who reached home by a noon train, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the station by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him. "And is everybody well, Willie?" asked the father. "The weldest kind," replied the boy. "And nothing has happened?" "Nothing at all. I've been good, Jeanie's all right, and I never saw ma behave herself as well as she has this time."

A Georgia farmer bought a grand piano for his daughter. His house is small, and, to economize room, the lower part of the partition between the kitchen and the parlor was cut out, and the long end of the piano stuck through. Priscilla now sits at the keyboard, singing, "Who will care for mother now?" and the mother rolls out doughnuts on the other end of the piano in the kitchen.

Skip this paragraph. It is really unfit for publication, got into this column by mistake, and was happily discovered in time to be turned on the press:

If she had to stand up on her head.
We knew she'd get at it somehow.
This poem she's already read—
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing.
If she get the least kind of a showing!
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow.
It's something she ought not to know.
If there's anything worrier a woman,
IT'S CURIOUSITY!

The wife of a Cincinnati man is troubled with wakefulness, and frequently lies awake for two or three hours after going to bed. Her husband told her the other night that if she would just imagine a flock of sheep going through a narrow gate and count them in her mind she would soon fall asleep. When he woke up he did not know how long he had been asleep, but he did know that his wife had reached out to the washstand near the bed, got the soap dish, and smashed him on the nose with it. Mildly and quietly he asked her, in as few words as possible, what in the name of several things she meant, anyhow. "Why," said she, "I was counting them sheep as fast as I could, and I must have went to sleep; for I thought one old black ram got in the gate and would not let the others pass through, and I had just picked up a rock and tried to break his head, when you woke me up." "Picked up a rock and broke his head is nothing, but you picked up that soap dish and smashed my nose," and then the chamber went into executive session. She uses opiates now instead of sheep.

NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878.

There can be little doubt that an ore body of considerable value has been discovered in or near the Sierra Nevada mine; and, although its precise location, dimensions, and some other circumstances connected with it, are still matters of uncertainty, its importance is sufficiently attested to warrant some thoughts upon its probable influence on the future welfare of the coast. Unpleasant as the fact may seem to the more plodding portion of the community, and pernicious as its bearing may be upon the sober industries they represent, it is nevertheless true that mining is still our chiefest occupation—not only from the pecuniary value of its results, but also from its influence upon the character of our people and the relation of the product to the affairs of the world. The production every year of one hundred million dollars worth of gold and silver is itself a matter of magnitude; for it involves the employment of vast numbers of miners, and others engaged in the various occupations required to support mining, produce supplies and machinery, and prepare the precious product for market. But, aside from this, the circumstances of this production have much to do with the composition of our society. Mining is a precarious and hazardous business; it invites a hardy and adventurous class of men to the coast, and it makes those hardy and adventurous who never were so before. If its influence extended no further than this, it would furnish little matter for regret. Unfortunately, it does extend further. It stops not with making men adventurous; it promotes speculation, and that in its worst and most insidious form. Clothed in the respectable garb of corporative shares, the spirit of gambling invades, not only the counting-room and workshop, but the household, the social circle, and even the church. The deplorable effects of this are seen in the multitude of industries neglected, of trusts betrayed, and of homes defiled by the intrusion of avarice and sordid considerations, where alone should reign love, and hope, and confidence. The newspapers are full of embezzlements, defaults, and suicides: the very children have learned to lisp the prices of stocks.

Apart from the local social influence of mining for the precious metals, the results are of far-reaching importance. This coast now produces more than one-half of the entire sum of gold and silver yielded in all the world: a fact that places California in the same relation to monetary affairs in which England, from the magnitude of her coal supplies, stands with reference to manufacturing. The prolificity of our mines and the conditions that may affect it, such as discoveries of ore, new methods of treating it, legislation or legal decisions which may affect the working of the mines, and many other circumstances in the same connection, should be of serious interest to the most distant communities; for these mines essentially control the supply of the materials of which money is made all over the world, and the supply of money has to do with the general welfare of society. It is hardly too much to say that if from any cause the mines of this coast were to be closed to-day, there would ensue before many months, and throughout all Europe and America, a monetary stringency of the most calamitous character. Such being the case, and bearing in mind the peculiar influence of mining upon the social character of our population, it would appear that in encouraging and facilitating mining and mining enterprises, as we do by the easy law of "denouncement" or location, the promotion of stock companies and the establishment of stock exchanges, we are really sacrificing our local welfare to that of the world at large; a piece of self-immolation into the merits of which it might be well worthy to inquire. Some of the nations of antiquity, as the Lacedæmonians, Carthaginians, and even the Romans, making similar observations, came to the startling conclusion to

forcibly close their gold and silver mines, and this at various times they severally did, despite the objections of mine-owners and the angry protests of surrounding nations. The Chinese code of Confucius is said to contain an interdiction against the reopening of gold and silver mines, and the Hindoo code of Buddha forbids the use of the precious metals at all. Unfortunately for these countries these laws have become obsolete.

With the failure of the Big Bonanza the vein-mining industry of the coast appeared to be on the point of decline, and if in the course of a few years no new ore bodies had been discovered, we should probably have come to the determination to give up mining as an important resource of the coast. But the bonanza in Sierra Nevada has afforded new life to it, and the impulse will probably continue until other discoveries are made. This one proves that the lower levels of the Comstock may repay exploration; and this, to a sanguine people like ours, means the permanency of vein-mining, and the continuance of its long and varied train of consequences.

Whatever may be the future disposition of this momentous subject, we worms of the present have more to do with the new ore discovery itself than with any of the general features of mining. Two months ago Sierra Nevada was selling for \$10 to \$15 a share; it is now worth \$225, and has even touched \$280. Union is selling for \$180 to \$195; Mexican for \$75 to \$100; Utah for \$50. These four mines are held at prices which indicate an aggregate value of more than fifty million dollars. The practical question is, whether the ore body lies in all or only one of them; and if so, which one and exactly where? Next, is it worth the price at which the stock of that mine is held? There are men about the market who believe that the new ore body extends all the way from Utah to Ophir, and who attribute the recent rise in the last named mine, and in those mines immediately next that containing the ore body, to the holding of this belief by others. But this is the sheerest nonsense. The oft-disappointing stringers and fringes of ore in Ophir cannot possibly have any connection with the new bonanza; they are too distant. The same, though less positively, may be said of the "indications" in Mexican. As for Utah, any such connection is preposterous, this mine being half a mile north of the new discovery, and wanting even in "indications." The ore body can therefore, at best, only be in Sierra Nevada and Union, and the three hundred feet of disputed ground which lies between them.

When first discovered, the winze in which it was found was reported to be located in Sierra Nevada, one hundred and twenty feet north of the disputed ground. A week later the winze was located only six feet north of this line, and now we have it, upon authority only second in validity to the surveyor's map, that it is two hundred and thirty-two feet south of the line, or on the disputed ground, sixty-eight feet north of the Union line. That winze must certainly be regarded as fertile of mysterious properties, which, for upward of two months, has managed to maintain a continual march from Sierra Nevada toward Union. Notwithstanding this, we believe in its reality; we only complain that it is a trifle peripatetic for serious descriptive purposes. Its last given location seems also to be tolerably well attested, although in the absence of the surveyor's certificate this cherished opinion may have to be revised. Conceding to this location a tentative reception, it appears that the bonanza is neither in Sierra Nevada nor in that portion of the disputed ground, which, in the event of a partition by compromise, is likely to fall to the share of that doughty corporation. It is on the disputed ground close to the Union line; a fact that contains a world of comment for those premature rejoicers in the fall of Mr. Flood as the king of the Comstock. If our information concerning the location of the bonanza should not be falsified by another removal of that remarkably itinerant hole, and the Sierra Nevada shall have not secretly wrested the control of Union from Mr. Flood, that gentleman will still remain the monarch of all of value that may be surveyed on the north end of the great Lode. It appearing to be tolerably certain that the new ore body is in Union, or in that portion of the disputed ground which Union will obtain in the event of a compromise, we have next to consider what it is worth. It is stated that the ore body was come upon in the winze about half way between the 2000 and 2100-foot levels, and that it has been followed down to the 2200-foot level, where a chamber and station are now being excavated for a crosscut entirely through the vein. On the 2100-foot level a crosscut was made into the ore for a distance of some fifteen or twenty feet, showing rich material all the way. This crosscut is said to have been made to save the holders of the stock on margins at a time when a heavy decline in the market price of the shares threatened to compel them to sell out, as it was feared, to Mr. Flood. Having served this purpose it was not continued further, because its continuance at this level would not have demonstrated the existence of an ore body of any considerable depth, and, therefore, of any considerable value. All this appears to be plausible enough. It, however, seems somewhat remarkable that the winze should have followed the eastern side of the

ore body so closely as has been stated. The winze is said to go down southward and eastward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and if its direction was not changed as it went down, it follows that this also must have been the inclination of the flank of the bonanza. This is not impossible, but it appears to be entirely unique in the history of mining.

As to the prolongation of the ore body downward, or its extension north and south, nothing can be determined without further exploration; and this, from the nature of the material to be pierced, will, under the most favorable circumstances, require many months of time. Until these explorations can be made and particularly before a crosscut shall serve to indicate the width of the body east and west at the lowest level thus far attained, it is evidently impossible to estimate its value. If the crosscut should reveal a wide body of ore, the \$18,000,000, at which price the Union mine is now held, would be far too little for it; if, on the contrary, it should reveal a narrow body, the present price would be far too great. The absence of water in the brecciated cover of the ore body and in the ore body itself at the upper levels, and its presence below, indicate that the bonanza was first discovered at the top. The refusal on the part of the manager to employ a diamond drill is alike creditable to them and assuring to the public. We have now only to await the progress of the crosscut, and then, no matter what becomes of posterity, we shall all either be rich men—or poorer than before.

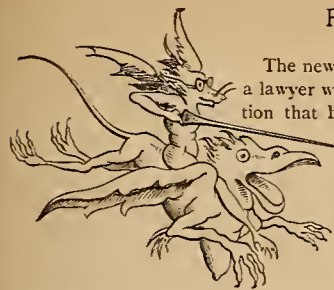
The following letter, dated from the Tulare Plains, and signed "A Sand-Lapper," is indicative of the spirit that populates the sand-lots and breeds the vermin of discontent:

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—You are not consistent; but I believe you take pride in your reputation for inconsistency. You have been for months urging us to leave the city sand-lots and its communistic teachings—to leave sixteen hours' work at car-driving for two dollars, or ten hours' work digging dirt on the Potrero hills for one dollar, and go into the country, where land is to be had for the taking, and make a home. I have followed your advice; gathered up the remnants of what was left me from a broken savings bank, and the little fur that remained after a fight with "wild cats," and have squatted down on the dry plains of Tulare, run up a cabin, and am waiting for rain to put in a crop. What have I left?—hard work, long hours, and poor pay it is true, but also society, for even I had society. I was interested in the Police Court trials, and in the daily fluctuations of Dayton, Woodville, Wells Fargo, and Kossuth. I could dream and build castles in the air on the fortune I would have when the lead was struck in any of them; Skae, Fair, Sherwood, and Leat could not do more with the stock they held in more costly mines. Then when I was out of work, I could hear Kearny, Wellock, and O'Donnell on the sand-lots. There was much comfort in this. I had had the life assessed out of me, and when the wife of one of the directors rode by with a nigger on the box in a silk hat, and coat with brass buttons as big as a saucer, I said there are some of my hard earnings, and it did me good to hear the rich men and sharpers abused. I felt that I wanted to hear good, stout, strong cursing. I put my ten cents in the hat and heard it, and always came away feeling better. Then I had my church on Sunday. I do not mean any of your modern churches, or so-called religious, but a church with authority. You, being a Protestant, or perhaps free-thinker, cannot understand what this is. I mean a church dignified by age, that connects me with the unknown; that has a grand ritual and gorgeous service; where ministers, clad in the vestments of heaven, speak with power as from "the throne"; with grand and solemn music, as if echoing strains from "the mercy seat." You cannot understand, that to the poor and uneducated this is not only theatre, and opera, and lecture, and club, and society, but that it is all these and more; it is the proof and evidence of rest and ease and a happy life hereafter. I took your advice and left all these, and squatted on the dry plains. You ride by in your buggy, with your Jo. Manton turned into a breech-loader, your *pate de foie gras* and *Otard* in a hamper, bent only on pleasure; look at my poor home, go back, and call me a "sand-lapper." Have you not advised me to leave the sand-lots and become a sand-lapper—if by that you mean a settler on the public lands? And why should you sneer at my neighbor three miles from me? His father or grandfather moved from North Carolina or Kentucky to Missouri when his neighborhood became too crowded. For three or four generations his ancestors have been moving away from the settlements. The sound of a church or school bell was the signal for leaving, and the tone of a piano was the evidence that the hated Yankee had penetrated his solitude. He is still moving further on in the frontier—but doing what you have advised, going into the country and settling up the public lands. He may not plant trees and white-wash his fences, because, when neighbors get too close, he proposes to sell out and settle again further on. But he is a good citizen, and saves the country from Radicalism by steadily voting the Democratic ticket. He is doing what you ask, staying away from the cities and settling the public land. We neither of us deserve your sneer for following your advice. A review of your article will satisfy you that, for the sake of being witty, you have sacrificed consistency.

We can not be deceived by the author of this communication. He is, evidently, a good-for-nothing, lazy Yankee brought up in Connecticut. His church to which he so mysteriously refers is either the Dunkard or Hard-shell Baptist. We have never advised one of his kind to alienate himself from church preaching, sand-lot teaching, stock-gambling, and lager-beer drinking to make the experiment of country life. Farmers are not made of such material. Farmers are men and gentlemen, are patriots and good citizens. They can live without the sound of the church gong till they can build for themselves; they can get on without schools till population and prosperity make them possible; they can get on without envious cursings of the prosperous, without lager saloons or politics. We hope no one so misunderstands us as to think it is at all our idea that any sand-lot loafer, church bigot, beer-drinking idler, can by any process be converted into an honest farmer, or that any fashionable draggle-tailed gossip, or slander-swapping drab of the town, can become a farmer's wife. A certain amount of intelligence and a large degree of self-respect and self-reliance are necessary to convert the dweller of a city into a contented dweller in the country.

It seems to us that the legal squabble which turns on the ownership of letters written a man already dead might be settled by sending them to the dead-letter office.

PRATTLE.



The newspapers are telling of a lawyer who has the hallucination that he is always attended by a friend and confidant. To this imaginary person he is frequently overheard disclosing his professional secrets, and from him seems to take advice. This is no ballucination; the "friend and confidant" is an eminent counsellor well known in the profession as the senior partner of the great firm of Satan, Mammon & Co. It is a mistake, however, to suppose he gives advice to his brother lawyers; they advise *him*.

It transpires that the late Dr. Peterman, the famous geographer and explorer, died a natural death: he committed suicide to escape the persecutions of a divorced wife.

The world he'd spied, from side to side,
And marked each hill and dell in;
Said he: "I call the place too small
For us (and *them*) to dwell in."

"Tis thus, alas! explorers pass
From this world to another;
And Stanley bleats, as he retreats:
"My mother, O my mother!"

A person named Howard has been arrested for swindling two Sacramento girls out of one hundred dollars. He avers that he is a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, but in this instance he seems to have acted more like a reporter on a local sheet.

Colonel Nicholas Smith, the husband of Ida Greeley, is lecturing in New York in defense of tramps. The *Graphic* calls him "the Montague and Rignold of the rostrum," and he denounces "those shallow political economists, from Adam Smith to Bonamy Price." Pity that the Montague and Rignold of the press is not living to be proud of his son-in-law! It is, of course, only natural that he who marries into the Greeley family should have a tenderness for the nomadic offspring of the protective tariff.

With an almost incredible fertility of soil—seven bushels of wheat to the acre being no unusual yield; with a measureless abundance of minerals—clay, gravel, sandstone, and flint; with a climate as mild and equable as the temper of a chained rhinoceros, the Atlantic Slope offers advantages to capital and industry unsurpassed by those of any portion of this earth. Unfortunately the lawless traditions of 1620 still impart a bloody tinge to the social system of our Eastern brethren, and human life is but little safer now than in the days of the adventurous Puritans drawn thither by the golden dream of a universal psalm-singing through the nose. There is still the same reckless impatience of the forms of law, the same alacrity to resort to the crude, hasty justice of the mob, that marked the jurisprudence of the New England colonies and Dutch settlements in the times of Cotton Mather and Deidrich Knickerbocker. This ugly legacy of the old evil days—the wild life of the potato-placers—discourages immigration, frightens away Western capital and retards the development of the country. It is time, high time, that these turbulent tendencies were abated and those who exhibit them haled out of their houses and summarily hanged.

The foregoing remarks were suggested by the dispatch from Ohio relating how that a negro of "notoriously immoral character" was attacked by an armed mob at his house, near Greenville in that State, and having the hardihood to leg it for his life was shot dead. It does not appear that the deceased silhouette had been guilty of any overt act; his assailants merely reasoned that, local conditions favoring, immorality was contagious. In certain circumstances it is; for example, one is in danger when one's sensitive finger-tips come in contact with the membrane of a thief's pocket. In its more restricted sense immorality is also sometimes incurred at second hand by merely kissing the wife of an immoral neighbor.

Mr. Jones, the man who was recently tarred and feathered and barred and tethered and scarred and leathered by the cherubim and seraphim of Reno, is now in this city, trying to get the Nevadaese justice out of his system. It is to be feared Mr. Jones will not find the rough barbarity of San Francisco life greatly to his taste, accustomed as he is to the golden amenities and affable complaisance of the sage-brush people and their aboriginal neighbors, the mild-eyed, melancholy locust-eaters of the desert. I hope it will be observed that my language is studiously respectful in speaking of Reno's law-loving citizens who applied the pitch and plumage to the Jones' person, for there was a formidable-looking Nevada man in this office last week wanting to thrash me because I had called them "ruffians." Fortunately for me I had retired to my stronghold at San Rafael where no warrior has as yet had the intrepidity to besiege me.

A remarkably pretty literary female—of whom I do not remember previously to have heard—was in, also, last week, displaying a deadly weapon between her teeth, and threatening condign punishment for some offense the nature of which she did not adequately explain. Then there was another belligerent, who, either through craft would not, or from agitation could not, disclose his name. His grievance, however, was revealed in describing (by its contents) the particular paper that he wanted, and for which he paid his ten cents like a man—a formality which I am informed the indignant commonly neglect. Altogether the ARGONAUT office appears to hold its own in the esteem of our community as a place of resort for people who, disliking publicity, wish to enjoy themselves in the quiet manner of a synod of Malay pirates trying to get even on a sea-side hotel.

This thing of still-hunting editors will have to stop some time, I suppose. Being seldom at the office I do not so much mind it myself, but the junior editor says the continued forays of these marauders interrupt his thought and unbalance the business of the paper. As the object of the invaders is to obtain a little cheap newspaper glory by running with "their version" to the reporters whose literary contributions to this journal have been respectfully declined, it is under discussion here whether it would not tranquilize the future to act henceforth on the familiar principle that dead men tell no lies. It is believed by our legislators that the best way to put a stop to Chinese immigration is to retain the bones of the immigrants. That is going a little too far; our undesirables may have back their carcasses and welcome.

A man entered a New York church during service, the other morning, and stabbed a woman. This, under any circumstances, he ought not to have done, but what renders the act specially censurable is that the lady was not his wife (as he supposed), but a stranger. It is to be hoped some statute may be found to cover this offense. True, the offender had not, in one sense, a criminal intent, but it seems to me a consideration of at least equal force that the victim had not, in any sense. Something—an apology at the very least—would seem to be due, also, to the pastor and congregation of the church. The question is mainly one of morals, but it has at the same time a social side which it would be a stretch of civility to wholly ignore.

My domestic policy is beginning to attract attention; I will dispatch a fleet to the Mediterranean.—*MacMahon*. That fellow is dispatching a fleet to the Mediterranean; we must strengthen our Alsatian frontier.—*Bismarck*. Ameer of what? I never met the man in all my life!—*Gortschakoff*. How can I begin military operations until I find a good rhyme for Afghanistan?—*Lord Lytton*. There is corn in Egypt.—*Beaconsfield*. Occupation? I should say so!—*Andrassy*. They cannot rob me of my hope in Harem.—*The Sultan*. Our earnest desire is for peace with Austria—somebody touch off Garibaldi.—*Umberto*. The agricultural fair—God bless them.—*R. B. Hayes*.

In an Oakland paper the statement that "it is believed a marriage is arranged between Lord Beaconsfield and Queen Victoria" is appropriately put under the head of "Local Intelligence." The marriage would of course occur abroad, but the belief is purely local, and it marks the magnitude of Oakland's "intelligence" in a singularly accurate way.

It seems a waste of military power to make the army suppress the popular insurrection against law in New Mexico. Why did not Gov. Wallace cut down that apple tree and let the insurgents be dispersed by the sun?

"Sire," said Caratheodoa Pasha, kotowing to the Sultan, "it transpires that five hundred Russian officers were robbing their accursed master's exchequer during the entire war. Allah be praised! they have cost him a pretty penny, truly." "By the beard of the Prophet!" exclaimed the Commander of the Faithful, thoughtfully stroking his own, "I think thieving Infidels are worse than honest. The Dog of Darkness has charged their peculations to me in the indemnity!"

As southward Tom Lawton, the murderer, steers,
To far Arizona to dwell,
Says Justice: "I pardon." But Mercy in tears
Cries: "Hang him and send him to h—!"

Instead of setting out occasional luncheons in Platt's Hall for liquidation of their debts, why do not the churches establish and maintain permanent restaurants? By practice their cooks would learn to compound innocuous provand for the secular palate, and the unwary sinner be no more a holy Christian martyr in spite of himself. God, they say, gives food and the devil sends cooks—a hoary dictum the which no church-luncheon patient would dispute to save his life, or, but for the moderation that comes of disgust, could save his life to dispute. But there are cooks and cooks, and those in the devil's pay may be readily distinguished by their inability to speak French. It is the mark of Cain, set upon him who has slain his brother.

I once rode fifteen miles to visit a friend, arriving in the dead of night. There was not a light in the house, no one came to resent my thundering assault upon the door. The place was like a tomb. Finding an unfastened window at the back of the house I raised it, entered and promptly fell over an iron pot, ejaculating: "My God!" Faint babbling responses—mere audible shadows of speech—came from every direction—"Mon Dieu—mon—mon Dieu—mon Dieu—Dieu." "Bah!" I cried, as angry as a trapped bear, "one's mother-tongue is the language of a broken shin." A clamor of unearthly voices encompassed me, ran all round the room like file-firing, culminated in a volley, and died away in dropping, desultory vocal explosions—"Ici on—ici—ici on parle—on parle—ici—on—ici—parle—ici on parle Français—Fran—par—i—on—çais." They were the echoes of the place, and blundering over a range I discovered I was in the kitchen. A holy peace overspread my hateful temper, as the last, sincerest smile relaxes the rigid features of the dead. I would rather be alone in the kitchen of a man who keeps a French cook than with him and all his family in his parlor. His dining-room is another matter.

I remained in that kitchen all night dining on words—a human chameleon fattening on air. I said "oysters," and the echoes returned "huitres" in every style; "soup," and they brewed as many sorts of "potage" as there were nooks and crannies in which to concoct them; "fish," and they gave me so bewildering a variety of "poisson" that my senses swam in the contemplation; and so on, through the most insufferably long *menu* that ever the mind of man conceived and brought forth. And at daybreak next morning my imagination was so poddily surcharged with toothsome viands—so apoplectically replete with all palatent comestible—that it was unable to travel, and was left behind; and I have ever since been without—the same as the local novelists and poets.

A sperm whale one hundred feet long has come ashore near Trinidad. That is a pretty large whale, but if the odor that came ashore with him had been visible he would have looked like a fly-speck done up in a thunder-cloud.

The New York *Sun* has the nose of a fox-hound for explanations and the stomach of an ostrich to digest them. It explains the Democratic defeat in Ohio by the circumstance that the party had formally recognized the validity of the President's title to his office. Whether this abandonment of principle made them unable to vote, or provoked the Republicans to outnumber them, is not stated. Fairly formulated, that journal's opinion seems to be, however, that because the Democratic leaders conceded Mr. Hayes' right to sit in the presidential chair, the "rank and file," who deny that right, joined the party that took him by the shoulders and thrust him into it. True, an ingenious reason is better than a silly one. Unfortunately the *Sun* has given us the silly one.

Man and woman are like the weight and pendulum of a clock. Man does the work and woman the ticking.

The *Bulletin* man figures it out that Columbus discovered America 396 years ago, and figures will *not* lie. But when they hint that we are living in the year 1888, without a clear knowledge of where we spent the decade immediately preceding, I call it a pretty base insinuation.

Yellow fever and politics make a most "savory mixture. New Orleans is now blessed with it, that city having for weeks presented the grotesque combination of a political fight, crape streaming from every other door-knob, hearses blocking the street, committees rebuking in formal resolutions candidates who have found the fever a convenient excuse for leaving the city, and others figuring on the death rate as a means of carrying off voters, and thus increasing the chances of party success.

Mr. Henry Widmer has not thought it expedient to act upon my studiously respectful suggestion that he disavow the insulting falsehoods published concerning me in his name. Moreover, I can prove him their author—that he devoted the life which I mercifully spared to systematic defamation of my character and misrepresentation of my conduct. I, therefore, take this opportunity to remind those who have the misfortune to know him, and inform those who have not, that he has the distinguished honor to be, not a man of principle, but a ruffian; not a man of truth, but a liar; not a man of courage, but a coward.

In order that there may be no mistake as to what member of the *canaille* I mean, I will state that I refer to Fiddler Widmer, the charming blackguard.

Concerning Fiddler Widmer's nameless friend (probably the Trombone or the Triangle), who did me the honor to call on me with him, witnessed all that occurred, and must have noted Mr. Widmer's accounts of the interview, I beg to remind him that he has not as yet addressed me a note repudiating Mr. Widmer. *Nous verrons*.

AMBROSE G. BIERCE

LEONIE'S AUNT'S AUNT.

Four Conversations Tell the Story.

Conversation First takes place between LEONIE BELL, a lovely blonde of eighteen, and her most intimate friend, JULIE CORMIER, a pretty brunette of the same age, on the morning of the 3d of September, 1878, in the room of the former, Fountain Hotel, Undine Island.

JULIE [just returned from the Catskills, after an absence of three weeks, and now idly swinging back and forth in a low rocking chair by the window]. "Oh, by the bye, Leonie, who was the lady who joined your party on the porch as I said my last farewell to you?"

LEONIE. "Which lady? There were two shaking hands with Aunt Eleanor, right and left, at that sad moment."

JULIE. "Sad moment. What a little humbug you are! I saw you laughing gaily with that silly Pauline Tracy before I reached the corner. The tall, slender lady in silver-gray silk, with bunnet and gloves to match, I mean. I think her eyes also matched. And she had pretty brown hair, a wonderfully bright smile, and a cameo face."

LEONIE. "Good gracious! Julie, it is very evident you only glimpsed at her. If you'd looked longer and closer you would have seen streaks of gray in the 'brown hair,' and wrinkles in the 'cameo face.' She's my aunt's aunt, and ever so old, in spite of the tall, graceful figure, wonderfully bright smile, and eyes to match her silver-gray dress. An old—in fact, a venerable maid. Five and forty, if she's a day. And goody-good to an extent most awfully awful. Believes in marrying for love; thinks slang dreadful, and sleeveless dresses improper; reads and remembers Carlyle, George Eliot, and the Brownings, and visits the poor. From all of which you may safely infer that she and I don't pull well together."

JULIE [laughing]. "I should think not. But, Leonie, I must confess I never dreamed an old maid could be so pleasant to look upon. She might, for all her appearance betrays her, be the happiest of young married women."

LEONIE [giving her hair, which she is arranging before the mirror, an impatient twist]. "Bother my aunt's aunt! Why will you persist in talking about her when there are a hundred much more interesting things to talk about?"

JULIE. "Rudolph Hall, for instance."

LEONIE. "Well, he's a trifle better than the 'cameo' spinster."

JULIE. "Rumor, floating over the Catskill Mountains, confided to the echoes your engagement to him."

LEONIE. "Rumor, as rumor often is, was wrong. I am not, and never shall be, engaged to him."

[Miss JULIE CORMIER opens her black eyes to their fullest extent, then opens her fan to its fullest extent, and slowly fans herself in silence.]

LEONIE [with a flash of eye lightning]. "Well?"

JULIE. "Nothing."

LEONIE. "'Nothing,' spoken in that way, always means a great deal. Julie, your thoughts, or I'll drop this switch and pinch you!"

JULIE. "Haven't you accepted his escort every where ever since we came here two months ago? Haven't you danced, driven, rode, walked, picnicked, sailed, played croquet, and gazed at the moon with him? Haven't you worn his favorite flowers, sung his favorite songs, and ate his favorite ices? Are you not [glancing at her hand] wearing the ring he gave you?"

LEONIE [drawing the ring from her finger and dropping it into her pocket]. "No. Go on, Miss Cormier."

JULIE. "And if your affair with Rudolph was not—I see I'm to speak of it in the past tense—a bona fide love affair, intended to end in a wedding, what was it?"

LEONIE. "Only a double-dyed flirtation, my dear."

JULIE. "And this 'double-dyed flirtation,' when did it begin to fade? It was as brilliant as ever when I left here three weeks ago."

LEONIE [with mock seriousness]. "Three weeks is a very long time, Julie. A great many changes can take place in three weeks. It began to fade August the twentieth, late in the afternoon—I remember the date, because papa sent me a check in the morning—when Mr. Gillbradden, the millionaire, descended from his elegant carriage in front of the Fountain Hotel, and ascended the hotel steps, looking the while at your unworthy friend, who was framed in one of the drawing-room windows I wore my morning-silk with blush ribbons and roses, with eyes that said—you may guess what; and it grew three shades, at least, dimmer when he sought an introduction, ten minutes after, my dear, to my aunt's aunt, that he might through her be introduced to me. And it hadn't a vestige of color remaining the next evening, when he never left my side [aunt had one of her bad headaches, and couldn't leave her room, and your silver-gray Sister of Charity kept her company, for three mortal hours.]

JULIE [with great emphasis]. "Leonie, he's ever so old! In fact, venerable—sixty if he's a day."

LEONIE. "Fifty-six his last birthday, dear. My maid asked his valet. And, after all, what does a few years more or less matter in a man? The farther side of a half century may, it is true, be too far off for round dances, but then one would never want to dance round dances with one's husband. You saw Mr. Gillbradden at the breakfast table?"

JULIE. "Scarcely. He was leaving the room as I entered. I was late, you know."

LEONIE. "Well, a glance was enough to show you that he is extremely distinguished, and bears his years as lightly as though they were but half their number. And as for gallantry! Would that the young men who do here congregate would take a few lessons from him! They need them. The most delicious bonbons every morning, the most magnificent bouquets every evening; all the new music—not that I ever play it; all the new books—not that I ever read them. He treats me like a spoiled child—an only child—a princess. And I, really, Julie, I quite adore him."

JULIE. "Would you quite adore him if he were not a millionaire?"

LEONIE. "Julie, you are unkind. Indeed, you are. In your heart you are calling me mercenary. I assure you, on my word and honor, that I'd quite adore him if he were only half a millionaire."

JULIE. "But not if he were as poor as Rudolph Hall?"

LEONIE. "Decidedly not. I could not live on five thousand a year. If I could—[sighing]. Poor Rudolph!"

JULIE. "Mr. Gillbradden's proposal must have followed soon after his introduction to you."

LEONIE. "Oh, he hasn't proposed yet. That is, not in words. But if, as you say, actions speak louder than words, he has asked me to marry him a dozen times. But the words are coming—I'm sure of that. I see them trembling on his lips. They will be here this afternoon. I have promised to drive with him, and your congratulations may be ready a few moments before dinner."

JULIE. "And you really intend to say yes?"

LEONIE. "'Intend to say yes.' Good heavens! would any one say no? Think of the diamonds, the pearls, the emeralds, the all sorts of precious gems; the silks, the satins, the velvets; the town house, the country house, the fast horses, the balls, the private theatricals, the box at the opera; the visits to London, Paris, Rome—all the world! Say yes, I should think so."

JULIE [glancing from the window]. "See, the conquering hero comes! You are right, Leonie, he is distinguished. Tall, well formed, erect, a little lame, but, take him for all in all, finer-looking than half, perhaps three-quarters, of our younger men. He has a gorgeous posy, for you, I suppose, and he is walking with—she has a posy, too, of white lilies—with your aunt's aunt."

LEONIE. "The dear, good soul! What greater proof of his devotion could you ask? Fancy his devoting hours to that old, old maid because [smiling at her reflection in the glass, and then at her friend] he can talk to her of me. The other women are wild with envy. They say—the nasty, spiteful things—that some member of the family is constantly on guard for fear he may escape. Escape, indeed! Never was captive more in love with captivity. There, thank heaven! my hair is done at last. Fasten this crimson rosebud in the topmost puff, that's a dear! Mr. Gillbradden likes crimson roses. Rudolph's favorites are—dear me, how forgetful I am! I promised Rudolph an interview in the library this morning—he selected that place because nobody goes there—and I've no doubt he's waiting for me this very moment. I do hope he's going to be reasonable. I hate tragedy—off the stage. What's the time?"

JULIE. "Quarter past eleven."

LEONIE. "Eleven was the appointed hour. Julie, my love, if I stay longer than fifteen minutes, send some one to tell me my aunt, or my aunt's aunt, is sick, or dying, or any other piece of news potent enough to turn a duet into a solo, or, more properly speaking, a dialogue into a monologue. Remember, I depend upon you!"

JULIE. "Poor Rudolph!"

LEONIE. "Yes, it's very sad, but can't be helped. By-by."

Conversation Second, between LEONIE BELL and RUDOLPH HALL, in the library of the Fountain Hotel.

RUDOLPH [who has been pacing the floor for half an hour, turns to Leonie as she enters the room]. "You are late."

LEONIE. "Only fifteen minutes."

RUDOLPH. "Only fifteen minutes! They have seemed like hours to me."

LEONIE. "Have they? I'm awfully sorry. I forgot—that is—"

RUDOLPH [grasping her hand, and speaking with suppressed emotion]. "Leonie, did you ever love me? Or did you lie when you told me your heart was mine? For heaven's sake, explain your conduct. The last two weeks have seemed to me like a dreadful dream. When we have met, you have treated me with light indifference. You no longer wear my flowers—you no longer wear my ring. Only when I wrote the third time, demanding instead of beseeching it, did you grant me this interview—you, whose blue eyes used to invite me to follow wherever you went. Leonie, can it be possible—great heaven! can it be possible—that you, so young, so lovely, have thrown me over, to marry a man for his money, old enough to be your great-grandfather?"

LEONIE. "Mr. Hall, you exaggerate. Mr. Gillbradden is not even old enough to be my grandfather."

RUDOLPH. "Leonie, cease trifling, I beg of you. How can you jest when I am in torment? Answer me; are all your fond words, your smiles, your promises, to go for nothing? Am I, once your acknowledged lover—"

LEONIE [interrupting him, and wresting her hand away]. "To become my friend? Yes, if you will."

RUDOLPH [with great indignation]. "Your friend! Madam, from the grave of Love, murdered by Falsehood, Friendship can never spring. I shall think of you no more; or, if I do, it will be as of any other bauble that can be bought for gold."

LEONIE [flushing]. "Mr. Hall, you are rude."

RUDOLPH. "Miss Bell, it is truth that is rude—not I. Good morning."

Conversation Third. Miss BELL and Mr. GILLBRADDEN in his carriage. A beautiful and lonely road; the sun sinking in the west.

GILLBRADDEN [leaning toward her with a smile, and speaking in a low voice]. "Miss Leonie, I asked you to drive with me to-day for a particular purpose. I have something to say to you which is best said away from, as the poet has it, the garish crowd. And, in addition, I have a great favor to beg of you."

LEONIE [modestly, her long lashes shading her lovely eyes]. "A favor to beg of poor me, Mr. Gillbradden? It is granted."

GILLBRADDEN [smiling]. "Bless the innocent child! Well, my dear, will you have the patience to listen to a little story?"

LEONIE. "I delight in little stories."

GILLBRADDEN. "But perhaps I did wrong to call it a story. It's a bit of my autobiography."

LEONIE [clapping her hands]. "Oh, that is much nicer! Pray go on."

GILLBRADDEN. "I am, as you know, my dear, an old bachelor; not from choice, but because, until a few years ago, I had an old father and mother and invalid sister dependent upon me, and, unfortunately, my fortune did not come to me until after their deaths. So you see, my dear, even if I had been so inclined, I could not have married. But, living in great seclusion, I met no woman who approached my ideal—for I had an ideal, as I suppose every single man has, if he will but confess it—and consequently was spared the temptation. Well, Miss Leonie, after tardy Fort-

une had at last made up her mind to shower her golden gifts upon me, I traveled all over Europe, meeting and liking many lovely women; but when I thought of love—Don't laugh, my dear."

LEONIE. "Nothing was farther from my thoughts. You make a charming story-teller. You said when you thought of love—"

GILLBRADDEN. "Yes—love (for neither romance nor happiness, as some writer says, neither love nor mental youth, is a matter of years, and, after all, we are only as old as we feel, and certainly no older than we look), my heart came back to my native land, and I saw again the face of my dream-wife. And then I felt, my dear, she waited for me there. A month or two ago I returned to America, and the fate that ordained us for each other led me to this place. Here I found her—the perfect realization of my dreams. And although only two weeks have passed since I met her first smile, I have sped so well in my wooing that to-day I know she is to be my wife in reality, and make, God willing, the Indian summer the brightest time of all my life."

LEONIE [dropping toward him]. "No woman could claim a prouder title."

GILLBRADDEN [kissing her hand]. "It gives me great joy to hear you say so. [Looking at his watch.] But we must return; it is later than I thought. John [to the coachman], back to the hotel as soon as possible. And now, my dear, for the favor: will you go to town with me to-morrow—I'm as ignorant as a boy about such matters—and help me to select the bridal gifts? There will be also your own costume to choose, and that of Miss Cormier, who, of course, will act as second bride-maid."

LEONIE [suddenly sitting very upright]. "My costume! Miss Cormier second bride-maid!"

[There are but two or three more sentences exchanged between the lady and gentleman before the drive is ended.]

Conversation Fourth. Short but not sweet. Time, just before dinner. Place, Miss CORMIER'S room in Fountain Hotel.

MISS BELL [rushing into the room with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes]. "Where's Rudolph?"

JULIE [in astonishment]. "Why, what a strange question to ask me! But I can tell you where he is not—in the Fountain Hotel. He left here an hour ago. Am I to congratulate you?"

LEONIE [laughing hysterically]. "Ha-ha! congratulate me! Oh, yes, certainly, if you wish to congratulate me on having been the greatest little fool that ever existed! Julie [solemnly], if ever you tell, I'll never, never, NEVER speak to you again!"

JULIE. "Tell what? That you have been the greatest little fool?"

LEONIE [speaking very fast]. "He didn't propose—he never thought of proposing—to me. He is not in love, and never has been—with me. On the contrary, he is wildly in love, impetuous youth! and has proposed to somebody else. O Rudolph, if you but knew how quickly you have been avenged! And he wants me to select her bridal gifts."

JULIE. "And the wildly loved?"

LEONIE. "The diamonds, pearls, emeralds, rubies, and all sorts of precious gems; the silks, the satins, the velvets, and all sorts of costly fabrics; the private theatricals, the opera-box—"

JULIE [impatiently]. "Well?"

LEONIE. "The town house, the country house, the yacht, the fast horses, the tours to Europe, have all—" [pausing for breath.]

JULIE [prompting her]. "Have all?"

LEONIE. "Been offered to my aunt's aunt!"

The Chinese Ambassador, Chin Lin Pin, now in Hartford, is under instruction from his Government to make a careful investigation of the means adopted at various institutions in this country for the cure of opium-eating, and is deeply interested in the matter. He is at present accumulating what facts he can, and in due time will report the result of his investigations to the home government. It is a fact not generally known that an edict was officially issued in China last year forbidding the culture of the poppy after 1879 in any part of the kingdom, and forbidding all importations after 1880. An edict has also been sent to all governors and leading generals of provinces, requiring them to submit plans of laws which shall effectually do away with the use of opium under pain of death after a period of three years. The task will be one of gigantic proportions, no doubt, as it is estimated that 6,000,000 of people in the Chinese Empire are addicted to the habit of opium-eating. A large hospital has been established in Hong Kong for the cure of opium-eaters, and it is the plan of the Government to build up other institutions of the same kind. It is the aim of Ambassador Chin Lin Pin to discover the best means for their management, and the best system of cure, to be introduced into them. For a century the Chinese have suffered untold miseries from the opium trade, and in spite of legislation to the contrary the production of the poppy has increased. But a terribly earnest effort has now been decided on for tramping out the evil.

Frank Polk felt resentful because the Mayor of Pisgah, Texas, fined him for drunkenness. He got a rifle and rode up and down in front of the mayor's office, daring him to come out. The chief of police drew a revolver, and ordered him to throw down his gun. Polk fired, hitting the officer, who, in falling, shot Polk in the body. The mayor ran out and shot three balls into the desperado. The latter fired three shots at the mayor, but he escaped unhurt. The chief and the desperado died. Hurrah for the beatitude of municipal government!

The new dueling code in Maryland is as follows: The offended party shall challenge. The challenged party shall keep the cartel in his pocket a week.

The challenger shall publicly announce that he has sent a challenge.

The challenged party shall declare that honor has been violated by publicity and he "will have no more to do with it."

Both parties shall then announce that they are satisfied.

INTAGLIOS.

Old and Young.

They soon grown old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who live for self and on some shelf;
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf;
Cankered and crusted o'er with mold,
For them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal hardy have sung;
For them old age itself is young. —*Scribner.*

The Wanderer.

A butterfly into the city flew,
Leaving meadows of green and skies of blue.
Fled from a garden of countless sweets,
O'er dismal dwellings to noisy streets.
A church-yard stowed in a gloomy square,
The beautiful Wanderer reposed there;
But neither dew nor honey was found,
Though pale flowers grew on many a mound.
Some mischievous idlers out for play
Saw her alight on her weary way;
Stealthily crept, and with raptured eyes,
Charmed by her beauty, sought the prize.
Rudely their hands upon her raised;
What was her fate? Ah, sad to tell!
Spoiled and bruised were her beautiful wings—
Gone! Like the bloom of lovelier things
That fly from the country into the town,
To be by libertines hunted down!

Embalmed.

This is the street and the dwelling;
Let me count the houses o'er—
Yes; one, two, three from the corner,
And the house which I loved makes four.
That is the very window
Where I used to see her head,
Bent over book or needle,
With ivy garlanded.
And the very loop of the curtain,
And the very curve of the vine,
Were full of a charm and a meaning,
Which woke at her touch and sign.
I began to be glad at the corner,
And all the way to the door
My heart outran my footsteps,
And frolicked and danced before—
In haste for the words of welcome,
The voice, the repose and grace,
And the smile, like a benediction,
Of that beautiful vanished face.
Now I pass the door and I pause not,
And I look the other way;
But ever like wafted fragrance—
Too subtle to name or to stay—
Comes a thought of the gracious presence
Which made that past day sweet,
And still to those who remember
Embalms the house and the street—
Like the breath from some vase now empty
Of a flowery shape unseen,
Which follows the path of the lover
To tell where a rose has been.

The Dream of Life.

'Twas but a bubble—yet 'twas bright;
Of gaybeams sparkling along the stream
Of life's wild torrent, the path of light,
Of sunbeams danced—like a dream
Of heaven's own bliss for loveliness—
For fleetness like a passing thought;
And ever of such dreams as these
The tissue of my life is wrought.
For I have dreamed of pleasure when
The sun of young existence smiled
Upon my wayward path, and then
Her promised sweets my heart beguiled,
But when I came those sweets to sip,
They turned to gall upon my lip.
And I have dreamed of friendship, too;
For Friendship I had thought was made
To be man's solace in the shade,
And glad him in the light; and so,
I fondly thought to find a friend
Whose soul with mine would sweetly blend,
And, as two placid streams unite,
And roll their waters in one light,
And tranquil current to the sea,
So might our happy spirits be
Borne onward to eternity;
But he betrayed me, and with pain
I woke—to sleep and dream again.
And then I dreamed of Love; and all
The clustered visions of the past
Seemed airy nothings to that last
Bright dream. It threw a magical
Enchantment o'er existence—cast
A glory on my path so bright
I seemed to breathe and feel its light;
But now that blissful dream is o'er,
And I have waked, to dream no more.

Beyond the farthest glimmering star
That twinkles in the arch above,
There is a world of truth and love
Which earth's vile passions never mar.
Oh, could I soar on the eagle's plumes,
And soar to that bright world away,
Which God's own holy light illumines
With glories of eternal day!
How gladly ever lingering there
That binds me down to earth I'd sever,
And leave, for that blest home on high,
This hollow-hearted world forever.
—*GEORGE D. PRENTICE.*

A Ballad of Dreamland.

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,
Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why would it sleep not? why should it start,
When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of a secret bird.
Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart:
Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea does,
And the wind is quieter than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a horn's wound smart?
Does the pang still fret thee of hope deferred?
What bids the lids of thy sleep depart?
Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm incloses—
It never was writ in the traveler's chart,
And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is—
It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dream through its dim fields dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in the tree tops heard;
No bound's note wakens the wildwood hart—
Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOI.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season, and hear no word
Of true love's truth or of light love art—
Only the oong of a secret bird.—*SWINBURNE.*

THE SHERIFF'S MISTAKE.

An Episode of Life on the Great Plains.

"Thar's strangers," said the Sheriff, suddenly setting down his tin cup of regulation whisky untouched, and shuffling to the door.

The Sheriff was a safe man to believe, though how he made out anything in the blinding glare of evening sunlight that flooded the level prairie west of Buffalo Station no one but a professor of optics could have told. The old man had the eye of an eagle.

"Two on 'em with a pack pony," he added; and just then a sudden sunset shadow crept across the lonely waste, and we saw them, too.

They were about a quarter of a mile away, heading for the station and its single combination building of store, dining-room, tavern, and freight-house. They came on at an easy gait, driving their pack pony before them. As they neared us we could note the signs of hard travel about them. From their dust-soiled clothing and their loose seats in the saddle, as well as the jaded canter of their ponies, everything in their appearance spoke of long ride and a weary one.

They crossed the track and drew up in the shade of the station, one of them only replying to the Sheriff's cheery hail with a curt nod. He dismounted stiffly, and addressed a few words to his companion, who remained in the saddle with one leg crossed over the bow; and a moment later his gaunt, buckskin-and-frieze garbed figure vanished in the cool shadow of the store.

"A likely boy," said the Sheriff, who had been eyeing his companion intently. "They might be Texican drovers—and then again they mightn't."

He added the latter sentence reflectively, never relaxing the scrutiny of the mounted stranger. That person was a "likely boy," indeed. Afoot he might have stood nearly six feet on his bare soles. His swarthy face—handsome as a gypsy girl's, and delicately shaped and set as any lady's—was framed with a shock of tangled, wavy hair, of whose black, glossy glory any court dame might have been proud; and his eyes—full, black, and lustrous as those of a racehorse—flashed under the finely penciled brows. The hand, which rested lazily on his knee, was large, and in perfect keeping with his well-knit figure, but, in shape, clean cut and handsome as a woman's.

I was still scrutinizing this somewhat singular apparition, with more than ordinary curiosity, when the Sheriff turned suddenly on me.

"What's yer pony, Tom?" he asked.

"In the shed!"

"Saddled?"

"With a loose girth—yes."
"The sogers is in the Hundred Horn Gulch," he went on, speaking rapidly. "Slide furrer an' bring 'em up. May the big wolf of Devil's Run devour me if there ain't two of our men."

I knew the Sheriff too well to hesitate or question further. As I girthed my pony in the shed, a shadow floated across the doorway and was gone. When I rode out the two strangers were cowering off to the southward, pointing for the Republican River, and as I gave my pony reins and galloped in the opposite direction, I saw the Sheriff mounting his big gray mare, which had been tied to the corner post of the store.

The Sheriff and a party of soldiers from Fort Hays were on the watch for the train robbers who had stopped the west-bound train at Big Springs eight days before, and who were supposed to be striking for the Texan border with their rich spoil. The soldiers, as the Sheriff had said, were posted in a ravine known as Hundred Horn Gulch, a few miles from the station, and where the main trail from North Platte crossed the railroad track.

The sun was just dipping when I rode up to the station ahead of the troopers. The Sheriff, who was studying a written description of the marauders by the waning light, put himself at our head without a word, and we trailed off, a long line of creaking, jingling, hoof-beating clamor through the windy silence and gloom of the darkening prairie.

The ride was a long one, for our quarry had an hour's start of us, and the moon rose, a globe of copper fire, and found us still clanking on. I had joined the Sheriff and the leader of the soldiers. We were a silent trio until I ventured:

"Are you certain, Sheriff, of our men?"
"Sure as the moon," said the old man, tersely, drinking in the sweet air of the sublime night with a sigh which seemed to say, "Let me alone. I know what I'm about and won't be questioned."

Silence again. The brisk breeze was blowing rifted clouds across the face of the moon, mottling the dim plain with fantastic shadows. Suddenly these clouds swept away. A full, clear burst of light flooded the prairie, and not half a mile away we saw three moving figures, which, in the now marvelously brilliant lunar illumination, could be easily distinguished as those of two mounted men and a pack animal.

The wind was in our faces, blowing the noise of our approach from the fugitive's ears, and though we rode hard, and with no attempt at stealthiness, it was not until we were close upon them that they suddenly drew in and faced about, both men sitting bolt upright in their saddles, with their hands at their hips. In gesture and bearing they meant fight, and looked every inch dangerous and desperate men.

We halted, too. For a moment a dead silence fell upon us. Then the Sheriff's gray mare neighed, and the charm was broken.

"Who's there?" called one of the fugitives in Spanish, emphasizing the challenge by the sharp click of his pistol as he brought it to a cock.

The rattle of a dozen carbines falling into position drowned the Sheriff's reply. Then the clear voice of the younger fugitive arose: "If we must die, we might as well die like men," it said.

What followed was almost like the flaming of a flash of lightning. I heard the Sheriff call out: "Throw up your hands," and saw him spur straight for the strangers; then came a flash, a rattling fire of carbines and revolvers, and a fierce oath from a trooper behind me who tumbled from his saddle with his thigh smashed. At the same time, and before I could kick clear of the stirrups, my poor pony staggered and fell dead, with a pistol ball between his eyes, and in his fall pinned me to the earth.

The fight was as brief as it was furious, and, like all really desperate encounters I ever witnessed, was an almost silent one, as far as any sound of voices went. But the sharp reports of revolvers and the duller discharge of carbines freighted the night wind, and the ground oiled lumbered into a clumsy fight on the unwounded ponies. Finally, a single flash flamed across the light, thin vapors of the firing, a single report was blown to leeward sharp and clear, and then the discharges ceased. With a desperate effort I dragged myself clear of my dead animal, and limped to my feet.

The Sheriff and half a dozen soldiers were grouped about the body of one of the fugitives. Another

soldier supported the figure of the "likely boy." Some black shapes on the prairie marked the whereabouts of the rest of the dozen troopers, and told at what cost the victory had been won.

The boy himself, only held half upright by the soldier's strong arm, was still alive. The bright moonlight, shining on his handsome, girlish face lighted it to unearthly beauty. In the struggle his coat had been torn off, and a broad, dark, slowly-spreading smear was visible on his coarse, gray shirt. His breathing was hoarse and quick, the sure index to a shot in the lungs.

"He's goin'," said the Sheriff, mopping the blood from a bad cut in his forehead with his sleeve. "Great snakes! what a fight he made."

"Here's the pony, Sheriff."

One of the men led the pack pony, which during the entire fight had been quietly grazing at a little distance off, up to the group. With a quick jerk he dragged off the tattered blanket which covered the pack.

There were a few camp utensils, some provisions, and a bulging sort of double bag thrown over the front of the pannier. With an effort he pulled this off, but its weight tore it from his hands, and it fell with a metallic crash. As it struck the earth its seams burst. The queer-shaped sack was simply an old pair of pantaloons with the legs tied up, and its contents rolled, jingling and sparkling, over the short grass a cascade of minted gold.

Before the musical ring of the precious metal had died away the group about the dead man and the wounded boy parted with an exclamation of startled surprise. The boy had suddenly struggled to his feet. He stood swaying dizzily to and fro for an instant, and then snatching a revolver from the belt of the amazed soldier who stood beside him, fired point blank at one of his captors directly in front of him.

The man fell dead, and his murderer, with the smoking pistol still in his hand, tottered forward a step and sank in a heap on the corpse of his companion, with his face upon his breast and one arm about his neck.

Strange! Well, however that may be so far, the strangest part is to come yet. Of course, you have suspected all along that the handsome boy was a woman? Well, he wasn't! and what was more, the pair, far from being the train robbers, were a worthy Texan drover and his son, who had sold out their beasts at North Platte and were on their way home with the money. They had eleven thousand dollars in coin with them, and probably fancied that our party were the robbers for whom we mistook them. The boys had the laugh on the Sheriff for many a long day after. For once his vaunted acuteness had failed him.

What was done with him? Why, great Scott! stranger, what do you suppose? Are we not all liable to make mistakes?

Natural History in Small Chunks.

THE LION.

"What is this?"
"This is a lion, called by some folks the king of beasts. Take a sharp look at him, so you may hereafter tell a lion from a mule."

"What is the color of a lion?"
"Their natural color is tawny. Where you see one fixed off with red, white and blue, you may be sure that some circus man has been painting him."

"Lions must be very strong?"

"So they are. It is a pity that their strength can not be used in drawing street cars."

"Are there any wild lions in this country?"

"Not very many; but then we'd advise you to get into the house as soon as night comes. Africa is the home of the lion. He has every chance to spread himself there; the nights are so warm that he doesn't have to draw his tail into his den for fear of frost."

"Can a lion carry an ox?"

"It is said that he can, but it would be far better for the ox to carry himself off before the lion got hold of him. There isn't much doubt that a lion could trot off quite easily with a rabbit."

"Does a lion ever attack a white man?"

"Very rarely. When a man is home at reasonable hours, keeps plenty of wood split, buys his wife four hats a year, and votes our ticket, he is not often disturbed by lions. They walk right past him to grab one of those fellows who will never lend his wheelbarrow or snow-shovel, and whose sidewalk is always in need of repairs."

"Do lions roar very loudly?"

"They do. The sound is almost as loud as that of a dish-pail falling off its nail in the dead of night."

"Why do they roar?"

"Naturalists differ about that. Some say that he roars to let the other denizens of the forest understand that he is on deck and ready to argue matters, and others assert that he roars when he has nothing else to do—just as Congressional speeches are made. The roar won't hurt you, no matter how they decide it."

"Can a lion catch a horse?"

"Yes, unless he stubs his toe or stops to pick up a tender and juicy child for luncheon."

"Can a man look a lion out of countenance?"

"That depends. Some of these modern defaulters and office-holders could look a lion out of countenance, with one eye shut. In ordinary cases it is better for the man who tries the experiment to be up a tree."

"Can the lion vanquish the elephant?"

"If the elephant had sore eyes, and had been speering around all night, and the ague was kind of hovering up and down his spinal column, a lion would be apt to do so."

"Can a lion ever be tamed?"

"Never. After one has been jolted around the country with different circuses for twenty years, sold at bankrupt sale a dozen times, fed on shin-bones and shavings, and poked up with hot crowbars, he no sooner gets out of his cage than he eats ten or fifteen people and kills half as many more. You will always see an account of it in the papers just before the menagerie comes around.—*Free Press.*

They had been engaged about fifteen minutes and she nestled her head a little closer under the shadow of his monumental shirt collar, and whispered, "And now what are you going to call me, Algernon?"
"Birdie!" he whispered, rapturously, while his voice trembled with tender emotion, "always and ever, nothing but Birdie!" And she fairly cooed with delight. He kept his word, although, with the growing precision of middle age, he has become specific and does not deal in sweeping generalities any more, and so it was that day before yesterday a neighbor going in the back way to borrow the axe, a cup of sugar and the cistern pole, heard him call her an old "sage hen."

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It does not say much for the amusement or instruction offered to us on the stage last week that we give the place of importance to the least satisfactory performance of *La Fille de Madame Angot* we have seen for a long time. This compliment we pay to the merits of the piece, low as it may place our opinion of the productions at the other "first class" theatres. The initial performance of the opera was worse than a dress rehearsal, and, save that Mrs. Oates has since put her whole soul into a part which suits her admirably—"Clairette"—the later representations show but little improvement. The previous week closed with *La Perichole*—a work considerably beyond the powers of the company generally. Mrs. Oates, as "La Perichole," had no opportunity for the display of her peculiar characteristics, and the piece had to depend mainly on the music and an old prisoner, played by Mr. Meade. There can be no doubt that the hard work of the past three years has been telling on Mrs. Oates' voice; and even if she were entirely rid of her objectionable cold, she is not what she once was. For this reason "La Perichole" was not a good performance; and Mr. Beverly, in the tenor part, was very unsatisfactory. It has never been our lot to hear such an irregular singer; at one time he sings an air with great effect, the next time without any; sometimes we think he has a good voice, and sometimes we think he has none. Neither the rest of the cast nor the chorus came out in any way brilliantly in *La Perichole*, and its withdrawal was wise. But *La Fille de Madame Angot* was not sufficiently rehearsed, and it will probably be withdrawn before we hear the company do their best in it. As it is, it seems to be beyond their power. It has scarcely been done at all in this city less satisfactorily than it is now played. Mrs. Oates, as "Clairette," puts in all the *abandon* of which she is capable, but she has eliminated the little piquancy she used to possess, and we have a picture of an unadulterated French flower girl without the grace or attraction. Mr. Beverly has no idea whatever of "Ange Pitou," and, as we have said, his singing is so uneven that it would be mistaken praise to call him a success. Mr. Connell is even more lumbering and heavy, and has less fun in him than the worst baritone Mrs. Oates has ever had in the part of "Larivaudiere," though he makes up a little for that when he gets a chance to sing. Mr. Taylor comes into comparison with two or three excellent representatives of "Pomponnet," and does not shine. He is not well cast in the part, being a broad comic actor, and not much of a singer. Besides our old favorite, Drew, was particularly well suited to "The Barber," and it was one of his best performances. The illness of Mr. Graham throws the management on the chorus for a "Louchard," and he does not perhaps deserve any severe criticism if he can not take Jones' place. "Trenitz" has been much better played than by Mr. Meade. Miss Stevens wants a great deal more experience of the stage before she can take the part of "Mlle. Lange." As it is, she has little conception of it, and her general style is opposed to the characteristics of the French woman of pleasure. Her voice will do when she can act. Altogether, it does not seem as if the company can grasp the opera. English people are bad enough in the line at the best of times, but *Madame Angot* seems to be too much for them in this case. The performance on Monday night terminated in confusion, the last act being simply ruined by the unpardonable conduct of all on the stage, as well as many in the audience. "Mlle. Lange," in her temper with "Clairette," fell in striking an attitude, and "Clairette" followed suit. The audience roared with laughter, and the entire following scene was lost between the howling of the audience and the hilarity of the actors. It is a very simple matter, evidently, to make San Francisco people laugh, and we have no doubt with the hint given, the "gag" will be inserted frequently. It matters but little what becomes of the music so long as the actors get a guffaw from the galleries.

With a regularity worthy of special notice, Mr. Williamson's engagements in San Francisco begin with success and end with failure. When we see *Struck Oil* announced, we know that the popularity of "John Stofel" and "Lizzie," both in their dramatic and private characters, will draw crowded houses. We know that Mr. Williamson will be unstintingly praised by the newspapers, and that Mrs. Williamson will be applauded for her acting, and encored in her songs; we know that the two will be set down as the most finished Dutch impersonators on the stage; we know that *Struck Oil* will be withdrawn on its second week, and an Irish play substituted; and that immediately thereupon Mr. Williamson will sink

into an uninteresting position, and Mrs. Williamson's friends will forgive her acting for her pleasing voice. The audience will fall off; *Struck Oil* will be revived, and show by its comparatively brilliant success again what weak positions the lady and gentleman hold as actor and actress. This seems the usual routine of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's experience, and yet they persist in drawing the money with the Dutch play, and dropping it with the Irish drama. We are inevitably told that Barney Williams made a success in *The Emerald Ring*, or whatever play Mr. Williamson elects to produce; and the money he has missed or lost in a vain endeavor to repeat Barney Williams' great success represents a moderate fortune. The public have forgotten Barney Williams, and we doubt if, were he still alive, he would not find it necessary to materialize some of his defunct plays. If Dion Boucicault has done us any service, it is that he has made the Irish drama much more attractive to us than it was in the days of *The Fairy Circle*. If he could not put intelligence and coherence into it, at least he has spiced the incoherence with startling stage effects and thrilling climax. He has made much more effective use of the old, old mythical legends of English tyranny, has made the laziness of the Irish peasantry a theme of praise; he has idealized the coarse, almost barbaric life of the most discontented race on the face of the earth; and he has reduced absurdity and extravagance of sentiment to a remunerative and attractive form; and Barney Williams, with his mildly sentimental dialogues, his weak, half-hearted villainy, his Irish songs and dances, sinks into insignificance before the dramatic idol of Ireland and the Irish. But Mr. Williamson is weaker than Barney Williams. As if *The Emerald Ring* was not sufficiently tempting fate, Mr. Williamson has damaged Mrs. Williamson's reputation by putting up *The Child of the Regiment*. It is a very poor play to begin with. The motive is very simple, the material is slight, and it shows no attempt whatever at dramatic construction. As the *piece de resistance* of an evening's entertainment it is too unimportant, even if the leading part were filled with music sung by a first-class artist. It would be unattractive, under ordinary circumstances, even as an afterpiece; and there are many farces much more worthy of a place on the bills. Mrs. Williamson is a clever artist in her line. She plays an Irish or Dutch girl admirably; she possesses a good voice, plenty of animal spirits, and she is full of fun and life; but she cannot play "The Child of the Regiment." It is perhaps unfortunate that she should have tried it, for her performance of "Josephine" is only illustrative of the erroneous judgment she has formed of her powers, from her popularity in the song and dance line. When she is dealing with "Hit him Again" and "My Grandfather's Clock" she knows exactly what she is doing. She can put her soul into the patriotism of an Irish song, and she knows exactly what will fetch the gallery; but when she attempts the operatic, the lack of training shows in every note. To hope to carry *The Child of the Regiment* through with good singing was excusable; but she is not at home in the music, and, in "Josephine," she made a superficial coarseness produce all the effect, and presented us with no artistic conception of the part beyond that. The entire performance throws a shadow of doubt upon her capabilities as an actress. We have the fact established that she can do an Irish or Dutch girl—no more. Although "Josephine" is not a high dramatic part, her playing of it showed that conception of character is not her distinguishing feature. Mr. Williamson played "Scalade," but any body might do that. Mr. Bishop always manages to make something out of even the meanest part, and his "Pumpkinickel" caused a ripple of laughter occasionally. The others call for no special mention. A stranger visiting Baldwin's last week would have doubted that Mr. Maguire had one of the most expensive and strongest companies in the United States. On Tuesday and Thursday *Struck Oil* was played, and last night Mr. and Mrs. Williamson had a benefit.

The prestige of the California is now tradition. Its glory seems to have departed, and the home of the respectable and legitimate, the theatre which Californians held up as a model to the United States, the place that never knew a second-class performer, and that was sealed against every thing not high art, seems to be now a refuge for any thing that can be got to come. Is it to end a glorious career so? Or will the management take fresh courage, and sacrifice a few quarters in the gallery for a few dollars in the dress circle? When the old management undertook to play one of the best companies in the United States, and to star variety performers, and replaced the artistic drama with vulgar gallery pieces, it sealed its doom. From that time it was doubted, and people who in its palmy days scarcely thought of looking at the bill before they went, always feeling sure of a high class performance, took to careful study of the pieces and the actors ere they paid their dollar or took their seats. We look back upon the history of the California for eleven years, and there is the point clearly marked where its fortunes really turned. The new management have started on an economical basis. They have deliberately procured a second-class, cheap company, and trust to luck to carry them through. So far luck has not been altogether with them, and luck is, more than any thing

else, good management. Up to this week it was not open, perhaps, to the critic to censure them. The stars they brought rendered a first-class company a needless expense; and even in the present instance the company is not the bone of contention. *The Streets of New York* is the objection, not entirely because of the piece or the star, but because of the general tone given to the production. If there is a play on the stage which serves no purpose but to amuse a hoodlum gallery, which presents a contemptible plot, a thoroughly unreal and injurious motive, and which panders to a morbid and dangerous moral sentiment, it is Boucicault's hash of improbable people in impossible situations, dialogue without taste or meaning, and stage effects that ought to disgust even the lowest classes, called *The Streets of New York*. The dime novels of the worst kind, the thrilling stories in cheap hoodlum newspapers, and the slums of a great city, furnish the heroes. If we owned the name of Livingston—a name honored and respected in New York—we should sue Boucicault for defamation of character, for bringing it in such a piece. Artistically speaking, "Badger" reveals to us that Mr. Mayo's "Davy Crockett" is a piece of careful rehearsal. It does not seem possible that any man, capable of forming a true opinion of the backwoodsman and of appreciating the beauty and nobility of the character, roughly as it is set, could possibly bring himself to play such a contemptible part as the impossibly low bank clerk, the rough Bowery boy, finishing up in a virtuous rôle as a policeman. It seems to us that this "star" business is not only a mistake, but it is mismanaged. A manager of a theatre, in making up his list for the season, sets down therein the leading known stars, and engages them, apparently without the least regard to what they are going to play. It does not appear to be customary to interfere with them when they come. If Crane and Robson had requested that the company should be cast for *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we suppose Mr. Hill could not have said no. The entire charge of the theatre is given over to the leading attraction of the moment; and, as a rule, the management has to bear the loss accruing from any error in judgment. This is how it looks to the public. There are not half a dozen people who travel with star pieces who are qualified to play out of them, or in them all, or even to decide upon which of them they play best. Mr. Mayo is engaged for the fourth time, and for the fourth time he plays *Davy Crockett* and *The Streets of New York*. Maggie Mitchell comes and gives *Fanchon, Mignon, and Birds of Passage*, apparently without any consultation with the management as to which of them they will risk most upon. We suppose we shall have the Florences in *The Mighty Dollar*, and *No Thoroughfare* again, and Raymond as *Colonel Sellers*, even if he has a new play to fall back upon. The moral of the late engagements is, that if the management had procured a strong company and trusted mainly to it, even if they had to get some stars, the season would have been more remunerative and less expensive, and the balance would probably have been on the right side of the book more heavily, if it happens to be there now. In addition, the public would have been pleased. But we do not blame Mr. Mayo for playing a piece he knew would fill the gallery, when *Davy Crockett* failed to fill either that or the dress circle. He knows what is best for his own reputation possibly. Every man has the right, even before the public, to decide what reputation he desires; but the management, we presume, are responsible for the contemptible display of Irish and Chinese specialties, which must have disgusted all sensible people. They were on as low a scale as we have ever seen on the boards of a second-class variety show. Witless, pointless, vulgar, and coarse, they were not accepted with any enthusiasm by the gods, while the audience in the dress circle were forbearing enough only to hiss when a feeble attempt was made up stairs to have them repeated. There has never been anything so common on the California Theatre stage. Had they been offered in Paris or London the gallery itself would have been benchless. The acting does not call for any comment. Mr. Felix I. Morris, the new comedian, was unfortunate enough to make his first appearance in "Dan," a part which, if it is supposed to be his line, shows him to be a poor actor. The scenery was worthy of a better piece. The California must look to its laurels if it wishes to retain its reputation as a first-class theatre. It is missing a chance of making money which may pass away at any moment, and which may not return for years. Stocks do not "boom" all the time.

On Monday night *A Woman of the People* will be presented for the first time at Baldwin's, and the occasion will be taken to tender Mr. Maguire a benefit. Miss Rose Wood plays the leading part, and we notice a new name on the bill, a Miss Louise Maurice, who is said to be not altogether a *debutante*. The play is by d'Ennery, one of his early efforts, and we can only hope that it will come up to *The Celebrated Case*. It has one misfortune as compared with that success. It has not Mr. Cazauban to superintend it, and it wants the prestige of the Union Square Company, that fiction having been dropped. *Mother and Son*, Sardou's new piece is mentioned as in the future, but nothing certain is announced. We shall soon know what that arrangement with Sardou really amounts to.

MOURZOUK.

ARTISTIC DRESSING.

Eastern and foreign journals have more than once of late commented on the exquisite taste in dress of the ladies of San Francisco, indeed, it is getting to be one of the most marked features of our society, a fact which our local press as well has not been behind hand in mentioning. There are two reasons why our ladies should be thus singled out for this just praise: One is that they are among the handsomest in the United States, both as to beauty of face and symmetry of figure, embracing, as they do, every variety of type, from the fairest Saxon to the dark-eyed daughter of the South; the other, that there is probably no city of its size within the same limits so well catered for in all that go to make up faultless toilettes. We were more than ever impressed by the latter fact during a late visit to the White House, which establishment, as is well known, keeps several purchasing agents resident in Europe for the purpose of procuring the freshest novelties. A brief mention of a few of the most noticeable will serve to illustrate. Among them was a carriage-dress of Van Dyck red, with plaited train composed of a fanlike insertion of broche of the same color and garnished with ribbons in five different shades; a combination toilette of the new Turkish satin in moss green, with a garnet court train, having an oddly arranged *revers* of ivory satin, hand embroidered, running down the side, and similar bands in front; another of bronze silk, with a deep shirred flounce, lined with variegated brocade, and having a plaited brocade train and basque waist. A still more noticeable costume was a reception dress of fawn silk; court train, bottom reversed with bronze silk, the Princess top being made of the fawn color, brocade with pink and bronze. An extremely stylish and unique toilette was composed of dark blue Duchesse satin combined with rich brocade of gold, bronze and red, and finished with a superb chenille fringe. A vest of the blue Princess sides and coat-tail fringe completed the combination. In all black reception dresses, a Turkish satin combined with *moire*, full train, and belted across the front of the waist was very elegant. Walking suits were well represented by combinations of camel's hair goods in garnet, moss green, brown and fawn, and velvet, the latter material being used mainly in the diagonal striped rather than the plain goods. One especially, Van Dyck red, combined camel's hair, velvet, and rich shirrings of silk. The basque waist is much in vogue for these. A very quaint costume, and one that will prove exceedingly popular with the rapidly increasing class of brisk business women, is one of invisible green plaid goods, made with a perfect coat back, cut-away coat front, finished by rows of stitching in red silk, and brass buttons. A separate vest, modeled exactly after the masculine garment, a looped overskirt, with the same style of trimming, complete what is known as the "Viennoise Costume." In cloaks we noticed a long sack of black satin, trimmed, back and front, with jet *pasmenterie*, the bottom of the skirt and the neck and sleeves finished with heavy quiltings of black silk. A Dolman of the same rich material displayed a cape back, square front tabs, and short, closed sleeves, and was finished with garnitures of jet *pasmenterie* down the back and front, and a double row of mingled fringe and lace headed by the same. A black Sicilienne *paletot*, the back inserted with satin, the front simulating a vest, also of satin, and covered with jet and fringe. Something entirely novel was a material in silk and wool resembling Turkish toweling, and in the fashionable fawn color, of which a wrap (the back a double cape) was made. The *ceteras* to this charming model were *pasmenterie* and fringe in the same shade. While the expensive importations are a specialty with this house, it must be remembered that the home work in all these lines reaches a much higher figure, hundreds of suits, cloaks, and ball costumes being sent out every season, and not only through the city and adjacent country, but to the East, and even to the French capital itself, the regular stock presenting as great a variety in the finest classes of goods as can be found anywhere. For example, in the new worsted goods, whose name is legion, we saw no less than seventy-five different styles, including the new invisible plaids, the various modifications of the *bourrette* cloths, serges, beiges, camels' hair goods, chudah cloths, cassimeres, and the heavier cloths for walking suits. For all these, with a perfection of shading that is almost surprising, come the accompanying velvets—plain, ribbed, embossed, and charmingly brocade in colors—as well as satins, plain and figured; silks, embroidered, satin-striped, figured, and plain. In the latter goods, elegant designs in the newly revived polka dots are shown, and combinations of satin and *moire* stripes are among the newest patterns; these in every known color and shade. Combined with an experienced corps of assistants, it is no wonder that this house stands unrivaled on the Pacific Coast for elegance of design and workmanship. Mention must particularly be made of recently imported ball costumes, among which are several of the exquisite fabric known as *mousseline de l'Inde*, heavily embroidered with variegated designs, and flowers in the natural colors; white tulles, embroidered in white chenille, and others literally sown with seed pearls combined with silk embroidery; some worked in silk with heavy wreaths of marguerites, pinks, and ferns; and still others with a garniture of chenille forget-me-nots, red and tea roses, will rival any evening toilets that have yet appeared. Bands of similar trimmings, to be applied to silk or satin costumes, also come by the yard; and the same style of garniture, composed of seed pearls, fine white chenille, and a hair line of gold bullion running through the whole, are among the most striking novelties of the season. Silk *crepe* flounces, hand-embroidered in colors, and strips of black satin of a similar character, and for the ornamentation of the favorite "Princess" are also new. Artificial flowers seem to have reached the limit of perfection, if one may judge from the *farrures* and clusters designed to accompany these costumes—notably a wreath of primroses, heath, and mignonette; another composed entirely of the pale pink sweet pea blossom; and a wonderfully life-like mass of "maiden hair" and other varieties of ferns; while brunettes are remembered in a massive wreath of scarlet poppies mingled with field daisies. For the little ones, whose costumes keep even pace with those of their mammae, are elegant models in suits and coats, the latter showing combinations of fawn-colored canvas cloths with peacock green velvet trimmings, cream white velvet cloth and navy blue velvet, with pearl buttons, besides darker cloths for every-day wear. Suits are still in "Princess" form, a navy blue striped velvet, with a vest of white satin and small plain gilt buttons, being one of the many handsome samples for a miss of ten or twelve. A pink cashmere, trimmed with figured blue *broche* and pearl fastenings, was also piquant and pretty. Hosiery has attained so great importance in considering the make-up of a toilette

that no details are complete without its special mention. Something new is being devised at nearly every change of the moon, and we have now, both in light and dark colors, and both for out-door and evening wear, dozens of different fancies. The most elegant, however, are in two colors, or one embroidered in a second. These can be had in silk, as well as open-work silk thread, and in either quality in the most minute gradations of color, to match with the prevailing tints in dress goods, and in all sizes and designs. We of San Francisco are most largely indebted to Messrs. Davidson & Co. for the extensive cultivation of taste in all these respects, through their unequalled business energy and tact, that not only watches every interest at home with appreciation, but ensures the constant purchase abroad, through experienced and artistic buyers, of the freshest novelties.

Have you seen the new style of "Montagues" at Sullivan's, No. 120 Kearny Street?

The papers bring us mean insinuations against our esteemed friend, Bret Harte. They actually say that he tried to enjoin Miss to make a little money. Nonsense! There is one other sensible reason why Bret Harte should wish to withdraw Miss. It does not do him much credit. He was very likely afraid he might be accused of writing the play.

Just received at Sullivan's, No. 120 Kearny Street, a large invoice of new goods, comprising the latest models for cloaks, dolmans, ulsters, and other out-door wraps. Also, a heavy line of ladies' and children's suits, ladies' morning wrappers in every variety of trimming and material, and a particularly taking model known as the "Montague." All kinds of cloths, Siciliennes, and other suitings, constantly being renewed from abroad, as well as the very latest designs in buttons and other cloak fastenings, whalebone, and other fringes, tassels, chenille, and all kinds of trimmings and garnitures. Mourning suits made at the shortest notice.

Messrs. Doane & Henshelwood, No. 1 Montgomery Street, are this week offering some extraordinary bargains in the celebrated "Bon marché" make of black silks, as well as fine embroidered velvets, satins, and "Pekinses." Also, a large line of fancy and Scotch plaid suitings, camels' hair cloths, etc. Fine table linens from Brown & Sons, of Belfast, are a specialty of this house. Ladies', gentlemen's, and children's underwear, the Union flannel suit, and many choice novelties in neckties, satin and plush ribbons, bows, and other articles of neck-wear, always in stock, and of the latest importations. Fine lace goods and ruchings constantly on hand. The Harris seamless gloves also a specialty.

Have you seen the new styles of "Montagues" at Sullivan's, No. 120 Kearny Street?

You will never look again exactly as you look now. There is matter of reflection here for those who are looking their best now. Perhaps you can not afford an oil portrait till Sierra Nevada gets up to a good selling figure. Then get a photograph, and the superior picture can be painted from that. Dames & Hayes, at 715 Market Street, take photographs that are better likenesses than the human face. It is true; all the incongruities, the inconsistencies, the faults of nature, that quarrel with the general effect, disappear in these pictures—melt out, as it were. They make the sun an artist, in short. How it is done—with what magic of posing, or witchery of light and shade—how should we know?

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California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and attachable Flounces: Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

This paper is printed with ink furnished by Chas. Eneu Johnson & Co., 509 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, and 59 Gold Street, New York.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

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MR. FRANK MAYO.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17, positively last four nights of the great success,

STREETS OF NEW YORK,

With its great Fire Scene, and others attractive specialties.

Friday, Oct. 18 (Farewell Benefit of Frank Mayo); also, Saturday Matinee and Evening, Schiller's great play,

THE ROBBERS.

Monday, October 21, magnificent production of

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And first appearance in English of MATHILDE COTTELLY and MAX FREEMAN.

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On Monday, October 14th, and during NEXT WEEK,

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This (Saturday) Afternoon, at 2 o'clock,

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Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Oct. 12 and 13,

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE, -
THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY, -

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THE CHINESE QUESTION.
SPECIAL NOTICE.

Monday, Oct. 14, COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT to

MR. THOMAS MAGUIRE.

First performance in San Francisco of

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE,

In a prologue and five tableaux, adapted from the French of A. d'Ennery, author of "A Celebrated Case," and "The Two Orphans."

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The New Republic. By W. H. Mallock. Cloth.....\$1 50
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Etc., etc. Ladies will find only the latest novelties of this season's production from London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. Our cutters and fitters are thoroughly reliable, and combined with moderate charges we can confidently ask a share of public patronage.
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PETER COOPER AND THE BOYS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes: I met the venerable Peter Cooper yesterday. He is now eighty-eight years old, and still drives down town almost every day, in his old-fashioned one-horse carriage.

In person, Mr. Cooper looks strikingly. He wears his white hair long, hanging down his back. His hat is a wide-brimmed Kossuth; his nose is arched like a parrot's beak, and over his eyes he wears huge eight-cornered goggles. He looks as if he had come down from the last century.

"The year I was born," said Mr. Cooper, "New York had only 27,000 people. It was about half as large as Syracuse."

"Do you feel as if you had outlived all your companions, Mr. Cooper?" I asked.

"Yes, I have outlived them all. Bryant was four years younger than I. Richard H. Dana, now ninety-one, is only two and a half years older than I am; he is about the only old friend left. There is a class of boys, like George Lincoln, Emerson, and Longfellow, however, coming on, who—"

"What! Do you call Emerson and Longfellow boys?" I interrupted.

"Why, yes. Longfellow is seventeen years younger than I am, and Emerson is thirteen years younger. Thomas Carlyle is now eighty-three; he would be a very proper companion for me; but Tennyson, who is sixty-nine, and Tupper, who is sixty-eight, are altogether too young and frisky for old Peter Cooper."

"Yes," continued Mr. Cooper, "my old friends are all dead—Morse, Greeley, Seward, Chase, Farragut, General Scott—all gone! I can ride the whole length of Broadway now and not see a single familiar face."

"At what age do public men generally die?" I asked.

"Well, they generally die under seventy. Death will make fearful havoc among the fifty-year old men during the next twenty years. Not one in fifty will live to be older than seventy; not one in a hundred will live to be as old as I am."

"Let's see, s-e-v-e-n-t-y," mused Mr. Cooper. "Suppose all of our public men should die at the age of seventy, and after I am dead—say twenty years from now—suppose some young man like Webb Hayes should call the roll—that is, the death-roll in 1898?"

This is the way the great men now living would answer, "provided they died at the age of seventy," said Mr. Cooper, figuring on a slate:

Ex-Senator Hendricks? Answer. "Let's see. Hendricks is fifty-eight," mused Mr. Cooper. "He's got twelve years to live if he dies at seventy. So the answer in 1898, twenty years from now, would be, he died eight years ago."

"And the others," continued Mr. Cooper, continuing his figuring on a slate, "would answer this way:

Charles Reade? Answer. Died fourteen years ago, aged seventy.

Oliver Optic? Answer. Died six years ago, aged seventy.

Senator Thurman? Answer. Died in 1882, aged seventy.

Robert Browning? Been dead sixteen years.

Mark Twain? Got only seven years to live.

George W. Curtis? Died four years ago.

Ralph Waldo Emerson? Been dead twenty-five years.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe? Died sixteen years ago.

Martin Tupper? Been dead eighteen years.

Willie Collins? Died three years ago.

John Ruskin? Been dead nine years.

John G. Saxe? Died twelve years ago.

Henry W. Longfellow? Died twenty-one years ago.

T. H. Huxley? Been dead three years.

Oliver Wendell Holmes? Been dead eighteen years.

Simon Cameron? Died twenty-five years ago.

Charles A. Dana? Been dead eleven years.

Alexander H. Stephens? Don't remember any such man.

Samuel J. Tilden? Died twenty years ago.

Henry Ward Beecher? Been dead eighteen years.

Bret Harte? Got eleven years more to live.

Susan B. Anthony? Died fourteen years ago.

George Eliot? Died in 1850, aged seventy years.

Darwin? Been dead nineteen years.

Swainburne? Got to die in nine years.

Eli Perkins? Must die in eleven years.

Donald G. Mitchell? Been dead six years.

Jeff Davis? Don't remember when he died.

"Won't it be a sad thought to you, that you, who are now thirty-nine, will probably live to see all those great names pass away?" mused Mr. Cooper.

"The babe in arms to-day, twenty years from now," said a friend standing by, "will look upon poor dead Ben Butler, Tennyson, Beecher, Longfellow, and Emerson as we now look upon Edgar A. Poe, Thomas Paine, Tom Corwin, and Sam J. Tilden. I use Mr. Tilden's name among the very dead men," he said, "because one arm, one ear (left), one eyelid, and one leg which Mr. Tilden carries around have been paralyzed and dead for years. In fact, half of Sam Tilden has been dead for twenty years, which is the same to the public, for the purposes of science, as if the old man had entirely died ten years ago."

A correspondent of the New York Times writes: You probably saw the story of the row in the palace car. Some wag, observing Mr. Beecher hanging his hat, managed to detain him in the smoking-room until all had retired, slipped out, and removed the hat to a peg over the berth of an antiquated lady of single privities. When Mr. Beecher essayed to retire there was a shriek, and every head was popped out to see what the row was all about, and there stood Mr. Beecher, amazed while Mrs. Beecher, from the adjoining berth, exclaimed: "Oh, Henry!"

Patrick Malloy, a well known political aspirant, was found by his friend in a saloon the other day, looking very disconsolate and weary. "Why, Pat, what's the matter, you look as blue as a toad under a harrow."

"Faith and I've good reason to be. We've had twins in the family, and them twins is born politicians. They are alternates, and work the ward lively. One yells all day, and the other yells all night, and, begorra, between the two I haven't slept a wink for the last ten days."

Brightly shines the moon, lightly laughs the loon as he dallies with the spoon of a two shilling stew.

"How can we help our town?" asks a Chicago editor. Did you ever try leaving it?



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Coast can surpass the ARLINGTON in the airy cheerfulness and convenience of its arrangements. None can equal it in the natural and artistic beauty of its surroundings. The readers of the ARGONAUT will be pleased to know that the problem of combining solid comfort within doors, inexhaustible pleasure without, and calm contentment all the time, at a very economical rate of expenditure, has been solved at the ARLINGTON, and is respectfully submitted by
GEO. T. BROMLEY, Manager.

BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the interests of higher education, and in opposition to the cramming system of the small colleges and military academies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th. Examination of candidates for admission July 22d and 23d. By request, instructions have been provided during the summer months for students preparing for the August examinations at the University. For catalogue or particulars, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL,
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NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

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Next quarter will commence October 7, 1878. For circulars, address

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chant Street, Room 16. Probate divorce, bankruptcy, and all other cases attended to.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.

You are hereby notified to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by reference to the complaint on file herein, to which your attention is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL OF COURT.) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,

No. 629 Kearny Street.

OFFICE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA

Silver Mining Company—San Francisco, October 2d, 1878.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at a meeting of the Trustees of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company, held this day, a special meeting of the stockholders of said Company is hereby called, the same to be held at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, on MONDAY, the fourth (4th) day of November, 1878, at two (2) o'clock P. M., to take into consideration and decide upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said Company from ten million (\$10,000,000) dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each, the present capital stock, to fifty million (\$50,000,000) dollars, divided into five hundred thousand (500,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each.

JOHN SKAE, CHAS. H. FISH, JOS. CLARK, A. E. HEAD, R. N. GRAVES, Trustees

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, Storey County, Nevada. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 12th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 7) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 2, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the seventh (7th) day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirtieth (30th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third (23d) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirteenth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR-POTOSI MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth (5th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 15) of five dollars per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighth (8th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-ninth day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPA-

ny.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 10th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 33) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the fourth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the sixth (6th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 33) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighth (8th) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.



COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1878.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. At Stage connections made with this train. PARLOR CAR attached to this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and Way Stations. Stage connection made with this train at SANTA CLARA for Pacific Congress Springs.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SUNDAYS AN EXTRA TRAIN will leave for San Jose and Way Stations at 9.30 A. M. Returning, will leave San Jose at 6.00 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and other points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

Also, Excursion Tickets to Monterey—good from Saturday until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH, Superintendent, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at GOSHEN for Summer, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, and YUMA.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, October 4th, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the GEYSERS.

Connections made at Fulton on the following morning with Fulton and Guerneville R. R. for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10.35 A. M.)

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, Excursions, Steamer "James M. Donahue," connecting at Donahue with trains for Cloverdale and way stations. RETURNING—Trains will leave Donahue at 4.40 P. M., and arrive at San Francisco at 6.55 P. M.

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Supt. P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento. J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco.

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

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Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND OF Standard Reputation, playing from one to over one hundred airs. The largest and best assortment in this city. MUSICAL BOXES WITH CHANGEABLE CYLINDERS always on hand. New and interesting styles constantly received. Call and examine our stock. REPAIRING OF MUSICAL BOXES thoroughly done in all their particularities.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Branch of House, 680 Broadway, New York.

MOODY'S Drug and Prescription STORE,

Northwest corner Polk and Pine Streets.

Prescriptions prepared with care from the purest of Drugs and Chemicals.

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER

7, 1878, and until further notice.
TRAINS AND BOATS
WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE at FERRY LANDING, MARKET STREET.

7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry), arriving at San Jose at 9.45 A. M. Connecting at Niles with train via Livermore, arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. (Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Idene, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Galt at 3.40 P. M.

(Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M. DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.29 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M. DAILY, SOUTHERN Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop and Stockton, Merced, Madera, Visalia, Summer, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.30 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 7.30 A. M.)

4.30 P. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 6.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M. DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at Melrose.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To Alameda	To Berkeley	To East	To Niles	To Redwood	To S. P. & T. R. R.	To Stockton
Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	8.10	6.10	7.00	7.30	8.10
7.10	1.00	8.00	9.10	7.10	8.00	8.30	9.10
8.10	2.00	9.00	10.10	8.10	9.00	9.30	10.10
9.10	3.00	10.00	11.10	9.10	10.00	10.30	11.10
10.10	4.00	11.00	12.10	10.10	11.00	11.30	12.10
11.10	5.00	12.00		11.10	12.00		
12.10	6.00			12.10			
1.10	7.00			1.10			
2.10	8.10			2.10			
3.10	9.20			3.10			
4.10	10.30			4.10			
5.10	11.40			5.10			
6.10	12.45			6.10			

B—Sundays excepted. C—Sundays only.
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From
Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.	Oakland.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.10	12.30	7.05	8.15	6.10	7.05	7.30	8.15
7.10	1.00	8.05	9.15	7.10	8.05	8.30	9.15
8.10	2.00	9.05	10.15	8.10	9.05	9.30	10.15
9.10	3.00	10.05	11.15	9.10	10.05	10.30	11.15
10.10	4.00	11.05	12.15	10.10	11.05	11.30	12.15
11.10	5.00			11.10	12.00		
12.10	6.00			12.10			
1.10	7.00			1.10			
2.10	8.10			2.10			
3.10	9.20			3.10			
4.10	10.30			4.10			
5.10	11.40			5.10			
6.10	12.45			6.10			

B—Sundays excepted. C—Sundays only.
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M.—12.15—1.15—2.15—3.15—4.15—5.15 P. M.
FROM OAKLAND—Daily—8.10—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M.—12.05—1.05—2.05—3.05—4.05—5.05 P. M.
B—Daily, Sundays excepted.

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.
A. N. TOWNE, T. H. GOODMAN, General Supt. Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 BUSH STREET, ABOVE KEARNEY, SAN FRANCISCO.

G. MAHE, Director.

S. P. C. R. R.—(NARROW GAUGE).

NEW ROUTE TO ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE AND SANTA CRUZ.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1878.

Commencing Saturday, June 1, 1878, and until further notice, trains and boats will leave San Francisco, at the new Ferry Landing, Market St.:

5.00 A. M., via Alameda Ferry, daily, for Alameda, West San Leandro, West San Lorenzo, Mount Eden, Alvarado, Hall's, Newark, Mowry's, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, San Jose, Lovelady's, Los Gatos, and Almad.

9.20 A. M., via Alameda Ferry, daily, for Alameda, Newark, Alviso, Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Almad, and all way stations, connecting at Los Gatos with Colgrove's stages for Oil Wells, Patchen, Mountain Charley's, Martin's Ranch, Scott's Valley, and SANTA CRUZ, or via Wright's Summit, Hotel de Redwood, Comstock's Mill, Mason's Grove, Sequel, to SANTA CRUZ. Also, connecting at Los Gatos with Blabon's stages for Saratoga and CONGRESS SPRINGS. (Dinner at Los Gatos.)

4.20 P. M., via Alameda Ferry, daily, for Alameda, Newark, Santa Clara, San Jose, Almad, and all way stations.

On Saturdays only stages will connect with the 4.20 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Santa Cruz and Saratoga. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4 A. M. Monday (breakfast at Los Gatos), arriving in San Francisco at 10.15 A. M.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS

Will run as follows:

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO DAILY.

A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.00	6.40	9.20	10.30	4.20	6.20

LEAVE HIGH STREET (ALAMEDA) DAILY.

A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.40	7.30	9.26	10.30	4.26	7.00

* Sundays only.

THOS. CARTER, GEO. H. WAGGONER, Superintendent, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ, SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, September 2d, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, AND SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR HONOLULU, April 27th, and every four weeks thereafter.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, GAILIC, OCEANIC, BELGIO.

Saturday, May 18. Tuesday, June 18. Thursday, Aug. 1. Saturday, Aug. 17. Tuesday, Sept. 17. Wednesday, Saturday, Nov. 16. Tuesday, Dec. 17. October 16.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. DAVID D. COLTON, President.

RE-OPENED.

HAYWARD WAREHOUSES

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Agent at Virginia, Nev.....GEO. A. KING
Agents at New York, (C. T. CHRISTENSEN,
(62 Wall Street.) } GEO. L. BRANDER.

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits, available in any part of the world. Makes Transfers by Telegraph and Cable, and draws Exchange at customary usances. This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

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LONDON BANKERS.....Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smiths.
The Union Bank of London.

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No. 422 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

London Office.....3 Angel Court
New York Agents.....J. & W. Seligman & Co

Authorized Capital Stock.....\$6,000,000
Surplus Earnings..... 150,000

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FREDK F. LOW, } Managers.
IGN. STEINHART, }
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO

Capital.....\$5,000,000

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WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

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The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christians, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

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Vice-President.....C. D. O'SULLIVAN.

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John Sullivan, Gust. Touchard,
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Joseph A. Donahue.

Treasurer.....EDWARD MARTIN
Attorney.....RICHARD TOBIN.
Office, Northeast corner of Market and Montgomery Streets

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Remittances from the country may be sent through Wel s, Fargo & Co.'s Express Office or any reliable banking house, but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit.

A proper pass-book will be delivered to the agent by whom the deposit is made.

Deposits received from \$2.50 upward. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

ODD FELLOWS' SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated.....October 13, 1866.
Reorganized.....August 7, 1878.

OFFICE, No. 238 MONTGOMERY ST.

Authorized capital and reserve fund, \$292,000

MARTIN HELLER, President.
JAMES BENSON, Secretary and Cashier.

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The Tailor,



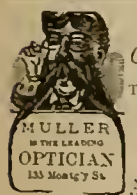
203 Montgomery St. and 103 Third St. has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.
Suits to order from\$20
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Samples and Rules for Self-Measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.



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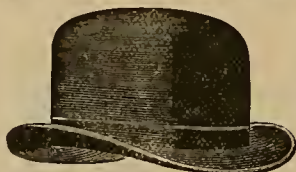
HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 65.—The monthly dividend for September will be paid on October 10th, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street. CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

San Francisco, October 5, 1878.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 14 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Saturday, October 12, 1878. Transfer books closed on Wednesday, October 9, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary. Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE OF THE BODIE GOLD Mining Company, Room 3, San Francisco Stock Exchange Building, No. 37 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal., October 9, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held to-day, a regular dividend (No. 3) of two dollars (\$2) per share was declared, payable on Monday, October 14, 1878. WM. H. LENT, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE EUREKA CONSOLIDATED Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, October 5th, 1878.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 37, Nevada Block, San Francisco, on Monday, the twenty-first day of October, 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, for the election of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented. Transfer books closed Tuesday, October 15th, at 3 P. M.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of October, 1878, an assessment (No. 16) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday, the third day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors. JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Feuillet.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

A few moments afterward I was asked to sing something. My voice is a mezzo-soprano, pretty strong and somewhat cultivated, but I dislike to use it in public. My friends know this, and as a general thing do not ask me to sing. However, I went to the piano, and began that air from *Norma*, "Casta Diva." My surprise was great, and my mortification not less so, when I noticed that Captain d'Eblis, after a few moments, opened the door of the *salon* very softly and disappeared. I thought it a very shabby proceeding, but I did not the less continue to warble my notes with that conscientious care with which I do every thing. I had just finished in the midst of murmured compliments when Monsieur d'Eblis returned, and coming up to me said, pointing to a window that had been opened on account of the heat of the evening:

"Roger is there on the seat in the court-yard. He would be exceedingly grateful to you if you would have the kindness to sing that air from *Norma* again."

"Very willingly," I answered, and commenced singing with all my heart.

I was well repaid for my trouble. Madame de Louvercy, who stood overjoyed beside the window while I sang, leaned over it the instant I left the piano and exchanged a few words with her son. Then she came forward, took my hands in hers, kissed me, and said with much emotion:

"I thank you, for his sake and for my own. It is the first time for a long period that I have seen any appearance of happiness in his face."

It was a success indeed to have drawn this savage from his cave. I am proud of it, and I shall sleep over it the sleep of the blessed.

June 25th.—For eight or ten days I have stopped writing, my scruples again overcoming me. I feared giving a reality to my dreams by fixing them on these pages. I was afraid of strengthening (and pleasing myself in doing so) impressions which it were better to let vanish into thin air; and it was my grandmother, who again, without knowing it, encouraged me to follow my fatal inclination, and continue those confidential relations with my locked book and with myself.

When I went into her room this morning to wish her good day, she kissed me with more than usual tenderness, and then, holding one of my hands in hers, she asked:

"Have you nothing to tell me, my child?"

"I think I have, grandma."

"Ah! Has Monsieur d'Eblis been making love to you?"

"I don't know, my dear grandma, that Monsieur d'Eblis has made love to me, for he did not say a word which in the slightest degree appeared to be a declaration; but he seems to like to be near me. He addresses me with a sort of respect and confidence, and at times even with a certain timidity of manner which I do not notice when he is with others. He addresses me as though the matter was a personal one, and takes in the least thing which I utter as though my words were pearls. If that is what is called making love to a woman, I really think he has made love to me a little."

"I have noticed it," said my grandmother, gravely, "and all that does not displease you."

"No."

"No. Very naturally; but the house is not on fire yet, is it? You are not crazy about the gentleman?"

"Crazy! No."

"He simply pleases you?"

"Yes, a little."

"Yes? Well, me also. Listen to what I have to say, my dear child. We did not come here for the purpose of looking for a husband; but if we find one here, it is just as well to take him here as anywhere else. Isn't that so? Only understand, my dear little one, that this is an affair of a most serious nature—one over which we must think twice before deciding. From the moment that I noticed the behavior of the gentleman I did not wait three minutes before I asked Madame de Louvercy about him, and, moreover, I have written to Paris and informed myself thoroughly as to his standing. Well, all these investigations result in the fact that there can be no serious objection to him. But allow me to say, child, that neither my opinion nor the opinions of others should for one moment influence your personal feelings. There are no serious objections to him, and that is all: family, reputation, fortune even—all as they should be, and very suitable. But, notwithstanding all that, I conjure you, *ma chérie*, do not yield too quickly, too easily, to a first impression. Take time to consider it. I know you well, my child. If you are not happy you will be miserable. You are of the kind who do not love twice, of the kind that must not deceive themselves. When you have opened your heart to a tender sentiment—when love, to speak clearly, shall have entered there—there he will remain; he will seat himself on a royal throne to leave it only with life."

The angel within me, as Cécile says, had for some time whispered, though in less benevolent words, the truths which grandma uttered aloud. He put me on my guard; he warned me that my first would be my only love, all-powerful, eternal—that it must be well-chosen, or I should die from its effects.

These are mere phrases; but I believe them.

To love the man who deserves all my affection, all my esteem, and all my respect, and to be beloved by him, is my dream. Am I really and truly near, very near, its realization? Let us see for a moment.

That a man like Monsieur d'Eblis, of an agreeable and imposing appearance, refined manners, great merit, of an heroic, and at the same time amiable character—that a man thus constituted, and apparently almost perfect, should answer all the ambitions of a woman's heart, nothing can be more simple. That a young girl who feels, or believes that she is honored by the particular attentions of this superior being, should be flattered and touched by them—that she should find a peculiar pleasure in her daily intercourse with one possessing his soul and intellect—that she should feel a secret pleasure in the thought of some time exchanging this intimacy of a few days for a union which would last forever—again, nothing can be more simple or more natural.

But what appears to me, unfortunately, to be less natural and certain, is that a man like Monsieur d'Eblis, who, it seems to me, can choose at his pleasure, throughout all the world, a companion worthy of him, should in so short a time become seriously attached to this pale and romantic Charlotte. It is so easy to believe what one wishes! Am I not deceiving myself? Am I not the dupe of a few polite attentions which have been offered me because they could not be offered elsewhere? We are in the country; one becomes bored, Cécile is seen surrounded on all sides and very much occupied, and I on the contrary am neglected—that seems unjust, and a few little attentions are offered to me for humanity's sake.

And is that all? Still, if I mistake not, he is incapable of disturbing a woman's peace for his own amusement. And yet how have I been able to please him? By what merits? If I have any, he can not have discovered them. I do not easily reveal my thoughts and feelings, nor tell my secrets. I have told him nothing more than I ought to tell about matters of little consequence. I know that I am not wanting in beauty; and without doubt, at first sight, it is attractive even to a man like him. But if that were all, how many women much more beautiful than I am has he not met in his life?

After considering the matter well, I think that my principal virtue in his eyes, and that which gains me his sympathy, is the compassion I feel for his friend Roger. It is quite evident that friendship for Monsieur de Louvercy is his dominant passion, and he can not help liking all that encourages it. From the day of his arrival I have unthinkingly helped to cultivate this weakness; and, as I call things to mind, I have often had opportunities of touching this tender spot in his heart. You must know that Monsieur Roger, thanks to the kind influence of Monsieur d'Eblis, has for several days come to our table. The first time that he consented to do so our surprise was very great, and very great our pleasure, particularly that of his mother. The poor woman was delighted. He had had his hair cut, and had taken care of his dress, which he generally neglected. His handsome, pale, fierce-looking countenance brightened and softened little by little in our company, though he became gloomy and drew within himself the moment anything reminded him of his infirmities—for instance, whenever he needed assistance in helping himself at table, and in sitting down and rising. It was in these little things that I found means of showing him the sincere commiseration with which he inspired me. After dinner he generally remains for a little while on one of the garden benches which are just under the basement windows.

The other evening Cécile and I, noticing that he was not comfortably seated, made a sign to each other. She ran to the *salon* for a pile of cushions, which she passed out of the window to me. Monsieur d'Eblis, to whom I handed them, tried to place them so that the arm and leg of the wounded man would rest upon them; but he went the wrong way to work, and, jokingly scolding him for his awkwardness, I said to Monsieur de Louvercy:

"Allow me to try;" and with a woman's tact soon adjusted the cushions.

As Monsieur de Louvercy was thanking me with some diffidence, Monsieur d'Eblis said gayly to him: "Isn't she an excellent nurse, Roger?"

Monsieur d'Eblis seemed more grateful to me for these little attentions than did the one who was more directly the object of them. At such times he regarded me with a deep, pensive, and, I think, almost tender look. Nevertheless, whatever may be his feelings for me, they are only betrayed by these slight evidences of his gratitude, and by the pleasure with which he appears to seek my presence and make himself agreeable to me.

Is this sufficient, *mon Dieu*, to render it wise for me to open my heart, and nourish in it a predilection which to-day is only a passing reverie, but which to-morrow, if I am led away by it, may become an everlasting passion?

July 5th.—This morning, after an almost sleepless night, I arose with the dawn—that is at seven—intending to do something extraordinary. Taking under my arm my precious locked book, and in one hand my parasol, and in the other my bamboo case which holds my writing materials, I passed quietly out of the North Tower by its southern door. Fronting the door is a long avenue, at the left of which is a winding way. At the end of the way there is a grove, and in the grove a statue of Flora, Ceres, or Pomona, with a rustic table and three chairs. A charming spot, particularly on a beautiful morning like this! A religious half-light reigns

there; the branches of the trees fall over and cross each other, forming as it were a thick lattice, through which it is difficult to make out a few patches of blue sky. The sun casts here and there on the sand, on the chairs, and on the shoulders of the goddess, a few luminous bands—a few rays which seem stained by the colored glass of a church window. A delicate odor of orange blossoms passes off with the dew from clusters of white acacias; and to finish all, one hears from the ravine, which one can not see, the musical gurgling of the little brook that feeds the swan's pond and then passes away, one does not know where.

Neither does one know how the idea came into the head of Mademoiselle Charlotte d'Erra to choose this delicious spot in which to write what happened last evening. Perhaps she wished to richly frame with gold and with flowers a simple episode in the life of a young girl, which might become—if God in his goodness were willing—the first page in the life of a young wife.

After dinner yesterday, we were, as is our daily custom, spread over the court-yard of the château, breathing the fresh evening air mixed with the perfume of roses and cigars. Monsieur de Louvercy was smoking as he reclined on his favorite bench in the midst of the cushions we had heaped about him. Cécile, always as unsteady as a star, all at once conceived the unfortunate idea of playing with the crutch of her cousin. At first she examined it timidly; then, taking it up, she brought it to her shoulder as though it were a gun. Her father has just sent her a small one, with which she proposes to kill all the rabbits and squirrels in the park. In the meanwhile she went through the exercises with the crutch, taking careful aim with it at imaginary rabbits, represented by Messieurs Henri and René de Valnesse. I noticed that Monsieur Roger was scowling and Captain d'Eblis biting his moustache. I cast my sternest looks at Cécile, but had my trouble for my pains. Encouraged by the enthusiastic admiration of her two lovers, she cruelly aggravated the folly of her action by placing the crutch under her arm and trying to walk with it, with one foot in the air as her poor lame cousin does. She took a few steps in the court-yard in this way with a very serious air and without the slightest thought of wrong, simply to see, as she said, if it were very difficult. Monsieur Roger pretended to smile, but I could see a frown on his brow. Perceiving it, I was going to Cécile to warn her, when Monsieur d'Eblis stepped before me. He went quickly up to her, and said in a low tone, but with much vivacity of manner, a few words which I did not hear. But I heard Cécile answer him perfectly:

"Always reproofs."

"This, I think, is well merited," said Monsieur d'Eblis.

She seemed taken aback, as though hesitating a moment between her devil and her angel; then returning with quick steps toward the house, she gently rested the crutch against the bench, and breaking off from the trellis which goes over the window a sprig of jessamine, she began to put it in Monsieur de Louvercy's button-hole.

"Let me decorate you, cousin," said she.

Monsieur Roger snatched the flower from her hand and threw it on the sand.

"You are crazy," said he. Rising immediately, he bowed slightly to me, and went in.

As soon as he disappeared, Cécile clasped her hands, and, raising her shoulders, exclaimed:

"There are times when I could kill myself!"

Then sinking upon the bench, she hid her face in her hand and began to sob. Monsieur d'Eblis gave me a look and a smile; then stooping over toward Cécile, he said:

"Come, mademoiselle, your grief is excessive for so small an affair—mere child's play. Well, what do you say," added he, as he picked up the sprig of jessamine; "are you willing that I should take your poor little flower to him?"

Still weeping, she made a sign that she wished he would; then raising her head a little, and smiling at Monsieur d'Eblis through her tears, she said:

"You are always a father to me."

We walked a little distance away to allow her to recover herself. All the guests of Madame de Louvercy walked up and down in groups, chatting in undertones as though penetrated with the beauty of the night. It was mild and very beautiful. A moon of dazzling brightness filled the vast court-yard with its limpid light; the water in the basin was like a sheet of silver, in the middle of which the two large swans slept immovably in their snowy whiteness. Exchanging with each other words of little import, Monsieur d'Eblis and I went and came between the end of the basin and the first trees of the avenue, whose arches in the midst of this light were as dark as a cathedral at midnight. After some moments of silence, I remarked to him that so quiet and peaceful a scene must form a striking contrast to his *souvenirs* of the war. He stopped, and said:

"Mademoiselle, have you the gift of second sight?"

"I have hardly the gift of first sight," said I, laughing, "for I am very near-sighted. But why do you ask me that question?"

"Because at that very moment my memory brought back a scene of my military life—on a night like this, less mild, but quite as peaceful."

"Will you tell me about it?"

He paused, sighed, and then bowed slightly:

"Oh, *mon Dieu*, yes," said he. "I was then just below Metz. On the night of which I speak I was charged to carry some orders, the meaning of which appeared but to

I was more particularly ordered to stop the march of one of our regiments, the number of which I have forgotten. I had caught up with it, and stopped it in fact, and was about to go on. I was only waiting to let my horse blow a little. We were at the time in a plain near a village called Colombey, I think. The awful storms which marked those unlucky days had ceased for a few hours; a calm looking moon was reflected in the ponds of water which covered the fields in every direction. The imagination brings strange things together. There is certainly but little in common between the pleasing order of everything which surrounds us here and those desolate swamps; yet that moonlight on the water reminded me of them just now, and those beautiful swans which are sleeping there made me think of my escort of dragoons, as motionless as they in their long white cloaks. The regiment, waiting further instructions, kept its ranks. They had lighted a large *fiacre* fire, around which some officers were conversing in a low voice and with very sad looks. Rumors of a capitulation had circulated through the camps ever since the previous day. The Colonel, who was a man in his prime, with moustaches just turning gray, was walking up and down alone, at a little distance apart from the others, crumpling in his hands the order which I had brought him. All at once he approached me and seized my arm: "Captain," said he, in the tone of a man who wishes mortally to provoke another, "two words, if you please. You come from headquarters—you ought to know more than I do—this is the end, is it not?"

"They say so, Colonel, and I believe it."
 "You believe it? How can you believe a thing like that?"
 "He let go my arm with a jerk, took a few steps, and, coming roughly up to me again, he looked me in the eyes:
 "Prisoners then?"
 "Colonel, I fear it."
 "There was another pause, and he remained some time facing me in an attitude of profound reflection; then, raising his head, he asked, with extraordinary emotion in his voice:
 "And the flags?"
 "I don't know, Colonel."
 "Ah! You don't know?"
 "He left me again, and walked aside for five or six minutes; then, advancing to the front of his men, he said, in a tone of command:
 "The flag!"

"The subordinate officer who bore the flag stepped out of the ranks. The Colonel seized the staff with one hand, and raising the other toward the corps of drummers, 'Beat the roll!' ordered he. The drums beat.

"The Colonel had drawn near the fire, carrying the flag on high. He placed the staff on the ground, looked around the circle of officers, and uncovered his head. They immediately followed his example, and the attentive troop of soldiers kept a death-like silence. He hesitated for a moment, and I could see his lips tremble, and his eyes cling with an expression full of anguish to those glorious shreds of tattered silk—sad emblem of his country. Finally, he was decided; and bending a knee, gently embedded the eagle in the burning brands. A more vivid flame shot up suddenly, and clearly lightened the pale faces of the officers, some of whom were weeping.

"Beat the roll!" ordered the Colonel, and for the second time the lugubrious roll of drums soaked with rain resounded through the air.

"He put on his kepi and came toward me: 'Captain,' said he, in a stern voice, 'when you arrive down there, don't have any scruples—not one—about telling what you have seen. I salute you!'

"Colonel," said I, 'will you let me embrace you?'
 "He drew me violently to his breast, and almost stopped my breath as he pressed me.

"Ah, my poor child!" murmured he, 'my poor child!'
 At this part of his story, Monsieur d'Eblis turned away from me, and I heard a kind of sob. I could not help offering my hand to him. He seemed astonished, took it, and pressed it very hard, saying:

"You understand all that one must suffer at such moments, don't you?"

"Yes." And as I attempted to withdraw my hand, he retained it gently.

"If any thing in the world," added he, "could make one forget them, it would be a moment like this."

I did not answer, and he gave me up my hand. After taking a few steps in silence, I said:

"Let us go."
 "Well, any thing that you wish."

And we went in.
 Nothing more. But from so reserved, so true a man, is it not much, is it not every thing? His words, when I recall them, when I read them, seem almost insignificant; but the expression he put in them, so deep, so tender, so penetrating—was it not that of a heart which offers, devotes, consecrates itself? I think so truly. And to judge by myself, one such moment, one single instant on which two souls are brought together and unite so closely, is sufficient to make them belong to each other on earth, and in heaven, and forever. Oh, I beseech Thee, my God, let me not deceive myself!

July 13th.—For several days I have not had the courage to take my pen in hand. I do not know what has happened. I do not know what wicked *genius* has touched the chateau with his wand, cast a gloom over all our spirits, embittered all our tempers, and changed all hearts—except mine, alas!

The first symptoms of this disturbance became manifest on the very evening that so happy an impression had been left on my mind, and I fear so deceptive a one. When I rejoined Cécile under the parlor windows after separating from Monsieur d'Eblis, I thought she seemed angry with me, and I asked her the reason. As usual, I had to beg her for some time to get her to tell me, and then, as I insisted, she drew me under the lilacs, and told me very seriously, and with a bitterness quite unusual from her mouth, that I was a bad friend, that I completely neglected her interests and betrayed her confidence, that I was amusing myself she did not know how, while she was hanging suspended in the air between her two admirers in a horribly painful and even ridiculous situation. My head bent under the storm, acknowledging to myself that I did somewhat deserve the reproaches, and that for some time I had been more preoccupied with my own interests than with hers. I calmed her as well as I could, pretending that it was so difficult to choose, and

promising to have a conversation with her very soon, and try to come to some decision.

It seems that at that very moment a much more serious quarrel was taking place between Captain d'Eblis and Monsieur de Louvercy, and no one could tell on what account. I merely learned from Madame de Chagres that Monsieur de Louvercy, who had gone in immediately after the little scene with Cécile, soon after returned to the court-yard; that he had accosted Monsieur d'Eblis the moment I left him; and that they had talked together under the shadow of the gloomy arch of the avenue. There they had heard them converse in a most excited manner. Madame de Chagres said that the voice of Monsieur de Louvercy gave evidence either of anger or of a most distracting grief. They were afterward seen to cross the court-yard in silence, Monsieur d'Eblis sustaining Monsieur de Louvercy, who seemed to walk with more difficulty than usual. A little while afterward Madame de Louvercy was sent for. Her son, they said, had a severe nervous attack. After this accident three or four days elapsed without his appearing among us.

Monsieur d'Eblis also kept much away from us during the same interval. He was closeted all day with his friend, or drove over the fields with him, and we saw them only at meal times. He was remarkably sad and quiet, his manner toward me embarrassed, and his words unusually cold, and one would say affected. If it were possible for me to think that I had been in question in this quarrel with Monsieur Roger, and that the latter had slandered me, I should believe it. But that supposition is inadmissible. Whatever may have been the cause of their disagreement, no trace of it now remains between them. Their friendship seems stronger than ever; one would say that it has become strengthened by some new bond. This feature is more apparent in Monsieur Roger's manner, whose conduct toward Monsieur d'Eblis gives evidence of a certain penitence of feeling, as though he had done something which he wanted forgiven. It is clear that the wrong is on his side. But what wrong?

Madame de Louvercy knows, apparently, for she is more thoughtful than usual. From contact, doubtless, my grandmother seems preoccupied, and the Messieurs de Valnesse themselves, as well as their sister, seem to be dreaming in corners.

As for me, I will not dwell on what I experience. I was soaring through the heavens among the stars; suddenly my wings were clipped, and I fell heavily to the earth. That is all. I am forcing myself to forget the blissful illusion of a moment, but I can not—I never shall be able to, I fear.

July 22d.—Have I not perhaps too soon yielded to a feeling of despair? It seems to me now, that after that unaccountable disturbance everything has returned to its accustomed order. Monsieur d'Eblis did certainly suffer from a severe shock which at first overcame every other feeling in him, and which he had great difficulty in getting rid of. But he has driven away the cloud little by little, and seems now to be entirely free from it. He has also resumed his old habit of chatting pleasantly and confidently to me, but not without a certain sadness and constraint of manner. Under his seriousness, however, he possesses a fund of humor which Cécile in particular has the power of exciting. That charming, honest, fantastic, crazy character interests and amuses him. While blaming, he likes those capricious and cunning ways, a mixture of the graceful and grotesque, which she is so full of. Yesterday morning, for instance, she resolved to try her skill with a gun in a wood beyond the park. We all accompanied her. Monsieur d'Eblis, in his quality of soldier, was asked to preside over this dangerous expedition. The rabbits ran about the wood like mice in a garret, but it is unnecessary to say that Cécile killed none. She came near laming the Messieurs de Valnesse, however, who had to jump behind a tree whenever she took aim.

As we were returning gayly from this fruitless campaign, following a road opening through the wood, Cécile all at once spied in the very middle of it, just before a green gate, one of those brown stone pitchers used for milking.

"Do look," said she; "there is a pitcher down there walking along all by itself."

Put out by her want of success with the rabbits, she conceived the bright idea of taking her revenge upon this unfortunate pitcher. Quickly bringing the gun to her shoulder she fired.

"I did hit it," cried she, and there in fact lay the pitcher smashed to pieces, while a stream of milk was trickling all over the ground. At the same moment the milkmaid, not at first seen because she was busy shutting the gate, appeared suddenly in the road. She was a little country girl of about ten years of age, whose flaxen hair was partly hidden by a cap. When she perceived the wreck of her pitcher, the poor child threw up her arms in great consternation. She seemed stunned for a moment, and then burst into tears, saying that her mother would beat her, she was sure.

"No, no! Don't be alarmed," cried Cécile. "I'll pay for the milk."

While speaking she ran forward, and noticing that the bottom of the pitcher still held a considerable quantity of it, she exclaimed: "How lucky, for I am as thirsty as a wolf!" and putting her lips down drank with zest. Then stopping to take breath, and noticing the admiration with which we all regarded her, for she was really charming with her bit of pitcher in hand and every dimple smiling, she cried out, "A 'Greuze'!" and then began to drink again. After she had had enough, there still remained some milk in the broken pitcher.

"Who will have some?" asked she. Monsieur de Valnesse, the *brun*, seized the pitcher with avidity and moistened his lips.

"It is worth twenty francs," said Cécile.
 The young man laughed, drew forth his purse and gave her a louis. Monsieur de Valnesse, the *blond*, drank in his turn.

"Twenty francs," repeated Cécile. "Now it's your turn, Captain," said she to Monsieur d'Eblis, but he did not take it.

"Mine, Mademoiselle?" asked he. "I don't like milk, but here are my twenty francs."

(CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

Characters never change: opinions alter, characters are only developed.

HOBSON'S EXCURSION.

On Wednesday last Mrs. Clarissa Hobson entered a suit in the District Court of Alameda County against John Hobson.

On the same day and afternoon John Hobson entered a similar suit in the County of San Francisco against Clarissa Hobson.

Mrs. Hobson's complaint and affidavit charged desertion. So did Mr. Hobson's.

The chain of circumstances which led to this sudden disposition to separate, after a blissful wedded existence of thirty years, is certainly worthy of being described. In my humble opinion half the suits for divorce entered in San Francisco have their origin as did this one of Hobson vs. Hobson and the other of similar name and title.

On Saturday last Mr. and Mrs. Hobson sold out their ten shares of Gould & Curry, which had been purchased at low quotations, and feeling a trifle elated over the realization of money acquired without any special mental or physical endeavor, determined to take a little run from San Francisco across the bay, and concluded that a private excursion to San Leandro would fill the bill.

They were informed by the clerk at the Palace Hotel that the boat connecting with the San Leandro train started at three o'clock P. M., and returned promptly at five the same afternoon.

Hobson was particularly anxious to go and return that day, so as to not miss a meal at the Palace, where he was paying his board by the week.

Crossing the ferry they got on the train at Oakland Point, and were quickly whirled up to Alameda, where they got off and looked about them. It was evidently not San Leandro.

Hobson prowled about the place to find some one who could tell him the next move to make, leaving his wife on the platform.

Presently he was accosted by a flash female whom he had noticed had sat behind him all the way.

She said she was anxious to reach San Leandro. Dobson said he was bound for that same point, at which the woman remarked that she would keep him in sight.

Then Hobson and his wife jumped into a sort of open omnibus, followed by the strange women, and were taken across a sort of bridge to Oakland.

Then they took a car and went to Brooklyn. Here was a delay of half an hour. One of the employees of the road, who is paid \$30 per month to mislead travelers, said that the cars would start soon; but the conductor, who is paid \$100 a month to complete the work begun by the underling, sent Hobson and wife across the country to catch the horse-car.

The strange woman followed, and presently began to attract the attention of Mrs. Hobson.

"Who is the woman who follows us so close?"

"I don't know, my dear; never saw her before."

Here the woman overtook Hobson, and remarked:

"I thought you said you were going to take me to San Leandro?"

A hack was passing. Mrs. Hobson hailed it and got in.

"I see I am in the way, Mr. Hobson," she said airily.

"If you are going about the country making assignments with such creatures, pray don't take me along as a blind. Drive to the Grand Central immediately, Mr. Driver, immediately!"

She slammed the door, the hack started, and left Hobson and the strange woman staring first at each other and then at the departing hack.

As a matter of course the hackman drove Mrs. Hobson to the Grand Central? No, to Tubbs', where she learned that the driver could not speak the English language.

Mrs. Hobson now got on a horse car to go to Oakland Station. It took her, however, the wrong way, and she met a car containing Hobson going the other way. She saw Hobson and the woman, who was still determined to make the unfortunate man her guide.

Reaching the terminus Mrs. Hobson took the back track for Oakland. Being alone in the car she gave herself up to her own gloomy reflections.

At nightfall the driver reached a stable, where he put up his horses, saying he went no further that day.

The stars came out one by one, and the melody of the vocal frog filled the damp air. She now began to feel that she was alone.

The driver next ran the car into a sort of stable, which caused Mrs. Hobson to vacate the place and set out on foot.

Alone in the trackless wastes of Alameda. She knelt down to pray. Let us leave her struggling with Providence.

Meanwhile Dobson, after tiring himself out chasing the hack, started for San Francisco, where he expected to meet his wife, and arrived in due form at Lathrop, San Antonio, Alameda, Newark, Petersville, Oakland Station, Oakland Point, Elm Cottage, and seven other points not on the map.

The woman who was the cause of his sufferings stuck to him all the way, and would not be shaken off. She was out of money, and Hobson was obliged to buy all the tickets.

He finally purchased a ticket to Sacramento, and she said she guessed it would be easier to reach it than to get to any place in Alameda County. Exit flash woman.

Dobson reached the Palace next day, and did not find his wife. Concluding she had eloped with the hackman who drove her off he entered a suit for divorce.

As soon as Mrs. Hobson could find a lawyer she did the same.

The time-tables, schedules, railroad maps, and tickets purchased by Hobson and Mrs. Hobson, will be introduced as evidence to show the whereabouts of the two parties. Hobson will of course see all in a different light before the trial is half over. So will Mrs. Hobson.

Then he will sue the Central Pacific Railroad Company for conspiring to cause him to travel nine times over their road when he only feels inclined to travel once.

The brakemen, conductors, ticket agents, and switch tenders will be criminally prosecuted as accessories.

An impartial jury will give him a verdict for a million damages, and the Hobsons will start again in the world.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1878. SAM DAVIS.

Our ideas, like pictures, are made up of lights and shadows.—*Joubert.*

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Our Tiny Contributor relates certain Fish Stories and Endeavors to Oblige a distant Correspondent.

One day ole Gaffer Peters cum to our hous with his fishn pole and sum worms, and he sed to Uncle Ned: "Eeder les go a fishn."

But Uncle Ned, wich, thot it was Sundry, he sed no, cos that wude be whicked.

Then Gaffer was a stonish, and he sed: "Wot do you mean? It aint Sundry, cos its Mundy."

Uncle Ned he thot a wile, reel a shamed, and then he sed: "I kano that wel a nough, Gaffer, but to a man wich has ben in Injy, and evry were, it is jest the same thing, cos Mundy is the Sabth of the Galoots, and mebbay thay is right, I wont take the chances."

But Gaffer he sed: "I aint got no respect for the relidgous scoopils of them hethens in their blindness wich bows down to wooden stone, but if you are one of em Ile go a fishin ol alone by my own sellef."

After a wile Uncle Ned he wocked out to were Gaffer he was a fishin, but he had went to sleep with his fish line in the water, but he had cot some and they was in a basket. Uncle Ned he cum to the house and got sum dride herrins and he took ole Gaffers fish away and put the dride herrins in the basket and one on the book too, and cum a way. Bimeby I seen Gaffer cumin back, and Uncle Ned he put on his stoppe hat and his Sundry gloves and went out to meet Gaffer, and fore Gaffer cude speak a word Uncle Ned he sed: "Wy, Gaffer, you ben fishin agin? If you haint any spect for the lidgious faith of the Galoots I think you ot to hav for our own Sabath."

Gaffer he got wite like a sheet, and tride for to say sum thing, but he cudent cos he was trembly. Then Uncle Ned he sed a nother time: "I shude think a feller wich fishes on the Sabath, sted of goin to church, like Ime a goin now, wude be struck senseless for a week, and his fishes wude dry up, and mebbay blo a way. Thats how it wude be if you was a Galoot, but I gess our Providence aint so strick bout them things as the wooden stone feller."

Then ole Gaffer, which was witer and witer evry minit, an more trembly, he sed: "No, nothing of that kine has happen to me, but I jest ben up to Sackermerto for a fue days."

Then Uncle Ned he sed: "Cum, Gaffer, les go to church or we will be late."

But Gaffer he cofied a little, and blode his nose, and then he sed: "Eeder, I gess I wont go to meetin anny more. I ben goin some, but that's cos I like Mister Pitchel, thats the preacher, but at hart I was always a Galoot."

But wen Gaffer got home and foun out it was Mundy yet, and he badden bet gone but jest 2 hours, he was the hopinest mad ole man wich was ever saw!

Jack Brily, the sailer, wich wude be a offie liar only he giv me a kite, he was tellin ole Gaffer one day how he was to Virginny City, and how he set an fished down a mine with a fish line 20 hundred feet long. Gaffer he sed: "Wot a wopper, I ben to Virginny City my ownself, and I kano the whoter in the mine is bilin hot."

Theo Jack he said: "Thats wot makes it so eesy for to catch em, you only got to use ice cream for bate, them pore fish is jest crazy for ice cream."

But Gaffer he sed: "Wy, Jack Brily, do you think Ime a idiet, if there was fish in that woter they wud be biled;" and Jack he sed: "Thats jest it, Gaffer, thats jest the idee, cos I dont con sidder fride fish is fit for to be et."

But gimme plenty tatoes, and mints pize, and pserves, and some do nots, and mlases, and sos, and Ile take em fride and biled too.

My father he sed: "Johnny, did you ever hear a bout Jony and the wale?"

But I sed: "You cant fool me, you want me to say yis, and then yule say taint so, cos twassent no wale at all, but only jest a fish, and wales aint fishes."

Then my father he sed, my father did, reel sollum: "No, Johnny, it was a wale, I give you my werd of onner it was a wale, and wot I wanted for to pint out is that the Bible says that he was throte up by the wale after bein swollered, but it stans to reason that it wasent so. No, Johnny, he must have be come part of the wale, cos wen he was shet up in the stomach of its belly the thot of home an frens wude natuly make him blubber."

Then my mother she spoke up an said: "Henry," cos that is fathers giv name, "any one which wil falsfy the Scripiter, and put his werd against a Bible truth for sech a joke as that, wil go were the werm dieth not."

But my father he said: "Ile take along a early bird, and we wil have some fun with that feller."

A man wich lives in Luzanny has rote to me, and he says the man does, can I tel him wich is the most imorl, men or wimmin? So I ast my sisters yung man, which she got married to; and he sed: "Wel, Johnny, it de pens on what the fool means by imorl, if its drinkin wisky, an playn cards, and chune 2 backo, and ftin, and swarin, he can beat the wimmen fokes ol to deth at that, but if he means bein ol night comin to bed wen the mometer is ten degrees blow Nero, wy thay can giv us pints and git a way with the game evry time."

Wen he had went out I shode the letter to my sister, and ast her what did the man mean by bein imorl, and she loked ol round the room and then she sed: "Means to enjoy hisself, I spose, the notty feller!"

But I sed: "You dont understand, wot is it for to be imorl?"

Then she thot a wile, my sister did, and then she looked at her new shoes, and Billy he has got sum new boots too, with legs to em, not like hern, and after a wile she got reel red like beets, and she sed: "Johnny, you needent say any thing, but I gess he means kissin."

But if thats so the wimmin fokes is the most imoral, cos the men dont kis no body but jest them, but they kises the men, and their selfs too, but if a uthor boy wude kis me Ide wack him on the snoot of his nose.

SAN RAFAEL, October 16th.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goethe.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

The Tress of Hair.

A single strand of golden hair,
How comes it here upon my shoulder?
Blown from the head of lady fair,
Where did I meet or last behold her?
I'm certain that she must be young,
And pretty? Yes! But then I wonder
What pain it was her heart that wrung,
And made her tear her locks asunder?

"Only a woman's hair," wrote Swift,
Form words so tender and so bitter,
In each light breath to sway and drift,
And in each passing ray to glitter,
Slight tendrils of most sacred vines—
Oh, think upon it, ye who bind them—
These little threads, these slender lines,
Will drag the whole world behind them.

It isn't yours, O lady mine,
Down from the wall serenely gazing,
While in my heart "that look of thine"
The ghost of buried hopes is raising.
There may be one would prize this hair
As I the look from those soft lashes;
There may be one, I can't tell where,
And so—I'll throw it in the ashes.

T. GRAY ASHTON, in *Peterson's Magazine*.

In Praise of Sleep.

There is a Land where nightly I repair,
At whose dim gate I lay my cross aside,
Stretch out my arms toward Rest as toward a bride,
And am withal assuaged. Ah! even there,
Beyond fond hope, beyond the stress of prayer,
Beyond the hurt and smart of wounded pride,
With no more hunger for sweet things denied,
My heart has rest and respite from despair.
O Land of mystic shapes and languid pleasure!
Waste field of poppy, without track it seems;
O scentless lilies, by the voiceless streams
Where come my ghosts and dance a silent measure,
Hold my lost joy now only in dear dreams;
Give back to me, sometimes, my buried treasure.

I have no heart in me for Love's delight.
How sweet the summer was. I know its spell,
Who care not now what stars may have to tell.
For me the day is void, and void the night.
Upon her dim and inaccessible height
Fame stands above me, robed and crowned. Ah, well,
Let those who love her find her pleasurable,
She hath nor grace nor merit in my sight.
I only am in love with tender Sleep—
Dew on my sad unfruitful flower of life,
Of which no man the memory may keep.
O most divine forgetfulness of strife,
My sky is not too gray, my path too steep,
While thou art mine, for friend, for love, for wife!

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

An Air-Castle.

I built a house in my youthful dreams,
In a sunny and pleasant nook,
Where I might listen the whole day long
To the voice of the gurgling brook;
A cottage, with wide and airy rooms
And broad and shining floors—
A house with the bidden charms of home
And the freedom of out-of-doors.

Fair morning-glories climb and bloom
At will by the eastern eaves,
And on the doorstep and window-sill
The roses shake their leaves,
And fair old-fashioned lilacs toss
Their purple plumage high,
While honeysuckles drop their sweets
On every passer-by.

Down at the end of a pleasant path
Is a group of evergreen trees—
Pine and hemlock, and spruce and fir,
With their spicy fragrances;
And, sweetest picture of calm content
That mortal ever saw,
Under a low-boughed apple tree
Is a bee-hive made of straw.

I have pictured it all a hundred times—
I shall do it a hundred more;
But I shall never own the pleasant home
With the roses over the door.
Never a dream of mine came true—
It is Fate's unbending law;
I never shall see the apple tree,
Nor the bee-hive made of straw.

But yet in the airy realms of dreams,
Where all my riches be,
I enter into the heritage
Which is else denied to me.
I have but to close my eyes to find
My Eden without a flaw—
The home, the garden, the apple tree,
And the bee-hive made of straw.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN ("Florence Percy"), *Baldwin's Monthly*.

The Ballad of Prose and Rhyme.

When the roads are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls and the doors are shut,
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the lattice climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the casement shows,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarrest toes,
When the mind, like a beard, has a "formal cut,"
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "wanton prime,"
Whenever Sir Romeo courting goes,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts didactic strut,
In a changing quarrel of "ayes" and "noes,"
In a starched procession of "if" and "but,"
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows,
And the birds are glad in the pairing time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY.

In the valley of life, for its needs and woes,
There is space and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever the joy-bells clash and chime,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

AUSTIN DOBSON, in *Belgravia*.

FLIRTING FACTS.

A jealous man with a pretty wife who will flirt is in a very unenviable condition.

Of what use is it for him to forbid her to go to this or that place, or to speak to such and such young men.

Either she will boldly refuse to obey him, or she will promise—only to deceive.

To watch her day and night is manifestly impossible.

The husband must occasionally go to see a friend, and the moment his back is turned the wife is at liberty.

He may hire a man to watch her in his absence; but, as the man who can be hired to watch a wife is necessarily open to bribery, he will certainly be bribed by the wife or by her friends.

The Turk is enabled to calm his jealousy by keeping his wives locked up; but there is no American wife living who, if locked up in the third-story back room, could not contrive to escape within fifteen minutes after her husband's departure from the house.

Among certain tribes of savages the husband breaks his wife's nose, or in some other equally effective way renders her no longer attractive to young men; but these wretched heathen have never heard of the proverb of biting off—or otherwise disfiguring—one's wife's nose in order to spite one's personal face.

If some association of philanthropic business men were to fit up a safe-deposit office, where wives could be left whenever their husbands were absent from home, jealous men could feel a reasonable confidence in the permanence of their domestic happiness; but the experiment is yet to be tried.

Various crude and unsatisfactory schemes for the prevention of flirting on the part of married women have been tried from time to time.

There was a man somewhere who cut off his wife's beautiful yellow hair on the pretext that it was a vain and unchristian adornment of her person, but really in order to prevent her from receiving visitors until the hair should grow again.

This, however, seriously impaired the wife's value, and was merely a modification of the savage nose-breaking process.

Another man constantly spread abroad rumors that his wife was suffering from diphtheria or scarlet fever; but, finding that there were young men who could not be thus terrified, he finally contrived to have her inoculated with the small-pox.

For about a week he enjoyed the success of his ingenious plan, but at the end of that time his wife died, putting him to the expense of a funeral and the annoyance of being without a wife for nearly five months.

The most noteworthy plan which was ever devised for enforcing marital faithfulness was that tried by a Chicago man.

Two years ago he married a widow of remarkable beauty and a well earned reputation.

She had never been accused of any really immoral act—such as eloping with a poor man or an impostor—but being extremely fond of admiration and society, she was the centre of a group of young men who were currently said to bask in her smiles, though there is a difference of opinion among scientific authorities as to what constitutes basking.

The latest husband of this charming woman is a man of a particularly jealous disposition, and his acquaintance propheesied that the widow would drive him to insanity, murder, or suicide, in a very brief time after the honeymoon.

He was well aware of the difficulties of his position, but calmly determined to prevent his wife from flirting, and was strengthened in that determination by the open pity which his friends expressed for him.

It so happened that he had learned through some occult source that the widow's teeth, which were marvelously beautiful, were false.

He was the only human being besides the dentist who possessed this terrible secret, and he felt well assured that it would enable him to repress all flirting tendencies on the part of his future bride.

The honeymoon was passed at the Lakes, and no opportunity was given to the wife to indulge her fondness for society other than that of her husband.

On the very first morning after the pair returned to Chicago the husband rose early, put his wife's entire set of teeth in his pocket, and coolly informed her that hereafter he should never leave her alone without taking her teeth with him.

Tears, entreaties, and threats had no effect upon him, and he carried off the teeth, remarking, as he went out of the door, that it was his duty as a husband to guard her from the approaches of designing men, and to thus prevent any shadow of discord from blighting their married happiness.

For the next three months that unhappy wife was never seen apart from her husband.

Scores of young men who called upon her in his absence were politely told that she was not at home.

Obviously, this was the only course which she could pursue.

Every day when her husband went to business he carried her teeth with him; and she would sooner have died than have shown herself in a toothless state.

Every evening her teeth were restored to her, and she was permitted to receive calls in her husband's presence.

The whole neighborhood was lost in wonder at her absolute cessation of flirting, and hundreds of husbands were ready to offer unlimited wealth to learn how she had been so completely subjugated.

Last week, while the husband, with the teeth in his pocket, was about to leave his place of business and to return home, a note from his wife was put into his hands.

It informed him that, weary of his intolerable cruelty, she had eloped.

The companion of her flight was a man both of whose legs had been shot away.

"We have offset my teeth against his legs," said the note, "and we can overlook each other's peculiarities."

"Don't you love her still?" asked the judge to a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

Habit is ten times nature.—Wellington.

BONBONS.—FRENCH AND OTHERWISE.

There are some who never would have loved if they never had heard it spoken of.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest yell of duty.

An inquisitive country gentleman thus accosts a boy who is tending pigs: "Boy, whose pigs are those?"

"The sow's, sir," is the prompt reply.

"Well then, whose sow is it?"

"Father's."

"Well, well, who is your father?"

"If you will mind the pigs I will run home and ask my mother."

Patriotic Frenchman discussing the prospects of war in Europe: "Ah! I would give half my fortune to prevent another invasion of the soil of my beloved country."

Enthusiastic friend: "Noble heart!"

Patriotic Frenchman: "Yes, I had too slow a time in Belgium the time of the last one."

An old maid from Boston, a Miss Warren, leaves the hop-room with a young gentleman from Cincinnati to sit in the flirting balcony.

After sitting there ten minutes, saying little and looking at the moon a great deal, Miss Warren draws a long sigh, and says:

"Nobody loves me, my dear Mr. Johnson, nobody—"

"Yes, Miss Warren, God loves you, and—your mother loves you."

"Mr. Johnson, let's go in."

And five minutes afterward Miss Warren has another young gentleman on the flirting balcony.

A scientific gent lays his finger on the table in front of a buzz saw to feel the momentum of air.

The saw is going so fast that the teeth are not to be seen. His finger is taken off.

While he is looking at it the foreman comes up with the question: "How did you do it?"

"Why, I put my finger down so," he answers, placing the other forefinger as he thinks well away from the teeth.

Both are horrified to see the saw take that one, too, clean off at the second joint.

If you want to have a man for your friend, never get the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion is made up of the average prejudice of womanhood.

At a discussion meeting held by negroes the question of the evening is: "Which am de mudder ob de chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chicks?"

The question is warmly debated, and many reasons, *pro* and *con*, urged and combated, when a shrewd fellow puts the case thus:

"S'pose dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?" This is a poser, but the chairman extricates them from the difficulty.

Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announces: "Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; therefore I rule the ducks out."

And so he does, to the complete overthrow of those who hold a different opinion.

Her pa was one of the Montgomeries de Montflomerie, though she married a Smith. (A Smith, not a Smijth, or a Smythe, or even a Smyth, but merely a Smith.) This fact she liked to make public upon her cards and in her formal correspondence. Thus when she gave her garden party the invitations ran:

"Mrs. Smith (*née* Montgomerie de Montflomerie) begs to invite," etc., etc.

Among the guests was an aged colonel who dearly hated a snob. Also, his nose was tip-titled like the petals of a whole bouquet of flowers. He took his pen quickly and wrote:

"Colonel Blank (*nez Retroussé*) accepts with much pleasure," etc., etc.

The proprietor of a great restaurant, just recovered from a recent illness, is at the desk, supported by his faithful wife and partner.

"Number heleven's bill, sir," says the waiter.

"Lemme see. Bisque for two—15 francs."

"Twenty francs, dear," says his wife, softly.

"Yes, 20 francs. Turbot—25 francs."

"Thirty francs, my love," says his spouse. "Why, Isidore, you are hardly yourself yet."

"How are the stairs?" said the lady to the house agent; "not steep, I hope?"

"Steep, madam? I should say not. It's the easiest staircase I ever saw in my life. Why it's so easy that when you're going up you'd swear you were going down."

At Moscow, a traveler, enchanted by the beauty of some tapestries, which the dealer asserts are from the ancestral home of the Vypurchmofsky family, having been embroidered by a Princess of that house in the seventeenth century, and never having left the château, s'hel'p'm, till last week, asks their price.

"Twenty thousand francs, your Excellency."

"Twenty thousand francs! Why, I can get precisely the same articles in Paris for fifteen thousand."

"I know you can, but you add on the freight from Paris here, and the duties, and you'll see we can't sell 'em for a centime less than twenty thousand."

"Drunk again, Alphonse," said his indulgent master; "some night the police will take you to the hotel where there is no objection to your wearing your boots in bed."

"Thaz alli, olefer," hiccupped the valet with a wink of illimitable wisdom; "allers carryourcard mypock—thinks you. Shee?"

THE OLD STORY.—IN OLD METRES.

I.—The Meeting.

(*Rondelet.*)

A pair of eyes! Ah, how they beamed;
I saw them and they pierced me through!
I gazed in speechless joy and dreamed
Of heavenly light from stars most true.
Of glistening gems most fair to view,
Of all bright hopes that ever gleamed.
A pair of eyes! Ah, how they beamed;
I saw them and they pierced me through!

When first their splendor shone, I deemed
My duty then to die or do;
Her fate was mine, for well it seemed
That eyes like hers must shine for two.
A pair of eyes! Ah, how they beamed,
I saw them and they pierced me through!

II.—The Wooing.

(*Villanelle.*)

Don't laugh, treasured maid, in my face,
And say I don't know my own mind,
While Love yearns for loving embrace.

For my words with my thoughts must keep pace;
I beseech you, sweet maid, then be kind;
Don't laugh, treasured maid, in my face.

I am hasty, perhaps, and my ease
May be one that can scarce be defined,
While Love yearns for loving embrace.

Affection defies time and place!
Then, pray let your heart be inclined;
Don't laugh, treasured maid, in my face,
While Love yearns for loving embrace.

III.—Doubt.

(*Triolets.*)

What! ask mamma and let me know?
Why don't you ask yourself, my own?
'Tis not *her* joy—'tis not *her* woe.
What! ask mamma and let me know,
And then consent if she say so?
Just ask your heart and that alone,
What! ask mamma and let me know?
Why don't you ask yourself, my own?

I promise you that she'll consent
If you say "yes," in fondness free.
If on love's triumph you are bent,
I promise you that she'll consent.
Oh, ask her to your heart's content,
But not until you've answered me.
I promise you that she'll consent
If you say "yes," in fondness free.

IV.—The Reply.

(*Rondeau.*)

Forever mine! Is life so sweet?
Is this delusion or deceit?
Or has the gift most rich and rare
Of daily thought and nightly prayer
Been laid at Love's victorious feet?

There is no tongue with utterance meet
To sing of pleasure so complete
As this, new-born in accents fair,
Forever mine!

We feel the pulse of passion beat!
Soft music for the soul's retreat
In lover-land, where weighty care
Grows lighter than the empty air.
Ah, love, those magic words repeat—
Forever mine!

V.—The Marriage.

(*Ballade.*)

Have ye wooed, have ye won, is the wooing
Of a maid not a world of delight?
Oh, the charm of the playful pursuing
Of love from its noon to its night.
But the heart that shall feel not affright
When the glee of its passion is done,
Shall hold in its tenderest sight,
But the perfect sweet image of One.

In fair bowers, ye wooers renewing
Mad vows in a passionate plight,
When the harvest of hearts now accruing
Shall gather around ye in might,
Ye will ask is there none to requite,
For a love that shall last with the sun?
And then there shall rise ever bright
But the perfect sweet image of One.

Ere the deed that shall know no undoing
Shall bind you in penance contrite,
Ere the pathway that joy has been hewing
Through roses be ended in blight,
It were well—were it not, it were right,
Ere the new page of life be begun
To feel that Love's soul can invite
But the perfect sweet image of One.

ENVOY.

Poet—whose verse in mad flight,
Has worshiped strange maids as they run;
Thou art wedded! Then learn to indite
But the perfect sweet image of One.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Suodny, October 20, 1878.

Tomato Soup.
Muskmelon.
Lobster en Coquille.
Broiled Snipe on Toast.
Green Peas. Egg Plant.
Roast Beef. Sweet Potatoes.
Vegetable Salad.
Lemon Pie.

Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Peaches, Figs, and Plums.

To COOK LOBSTER EN COQUILLE.—Cut the lobster into small pieces; mix them with Bechamel, or cream sauce; sprinkle over with bread-crumbs, and brown slightly in the oven. The lobster is put in scallop-shells before baking.

The ex-Empress Eugenie does not rise from her sewing-machine when gentlemen call on her, but works the cushioned pedal more merrily than ever. Eugenie has a very pretty foot.

The St. Louis *Post* says: "In his youth the Boston *Post* funny man wanted but little ear below. He got that little long."

FROM MY SKY-PARLOR.

The occupant of the sky-parlor mourns for the apathy and prosaic character of events in his block in Grub Street. He has no fashionable movements to record among its elite. Grub Street, like Calypso, can not console herself for the departure of her Ulysses MacDooligan, the millionaire, who, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," sits upon his throne on Nob Hill. His charming family are in Europe. A live dis-Count, we learn, is paying devoted attention to the fair Margaret. Bernard's frequent presence gladdens the waiters at Mabile. He had heard that all Frenchmen are victims of the romantic passion; the only romantic passion he says he has noticed in them is what Artemus Ward calls "a romantic passion for gratuitous drinks." Mamma can be daily seen riding in the Bois de Boulogne, with her faithful attendant, her young nephew Lawrence MacShinnegan, from a neighboring island on the other side of the channel. She is very busy arranging a *fête champêtre* like those of Le Petit Trianon, in honor of a distinguished American general who wears as decorations all the different corps badges of the Army of the Potomac on his manly breast. She will receive dressed as a Watteau shepherdess, the MacShinnegan coronet of diamonds above her fair brow, a crook in her hand, and leaning on the arm of the distinguished general, who will have his mustaches fiercely waxed out by a first-class French artist for this especial occasion, and a Napoleonic curl on his forehead after the manner of General Daniel Butterfield. The young gent in the hosiery department of the palatial dry goods store on Kearny Street has made a turn in stocks. His aesthetic tastes are now devoted to the purchase of brilliant and stunning cravats. He has become the sole possessor of a diamond pin that lately glistened in the windows of Uncle Harris. Though he has not the *divine afflatus*, he is redolent of *patchouly* and Savage's Ursina. When the occupant of the sky-parlor first reached these hospital shores he made the acquaintance of a young gent, who, on a certain occasion, attempted to give him a lesson in the proprieties. While walking on Kearny Street the occupant stopped at one of the windows to feast his eyes on the opulence of watches, jewelry, sabres, compasses, and so forth, therein displayed. The young gent seized his arm and hurriedly withdrew him from the spot. "It may be thought nothing of in the Empire City," said he, "but in San Francisco it is quite vulgar to stop at the windows of pawn-shops." A few weeks after this event he met the young gent at an afternoon concert, and noticed him casting sheep's eyes on a very pretty, well dressed young lady. He was very dilatory in leaving the concert-room, and when they finally moved off the occupant perceived that the goddess immediately preceded them. The young gent's whole figure seemed to dilate at the nearness of her presence. They were approaching a pawn-shop. Seized with an inspiration of revenge, the occupant quickened their pace till they were immediately behind the divinity, and then drawing out a five-dollar gold piece ostentatiously, he exclaimed, in loud and guileless tones: "My dear fellow, I am tired of seeing that silver watch of yours hanging in that window. Here, go in and redeem it." Since that memorable event young David does not recognize his Jonathan, but the occupant of the sky-parlor now stops at all the windows of pawn-shops, especially on Saturday afternoons. The occupant of the sky-parlor has been to see Mèropé a number of times. He finds it is generally pronounced Mee-rope by fair damsels here. But that he is forbid, he could a tale unfold of the delightful and profound criticisms that he has heard during his visits to the Lost Pleiad (Ply-ad). Two young ladies have been indicated to him, each as the bright particular one whose arms were the models of those of Mèropé, and another fair visitant, who spends much time there, has her ears tingled not unpleasantly with the whispering comment that her hands inspired the hands which Rodgers wrought from the marble. Certainly he has heard no one lay claim to having furnished that sharp angular chin. Wherever he goes, however, he finds one universal wail and lamentation on account of the anticipated dullness in society this winter, owing to the absence in Europe and the East of A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, who, on account of their great wealth, and consequent ability to give sumptuous entertainments, have ruled society here. Even phlegmatic Dutch bands bewail this prognosis of events over their beer. Perhaps some Mrs. Cheese-Cream or Mrs. Syllabub may aspire to take the pas in that line this winter. A good deal of this kind of froth has been beaten up from the bottom lately, and is as full of inflated bubbles as some wash-tub over which she may have diligently stooped in departed days. M.

Ye Quail Hunter.

The foolish cow frisketh her tail and cheweth her cud and goeth forth with joy to browse in the thicket the whole day long.

But the wise cow knoweth that quail shooting hath begun, and she harkeneth unto the voice of wisdom, which saith, Lo! the hunter is come anon, girt about with the shot-pouch and the powder-horn, and in his hand he carrieth a weapon, the barrel of which be doubled.

And he goeth about seeking the birds that do run upon the ground with exceeding swiftness, that he may ensnare them and slay them with the weapon, and devour them, even upon toast.

And the weapon goeth bang, and ye heareth the sound thereof, and ye smellsthe powder, but ye knoweth not, nor doth any man know whereunto the discharge appertaineth.

For it flyeth with haste into the thicket and into the region located thereby, even into the whole territory thereunto adjacent.

And it falleth upon the cow, and it smiteth her sore, so that she lifeth up her tail and flyeth, being sorely and grievously displeased.

But the bird escapeth the wrath, and from a rail in a remote corner of the land laugheth he the hunter to scorn.

Therefore has the wise cow said in her heart, I will lay me down in the home pasture, and will not go into the thicket, nay, not for the hunter or any udder man.

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

INGERSOLL ON BOBBY BURNS.

A Talk with the Western Orator about the Scottish Poet of the People.

At the Pennsylvania railroad depot in Jersey City I saw Bob Ingersoll last Friday morning, buying tickets for Washington. He had that morning landed from the steamship after a tour of a portion of Europe. Soon after we started on the express, the great infidel appeared by my side and answered a few inquiries I desired to make.

"Where have you been, Colonel?"

"I have been to Scotland, sir; I have been to the grave of Robert Burns; in fact, I have chased Burns' history from point to point, and that was my main purpose in Europe."

"I suppose you are going to lecture on Burns; now, tell me how you came to pick out that subject for a lecture."

"Because Burns hated the Presbyterians. Although a Scotchman, and raised in the Kirk, he had sense enough to despise John Calvin and his ministers."

"Colonel, I have a very obscure idea of Robert Burns. I know that he is idolized by his countrymen, but his dialect I don't understand. What was he?"

"Burns," said the Colonel, "was a simple peasant with a big brain. He looked out on the world and saw jackasses eminent in it; he saw merit depressed and talent poor, and flunkys in the law. He held Almighty God responsible for such a distribution of things, and he shot his darts from the beginning at God himself for doing such injustice to His human creatures. Burns was emphatically the republican poet of the British kingdom. It is true that once or twice in his deep poverty he threw butter over some aristocrat who patronized him with money or an office; but the natural expression of the man was indignation, contempt, and laughter for the patronizing class." The Colonel then repeated a stanza from Burns' "Dirge" to show his republican spirit:

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

I said to the Colonel: "Give me an idea of how Burns began and ended his life. I mean the time."

"Burns was born in 1759," said Colonel Ingersoll, "at Ayr. He died in 1796, three years before Washington's death, and seven years after the French Revolution opened. Do you know that he sent two cannon to the French Assembly in honor of the revolution?"

"How the deuce could he buy two cannon, Colonel, when he was so wretchedly poor?"

"Well, as I understand it, these cannon belonged to a smuggler that came ashore, and they were put up at auction, and Burns got them cheap, and sent them, with his compliments, to the French."

"Did Burns sympathize at all with the American Revolution, which began when he was sixteen years old and had just begun to issue his poetry?"

"He did," said Colonel Ingersoll, and quoted as follows:

Poor Tommy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ha', man,
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blud to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man!

"Give me an idea, Colonel Ingersoll, of Scotland and the vicinage of Burns."

"Well, Scotland is a good deal like Massachusetts, an upland and sterile country, with indented shores and numerous streams. Burns originated on one of these creeks, the Doon, about a mile and a half from the ocean. The country is not remarkable; it reminds me a good deal of Central and Western Massachusetts. It was a very poor country at one time, but industry and an improved stage of gardening and farming have brought it up since Burns' time."

"Are you of Scotch descent, Colonel, that you take such an interest in Burns?"

"No; I take an interest in any man who adorns human nature and speaks his mind boldly. From my reading I formed a great admiration for Burns, and I think higher of the Scotch nation than the English. I can't like the English; they are such flunkies."

"How did you travel through the country where Burns lived?"

"I took a carriage and did it all up carefully. I went to the cottage where Burns was born to begin with. It was a mud cottage, only one story high, and with a single room, in area about eleven by thirteen feet, with only one window, about a foot square, one door, and a recess for a bed."

As Colonel Ingersoll gave this description I saw the tears start behind his glasses and silently run down his cheeks. He continued: "One end of this cottage was attacked by a storm the night Burns was born, and his father, William Burns, had to move him to another house, and when the cottage was repaired the couple and infant moved back again. There, in indigence, almost in squalor, the great peasant was born and passed his youth. He had to turn out and work as a common laborer from a boy. His father was a gardener."

"Colonel, did you discover any reason why such an intellect as Burns' should have been begotten?"

"Only the existence of a fine natural mind in the mother. His father was not at all remarkable. Scotland had no distinctive poet of the people in that rising time of individuality and liberty. Burns took great delight in stating that his father had been a Jacobite rebel, and fought the house of Hanover, and ought to have been hanged. All his life was marked by distress, mixed with Bohemian humor and indifference. He sold his effects at auction to avoid daint, and coming back home to the empty house of his friends, took all the money the effects had produced to have a good spree. When he awoke the next day, at twelve o'clock, and found every cent gone, instead of repining, Burns and his friends said: 'By George, we'll start it again,' and they went on the second night with the same drunk."

"Was he married once or twice? I forget."

"Once; his wife was Jean Armour, and she survived him several years. Burns left two sons; Robert, who died at Dumfries in 1857, and William, who died as late as 1874. The sons were well-to-do, and provided well for their mother. One of them was a full colonel in the British

army, and I think both had been in India. None of his blood exists to-day."

"It must have been an uninteresting trip for you there, Colonel, seeing none of Burns' tribe? Did you see anybody who had ever seen Robert Burns?"

"Not a soul. I did see, however, his two nieces, whose name is Begg. They were aged ladies, and unmarried. They were rejoiced at seeing me, and said to me: 'Our uncle has always been better appreciated in America than in Scotland. More and better pilgrims come to his grave from America than from any part of the world. More light has been shed on his genius by American orators and scholars than by Scotchmen.'"

"Colonel Ingersoll, why did not Burns, being poor and loving liberty, come out to America?"

"Well, sir, he did get ready to come to America, but not to the United States. He had an opportunity to be an overseer in Jamaica, and got all ready to start when he was induced instead to repair to Edinburgh and issue the second edition of his poems, which had begun to attract attention. He stayed in Edinburgh nearly a year, and that broke up his design of leaving Scotland."

"How far did Burns ever travel from his native district?"

"I think he was never south of Berwick-on-Tweed. He never was in London at all; he made one trip to the highlands of Scotland."

"Where did he die?"

"He died at Dumfries, fifty miles or so from the place where he lived. He died in a tenement part of a common house, and in the same street is now kept a ragged school. His dying hours were distressed by the constable, and his final words were devoted to cursing the creditor who pursued and disturbed him."

"I am surprised to learn that Scotland is not foremost in appreciation of Robert Burns."

"Well, the Scotch of our day are only less flunkies than the English. The British example embraces Scotland, and makes them bow down to rank and wealth. There are three monuments to Burns in Scotland, but all poor affairs; while Sir Walter Scott, a man who wrote without a heart, has magnificent monuments in every direction. I saw a monument in Edinburgh to George IV., a damned scoundrel. When I saw the inscription on its base I swore like a pirate. It said: 'This statue is erected to commemorate the visit of his Majesty, George IV., on such a day.'"

"You were disappointed, then, at the extent of the appreciation of Burns in Scotland? Did you see any signs on the taverns or shops to indicate that strangers were expected to be looking for Burns?"

"Yes, there were a few. On the whole, however, I was not satisfied with the hold Burns had on Scottish society. I went to almost every place where he resided or which he commemorated." Mr. Ingersoll then gave a list of such places, but I forget the names. He said that Burns was an excise officer—a gauger, with a salary of \$250 to \$350 a year. I expressed surprise that so good a poet could have been a small Custom House officer. The Colonel said, however, that Nathaniel Hawthorne had been a gauger.

"I possess," said he, "the first edition of Burns' poems issued at Kilmarnock ten years before he died. The second edition was issued at Edinburgh."

"Who now inhabits Burns' birth-place?"

"It was occupied by a person named Morley. When I went into the cottage and registered my name this man said to me: 'Are you Bob Ingersoll of the United States?' I said 'Yes.' He shook both my hands warmly, and said: 'There is nobody I am so glad to see. I served in the Federal army, Colonel Ingersoll, four years. I have read your lectures on "Liberty," "Hell," "Ghosts," etc., as they have been republished in this country in the *Reformer*.'"

"Colonel Ingersoll, did you see Burns' grave?"

"Yes; he was buried in one place, and then dug up and taken to another place. A lady who admired him very much asked to be deposited in the grave which had been emptied of him, and there she lies to-day. I was taken through the graveyard, and there was a sign up telling what fees were to be paid to see this and that pertaining to Burns. I said to the sexton:

"Don't you think it is rather mean business that the Church, which Burns detested and covered with odium, should be collecting money for showing his tombstone?"

"Yes," replied the sexton; "I'll be dommed if you ain't right."

"Are you dissatisfied on the whole with the places Burns wrote about?"

"No; they were all in miniature. The Bridge of Doon is only a little bridge of one arch and Kirk Alleyway is a very simple church."

"How much money did Burns ever possess?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars, or five hundred pounds, of which he sent nine hundred dollars to his brother at once to make him independent in his homestead."

"Did Burns accomplish anything? Do you see his influence on the liberality of the Scottish Kirk, for example?"

"Oh, yes; they have become much liberalized. At Glasgow and Edinburgh you see immense numbers of people going out into the country on Sunday, and lying down on the grass. The influence of such a man is unconsciously felt all through the country he belongs to. As I have said before, there is a great deal of time-serving in this Scottish character; but the ever arising generation of young people recognize in Burns the pioneer of independent thought and feeling in the race."

"Why are Burns' poems so coarse? I am told that there is great licentiousness even in Edinburgh?"

"That arises," said the Colonel, "from a want of the decent separation of the sexes. They are banded together without privacy."

"I suppose you went to Stratford-on-Avon after you made the rounds of Burns' locality?"

"I did, and spent some time in that vicinity."

"Did you recognize any resemblance between Burns and Shakspeare?"

"Yes, the same difference and the same likeness that you have between a cottage and a palace. Shakspeare's house and surroundings show a man in good condition; he was well-to-do. The only trouble I have in identifying Shakspeare is that he could ever have been an Englishman. The terrible severity of the English character is wholly foreign to the genius of Shakspeare."—*Gath, in Philadelphia Times.*

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

Women are like a cold—easily caught, but mighty hard to get rid of.

A Boston girl never thoroughly enjoys herself while bathing. She is too suspicious.

General Mite's mother is a widow. Perhaps it isn't necessary to give the rest.

The worst thing about a handsome woman is some other arm than your own.

Mrs. Partington says that her minister preached about "the parody of the probable son."

A Chicago woman has hair of mixed red and black, locks of two distinct colors being mixed.

A bachelor merchant's advice in selecting a wife—"Get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

Many a woman has spoiled a bright future by foolish pride, and saying no at the wrong time.

An old lady said she had often seen "men struck with a happy thought, but could never see where it hit 'em."

Mrs. Grundy says, tell a man the truth about himself and he will hate you, particularly if he affects to despise flattery.

When men, women, and opportunity meet, the devil sits down, knowing that the fire will burn without aid from him.

"Dipped into a weak solution of accomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be so highly educated.

The Memphis *Avalanche* says: "Parents have deserted children and children parents, husbands their wives, but not one wife a husband."

When a man returns home at night and kisses his wife with more than ordinary tenderness, she may be pretty certain that he has been into some mischief.

"Bob, did you ever see Miss Simpkins?" "No," replied Bob. "How do you know she is handsome, then?" "Because the women are always running her down."

A little girl wanted more buttered toast, and was told that she had had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece, and send for the doctor."

At a recent New York party a young lady sang, with touching effect, "I'm saddest when I sing," when a critic remarked: "Well, miss, I know of no one who has greater occasion."

"I should just like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear—so should I," said Mr. Smith, with exceeding earnestness.

Jennie June tells us that the young men of our country do not marry enough, but we are of the opinion that some of them marry too much. The trouble is they don't stick to the one they married first.

Twenty-one young girls of Kenosha, Wis., have "*Resolved*," That if the young men won't come and see us, we will go and see them." And the young men are stepping down and out, and taking to the woods.

The Post-office Department has ruled that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. But this decision does not prevent a man from carrying his wife's letter in his inside coat-pocket three weeks before mailing it.

A Virginia woman offers to sell her husband by auction, and apply the proceeds to the liquidation of the State debt. "I can recommend him to purchasers," she adds, "as a man possessing all the qualities a woman capable of controlling him could desire."

It was very discouraging to young genius, traveling with his sweetheart and her mother, to write home to the local newspaper that "the ladies' quarters were very large and handsome," and then have the word "quarters" come out in the paper "garters." But the other word wouldn't have been just the proper term either.

A tall, slim-waisted woman, aged forty, called at the Brighton House, Detroit, and demanded to be registered as a voter. When politely informed that she didn't belong to the voting sex, she struck the table with her fist, upset a bottle of ink, and said: "I'll vote if it takes me a thousand years!" And she'll keep her word.

Farmer Gilman fixed a gun in his melon patch, in Sumner, Iowa, in such a way that the person who stirred a certain large, ripe melon would receive a charge of beans. He meant to remove the gun in the morning if no thief was caught in the night, but before daylight his mother-in-law went out to get a melon, and got the beans. She was seriously wounded, and refuses to believe that Gilman did not set the trap for her.

Five noble and wealthy English girls are about to take the veil, all having considerable fortunes in their own rights. They are Lady Edith Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; the Hon. Constance Howard, sister of the Marchioness of Bute; two daughters of the Hon. Maxwell Stuart, of Traquhar, Peeblesshire, and the youngest daughter of Mr. Blount, of Mapledurham, the representative of the staunchest Catholic family among commoners in England."

We think of "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg" as a mere fable, and all the more so that her dress was looped up to the knee to exhibit it at her grand ball, and yet she actually had a precedent, for in 1795 a young Scotch lady had the audacity to intrude herself into the presence of her most chaste majesty, Queen Charlotte, at a ball at the "Queen's House," as Buckingham Palace was then called, with a silver gauze dress so festooned that at every turn of the Scotch reel her garter, with *l'amour* upon it in plain gold letters, stood revealed. The fair Caledonian, however, wasn't asked again, there was such a prodigious amount of "Well, I never," "Did you ever?" audible in the room.

MISS MERIVALE'S WILL.

Miss Mchitabel Merivale's life had been so very simple and quiet that, but for such strange interweaving of itself with other lives at the last, there would, perhaps, have been nothing in it worth writing about; yet it had been long, as we count our earthly years, and lonely; for she had far outlived father, mother, and stalwart brothers who had died in their prime. Sole heiress of her large ancestral estate, she was still living with Janet Cameron, her old-maid servant, in the same great house where she was born. One sees many not unlike it in New England.

The picture of Miss Merivale, hung up among other early memories, shows her in her seat in the old church, of a summer Sunday morning—a slight, shy little figure in a black satin gown, half obscured by the high walls of the old-fashioned pew; her small gloved hands crossed upon the Bible in her lap; her head, with its band of gray under the close silk bonnet, bent slightly forward; and her timid glance, lifted only to the face of the old minister, in the lofty bird's-nest of a pulpit roofed with its odd sounding-board.

Her face, a very smooth one for her years, had yet a certain quality which was wont to fascinate my childish gaze, and move me to vague wonder. Now, with the light of maturer observation thrown upon its remembrance, it might be said to have worn the repressed look of a shrinking, affectionate nature, hungry for sympathy, yet morbidly dreading misunderstanding or repulse. I understood it better when, long afterward, I heard the story of the gallant young captain-lover, whose ship had gone down just outside the harbor-bar, only a month before the wedding-day that should have been. Miss Merivale—a sweet-faced young girl then—had fallen like dead that day; but, the first cruel shock once over, she had made no lamentations, and no one remembered to have heard her speak his name again. Yet none the less, I think, had something gone from her which no measure of content or blessing could ever quite restore. Not one, perhaps, of all the fifty summers following, had held a single day so perfect that, looking out upon the miracle of spring-blossom, tossing bough, or far, fathomless blue sky, she could once more be glad just to be alive—in June!

Across the little common she would go, with Janet always at her side—Janet, whose shrewd, courageous Scotch face, strongly marked enough to be made a model for a gargoyle, was so strange a contrast to her own. Miss Merivale was sure of one friend, at least. To Janet she would always be "Miss Hitty," young, beautiful, and tender; to be served and guarded with a fidelity and passionate devotion, the outgrowth of the old family relation between mistress and maid, which the new modes and exigencies of our changing civilization have rendered so nearly obsolete.

Janet, in her way, was a character. Intensely human in her sympathies, with a keen but kindly inquisitiveness concerning all the happenings of the village, and a tongue often sharply, if justly, critical of men and motives, her staunch loyalty made her, nevertheless, absolutely reticent when the affairs of her mistress were in question. Whatever she might talk about, in her round of marketing, or over the gate, with some neighbor passing in the early evening, "Miss Hitty" was too sacred to be made a theme for even the most innocent gossip. So it happened that those who lived nearest Miss Merivale knew little, after all, of the life and thought of the lonely lady. The visits of ceremony duly made upon her from time to time, by the village gentlefolk, were as duly returned. There was talk of the weather, the Sunday's sermon, the latest wedding, or funeral; yet nothing ever quite drew aside the shy reserve which clothed her like a veil.

Once only, for a moment, I saw her soul look out at her eyes, like a caged thing fain to break its bars. It was the last time she came to church, before she was borne there in her coffin. It had been understood for some time that Miss Merivale was "failing," but I think no one had known how really ill she was. As she rose to leave her seat, putting her hand in Janet's arm and leaning upon it with unconscious heaviness, she raised suddenly her downcast eyes, with one long, sweeping glance, which gathered and embraced the congregation, each by each, from the minister upon the pulpit-stair, to brown-haired Leila Thornwell standing, like St. Cecilia, in the choir, her whole soul thrilling yet with the last chord of the psalm. If there was in that look all the pain of unsatisfied yearning, there was also all the tenderness of a caress. How silently our best opportunities pass us by! The time was not far distant when some, at least, whom her garment brushed in passing, would have given almost a year of life to have kissed its very hem that day.

"What will she do with her money?" people asked each other, when it was known that Miss Merivale was slowly but surely dying. The question took on all shades of emphasis, from the careless tone of a merely idle curiosity to the eager whisper of envy. One bold spirit ventured to approach Janet upon the vexed question, but was repulsed with a resentment so fierce that none dared repeat the experiment.

The agent of a certain charitable endowment, a good man but a narrow (do specialties in benevolence tend, sometimes, to narrowness?), sojourning in the town, felt himself forthwith called as a messenger of God to demand from the invalid the bequest of all her possessions. Full of joyful zeal, he sought an interview with her, and returned, a self-righteous but disappointed man.

It was after this that Miss Merivale sent sometimes for the old pastor of the church. Two or three times her attorney from the city was also present, and to these conferences Janet Cameron was always admitted.

She died quietly as she had lived, reclining in her easy-chair before her western window, with the low sun flooding all the chamber with radiance. "She spoke to me," said poor, heart-broken Janet, "then turned her head on the pillow—so—and was gone!"

With what strange distinctness and solemn reverberation the first sound of the tolling bell shivered the quiet air! Even the children at play upon the village green paused to count with hushed voices the measured strokes. On and on, past the twenties and thirties and forties. They looked at each with awed faces—to the young old age seems so impossible! After the seventy-third stroke came silence, as the solemn echoes lost themselves among the enduring hills.

"Miss Merivale?" said one to another; and while they spoke the band of crape on the door-handle of the great house mutely answered the question.

There seemed some slight incongruity in the announcement of a public funeral for one whose life had been so secluded. The little church was quite filled when the bearers brought in the light coffin and placed it on the bier. The poor lady's lonely lack of kindred had never been so sadly apparent as when Janet, in her black dress, bent and trembling, took the seat of chief mourner. It was at this moment that sweet Rachel Morris, with flushed cheeks and eyes heavy with unshed tears, stepped swiftly and noiselessly forward and laid the bunch of snowy lilies she had carried upon the velvet pall. A little thing, indeed, to do; yet, perhaps, an hour later, she was more glad to have done it than for any other action of her life.

The congregation was not a large one, although nearly every family in the little village was represented in it. A few well-to-do were scattered here and there, but the majority, people of moderate or scanty means, had done long battle with the clamorous cares of life, armed only with weapons of honest work and self-denying economy. No ignoble conflict, surely! Out of such, in all the years of the republic, has been born the sturdy strength that saved her in the hour of her consummate peril. Yet, sometimes in our weary hours, we wonder why the most perplexing problems of our life concern the matters for which we are bidden to "take no thought"—what we shall eat and drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed.

The old minister had of late had cause for some such troubled thoughts. His faith had not wavered, but it had been sorely tried. To save a wayward younger brother, dear to him as his own son, from deep disgrace, he had stripped himself of the careful savings of many self-denying years. Not more than two or three of his parishioners knew how even the rarest and most precious volumes of his library had gone to the bookseller. There had been tears in the good man's eyes as he wrapped them tenderly for the express man; he could fancy them the faces of dead friends. He was an old man, and must soon give his place to a younger, and then? All the self-respecting independence of his Puritan ancestry rose up within him at the question, but he crushed it back. It should be with him as God willed.

And Rachel Morris, despite her tender thought for the dead, had brought a heavy, wounded heart to church. The flush on her cheek deepened, and her whole nature thrilled like a sensitive plant, as Mark Atherton took his seat in the pew before her. A noble face was Mark's—a face to trust, to love and be loved, but it was prematurely care-worn, and about the mouth to-day were some new, hard lines of trouble, revealing the thought of one who had grown suddenly uncertain of mastery, brought to bay by his own disappointed hopes. Rachel felt the look as he passed her, although her own eyes were scarcely lifted; she had seen it there three days before for the first time.

Seven years ago—how long it seemed!—they were betrothed. Mark was a senior at Harvard then; brilliant, admired, "with a future before him," the professors said. Ah, that vacation summer! Was it not worth even this pain to have known three months so perfect? Sitting there in the quiet church she thought of all that followed: the sudden death of Mark's father, his recall from college, the settlement of the estate, the crushing surprise of finding that the payment of the debts left absolutely nothing for the support of the invalid, heart-broken mother and the troop of young brothers and sisters. She remembered how Mark had taken the burden on his strong, young shoulders so nobly and cheerfully—how proud she had been of him for that! It had been a hard, brave struggle; over and over they had put by their own plans and struggles; over and over he had said: "In one year more, my darling!" and she had answered: "One or ten, dear Mark!"

But now, at last, when the good times seemed really near, he had come to her with the darkness of a new reverse upon his face. When before he had been weary and impatient she had soothed him; he had drunk at the spring of her hope and courage. But this time she was powerless.

"I can never marry, Rachel!" he said, in a hard, bitter voice which she could not recognize. "I have been a fool to think of it. Fate is against me. You are wearing out your youth working and waiting. I should be a coward to let it go on longer. Henceforth you are free!"

"O Mark! Mark!" she cried, "you do not know what you say! You can not make me free! My own heart binds me; would you break my heart?"

But he said not a word. He grasped her wrists until she could have cried out with pain, devoured her face with bitter, despairing eyes, kissed her once, twice, almost fiercely, and went away. "Mark! Mark!" she called in agony, but he neither turned nor answered.

She had not seen him since until to-day. Was this the end of all? she thought. If he had loved her, could he have left her so? She might touch him with her hand, yet how far and cold seemed the distance between them! And life was so long. She forced herself to think: she should grow old and weary with small toils; her hair would whiten and her face grow wrinkled; at the last she should lie—like that! She shuddered as if the heavy pall were wrapped about her heart.

Just across the aisle sat John Hemenway with his gentle wife. He, too, had his own sorrow. The reticent, laborious man could never have told any one how dear was the little cottage where he had taken his young bride long ago; the chamber in which his children had been born; the pretty garden where they played, and where, too, one little grave had been made, because the church-yard seemed so lonely for the tender nursing that had never slept one night out of the mother's arms. But sickness and ill-fortune had come, and left the cottage hopelessly encumbered; next month the mortgage would be foreclosed; he must begin anew. He did not murmur; he was made of better fibre; but the small mound with the white rose-bush at its head was not the only grave of hope which the little homestead covered.

Leila Thornwell turned the leaves of her psalm-book with a touch that was a caress. Even the printed symbols of sweet sound touched her with some strange, dimly-comprehended emotion of kinship. One upon whom the divine birthright has not descended can but vaguely suggest what music meant to this child, with the rare artist-face and far-seeking eyes, and the small hands stained and hardened by work in the mills. Leila had never heard a great singer except in her dreams, but only God and her own heart knew how the note of a bird, the far, sweet chime of evening bells,

even the sound of her own wonderful voice—how wonderful she never guessed—in the dusky twilight woods, where she went sometimes alone when work was over, would make her very soul burst with longing for the unattainable. "Let me learn or die!" she cried out often, with her face pillowed on the cool mosses, and the brown leaves drifting over her head. Heaven, to some weary souls, might mean white robes and rest; to others, long fettered by adverse circumstances, freedom and growth; to Leila it was "the Song of Moses and the Lamb."

Kind-hearted Charley Carroll, passing Widow Mullane's cottage on his way down the street, had encountered the wistful eyes of little Patsey from his couch before the door, and forthwith taking him inside to be made neat, had brought him on his broad shoulders to church. Poor Patsey, with both legs crushed in the runaway last year, would never walk again. "So patient—the darlint!" said his mother often. "Niver a word of complainin' from the mouth of him, though it's himself that must many a time set alone the whole day. Ah! the one thing I'd be wantin' a bit of money for 'ud be to make him more comfortable loike."

The simple sermon from the grand text, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," was not long, and as the speaker closed the book, he bent for a little silent space over the pulpit rail.

"My brethren," he said at last, "it has been my custom upon occasions like this to speak according to my knowledge and ability of the life and character of the deceased. Not wholly of my own judgment, but after mature consultation with the friend now present, who has been the administrator of the worldly affairs of our departed sister, I have decided to forego my usual habit, and introduce what may seem a strange innovation.

"I bear upon my heart to-day a great sadness. Our sister has passed among us a more solitary life than was meet. Far be it from me, my brethren, to accuse you of undue self-absorption! In this fault, if fault there be, I stand also with you, and may God mercifully judge our sin of omission! "The confidence of the dying is sacred, yet the words spoken to me not many days since by our sister belong to me, as it seems, only as your representative. I have, therefore, no hesitancy in transmitting them to you.

"A message was brought to me that she desired my presence. I found her greatly changed since I had seen her last. With exceeding calmness and self-possession she told me that, in the opinion of her physician, she had not long to live. Her words, my brethren, are vividly impressed upon my memory. 'It is better so,' she said. 'My time has been long, and perhaps few should be so little missed as I shall be. It has seldom been my fortune to attract where I have myself been attracted; yet the people with whom my home has been so many years are very dear to me. I have much money, more even than I myself knew, until of late. My wants have been few and my expenditures small, and the investments which Mr. Ayrbright has made for seem to have marvelously prospered. I have, as you may know, no kindred; I have been ill a long time, and what was at first scarcely more than a fancy, has grown to be the dearest wish of all my life.

"I have thought that I should like, if I could, in dying, to make every one in the village a little happier. To some, who need, I would give aid; to others, the fulfillment of some long-cherished wish; to others still, I might be the cause of some pleasure not otherwise experienced. Once I might have been sad to think that no tears, except my poor Janet's, would be shed for me, but not now! I would have smiles instead! I trust it may not be a selfish thought, but I have dared to wish that even the little children I have watched so often on the village green might play the merrier for my sake.

"My brethren, I will not add words of my own. You will understand now why I asked Mr. Ayrbright, who is present with us to-day, to read in your hearing the last will and testament of our dear sister who has left us."

In the great stillness which had fallen upon the room, all eyes were turned upon the lawyer, who rose in his seat, and advancing to the vacant place beside the coffin, slowly untied a thickly-folded paper, and holding it to the light, began to read.

Miss Merivale's will was a long document, too long to be reproduced here, with many codicils. The plan she had confided to the pastor had been carried out to its smallest details with wonderful fidelity. Every family in the little village, either as a whole or through some representative, was remembered there—not one left out. But the marvel of it all was the intuition which seemed to have guided her in the selection of her gifts. Even the mementoes for the few wealthier towns-people had been chosen with rare discrimination of individual character and tastes.

If, unseen, she had presided over every household council, nay, had shared the solitary perplexities of those on whom the burden of life had been laid, she could scarcely have decided more unerringly. There were no careless bequests, made out mere delight in giving. Wherever existed age or ability compatible with effort, her gift, whether small or large, took the form of a means to more efficient and independent self-help. More than one in the little church that day saw the "lost chance" which had passed him by in the unsuccessful race of life, turn back to meet him, like an angel with outstretched hands.

First of all, as was meet, had been the generous provision for "Janet Cameron, the devoted companion and faithful friend of many years, upon whose unflinching affection I have leaned, and to whose wise judgment I have deferred with especial satisfaction in these closing arrangements of my life."

Faithful Janet! No crown could have touched the wrinkled brow with such sacred honor. To how many hearts the words from an old Book seemed to whisper silently, like dreamed-of music: "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching: verily, I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them."

Strange scenes were enacted. One by one, the grave and decorous faces gave way before the deepening flood of an emotion which could not be checked. The tears which the dying woman had resigned without a pang were mingling with the smiles she longed for, in a bow of promise whose radiance encircled all.

No more trembling visions of an old age fed by charity

for the white-haired man of God sobbing his heart out in thankfulness upon the pulpit rail!

Let the baby rest still in the garden-earth, John Hemenway, for the cottage is your own again!

And Mark—O Mark and Rachel! do you hear? "To Mrs. Jane Atherton, widow, my homestead, except the rooms hereinbefore reserved for the life use of Janet Cameron." Then, following close, are designated the terms of annuity which will reinstate the mother in the old independent comfort. Before the quick blood which leaped to Rachel's heart can seek her cheek again, she hears her own name in the lawyer's clear voice:

"To Rachel Morris the cottage owned by me, known as 'The Vines.'"

Nothing for Mark? Yes, everything for Mark! Love, hope, the world to conquer! They clasp each other's hands across the pew, as utterly alone amid those crowding faces as were the first man and woman in Eden!

"O Parsey, listen!"—it is Charley Carroll's eager whisper—"don't you understand? A beautiful wheeled chair—you turn it with your hand—your own hand, Parsey! It will take you everywhere—it will be like walking again! And money, Parsey, for books and lessons, and—"

Ah! Charley Carroll, bush! There is no color in the small, thin cheek; the light figure falls limp against your encircling arm, faint with excess of joy.

"To Leila Thornwell, whose singing has been an inexpressible aid to my feeble aspirations, I would recommend a life devoted to musical study. If this plan coincide with her own wishes, I direct an appropriation of money to defray all the expenses of the most thorough musical education possible to be obtained by her, under the best masters, both in this country and Europe."

Ah! Leila! Leila! Press closer to her, if you will; she does not see or hear you; but kneeling on the white wood floor, you may see her face, as it were "the face of an angel."

The long list of individual bequests was over at last. The two remaining were of collective interest. The former provided for the establishment and maintenance of a free public library; the latter directed the erection of a commodious building surrounded by ample grounds, and adapted for the uses of a "Kindergarten." Not in vain had Miss Merivale read Friedrich Froebel. The clear, succinct text of the will portrayed like a vivid picture the large and beautiful gardens where the children should play, where each should have his own little spot of ground, and learn his first independent relationship to the soil.

"Let us pray!" said the minister, as Mr. Ayrbright finished; but his voice ended in a sob and he sat down.

There was no formal invitation, but the whole assembly, as by one common impulse, moved gently forward, when the sexton had unscrewed the coffin-lid. Very calm and sweet she lay in her snow-white robes. There was no semblance of extreme age in the dead face; it was as if her own lost youth had met her at the door of Heaven, and led her smiling across the golden threshold.

How many lips that never touched her living face, pressed now in passionate yearning upon the cold, still brow, murmured: "If we had known, if we had only known!" It mattered little—she would never be lonely again! "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

Years have passed since Leila Thornwell came back from Italy. She had been long abroad, but the fame of her marvelous success crossed the ocean before her. It was a proud and happy concourse that welcomed the great singer to the home of her humble birth. Fresh and unspoiled still, she met their greetings with a sweeter joy than the most enthusiastic applause of London and Parisian salons had ever been able to impart.

A deputation of her townsmen came to her, after the first fatigue of her journey was over.

"Will you not sing for us?" they said. "The town hall is not fit, but it is our largest room."

"I will sing for you," she answered, with a strange light in her beautiful face, "but not in any hall. To-morrow will be the anniversary of Miss Merivale's burial. I will sing to you beside her grave."

The people gathered in the odorless hush of the summer twilight. The church-yard was quite full, and many stood in the street outside. A strange stillness brooded over all, broken only by the distant rushing of the rapid river. Miss Merivale's monument gleamed white amid the dusky pines. The towns-people had raised it to her memory, even the little children dropping their pennies eagerly into the common fund. The sculptor knew the story, and he had put his heart into his work. There was a massive pedestal of purest white marble, and upon it a woman's figure, winged and veiled, bending slightly forward as if for flight, with both hands outspread in blessing. There were many flowers upon the green mound; from early spring-time until the late frosts of autumn it never lacked such offerings.

Leila stood close beside the stone, a slender, graceful form, with a face pure and clear as the artist's sculptured ideal. If music be indeed the language of the immortals, well might her luminous eyes reflect the radiance beyond.

The level sunset touched her brow with a glory; slowly it faded, and the shadows deepened about her head. Still she sang—old-folk songs, tender and sweet, born of the pathos of living and dying; hymns that bore on their strong wings the conflict and triumph of the ages; grand arias, in which the souls of Handel and Mendelssohn compelled immortality; strains that had lost themselves among old cathedral aisles, or soared to heaven from the lips of chanting armies waiting the battle charge for God and native land. The grandeur of the Old Dispensation, the tender promise of the New, were embodied in a living voice.

The faint moon had stolen into the sky, when she ceased at last. "My friends," she said, "all you who love her who was born into heaven so many years ago this day, sing with me now, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'"

The people bent like a wind-swayed forest. Not one was there whose life had not been somehow broadened and ennobled by the tender beneficence of her who slept beneath the flowers.

The choral harmony rose and swelled and died away, but somewhere, may be—who can tell?—out in the infinite where God's lonely hearts find home and rest, other lips took up the strain, and the praise of earth became the joy of heaven.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

Domestic Fact and Fashionable Fancy.

MY DEAR EM:—I dropped into the midst of something new and charming the other day, at 38 Geary Street, where the Wakefield Rattan Company has its headquarters. You would be surprised indeed to see the almost endless variety of articles that are manufactured from a simple stick of cane. Chairs of every description, rockers, high chairs for babies, low ones, footstools, and invalid chairs—the best things of the kind I ever saw, for they are at once so light and so strong, with none of the disagreeable feeling of insecurity that all the common wicker work gives; no creaking of every joint, and no untwisting of stray straws; these last are made with foot-rests, high backs, and arms, large wheels, and a handle at the back to propel it by. They would almost reconcile one to permanent invalidism. Then there are cribs and cradles—one with a canopy top, finished in blue and white lace, which was exhibited at the late Fair—music stands, book racks, wall pockets, brackets, shaving cases with French plate mirrors attached, corner *dagres*, photograph stands, firewood baskets, settees, tables of all shapes and sizes—some with a broad tray midway between the top and bottom, and a host of other contrivances. Extra handsome are the different varieties of work baskets and work tables. They come both in wicker and rustic work; are lined with quilted silks and adorned with cords and tassels; one has a double covered basket, with a mirror above the top one. Scrap-baskets, too, that are really ornamental, are made in the form of open-work barrels and lined with bright colors. This is the depot for the famous Kurrabee rugs I have told you of before, which, together with all these other articles, are made in Wakefield in the far-away State of Massachusetts. New *lingerie* at Chester's includes some elegant scarfs of Valenciennes, Duchesse, and Point, among the more expensive trifles, and a dozen or more different styles in bows, ties, ruchings, and sets. *Parures* in nainsook and colored linens are made up in the "cock's comb" scallops, with additional garniture in the shape of open work on the edges and hemstitching running lengthwise; ties of the same are attached and cuffs come to match. They are pretty for morning wear—in the absence of greater novelties. Real bargains are the embroidered and hemstitched sets, selling for one dollar. Shoulder capes of Sicilienne and cashmere, richly beaded and silk-worked, are among the newest things there; the same pretty things in heavy silk nettings, and in various colors, finished on the edges by fringes, are exceedingly handy to be used as scarfs over outside wraps. Doane & Henshelwood showed me yesterday one of three pieces of the "Bon marché" black silk just received, which they are selling at the ridiculously low figure of three dollars a yard. It is fully the equal of the Ponson and Bonnet, and far enough ahead of the various other makes. I find this an exceedingly satisfactory store to deal with; everything is so excellent in quality, and there are no glaring extremes in anything you find there. Mrs. Lewis, of Thurlow Block, gives me many items this week as to the modes. She is making many street suits of quite brilliant colors, some combining three and four even. Long loop bows, lined with a contrasting color or shade, are absolutely indispensable; and combinations of faille, satin, and woolen goods are now the favorites for street and house and carriage wear. Black silks are now combined with moire, satin, or brocade, instead of velvet. A most elegant toilet was one just completed, of a bluish sage-green silk and a silvery blue green brocade. The trimmings consisted of pipings of red silk, and a superb light green chenille fringe, the balls of which were connected by crimson bands. Plastrons of fine plaitings are as much used as ever, and a pretty variation consists of the dress itself, where it meets the plastron, being cut in scallops and bound with contrasting silk. The two styles at present are the Princess and a separate skirt and basque, or a combination of the two. "Laveuse" plaits will be much used, but in ordinary overskirts the irregular *pouffs* will rule, and trimming may be very profuse or very scant, according to taste, so very obliging is Dame Fashion just at this transition period. The favorite colors are caroubier, garnet, Vandick, Russian green, Ophelia pink, which shades on gray, seal brown, and the newly-named shade of mastic, now called "livery," or coachman's gray. By the way, Sullivan has some lovely cloaks in the different shades of grays and brown, and among them one of this new color, of heavy beaver cloth, made up in Dolman shape, with the round closed-sleeve, and trimmed with a broad band of garnet velvet and deep mastic fringe. Mr. Sullivan has just returned from Paris, and has brought back any number of novelties in the way of cloaks and suits, besides there is no telling how many ideas to be worked out by his busy brain as fast as time will permit. Buttons for outdoor wraps will be large again, which seems to me more suitable than small ones, and I saw at this same house a great variety of polished wood ones, pearl, vegetable ivory, silk, satin, and velvet. A very elegant trimming for cloaks is the *chicoree* ruche. It is made of heavy silk, plaited through the centre either in clusters or continuously, and the edges pinked. Sometimes the pinking is done in large scallops composed of finer ones, and a still more showy style is the serrated leaf. Different styles are employed, according with the quality of the silk. A most comfortable article in the way of a traveling wrap is the "Montague," and I hear they have been having a tremendous run there ever since they were first displayed. Morning wrappers of particularly new and fresh combinations seem to be one of Mr. Sullivan's pet specialties. There is an exquisite blue one embroidered in colors now in the window, attracting universal admiration, and others of bright cashmere with neck and sleeve trimmings of broad Irish point, that are not far behind it in beauty. The side button, or "Provost" glove, still retains its popularity, and elaborately embroidered kids of both styles are much worn. Seed pearls are sometimes introduced, reminding one of the days of the Charleses, when the gloves were the prime consideration of the toilet. These are extremely handsome with all white toilets, particularly where the garniture of the dress consists principally of pearl trimmings. I find a very full and complete assortment of these articles at the Lace House. Miss Baker, of Boston dress reform fame, at 430 Sutter Street, tells me that the *balayouse* is being superseded by a plaited flounce, edged with Mirecourt lace, and made after the Worth model (for

which she is the sole agent here), attachable to the Princesse skirts. I am glad to hear on all sides how these excellent improvements on our underwear are gaining friends. The Union suits in flannels, as well as the continuous drawers that combine both chemise and drawers in one, are vastly superior to the detached garments we have hitherto been tormented with, and as they come ready-made from head-quarters, there is no delay if one wants ever so large an outfit; at the same time, they will be made to order if preferred. Every patent in the way of skirt and stocking supporter is to be found here, and Miss Baker is also the agent for Mrs. Clark's self-supporting corset. Fancy hosiery is in hair-line stripes running round the leg, and sometimes showing an addition of embroidery up the side. I saw some beauties at the White House in silk and Lisle thread the other day. The silks of the most delicate tints are warranted fast colors. Lisle threads, both open work and plain, have designs in one color only, gray or the neutral greens, browns, etc., and even with a difference of a single shade, to match the dress goods now in vogue. The most beautiful ones to my fancy are the black and white that look like all lace, and the pearl grays worked in the same shade. Our *bottiers* seem determined to keep pace with all the refinements of other foot-wear, and show some elegant fashions in their line. Kast, who is always getting in something new and tempting, had some remarkably pretty walking boots of *matelassé* in black, gray, and invisible green, with foxing of soft, dull red, and then narrow straps across the toes, through which the cloth is seen. Mottled and checked goods, though worn when according with the suit, will never become as popular as plain goods, as the latter only have the tendency to diminish the size of the foot. For evening and full dress occasions the variety is infinite, even verging on the most extravagant of theatrical styles, which, by the way, Mr. Kast makes a specialty. Gold, silver, bronze, pink, blue, and green, are some of the kids seen in high laced and button boots, low slippers, ties, and the different shapes known to the trade for this particular line of custom, while others are in colors, flaked or scaled like armor, with gold and silver, embroidered, stitched, and otherwise "wonderfully made." Delightfully comfortable toilet-slippers are made of cloth on quilted silk, lined with flannel and edged with fur. Unlike most fur-trimmed shoes, they do not look unduly large or cumbersome. But with all this fancy work I think Kast is strengthening his previous reputation most by his make of walking-shoes that are now cut and shaped on purely anatomical principles, have broad, low heels, and are marvels of good sense and fine workmanship. I see that Roman advertises Miss Youman's new book, *Lessons in Cookery*. I have it, and think it the best thing in its way I ever got hold of. Not only is it chuck full, as they say down in Maine, of excellent receipts, but it goes into the depths of the cooking question until it arrives at the dignity of a philosophical dissertation, adding to its extremely practical instructions several such chapters as these: "Sick-room Cookery," an essay on "The Principles of Diet in Health and Disease," by Dr. Thomas K. Chambers, which includes the consideration of diet as the source of both bodily and mental strength, its regulation in corpulent, consumptive, and gouty tendencies, and the proper balance of meat and vegetable diets in various conditions of life. The author is a pupil of the South Kensington Cooking School of London, and every receipt given is in constant use there, and, therefore, as fully verified as is possible for it to be. There is nothing cookable that is not fully discussed, and canning, pickling, and preserving are entered into at length. I have been reading too, of late, another work, which I recommend to you for solid consideration; it is the *History of Ancient Literature*, by Quackenbos. It begins with the earliest vestiges of Aryan literature, and comes down through oriental, Grecian, and Roman, successively, to the beginning of the decline in letters under the last-named empire; is illustrated by both engravings and maps, and gives a condensed account that is extremely useful to home students interested in these subjects, which I fancy you are somewhat. Adieu, till next time.

Yours, always, LILLIAS DUBOIS.

Beauty gets plenty of praise. Poets sing it, romancers furnish it in abundance to their heroines, dramatists use it as the motive of their most stirring plays, painters and sculptors delight to portray it, all the world worships it; and yet there is much to be said about the noble qualities of ugly little women. There is often more charm in the vitality, energy, unselfishness, and gaiety of an ugly little woman than in a half dozen tall, queenly beauties, who have to be on the watch all the time to pose well and make their points effective. There have been men in the world who thought it a fine thing to say that "an ugly woman has no place in the economy of nature." But if the records of the world were intelligibly written it would be found that ugly little women have been the heroines, the helpmeets of the heroes. It is the function of beauty to get men into trouble. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, and hundreds of others, wherever they came they brought calamity. Beauty and anguish have walked hand in hand the downward slope to death, and whenever the poet dreams of fair women he is sure to dream of something doleful. If he were to dream of ugly little women it would be full of brightness, loyalty, devotion, sincerity, fortitude, and all these other lovable female qualities that make some one happy. Tall Beauty is epic; Little Ugly is lyric, homely. Just think what a deep-seated compliment is involved in calling irregularity of feature homeliness! It means that she is not for the ball-room, but for the home, for the friendships that cluster around the hearth, for the merry little sociable, the picnic or off-band game, or for the darkened sick-room, where she brings rest and comfort. "Pretty is as pretty does" is an old maxim, whose truth is only half appreciated, for in the plainness of feature and insignificance of person of homely women there are often found an earnestness, a whole-souled sweetness and sympathetic expression that win love far quicker than mere beauty. The world could far more easily afford to lose its supplies of beauty than to give up its precious stores of ugly little women. The beauties wait to be loved; the others delight in loving.

Berlin fashion gossips say the Empress Augusta wears a false neck of wax.

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FRANK M. PINLEY, }
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Editors.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

When, on the 4th of March, 1880, the successor of President Hayes is inaugurated, the national Democratic party will have been in the minority an even twenty years, and its leaders will have cut but a poor and contemptible figure in the history of national politics. "Contemptible" is but a feeble word to express the miserable history of this miserable party. Treason to the republic, fraud to the elective franchise, betrayal of honorable trusts, conspiracies, intrigues, intestine feuds, personal broils, have characterized the whole history of Democratic leadership since away back in the time of Buchanan, when Northern Democrats struck hands with Southern slave-holders to inaugurate a rebellion in the interest of the twin devils—Slavery and Democracy. This coalition was accused of God, and failed, not for want of will or skill of party leaders—not for failure of bloody purpose and wicked intent. There were no trembling Macbeths, no Banquos, no terror of dreams to defeat this conspiracy against liberty. It simply failed because there is a power that holds the destinies of nations, and such monstrous conceptions as this always fail. The womb of Time refuses to consummate such devilish treason, and the monster is untimely ripped, to be destroyed ere life is possible. There was a time when the Democracy—if its professions had been honest—might have elected, as President, Governor Seymour of New York, but for the unparalleled treachery, inspired by Tilden, that, without notice, and on the eve of the election, tore out from under him the support of the New York *World*, the party organ; a piece of treachery never equaled in the history of any party in any country; a piece of treachery not only momentous in itself, but important as illustrating how complete, organic, deep-seated, wide-spread, and incurable was the disease that had corrupted the whole organization. The election of a Democratic leader and gentleman seemed possible when Greeley was nominated against General Grant's second candidacy. Liberal Republicans came to the front with a generous and manly resolve to bridge the chasm, reconstruct on generous principles the Southern States, and give to the nation a national administration, the basic idea of which was a forgetfulness of the war and its wounds. The conduct of the Democracy was then, as ever, disgraceful. Its conduct was simply a recognition of all the baser qualities—cowardice, ingratitude, and an utter betrayal and surrender of every honorable and moral pledge upon which it entered upon the campaign. The South was hopeless and helpless under the mailed and iron hand of political power that gripped its throat and held its arm. There came another, and we believe the last opportunity. If, instead of Samuel Tilden, a Democratic Tammany politician, doubly-dyed in a long line of disgraceful party intrigue; getting old, and therefore desperate; a childless, narrow-minded, narrow-bearded intriguer who recognized only two dominant forces in American politics, viz: money and fraud—if, instead of this embodiment of every thing to be hated and feared, Mr. Thurman of Ohio, Mr. Bayard of Delaware, or any other of a hundred respectable gentlemen had been chosen to the party leadership, and the campaign by fraud on one side had not incited to fraud on the other, it is possible that a Democrat might have been elected, or it is at least possible that there might have been an honest election, and we would know to-day who was *de jure* President of the United States. Still with nearly twenty years of experience we see the same disastrous and dirty party work going on. Mr. Tilden is as ambitious of party management to-day as four years ago. Mr. Manton Marble cuts as prominent a figure in his councils as when the *World* betrayed Seymour. We see the Democracy to-day crawling upon its belly as it did when it tempted Eve. It has not one manly principle. It avows no

single national and patriotic idea. It dares take issue upon no single question of right and wrong. It slobbers over the greenback party; it drools and drivels in the presence of national bankers; it trembles in the presence of great corporations, and now with a more humble abasement, it seeks to get itself under the very foot of the labor movement. It panders to Butler, to Kearney, to mobs, to riots, to communists, to chaos, in the hope, for the chance, that some unexpected stroke of fortune may turn it up to the possibility of office loot and party plunder.

Democracy has never had the courage to resist the mob. As a party it has never dared to attempt to guide or control popular opinion, but has uniformly adopted the policy of pandering to it. This was less dangerous before the excessive foreign immigration turned upon our shores, and into the Democratic organization, a great, unthinking, undisciplined mass of voters. This mass of voters first enjoyed themselves with the ballot as a plying; later they began to understand its use as a weapon. At first they brandished it playfully, as the shillalah at a frolic; then, as the foreign hordes become more insolent and felt their power, the ballot became in their hands a merciless bludgeon and they wielded for destruction. This element the Democracy has always encouraged. It is afraid of it. It is an element within the party more powerful than the party itself; and it may be safely proclaimed as a political axiom, that there is no action so outrageous, and no popular sentiment so vile, that the Democratic party will set itself up in opposition to it. If tomorrow a strong popular sentiment should develop itself to repudiate the national debt—an unmistakable popular movement in that direction—the Democracy would accept the situation and justify the movement. By this we mean to declare that the Democracy has passed into that condition of minority and hopeless despair, that it can no longer indulge itself in the luxury of independent thought and honest opinions. It is grasping blindly for power. It has lost the splendid opportunity afforded all minority parties, to be resolute, independent, fearless, and honest. If, when the Democracy lost the administration, it had become a political Diogenes; had become the fearless advocate of economy, retrenchment, and an honest administration of public affairs; of a sound financial policy, of a generous reconstruction, and had taken a stand of resolute independence against the greed of corporations, and the insolence of power, it would not to-day be the mean, cringing, sycophantic thing it is, but would have been, if not a majority, a great formidable power in the government—honored, feared and respected. A minority party in England is in position to make itself the fearless and patriotic champion of every right measure, thus laying its foundations deep in public sympathy; taking advantage of government mistakes, like the pendulum of the clock it moves steadily back to power; every swing of the popular pulse bringing it nearer and nearer to governmental control. The Democratic party is like a bruised, blind athlete in the ring. It thinks itself brave to take punishment so it comes to time every election, swollen, bruised, bandaged, blind of eye, groggy on its feet, and is at every Presidential election knocked out of time, and sent bleeding to its corner to be sponged back in time for the next Presidential round. Tilden still sits in his corner, the same bottle-holders having him upon their knees, hoping to give him another opportunity for the belt. Poor old dead beaten apology of a leader. Better toss him out of the ring, get an honest candidate, make one honest, manly canvass, in the hope that an honest defeat will give that to the Democracy which as a national party it now essentially lacks—an honest and sweet smelling reputation.

That a telegraphic cipher should have been used in the political correspondence that followed the Presidential election is not unusual. That Mr. Samuel Tilden and the leading advisers of his campaign should under the circumstances have desired to give the matter full investigation is not surprising. That there was fraud on the part of both Democratic and Republican managements in the States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, no one who is intelligent doubts. That Stanley Matthews, Sherman, and the other visiting statesmen of the Republican side did villainous and dirty work, there are few to question. But the Republicans have this advantage—it may be regarded as a poor and mean one, and may have happened because in the opinion of his friends Governor Hayes could not be safely intrusted with political secrets: the President is personally free from any contact with the disgraceful business, while Tilden is up to his ears wading deep in this most nasty and foul conspiracy to steal the Presidential office, to buy it, not by contributions, promises of office and hope of future political rewards, but with coin, his own bank account, using his own personal checks. These telegrams came to Gramercy Park, his private residence, his nephew acting as his confidence man at the New York end. Such a scandal never before occurred in our history. There have been intrigues, plots, and conspiracies, but never before anything so vulgar, so criminal, so audacious, as this attempt with coin to bring about a result. We wish the Republican party and its leaders were guiltless of conspiracy and fraud, but that they have not been

is no reason for withdrawing from Tilden and his Democratic confederates the censure that justly belongs to their disgraceful and dishonorable conduct.

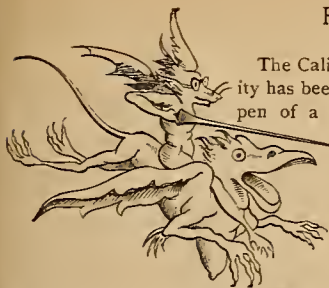
Since writing the above there is printed the letter of Mr. Tilden disclaiming in the most emphatic manner his knowledge of or connection with the negotiations for the purchase of electoral votes. We think the New York *Tribune* is not illiberal when it says: "Mr. Tilden's card is before the public. We wish to speak of it with the respect due to the explicit, earnest utterance of a man of great ability and recognized position—a man whom half the people in a nation of forty millions voted to make their Chief Magistrate, and a citizen of New York whose character is part of our civic wealth. What he says is clear, emphatic in terms, and meets the case against him as far as a mere denial can meet it; but has there ever been a person acquitted in the teeth of strong evidence, upon his bare plea of not guilty? Such is thus far Tilden's sole reply. Against very powerful evidence, which fits marvelously in a thousand details all that is known of his legal habits, his weaknesses of character, his fondness for political 'still hunts,' his confidential relations with the persons acting, and his use to this day of peculiar ciphers in telegraphing—against all this he puts his naked and unsupported word. The world over the denial of a person accused of an infamous deed has no weight whatever with jury, judge or public opinion. If his character has not been such as to render all evidence against him incredible, his word as against that evidence counts for nothing. It is merely a plea of not guilty; and does any man suppose that he who is capable of crime is incapable of untruth to escape the penalty of crime? With real regret we are compelled to tell Tilden that as matters stand the world will find it impossible to accept his naked assertion as final." It is very late indeed for Mr. Samuel Tilden to put forth his disclaimer of any knowledge of or participation in these questionable proceedings. First, they are the acts of his own household, his own relations, his own friends, and this correspondence is with Gramercy Park, his own home. Two years are allowed to pass, Congressional and other investigations to be had, and not till these doubly complicated ciphers have been explained does he come forward with his plea of not guilty. We have had all sorts of special pleadings, motions to strike out, demurrers, and dilatory pleas; so that now when the denial comes in we are at least justified in withholding our opinion till the day of trial comes on. In our judgment Mr. Tilden does not show clean hands in this electoral business, and we are sorry for it.

Our newspaper contemporaries seem just now to be finding a great deal of fault, because, as they assert, George C. Gorham is running the Republican party, and running it his own way. Now, it seems to be essential that somebody should be at the helm. The thing has been drifting of late, and, to us, looked very much as though it was going stern on to a dangerous shore. One of the charges against Gorham is that he will not distribute Hayes' speeches as campaign documents. In this we think George is clearly right, and that even his own speeches can not be very much worse than the specimens we have seen of Executive eloquence. It is true, George run the California machine upon a snag, ripped a hole in her bottom, so that the thing has never been quite able to float, but such incidents go to make up experience. Then, Gorham undertook to be captain, mate, and boatswain. He undertook to run the vessel without officers or crew. It is quite possible that he may be a better man at the helm than at the fore. At all events, if he has the sense to suppress the efforts of the good Mr. Hayes as campaign documents, we shall take it as evidence of such intellectual growth that in time he may realize the importance of suppressing his own. We do not despair that Gorham may become a successful politician yet. We think of that spider that attempted to crawl up so many times on the wall in the prison of the Scotch king, and finally succeeded. George has many of the qualities of the spider besides perseverance.

Again the tidal wave of foreign immigration is upon us with more voters for the Democratic party. Last month the arrivals of immigrants at New York were 8,955, against 6,673 for the same month last year; during the last three months they were 25,263, against 20,109 in the same time last year. Causes are now at work that will still further add to this increase. The Socialists in Germany have avowed their intention of emigrating to the United States by the wholesale to avoid persecution at home. There are something like 900,000 Socialist voters in Germany; should they all take it into their heads to come it would make a most delightful addition to the uneasy and incendiary element of our population. The hard times in Great Britain will also send us a not very desirable class of citizens, and the famine in China means "more moon-eyed lepers" who will not go.

Those who believed the Republican party dead have had occasion to change their minds since the recent elections. It is the Democracy that has been so grievously wounded, and the Greenback party that had its little air cushion punctured to the death. The Republican party is still alive.

PRATTLE.



The California provincial vanity has been again tickled by the pen of a foreigner and smiles dollars. The tickler is a Frenchman, M. Leon Donnat, whose book, *L'Etat de Californie*, will be eagerly devoured, if translated, by the local patriot who fancies heaven bounded by his visible horizon when he is at home. M. Donnat spent as much as several weeks in California, and being unable to understand a word of English must have made some valuable additions to his French. He devotes a laudatory chapter to the press, which is not ashamed to manifest its satisfaction and make payment in kind.

If you love me, why, I love you,
And we love one another;
If you didn't love me I wouldn't love you,
And your silly old book I'd smother!

Sing.

With all due deference to M. Donnat's superior qualifications and opportunities, I venture to think I have observed one thing that he has had the politeness to overlook, and that is that the newspapers of this State, like most newspapers everywhere, manifest an unsleeping sycophancy—an alert and aggressive obsequiousness to their patrons that would be creditable in an English small shop-keeper, but neither creditable nor possible in an American one. There is no popular ignorance too deep and dark, no vulgar vanity or prejudice too unlovely, no local vice too base, for them to feed it with what it loves and scratch its back while it eats. If the people of California were proud of running at the nose, the catarrh editor of the *Morning Call* would compassionate the nasal aridity of "our Eastern brethren." If they believed stealing meritorious, the *Chronicle* would lay on a thief to teach the art. If they considered the Mechanic's Pavilion earth's foremost architectural gem, the *Bulletin* would labor to prove that Greece "proudly wears the Parthenon" in vain.

These are extreme illustrations. It is not conceivable that we should boast of catarrh, but we boast of our "intense nervous energy," a worse disease. We do not think stealing honorable, but we justify murder by mobs. We are not proud of the Mechanics' Pavilion, but we perform raptures concerning "the beautiful city by the Golden Gate"—the ugliest and most forbidding town that chance, cupidity, and lack of taste ever conspired to produce, or benevolence and toleration ever yearned to demolish.

As to our climate—we have a thousand; that of this Peninsula is conspicuously the most detestable in the belt of civilization. But we all clear our throats of the fog and gravel to sing its praises, as if we had made it. Our soil is pretty good in spots, but take a map and trace off a space on the Atlantic sea-board, having the same area as that of California, and embraced by the same parallels of latitude. The nobler and richer variety of products in this area may be sufficiently indicated by explaining that you will have inclosed the whole of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina and South Carolina, nearly all of Pennsylvania, and parts of New Jersey and Georgia. There is some good climate in that region, too.

Of Pacific Slope art, literature, learning, and general culture, I prefer to say nothing at present, for the reason, among better ones, that there is as yet nothing to say it about.

With all our inferiority in the things that distinguish enlightened from barbarous peoples; with all our isolation, and that fatal narrowing of the intellectual horizon that isolation begets; with all our raw, crude, and ill-digested civilization, our impatience of law, our childish rage at criticism, our irreverence of antiquity ablaze with its luminous lessons—knowledge that we scorn because we do not possess it, and will not acquire because we scorn it; with all these disadvantages and incapacities, and because of them, we are the most conceited sodality of insufferables for whom in the order and economy of nature it is appointed that the Adversary shall receipt to the Fool-killer.

It is herein that the press (*pace*, Mr. Pickering) is not an unmixed good; for we note the precession of penitence to reformation, conviction to penitence, and admonition to conviction. It is the necessary sequence. But if the journalist, perceiving our sin, will not exhort, but makes percussion of applauding palms instead, it is clear that whatever influence he may have (concerning the measure whereof let himself testify) is given against progress, and in confirmation of error. If the unlovely grub believe itself a gorgeous butterfly will it struggle to rend its hampering chrysalis? Having repeated assurance that it is a perfected frog, will the tadpole not resist the secession of its wayward tail?

As to the morality of flattering the people, there is no argument; it is immeasurably base. As a business method it is a mistake as crass as that of the man who should butter the pole he means to climb. It is an error having its origin in a misleading analogy and a misinterpretation of fact. The individual is enamored of adulation and impatient of rebuke; the community neither rewards the one nor resents the other, for no man draws his dividend of praise or pays his assessment of censure. Man is a fool, but men are not such fools as to make personal application of what is said about him. Successful journals are such, not because of their sycophancy to the public, although most of them are sycophant, nor in spite of it, although they commonly disgust. Success is a thing apart, and that writer has not duly considered its elements who subordinates the manner of his work to its matter.

The average local journalist knows this—that whereas his readers will not resent his psalms of praise, psalm he ever so ill, they will not endure to be preached at by dunces. He writes badly, but he makes honest confession by eschewing themes interdicted to bad writers. He has observed that the growl of a lion is more interesting than the hiss of a goose. He can not growl, he will not hiss, and so he cackles, and would have the public believe it has laid an egg.

Who writes well writes what he will; who writes ill writes what he must. It is the prerogative of genius to tell the truth, but dullness is condemned to falsehood—a life sentence. Talent bites in security the leg upon which mediocrity must fawn. Fancy De Young venturing, with the regal impudence of a Sam Williams, to fasten upon the "shrunk shank" of Poesy, in the trousers of Prince Hector Stuart, or imbed his teeth in the "fatted calf" of Military Power, in the nether garment of General John McComb!

The remainder of my ideas on this subject I feel bound in honor to withhold for my forthcoming "Letters to an Infant Journalist," addressed to the alleged city editor of the *Evening Examiner*, but in conclusion of this present screed I can not forbear disclosing (to the profession) this important professional secret, expressed—in order that it may be the more palatable—in terms of advice; the public will have the goodness to politely avert its ear: Remember that in writing manner is everything, matter nothing. This will do you no good, for, whereas your subject is of choice, your style is appointed by nature. On no subject are you to write all you know, nor the half of it, and on every one be careful to omit (after making it obvious) some important consideration or controlling fact; I leave the reason to your sagacity—the public, I fear, is listening. Last but most important—do not try to please your reader. Destitute of art and style, you can not; having them, you need not. Indulge him in frequent dissent and occasional anger, but beware how you suffer him to once despise you. Pray why should you greed for his approbation, or make exaction of his esteem? Is it not enough that he reads?

The showman, blessing in a thousand shapes,
Parades a "School of Educated Apes!"
Small education's needed, I opine,
Or native wit, to make a monkey shine;
The brute exhibited has naught to do
But ape the larger apes who come to view—
The hoodlum with his horrible grimace,
Long upper lip and furtive, shuffling pace,
Significant reminders of the time
When hunters, not policemen, made him climb;
The lady loafer with her dragging "trail,"
That free translation of an ancient tail;
The sand-lot quadrumane in hairy suit,
Whose heels are thumbs perverted by the boot;
The painted actress throwing down the gage
To elder artists of the sylvan stage,
Proving that in the time of Noah's flood
Two ape-skies held her whole profession's blood;
The critic waiting, like a hungry pup,
To write the school—perhaps to eat it—up,
As chance, or luck, occasion may reveal
To earn a dollar or maraud a meal.
To view the school of apes these creatures go,
Unconscious that themselves are half the show.
These, if the simian his course but trim
To imitate the tricks they got from him,
Will call him "educated." Of a verity
There's much to learn by study of posterity.

Delegate Beerstretcher has submitted to the Constitutional Convention an article providing for a cumulative tax on all property above \$5,000 owned by one person or corporation. It is a good notion: it will compel men who make money here to invest it elsewhere, and keep those who make it elsewhere from investing it here. Thus we shall be protected from a double danger, the unchaste bondholder be circumvented, and the Digger Indian resume his primal importance in finance and trade. And to think that we should owe this *instauratio felicitatis* to Beerstretcher—a man whom, to look at him, one might think a fool!

I beg that some public-spirited Delegate will adopt and urge the following provisions as part of the Constitution. No fine-tooth comb shall be made with fewer than twenty teeth to the inch. Door-plates are illegal. It shall not be lawful to place foot-warmers in coffins. Schoolma'ams are not to struggle when being kissed. Potatoes shall be a cent apiece. All who are willing to work shall be supported by the State without labor. Horses shall not run away in the streets. It

is a capital crime to eat mustard on mutton, or put less than twice as much oil as vinegar in salad dressing. The family is the social unit. Preachers shall be shot. Wednesday shall be Sunday. Nobody is entitled to a light from his first match. The Chinese must pay before they go. A prisoner acquitted of murder in one county can be tried in another and another until convicted. In pardoning State convicts there shall be no nepotism. People who do not like to walk shall ride in barouches. It shall be illegal in rainy weather to wipe your gums on the door mat. A dog is a cow. There is no hell. God is forbidden to interfere with the public schools.

"Owing to the dropping out of the type from the forms while the press was running, several thousand copies of today's *Bulletin* were printed with only a portion of the head."

—Bulletin.

The Deacon irascibly raved as he said:
"We've lost—oh, condemn it!—a part of our head,"
When old Mr. Pickering heard the mad moan,
He eyed the poor gentleman's capital cone,
And said: "The part missing is only the brains—
Philistines will quake while the jaw-bone remains!"

"I read those 'Prattle' paragraphs last week for the first time," said "a subscriber from the beginning," the other day, "and of all—see here, do you mean to keep up that kind of thing?" "Why, you impregnable pachyderm," coldly replied the editor, "those are not reading matter; they are put in to balance the long, solid articles on the opposite page, according to the law of typographical counterpoint. If you read them that is your affair, but don't tell me I don't know what to put into a newspaper."

A friend of mine whose yacht is heavily mortgaged calls it his floating debt.

Assuming that the stock market was broken by unscrupulous manipulators, the *Virginia City Chronicle* sheds a few natural tears over its blasted hopes, then thinks better of it, and blazes with indignation for the wrongs of its neighbors. It is of the opinion that "on the heads of those who, to increase their own wealth, could thus cruelly conspire to rob the poor, there are invoked to-day [last Wednesday] the heart-felt curses of many a ruined man and woman."

O the pity and the shame
That the player isn't able
To defeat the little game
Of the man who keeps the table!

O the man who caught a Tartar—
Hear him bellow, see him slobber!
O the ruined, ruined martyr
Who essayed to rob the robber!

"It sifts the sophistries of politicians and theologians," saith the *Call*, speaking of a free press. Except, dear, when the sifter happens to be himself a sophist, a politician, or a theologian. Did you ever observe that he commonly is?

"People," says Mr. Beecher, "are prone to think evil. Their ears are open to hear, their mouths to speak, and their hearts to believe, the worst of others. And it is as much, if not more, so in the church than elsewhere." For what purpose, then, does the church exist? If it has not even succeeded in reducing the number and abating the severity of bites at the human back, it has probably done nothing that was worth doing. The support of the clergy might have been managed by raffles.

The star which has been on fire in the heavens ever since last autumn is now entirely consumed, leaving a nebular residuum resembling ashes of roses. No insurance. Supposed to be the work of a poet.

It is proposed to hold a National Newspaper Paragraphists' Convention.

O won't they be a merry set,
With Bailey there and Bob Burdette,
And every underhead that pokes
The public ribs to point his jokes,
And winks with tongue acheck, to show
He isn't serious, you know—
O no,
Not serious,
Ha-ha! ho-ho!

God bless us how their wit will shine!
While "I've another." "Now hear mine,"
Will be the cry of every dunce—
All getting in their work at once;
Each ass protesting in his glee:
"The man who's funny isn't me—
Taint me,
Some other man,
Ha-ha! te-he!"

A boy finds three hundred dollars and restores it to the owner. The owner places one hundred dollars to his credit in a bank, to be paid to him when he is twenty-one years of age. That is generous and commendable, but reasons are given at considerable length in the newspapers—the boy's mother is a widow, has five other children, and is sick. Explain by diagrams on the black board the relation between the needy and ailing condition of the lady, and the provision of capital to start a full grown man in business some years hence. Point out, also, the relevancy of the "five other children."

B.

THE "GREAT I AM."

A Chapter from His Life.

Physically, the Great I Am was anything but great. Less than five feet eight in height, with a face which unusually fine eyes barely rescued from the reproach of insignificance, his claim to the title "Great" was both intellectual and pecuniary; on his part not a claim at all, on the part of his friends merely an acknowledgment of brains more readily merchantable than their own.

No one has traced the origin of the title by which his familiars liked best to speak to him. His taxable name was Theodore Tobin; commonplace enough surely, but the Great I Am was no ill-chosen caption for a man who believed so thoroughly in himself, and could so surely turn his self-trust into current coin.

Theodore Tobin was a stock-operator, and the period at which this sketch opens was the halcyon season of —, when everything was a buy, and the bears were nowhere. He was a busy man among busy men, in daily business association with the keenest of speculators; his evenings were those of a money-making, money-spending bachelor, and the phrasing under this head need not be more explicit.

A man so situated naturally surrounds himself with a coterie of friends, satellites, servants, who are pleasant, endurable, serviceable.

There was Charley Le Dascey, a man of points, bristling with information in regard to anything and everything; a man who knew infinitely more about the future of the Comstock than most men knew of its recent past; a traveled man, who had breakfasted with Unida in Naples, and had dined with Dom Pedro at Berne; an art-lover; a trifle less loquacious than Thackeray's "Grandish," and twice as opinionated. Yet on this man's self-taught, self-satisfied personality a few drops of the milk of human kindness had somehow fallen. He could forsake his egotism long enough to do a good action on the sly, and he could win or lose with the same calm impressiveness which made the picturesque ugliness of his Teutonic features almost classic.

There was Brownell Brown, man of the world, son of the church, pupil of the Sunday-school, prodigal and truant toward all three; a good-looking, careless, open-handed spendthrift; one of the most persistent and successful poker-players in all San Francisco; and the squarest, most gentlemanly spendthrift that ever played at the devil's baize.

There was Clarence Hebbard, society sharp and dilettante; actor, author, musician; profession and earnest occupation, *nil*; livelihood, the interest on dead men's shoes. One of the handsomest, kindest, most dashing fellows in any set; and—this is a stage secret—privately accused of being the "Only Jones."

There was G. Duncan Krux, professional critic, *sui generis*. Scorning the traditions, he was neither "Soaper" nor "Snarl," nor had he "failed in literature or art." He wrote straight-forward, honest, not always flawless English, and earned honorable exception from the sweeping disapproval of the great press censor who sits in weekly judgment upon us all.

There was Harry Centreton, "Our 'Arry," six feet two in his hose, and an athlete—not in the narrow sense of gymnast merely, but in the full meaning of the term. He could swim a mile against wind and tide, could walk all day, dance all night, and go home with the girls in the morning; could vault four chairs single-handed; could bend backward and pick a pin off the floor with his teeth; could do more clever feats of skill and strength, and perform greater marvels of endurance than there is space to chronicle; and could not stay ten minutes in a furnished room without breaking something, to save his life.

Most readers will remember the failure of — in —. An honorable failure, as such transactions go; but honorable or not, it carried disaster to at least a score of homes, and defaced the gilded lettering of more than one plate glass window on California Street, behind which solvency and business prestige were believed to be impregnable intrenchments.

Among the heaviest losers by this failure was Theodore Tobin. His name stood second on the list of creditors, and numbers one and three, who lost almost to the full limit of their assets, were indebted to the Great I Am in sums aggregating \$60,000.

Tobin's sunny second-story rooms looked out upon one of the busiest blocks of Kearney Street. Exceedingly pleasant rooms they were, fitted with bachelor taste and bachelor comfort—the former dubious, the latter unmistakable. These rooms were a favorite lounging place for the young men herein described. They called themselves "Gideon's Band," and the rooms "the ranch."

On the afternoon of the day on which the Great I Am's checks were thrown out of bank, Brown and Le Dascey were at the "ranch," playing cribbage for nominal stakes. Hebbard was present also, reading the ARGONAUT, and Tobin's brother Joe—not previously introduced, and in fact a lay figure as regards the vitality of this sketch—was twirling his moustache and looking wise, after the manner of young men and brothers who are fond of drawing sight drafts, and averse to the boredom of business drudgery.

It was Saturday, and the four young men were waiting for the matinee to close. As Le Dascey put it, they "did not care to sit with a parcel of women and watch overworked actors gey each other." But they liked to see the tide of faces flow past from the California and other Bush Street theatres.

During the afternoon other members of the band happened in, until all the persons hitherto mentioned as friends of the Great I Am, with several others, were present, and the rooms were almost crowded; yet, strange to say, no one present had heard a word concerning the failure.

Brother Joe had gone home. The matinee maskers had passed by. The last censorious, kindly, witty, commonplace comment had been flung into the ocean of speech, and the young men had returned to their cards and kindred fritter.

A hurried step is heard in the hall, a door is thrown suddenly open, and Smeethe Yendis enters. He catches at the mantel edge, not ungracefully—faces the room, not undramatically—and says under his breath, "T. T. has failed—for a hundred thousand."

It is hoped that Mr. Smeethe Yendis, never-do-well by choice, et cetera, et cetera, will pardon this tardy recognition

of his place and power; but the hurry of dramatic storytelling leaves a very narrow margin for description, and on margins in general Smeethe was invariably "short." Yet this man was nearer to the inmost ego of the Great I Am than any other human being. *Fidus Achates* means much or little, according to the writer and the person written about. The phrase is perhaps inexact as an explanation of the relation in which Smeethe Yendis stood to Theodore Tobin, for neither directly or indirectly did the former serve the latter, except to borrow his money, drive his horses, and drink his wine. However, to bridge an explanation which threatens to expand indefinitely, let it suffice that in all the circle of his acquaintance there was no one else who so truly answered the best intellectual and spiritual needs of the Great I Am as did this last, and least, among the men who illustrate this sketch.

"T. T. has failed for a hundred thousand."

The sentence brought out the characters of the men, as a sentence so often will. A few sought their hats by instinct, and stole silently away. The sympathy of others evaporated in commonplaces, which found no echo, and they, too, went out into the pure evening air, with sharpened appetites and loosened tongues. They had something new to discuss over their black coffee.

When the room was cleared of all except the "band," Hebbard's mellow voice broke the silence, which followed Smeethe's last explanation, with "What's to be done?"

"Set him up again, by —," answered Le Dascey.

"I'm in," said the disciple of Schenck.

There was another awkward pause. Krux was figuring on a scrap of paper; presently he said:

"He owes one hundred thousand dollars. He ought to realize twenty per cent. on a clean-up. Half the balance can doubtless be fixed by notes, and we must raise the other forty thousand."

"Put me down for fifteen thousand," said the man of points.

"I see you," said Brown.

"I have an aunt who never failed me yet," remarked the society sharp. "I am good for five thousand sure; maybe more."

"As an exception to the rule that the chronic condition of newspaper men is 'bust,' I promise two thousand dollars, which I can raise on my Berkeley property—thanks to T. T.'s advice."

"My five hundred is not much," said Harry Centreton, "but—"

"It goes in all the same, old boy," said Hebbard.

Smeethe's voice trembled as he said, slowly: "Of course it would be ridiculous to expect coin or any other substantial help from me. I suppose you all know me well enough to be sure that I am with you in feeling. I have a spavined mare on grass at Centreville, and I have a picture of St. Catherine, by—"

"Your name is down for the odd twenty-five hundred," said the art authority. "I always fancied St. Catherine; you have done me a real favor, Yendis."

Smeethe thanked him with a look. The cash value of the picture was less than the æsthetic value of Le Dascey's opinion.

The conversation which followed resulted in the drafting of a paper, substantially as follows:

The undersigned promise to furnish Theodore Tobin, for use during his pleasure, forty thousand dollars in United States gold coin, without security. The money to be at his disposal Monday, —.

(Signed),

CHAS. LE DASCEY,
BROWNELL BROWN,
CLARENCE HEBBARD,
H. CENTRETON,
G. DUNCAN KRUX,
SMEETHE YENDIS.

The agreement was signed and copied. The original was retained by Krux, and a copy intrusted to Yendis to be shown to the Great I Am that evening. Then all except Yendis went home—to such homes as they had or cared to have.

Smeethe waited, though with shallow patience. He was not unaturally excited. He heard the clock strike six, seven, eight. He heard the hacks rumble on the street below. He heard a lodger on another floor howl elastic opera, when she should have been at dinner. Yet he only half heard anything. He paced to and fro in the lonesome room; forgetting to be hungry, forgetting to be thoughtless, forgetting everything except his plans for helping his best friend in this his hour of need.

At last he heard the well-known step: the door swung open and the Great I Am entered. A trifle haggard about the eyes, somewhat paler than usual, yet, to an ordinary observer, not greatly changed, nor unduly moved. But to Smeethe, —eager, yet almost afraid to speak—the change was terrible.

T. T. put out his hand instinctively, and smiled—a peculiarly sweet smile, that few men and few occasions ever won from his calm, calculating features.

"It's all up, old man," he said. The look and tone were too much for Smeethe; his eyes filled, and he sobbed like a baby.

For a moment a great wave of feeling almost unmanned the fallen speculator; but he brushed the hasty tears impatiently away; and, laying both hands on his friend's shoulders, said quietly, but proudly: "You are a man, Smeethe. Don't make me forget that I am one, too. Other men have pulled through worse than this. I have blood in my veins yet, and years to make it tell. I shall pay every cent I owe, and you must help me."

Smeethe dried his tears—perhaps the most creditable tears he had ever shed—and asked: "Are you going anywhere? Have you had dinner?"

"Yes, I'm going somewhere, but I've not had dinner."

"Let us get something to eat first, Theo.; for I, who have failed at least once a day for the past twenty-six years, am hardened and hungry."

The Great I Am smiled—this time rather grimly. "Yes, I suppose we must eat, whether our creditors are paid or not; whether our victims go to Stockton, and their wives and children to Lone Mountain, or not."

"True; too true," said Smeethe; and the young men went out arm in arm.

"We'll go to Freeman's, and have some oysters and a small bot, Theo."

"A cup of tea and a sandwich will be better; I can't spend money for wine until it's mine to spend."

"Do you think I would let you pay for it? It's my night, old boy; the first, I guess, but it won't be the last, though, by George!"

They entered the oyster-rooms and ordered their supper. The Great I Am was silent and thoughtful; his companion alternated betwixt sense and nonsense, sentiment and sententiousness. After the first glass of Roederer the color returned to T. T.'s face, and Richard was himself again.

The use of good wine, like the use of a thousand other good things, may be abused, no one wants to deny that; but here the weakness is least excusable, because the maximum of bibulous enjoyment is so easily reached. To most men one or two glasses of good wine affords more real pleasure than twenty. It is only the faded debauchee—but this is not a treatise on alcoholics, or an advertisement for champagne. The Great I Am was a very moderate drinker. Mr. Smeethe Yendis was an exceedingly immoderate one. After the first few glasses Tobin leaned half across the table and said, in a half whisper:

"Do you where I was going to-night?"

"No," said Smeethe.

T. T. handed him an ivory locket containing a miniature photograph.

"Not beautiful," thought Smeethe, at a glance. "Strong, vivid, taking, though," he said to himself as he examined the picture.

"Do you know her?"

"No, by George, I don't. You have kept it deuced quiet. Is she —?"

"You might have put the question in a less offensive way, for it is offensive; doubly so from you who should have read 'refinement,' 'modesty,' 'purity' at a glance."

"I beg your pardon, Theo., but one can't tell at a glance; certainly not from a photographic counterfeit. I don't set up for a student of face, anyhow; and then, you know, wiser men than we have been fooled in face, since Garrick thought Woffington an angel of light."

"But if ever truth and goodness were written—"

"Of course, of course. Did you ever see that portrait of Nell Gwynne in Le Dascey's collection? It has a score of contemporary indorsements on the back, yet the face is nearer my pious conception of what a Madonna should be than anything else I've seen on canvas. But we need not quarrel over that. Who is she?"

"She was to have been my wife. We were to be married next Sunday. You were to be best man, and we were all going to the Islands for three months."

"Well—and now?"

"And now I shall go to her and say: 'The work of ten years has been undone. I must begin again. I release you.'"

"And do you think—"

"She said to me once, 'I like fine things, comfortable, luxurious, beautiful things. I enjoy the uses and the privileges of wealth. I should be dwarfed without them.' I shall repeat her words, and ask her if she means them now."

"But you need not, old boy, you need not," said Smeethe, joyfully; "read this," and he handed him the agreement copy.

The Great I Am read it, flushed, smiled, and said quietly: "It's splendidly generous, and with forty thousand I could pull through easily; but I can't take it, Smeethe. I must fight it out alone."

"The deuce you can't! Not for her sake?"

"Not even for her sake. I thank the boys, all of you, from the lower levels of my heart; but I must play my own hand now as always."

Smeethe only looked his disgust. But he muttered betwixt his teeth: "You are a fool, my boy; a doubly dashed ass, my boy."

The "small bot." was empty, and by its side another was empty also. The little supper room was blue with the smoke of the last cigar.

"Are you going there to-night?" said the never-do-well.

"You have a nerve if you do," he added.

"No, it's time to go to bed." And the two friends separated at the door.

At eleven on the following morning nearly all the "band" were assembled at the "ranch," which they found deserted, with a note from T. T. stating that he would return at twelve sharp, and asking his friends, mentioning them by name, to wait for him.

Smeethe arrived last of all, and was eagerly questioned. "The pig-headed idiot refused our aid," he said angrily.

"REFUSED!"

"Yes, refused! What are you going to do about it?"

"Make him take it; send him a certified check," suggested Centreton.

"He would return it with thanks," said Krux. "Has any one a list of the creditors?"

"I have," said Smeethe Yendis, and he pulled down his cuff.

"We must see these fellows to-night, effect a settlement with all we can, and give a check to the coin sharks for the balance. Then when Monday afternoon comes, he may whistle for his outraged dignity," said the nettled critic.

When the Great I Am came in at twelve, he found his friends apparently resigned to his will. Every one accepted Hebbard's invitation to a quiet, early dinner, and the plotters fairly wearied their victim with delicate attentions and thoughtful solicitude. "Has he seen her?" thought Yendis. But whether he had or not, the Great I Am gave no outward sign, and the never-do-well did not ask him.

Monday morning came. A few business associates dropped in to Tobin's office to ask in an informal manner concerning his reverses and the outlook. Three o'clock came, but no creditors. One or two notes of receipt came in from complaisant Shylocks who had been paid in full. "What the deuce does it mean?" thought Tobin, at first. The notes made it clear enough, and when the huge dimensions of the stolen march dawned upon his puzzled senses, he hardly knew whether to laugh or to wax indignant. He went to his rooms, half expecting to find the band there, but the rooms were empty. "I'll go tell Laura," he said to himself; "perhaps she will give me a little dinner."

Six weeks from that day a card of invitation to the marriage of Theodore Tobin and Laura Douglas was received by each member of the "band." On the card received by Smeethe Yendis was written, in a firm though unmistakably feminine hand, "She does not love 'luxury' less, but friendship more."

R. S. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1878.

INTAGLIOS.

A Hint.

Our Daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain.

Then, foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There, close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried:
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you," she said.
—*Eclectic Magazine for October.*

A Moment.

When the lightning flashes by night,
The rain-drops seem to fly
A million jewels of light
In the moment's gleam.
And often, in gathering fears,
A moment of low
To jewels will turn the tears
That it can not remove.
F. W. B., in *Spectator*.

Sonnet.

A year ago, love, for the space
Of a brief moment, nobly fraught
With deeper meaning than our light hearts thought,
You held my hand and looked into the face
Which, poor in gifts, has since by God's good grace
Grown dear to you; and the full year has brought
Friendship—and love—and marriage; yet has taught
My heart to call you in its sacred place
Still by the earliest names; for you who are
My lover and my husband, and who bring
Heaven close around me, will not let me cling
To that near heaven, but tempt my soul afar
By your ideals for me; till life end,
My calm, dispassionate, sincerest friend.
MRS. WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

The Shadow of Love.

The branching shades, in woodland glades,
Seem to the under-fern
Wide as the night that leaves no light;
No shape can they discern.
And we, who seek in senses weak
Love's form to entertain—
So far Love's whole o'er spreads the soul—
Too oft see only pain.
FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

Old Loves.

Louise, have you forgotten yet
The corner of the flowery land,
The ancient garden where we met,
My hand that trembled in your hand?
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,
As low beneath the willow trees
We sat; have you forgotten, love?
Do you remember, love Louise?
Marie, have you forgotten yet
The loving barter that we made?
The rings we changed, the sun that set,
The woods fulfilled with sun and shade?
The fountains that were musical
By many an ancient trying tree—
Marie, have you forgotten all?
Do you remember, love Marie?
Christine, do you remember yet
Your room with scent and roses gay?
My garret—neath the sky 'twas set—
The April hours, the nights of May?
The clear calm nights, the stars above
That whispered they were fairest seen
Through no cloud-veil? Remember, love!
Do you remember, love Christine?
Louise is dead, and, well-a-day!
Marie a certain path has taken,
And pale Christine has passed away
In southern suns to bloom again.
Alas! for me and all of us
Marie, Louise, Christine forget,
Our bowers of love is ruinous,
And I alone remember yet.
HENRI MURGER.

"Ein Fichtenbaum Steht Einsam."

A pine-tree stands alone on
A bare bleak northern height;
The ice and snow they swathe it,
As it sleeps there, all in white.
"Its dreaming of a palm-tree,
In a far-off Eastern land,
That mourns, alone and silent,
On a ledge of burning sand."
HEINE.

Two Moods.

I.—HATE.

Drawn o'er the airy sapphire of the day
In vague perpetual way,
He sees one dulling film of dreary gray.
The fragrant bird, or dewy leaves that shine,
Flower, ward, or lissom vine,
All hold weird hints of something sturmine!
Big weights of wrong and insult always pressed
Upon his tired-out breast,
Imperiously distract him with unrest;
And through his mind quick ghastly fancies float,
Where sometimes he can note
His enemy's loathsome shape, and clutch its throat!

II.—LOVE.

For him alone the exultant thrushes call,
The grand sun rise and fall,
And the sweet winds blow benediction!
A sovereign sense his being seems to brim,
Thrilling heart, brain, and limb,
That all this radiant world was wrought for him!
One blissful faith his life divinely cheers
With heavenly joys and fears,
That sometimes leave his sight in holy rapt;
And through his soul, rich-warmed by sacred heat,
Dear memories move and meet,
Like shadowy ripples over golden wheat.
EDGAR FAWCETT.

Little Things.

Some little things we may not do
Will haunt the longing heart;
Sweet simple things might cause unrest,
Though far from blame apart.
Last night I heard a song was wont
To thrill me when a child;
Fain had I wept, but alien eyes
Had looked askance and smiled.
Last night a flower was dropped—ah, me!
My inmost-soul was fain
Instant to gather up the prize,
When prudence said, "Refrain!"
But when the gala lights were out,
Love played his own true part;
I searched the darkened room, and now
The flower lies next my heart.
—*Lady's Bazaar for November.*

A RACE FOR LIFE.

I.—The Message.

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed my friend McCausland, as he met me at the door of his house.
I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. McCausland was engineer to the water company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval for dressing we sat down to an excellent little dinner. Not unnaturally the conversation turned upon the weather.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McCausland, "it spoils my water supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged.

We pursued our way up the hill, and crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a country gig awaiting us. Into this we clambered, and proceeded along a wooded by-road, stony and rutful. At length, when hope had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn, called the "Reservoir."

We got out of the gig gladly.

An engineer foreman accosted us politely.

"Is all right, Johnson?" inquired McCausland.

"Yes, all is right; but—"

"Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the South Reservoir embankment," was the reply.

McCausland turned pale to his very lips.

"Come with me," he said, abruptly. We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange dread upon us.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale Company. A fresh breeze was blowing the water in small though noisy waves against the paved top of the bank.

Here and there a tongue of liquid spat upon the stone work, and at one spot it trickled down into and apparently came through the grass.

"This is the spot," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to puddle up this," said McCausland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

We then continued our inspection, but during our progress round the works the clouds had massed themselves in wild grandeur above the hills, and lay heavily above the Apples Viaduct in front. The railroad crossed the valley on a graceful viaduct near Ammering Junction. The dark, slaty clouds hung suspended over this district. Long tendrils of the scud came forth from them like fingers. The trees scarce moved, yet the water rolled up against the reservoir bank as if agitated by an unseen wheel.

All seemed conscious of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions, and the leaves whispered strange confidences to the motionless boughs above our heads.

The men had all gone up to the reservoirs. McCausland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked suddenly.

"Why?" I said. "Do you intend to remain here?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Can't I stay too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here, though."

"I do not mind that," I replied. So it was settled. Fortunate it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluices again, we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly passed when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder echoes.

Nature rested not that livelong night.

At five o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McCausland came, fully dressed, into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quickly as you can, and come down stairs," he said. I began to ask questions.

"Lose no time, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance." He left the room.

I dressed quickly, and joined McCausland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time-tables, which, as an official, he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering Junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much. "Of course I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly. "Are you nervous?" he said, as he held it in his own steady grasp.

"Nonsense," I replied, laughing. "I'll be ready in five minutes, if it's important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for my water-proofs. When I came down, the horse was at the door, and McCausland inspecting him.

"Now," I said, "for this great message, if you please."

McCausland's tone had something very solemn in it as he replied:

"Tell the station-master of Ammering Junction, and any people you see, that the South Reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apples Viaduct, and carry away the bridges on the Holmesdale branch. Stop the traffic, and save the passengers. God bless you! and, bark ye, ride for your life. I will fire the signal cannon as a warning. Good-bye."

II.—A Wild Ride.

Mechanically I gathered up the reins, nodded to McCausland, for I was too stupified to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours hence and the water would be pouring down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps the lives of hundreds of my fellow-creatures depended on mine. Ammering Junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, intersected with flooded streams, and swept by wind and rain.

I must do it, I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need all my strength though to execute my task, so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but I fancied I could easily find the path. Besides, was there not a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful tidings, and with the fierce wind and biting rain by turns and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning, and pulled up to read the direction I was to take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointed up the cross-road I was pursuing—"To Holmesdale and Seaham." The opposite index pointed—"To Ruddall and Ammering."

could scarcely credit my senses. Surely I was right! We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the reservoirs. I had merely to reverse the route we had traveled. At that moment, if you will believe me, the true state of the case and my own stupidity flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale: I was now bound for Ammering, which lay at the opposite side.

This a terrible mistake. It was now past six o'clock. One of three precious hours had elapsed, and I was further from Ammering than when I started. I was seized with despair: what ever could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up-hill miles to ride, and then about seven more across the moor, before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started, and then—

I burst into into a cold perspiration at the thought, and then, desperate and only half conscious, I rode madly back to the Ammering road and up the hill again.

As we gained the more open ground the blast came down with such violence as to stagger us. It tore across the hill-side, and whizzed and hissed among the gorse and swaying grass. The rain came down more determined than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the lee of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moor. From the elevation where I was I could trace the channel of the Apples River down the valley, and could guess the spot at which the flood would strike the railroad, and the branch line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine, perhaps, waiting to start with a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All this, and more, I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Then I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered new force while we had halted, and it rushed across the track terrifically.

I was quite alone, for there was not a human being in sight; but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterward. That train was safe. I watched it glide away over the viaduct. Five minutes later I rode into the station and called for the station-master. As I dismounted the clock struck eight. The time was up, and no signal from McCausland. Telegraphing would now be easy. A porter came out in response to my summons.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began.

"I don't want the train," I replied. "I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute. But ye can't telegraph. The wires is blown down. We had to send a 'pilot' with the express to clear the line up to Handleigh."

"Not telegraph! I tell you, man, I must stop the traffic. The South Holmesdale Reservoir will burst this very hour."

"Can that be true?" inquired a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True!" I echoed. "It is only too true. I have ridden to tell you. We must stop the trains."

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8.5," mused the station-master. "There may be time; come with me." He crossed the line and entered a shed opposite. I followed. Just then a loud booming sound rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder.

"It is the signal," I exclaimed. "The water is out. Heaven help us now!"

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared.

"Is that engine ready?"

"Yes, sir; waiting for the excursion."

"Run and open the points—Now, sir, get up."

I obeyed mechanically, and before I quite realized the situation we had crossed to the up line. The station-master stopped to get a red flag and give a few instructions to his subordinate. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam versus Water. Which would conquer?

A whistle: we started. "The flood! the flood!" shouted the porter. We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down to the devoted viaduct. No time to lose. "Go ahead!" cried the station-master. I turned on steam, put the lever over another "notch," and the race began in earnest.

We flew along the metals. A few minutes would decide it. We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarned, would dash to destruction. A depression in the ground ran beside the railroad for a short distance. We trusted to this to turn the velocity of the approaching water. It was an exciting race, and one never to be forgotten. On rolled the flood. We were running "neck and neck" for one terrible half minute. Now the resistless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, haystacks, debris of every description, came head-long down upon the doomed structure. We fled like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now. Sparks flew from the chimney. Another "notch"—the beat of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge. Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the buttresses. In a second we were across. I shut off steam, the station-master put down the brakes. A tearing, rending sound that was not the brakes—a crash! We looked back. The line dropped behind us like a stage trap. The bridge gave way, and with a roar that was heard two miles off, the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water.

And now to save the excursion. Speeding forward again, whistling like a demon, our good engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision.

We soon gave the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had. Perverted and sincere were the thanks we received.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct the water had subsided. The work of destruction was complete, but a "break-down" gang was quickly on the spot. A footway was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging front one to the other.

The loss of cattle and farm produce caused by that terrible flood was very great. Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been appalling. As it was, some unfortunate people were drowned, but some had most marvelous escapes.

I found McCausland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently, and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget the race of Steam versus Water on the Vigilant locomotive.

Nor do I!

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RETURNED.

HAVING RETURNED FROM THE East, I respectfully announce to my friends and the public that I shall resume practice on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5th, 1878.

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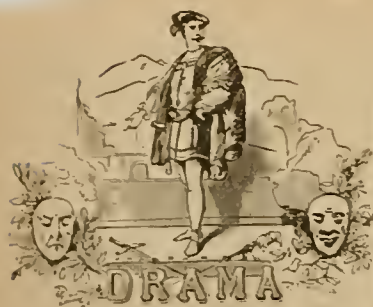
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Surely Mr. Thomas Maguire is a very popular manager. Perhaps it would be better to say "man." He is at least constant in his devotion to his love—not his first love—but his best love—the drama, or the art of minstrelsy.

They are, unfortunately for the first, too much the same to him. If he has a fault in his managership, that is it.

Long years ago he made money in the Thespian business. Long years ago he lost it. He has been principally losing since.

But still he stands at the door of the Thespian temple, no longer the chief receiver of the sacrifices, but sufficiently interested to be pleased with a full dress circle, and to adore a crammed gallery.

He has always been fond of the "boys," and they have assumed the patronage of his career so long that he is gradually coming to the opinion that his own star began to wane with *The Danicheffs*.

I really believe he almost dislikes the dress circle. But he does not despise its money.

He clings with a fondness as foolish, as fondnesses generally are, to the old-time audiences and the old-time entertainment; and although he has given us two detachments of the Union Square company, some of the finest plays ever written, and the grandest opera company the coast ever saw, still he is not happy.

The kid-gloved people, who do not applaud for fear of splitting their expensive hand-coverings, are having all too much their own way for him; but he yields all his prejudices to circumstances, and feels that Baldwin's Theatre is not Maguire's Opera House.

So far has he acknowledged the change that he puts on for his benefit a strong ancient-modern piece, which has only something of a gallery reputation.

I fear he was not satisfied with the comparatively quiescent condition of that portion of the house on Monday night, in spite of the full parquette, and the almost unusual heartiness of its applause.

He scarcely beamed as was his wont, and I saw him in the doorway of Baldwin's Hotel comparatively uninterested, while the audience were calling Rose Wood before the curtain, once in a while inviting James O'Neill to come with her.

It was a good house, though, and showed that people really did think something of Mr. Maguire, for all the other theatres were empty. It was a complimentary benefit tendered by the company; but a good number of the company went with Mr. and Mrs. Williamson into the provinces, to assist in the proper presentation of the great Dutch drama, also for Mr. Maguire's benefit.

After a tour through England and Europe, it is quite possible that his purse required replenishing, and I dare say the company had a glimmering idea of that when they decided to play in *A Woman of the People* as a compliment to their popular manager.

Whether that was the case or not, the object brought a good deal of money into the house, and the performance was at least worth it.

A Woman of the People struck Mr. Maguire strongly when he saw it played by Madame Beatrice, in London. I don't think it would have struck me. Certainly not either as a piece for San Francisco, or as a piece for Mr. Maguire's company. It is an old, a very old play.

It belongs to d'Ennery's crude days, when he did not show the talent which has since made him famous.

Those literary and dramatic firms are curious things any way. If I may judge from this piece, in comparison with *The Two Orphans* and *A Celebrated Case*, I should say Cormon's the man, not d'Ennery.

There is not an sign in *A Woman of the People* of the genius which characterizes the later efforts. It is an almost plotless drama. Such a plot to-day would not be looked at.

A friend of mine once edited a comic paper. Don't be alarmed, he is not anywhere near here. He once received an invitation to dinner from an old gentleman who had a rising family. After dinner the host produced a somewhat dirty piece of paper, on which was a rough drawing of a desk, with the under portions of two human bodies, one on a high stool by the desk, the other outside. Prefacing his remarks by a story touching the figure on the high stool, he remarked that his son, an unusually clever and bright boy, had made this marvelous sketch of the incident, and if my friend could get the artist of his comic paper to fill in the beads and shoulders, and put the proper expression into the faces, he thought it would be a telling contribution to the next number.

It is much the same with *A Woman of the People*. Somebody, some one of the numerous rising dram-

atists of San Francisco, had taken this play to Mr. Lyster and asked him to get Miss Rose Wood to go through five acts of straight agony, and Mr. James O'Neill to do what he could with an uninteresting drunken carpenter, without any plot or story to keep the attention of the audience. Mr. Lyster would have blandly and politely explained that the engagements of the theatre would not permit its presentation.

Mr. Lyster would then have told anybody who asked him about it frankly, that it was a demitton bad play.

But d'Ennery wrote it. It was in fashion years ago, when people went to the theatres for one of two purposes, to laugh or to cry. Then two or three hours of harrowing agony were as acceptable as two or three hours of hilarity, and everybody was pleased.

Besides, when it was played before, M. d'Ennery was satisfied with three acts. That was as much of it as people would stand even in those days. Now he gives us six acts, and they are six acts of d'Ennery without Cormon.

It is quite evident that Cormon is the burnt sugar in the dramatic medicine manufactured by the firm, and uncommonly fine burnt sugar he is.

A Woman of the People is a capital specimen of the hysterical drama. It opens with a wedding, rudely broken in upon by a disclosure of misplaced affection, and it closes with the reunion of the two hearts, somewhat broken in upon by a disclosure of misplaced maternal affection. It has no relief for the harrowing agony of its six scenes.

There is not a smile which is not out of place.

True, on Monday night, Miss Wood tried to lighten the effect by dropping her darling child's head out of the cradle, but that was not repeated. In fact, a plain attempt was made to disabuse the minds of the audience with regard to the wooden material of which that head was composed by the careful presentation of a real baby afterward. But that child was changed in the cradle.

The prologue shadows forth the misery by showing the young husband drunk on his wedding day. In the first act the agony begins, and Miss Wood gives us a round of painful poses, which she repeats in each of the following four, only the scenes being changed.

Two of the acts are enough for any one piece, and there is but little in the other characters to make up for the rest of the time. It is a very weary play, without motive, without art, without finish or genuine dramatic force.

There is scarcely a situation in it which appeals to the audience with any striking effect. It is a series of culminations that never rise to climax; and even the ending only satisfies us because we feel that the miserable, unhappy, hysterical wife needs rest, and we are glad that she does not need any longer to shriek and rave about "my chi-ild."

But if the play is so poor, it only shows how well Miss Rose Wood does her work, that the audience recall her after almost every act. She deserves it. I have never seen anybody work so hard. If, when the piece is withdrawn, she goes to Mr. Lyster and asks for a holiday, she shall have my certificate, for one, that she has richly earned it.

It is a pity she has not a heavier physique and a stronger pair of lungs; as it is, she only wants them to be as good a "Marie" as one could wish to see. But her lithe figure, and her light, comedy voice, drive her into hysterics not altogether becoming the hardy work-girl who maintains her idle husband.

I am not willing, however, to say a word that will reduce the credit that must and ought to accrue to her reputation from her earnest, and at times powerful, performance of "Marie."

Mr. James O'Neill has a very disagreeable and unimportant part. It should not be unimportant, but it is so in the play.

He showed how little more a leading man, at two hundred dollars a week, can make out of a small part, than a subordinate at twenty-five.

Mr. Lewis Morrison threw his body into his somewhat stereotyped attitudes of villainy, and added an "a" to his words to make an Italian accent.

Mr. Morrison plays a monotonous villain. He comes on with exactly the same hasty stride in the beginning, pushes up his shoulders and sticks his head forward through the various acts, and goes off, or is taken off, at the end with the same defiant snap of the fingers in every part he plays. Between his "good" young men and his "bad" young men there is merely the difference of opening or shutting his eyes and his mouth. He caught the Italian accent very well at times, but a man can not be expected to get that up perfectly in a day or two.

I did not see him in the processional celebration of the discovery of America on Sunday. That was the place for him to study dialect; only he might have mistaken the Mayor for an Italian.

Miss Meurice, who played the "Countess," is a lady of some experience on the stage. She possesses two recommendations, not always found in the countesses of the stage—a lady-like appearance and repose of manner, and a pleasant, lady-like voice. There was not much for her to do, but she made a most agreeable impression upon me.

Mr. Herne evidently thought "Remy" was a bluff.

The mounting of the play was really high class. Some of the scenes were simply admirable paintings. But the care and finish given to the stage arrange-

ments and situations in *A Celebrated Case*, *Agnes*, and *Les Danicheffs* were conspicuously lacking.

A piece called *Proof Positive* is advertised to follow. Where is *Mother and Son*?

The Streets of New York have been somewhat deserted this week.

I am not surprised at it.

The play has been played in all the best theatres of the world; but the criticism of last week applies to it just as truly all the same. It does not belong to this age of dramatic literature.

It is of the style which kept the theatres in disrepute, and drew all the lower classes to them as patrons.

It is as dead as the old Adelphi dramas, which have long been relegated to second class places of amusements.

They were in a much higher style of art. In them are some of the finest acting characters known to the stage; and, for the sake of those, the old plays will always be dear to actors and theatre-goers.

But we do not want them, we could not stand them now, and it is a pity to see such relics of low-class art as *The Streets of New York* kept on the boards, while *Green Bushes* and kindred dramas have been sent into limbo.

The Punch and Judy display, and the Irishman and Chinaman, who are evidently strong partisans of the moribund Kearney, get an occasional laugh from the gallery.

Mr. Mayo played *Hamlet* for his benefit, a much more creditable bill.

On Monday we are to have *Fatinitza*, and if rumor can be relied on, it will be a success.

I am much inclined to believe rumor on this occasion, because I happen to know that Mr. Max Freeman has been working very hard to make the production perfect.

The libretto, by Mr. Piercy Wilson and Mr. Barton Hill, is to be a model of sensible and artistic translation.

Miss Cottrelli is slightly nervous about her English, but I do not think she need fear a San Francisco audience in matters of courtesy. We stand a good deal, and we can surely be lenient and kindly to a strange lady dealing with a strange language.

The piece is being wonderfully advertised.

One thing is creditable about it—every bill, poster, and lithograph has been drawn and printed in San Francisco. There is nothing about the play save the play itself and the music that is not home manufacture. It will be a triumph of some importance if it is a success. It will show that we can get up an opera on the spot.

We are aware that we can write plays, and even music, of course. I know plenty of people ready with both if this goes. That is the only objectionable feature of the success of *Fatinitza*.

Mrs. Oates has not been freely patronized this week.

I think it was a mistake in Mr. Locke not to keep up the excitement with his new pieces, and leave his repetitions till the very last week of the engagement. It is hard to bring people back when the audiences have once dropped off.

Still there is no reason why *Le Petit Duc* should not see crowded houses again. It has the reputation of being Lecocq's best, the numbers being pronounced generally of higher average than even *Girofle-Girofla*.

If the prima donna could only be induced to leave the audience alone a little more, and if she would direct her entire attention to the business of the opera, I do not know of anybody who could rival her in English opera bouffe.

But the attention of everybody to herself seems to be her ruling passion, and it will forever interfere with her reputation.

Le Petit Duc comes on Monday.

The *Dramatic News* has got hold of the plot of Boucicault's new Irish play so long promised. It was played in England, in some less prominent theatre for Mrs. Boucicault's benefit, under the name of *Norah's Town*. I shall not be sorry if it is never given.

What a moral Mr. Boucicault's career points of the effects of puffery!

Mitis is advertised all over the country. Each special advertiser has sole right. A Miss Ada Gilman makes a point of Bret Harte's having forgotten to copyright the story.

MOURZOUK.

Clara Morris has a new horse, which she named "Aimée" the moment she put eyes on her, and this horse has a little history.

Mr. Harriot happened to be at a sale the other day, and among the stock to be disposed of was an apparently worthless animal, for which there was no demand.

After some spirited bidding the horse was knocked down to the actress' husband for something like \$30.

When Miss Morris saw the acquisition she simply remarked, "Aimée," because, as she said afterward, "she looks so demure and is so vicious, and because of her general cussedness."

"Aimée" is blooded, has a handsome head, is gold color, with feet little white feet; is banded very short, and takes a wile or fence like a bird. "She looks so gentle, so demure, and is the devil," says Miss Morris. "She can out kick any mule, donkey, or blonde I ever saw."

A WELL DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

The social as well as the financial status of a city is most markedly seen in the character of its stores, more particularly in those lines of businesses that come directly in contact with what is known as our social life, as dry goods and general house furnishings. Among our first-class places of business, the most notable instance of enterprise to-day, is the recently enlarged establishment of our old friends, Messrs. Kennedy & Durr, formerly of Nos. 108 and 110 Third Street, but now at Nos. 834, 836, and 838 Market Street. The "Pavilion," as it is now called, has already achieved an enviable reputation among shoppers since its removal, and now stands preeminent among those stores at which only the best goods are to be found, and at the most surprisingly low prices. From minute personal examination we feel justified in saying that nowhere within San Francisco can the same line of goods be obtained for the prices asked, one reason of which is the fact of the unusual facilities this firm enjoys for the purchase of goods abroad, for they are their own importers, and by this means save to their customers at least one heavy item of expense in the ordinary profit of wholesale middle men. A cursory glance at this fine stock showed one of the largest lines of dress goods in the city, under which head may be mentioned all the latest styles in the popular Bourrette cloths, and the still more novel Pekinades, Chuddah cloths, Burrapoor cloths, Palmira broches, and the different varieties of camels' hair goods in all the various fashionable tints and shades. In this department we noted a difference of from fifty to seventy-five cents on the yard between the prices here and those asked elsewhere, in the more expensive grades particularly. Under the same head come mourning goods, comprising bombazines, alpaccas, cashmeres, merinos, Henrietta cloth, serges, and the best of English crapes, both for veils and trimming purposes. Cashmeres, as one of the most popular, may be quoted as ranging from 45 cents to \$2.50 per yard, and camels' hair cloths from \$1.25 to \$4. Silks are a specialty of this house, and an unusually fine choice is constantly on hand, in colors as well as the leading makes of black. Evening shades in gros grains, of every color, can be had at \$1.50 a yard, the same goods selling elsewhere for \$2, being of full width and of extra quality. They range from this figure to \$2.50. Bonnet's, Ponson's, Jaubert's, all the various foreign makes are represented in blacks; also the make known as "The Pavilion," an extra quality, manufactured expressly for the firm, and bearing their trade mark. This can be recommended as one of the best wearing silks in the market, and varies in price from \$1.50 to \$5.00 a yard, the general line of these goods going from 75 cents to \$6.50. Fine broads and broad velvet should be spoken of in this connection; satins and plushes also. In cloakings there is a most varied assortment; and these, with an exceptionally excellent stock of shawls, in India camels' hair, broché, worsted knitted; and in laces, the *Point de Venise* and Duchesse constitute a marked feature of this establishment. Lighter grades at lower prices are not forgotten. We had our attention specially called to the hosiery department, in which the latest novelties are found at most moderate figures; ladies' silk hose, extra length, fast colors, being marked at \$5, the usual price being from \$7.50 to \$10 elsewhere. For ladies, gentlemen, and children there is every conceivable fancy in plain white, unbleached, striped, bourette, enbroided, and hair line goods. At the underwear counter purchasers will find all grades of flannels ready made, the "scarlet medicated" in suits and of various sizes. Cartwright's and Warner's celebrated make of gauze goods, and Canton flannels in shirts and drawers to match. Gentlemen's white shirts are another specialty. Messrs. Kennedy & Durr very justly pride themselves on their house furnishing display, which is so extensive as to form a store in itself, and so entirely satisfactory in every way as to be beyond competition. Linen and cotton sheetings, towings, quilts, spreads, comfortable, and blankets are among the leading points. These latter are both imported and of home manufacture; one elegant pair, which may be given as a sample, as having been made at the Mission Mills, costing \$40. They are to be had, however, in all qualities, and from this price as low as \$2 a pair. Lace curtains are also selling at greatly reduced rates—fine guipures and Nottingham laces ranging from 15 cents to \$1.50 a yard, and real lace from \$9 to \$90 a pair. In table linens are all the best foreign makes, notably that of the Belfast house of Brown & Sons. Wine cloths in sets, worsted table covers in Persian and other fashionable designs, are among the further requisites of the dining-room. While giving so much and such critical attention to larger matters, Messrs. Kennedy & Durr have not neglected the various *et ceteras* of a first-class house. Ribbons, neckties, laces, trimmings of every description, buttons, and other fancy articles too numerous to mention at length, are always a part of their stock. In that important essential of the toilet, gloves, there are no less than five different makes in kids alone, besides silk, Lisle thread, mitts, in black and light evening shades, gaulets, castor beaver gloves for riding and driving, worsted and cotton, and Swedish kid. The "Golden Eagle," "Golden Gate," the "Cécile," and a glove manufactured expressly for them in Paris, known as the "Pavilion," and the "Farris Seamlens" of New York, are among the principal favorites in dress gloves. Something very popular in ladies' corsets is also named after the store itself, "The Pavilion." It is a combination of the best points known to the *corsetiere*, having the extra length over the hips, an extremely pliable steel, made broad, and curving inward somewhat at the lower end, to serve as a support, has side lacings, embroidered front bosoms, and is provided with an extra number of the lightest of whalebones for stiffening. This make comes in gray and white jeans, at \$1.50 only. To sum up finally, there is nothing known to family wants that is not here amply provided for, and it is with more than ordinary pleasure that we pay this brief tribute to the business energy, tact, and taste of this enterprising firm, and take this occasion to introduce them to the many readers of THE ARGONAUT, feeling sure that we shall receive in return the sincere thanks of those who have as yet been unacquainted with them.

We knew it all along, and now we can prove it to you. Messrs. Burr & Fink, corner Montgomery and Market Streets, have the largest assortment of gentlemen's furnishing goods in the city.

"Ah, great heavens," sighed a rising young genius, throwing down his pen and leaning back wearily, "you don't know how much pleasanter and easier it is to read these little poems of mine than it is to write them." Sympathetic but awkward friend—"Gad, how you must suffer, then!"

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

Messrs. Burr & Fink, Montgomery and Market Streets, are beating the stock market all hollow. They make things "boom" every day of the week.

"Fellow-citizens," said a North Carolina candidate, "there are three topics that now agitate the State—the United States Bank, the Tariff, and the Penitentiary. I shall pass over the first two very briefly, as my sentiments are well known, and come to the Penitentiary, where I shall dwell for some time."

California Street is, we believe, the only one connecting the waters of the Bay of San Francisco with the ocean beach. Either the Presidio Reservation, the Cemeteries, or the Park prevent an open communication to the sea. Hence when the California Street Railroad shall be extended, as it will soon be, to the Pacific Ocean, it will be crowded with pleasure seekers. The route over the hills gives delightful views of the town, the bay, the Golden Gate, and ocean. The street will be lined with palaces. The residences of Messrs. Stanford, Hopkins, Colton, Crocker, Flood, Mackey, Tobin, Rosenbaum, Norris, Carolan, Wiggins, are all located upon California Street. Our advice to all the newly bonanza rich is to secure a fifty-acre lot upon the line of this avenue, or to get as near to it as possible, for the time is coming when it will be fashionable exile not to have a residence either upon Van Ness Avenue, Nob Hill, or California Street heights.

We would call your attention to the fine display of colored and plain Photography just placed at the entrance of Dames & Hayes' gallery, 715 Market St.

Clara Louise Kellogg carries a trunk full of old corsets around with her, because she knows that if she shows them aside the size of her waist will be known to the anxious world two hours after.

Just received at Sullivan's, No. 120 Kearny Street, a large invoice of new goods, comprising the latest models for cloaks, dolmans, ulsters, and other outdoor wraps. Also, a heavy line of ladies' and children's suits, ladies' morning wrappers in every variety of trimming and material, and a particularly taking model known as the "Montague." All kinds of cloths, Sicliennes, and other suitings, constantly being renewed from abroad, as well as the very latest designs in buttons and other cloak fastenings, whalebone, and other fringes, tassels, chenille, and all kinds of trimmings and garnitures. Mourning suits made at the shortest notice.

There's no use in talking. Messrs. Burr & Fink, of No. 2 Montgomery Street, have the inside track on gentlemen's goods and general tailoring work.

In a country church-yard we find the following epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth his wife, and underneath, the text, 'Their warfare is accomplished.'"

This paper is printed with ink furnished by Chas. Eneen Johnson & Co., 509 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, and 59 Gold Street, New York.

"I know I am a perfect bear in manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet."

Have you seen the new style of "Montagues" at Sullivan's, No. 120 Kearny Street?

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said: "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can any body sing it?" asked a wit in the company.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and attachable Flouncies: Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

An Indianapolis barber who abandoned his business and went into the ministry was suddenly called upon to baptize three candidates. He got along very well, but after baptizing the first he astonished his congregation by lustily shouting, "Next!"

Have you seen the new styles of "Montagues" at Sullivan's, No. 120 Kearny Street?

"What is this?" asked Kearney, in a Boston restaurant, the other day, where he had ordered pudding and milk. "Chinese mush," replied the waiter. "All right," said Kearney, too hungry to be particular, "the Chinese mush go."

Get your wedding suit at Messrs. Burr & Fink's, No. 2 Montgomery Street, over the Hibernia Bank, and be happy.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

THE OATES

ENGLISH COMIC OPERA COMPANY,
Supporting the American Prima Donna/Comedienne,

ALICE OATES.

Saturday Evening, October 19th, last renditions of

LA PERICHOLE.

Saturday Matinee and Sunday Evening, last renditions of

GIROFLE-GIROFLA.

Monday Evening, October 21st, the latest opera, now meeting with the greatest success in Paris and London,

LE PETIT DUC,

By Charles Lecocq, author of Girofle-Girofla and La Fille de Mme. Angot.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

The Ceramic Art, a History of Pottery and Porcelain. By Jennie S. Young. Cloth. \$3 00
All around the House. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. Clo. 1 50
Songs of Italy. By Joaquin Miller. Cloth. 1 50
His Heart's Desire. A Novel. Cloth. 1 50
A Friend. By H. Greville. Cloth, \$1; paper. 50
The Management and Diseases of the Dog. By J. W. Hill. Cloth. 2 00
Hygiene of the Brain. By M. L. Holbrook. Clo. 1 50
Growth of the Steam Engine. By R. H. Thurston. Cloth. 2 50
Cousin Polly's Gold Mine. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. Paper. 40
The Magic Flower-Pot. By Edward Garrett. Cloth. 1 50
The Chicken Market. By Prof. Henry Morley. Clo. 1 50
Nelly's Silver Mine. By H. H. Cloth. 1 50
Newbery's New Map of San Francisco. Pocket form. 75

NEW STATIONERY

RECEIVED DAILY.

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BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MACFIRE.....MANAGER.
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Unparalleled success of the great emotional drama,

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE,

Attested by the united verdict of the people and the press, &c.:

It is a drama that appeals directly to the most humane and moving sentiment of the heart. Mr. James O'Neill as "Bertrand," the drunken, cruel, and subsequently repentant, husband, played with his usual ability. Mr. J. A. Herne as "Remy," a careless, drunken scoundrel, with a considerable ingredient of good humor, was excellent.—*Alta*.

Miss Rose Wood finds her opportunity. Well she avails herself of it. She sounds the whole gamut of a woman's nature—guileless love, intense suffering, heroic endurance. She is the artist in every phase of the character. The audience appeared bound to her by those strong ties of sympathy which only the true actress can weave, and each curtain was a relief for almost overwrought feeling. The lady was called out at the end of every act amidst emphatic and most genuine applause.—*Call*.

"Appiant" interests the audience most, though so far removed from their sympathy. In the hands of Mr. Morrison the character receives the most artistic treatment with results that could have been arrived at only by long and patient study.—*Chronicle*.

This Saturday afternoon, October 19th, and every evening including Sunday,

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

In Active Preparation—PROOF POSITIVE.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21.

A notable event—First time in America of the Grand Spectacular Comic Opera,

FATINITZAI

Now the reigning sensation in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and London. Libretto, by Richard Genée. Music, by Fran. von Suppe. Translated and adapted from the German by Messrs. Piercy Wilson and Barton Hill.

First appearance in English of the Brilliant Artists,

MISS MATHILDE COTTRELLY

—AND—

MR. MAX FREEMAN,

Supported by Miss Marie Prescott, Mr. Harry Gates, Mr. Felix Morris, Miss Carrie Godfrey, Miss Hattie Moore, an auxiliary cast of great musical and dramatic excellence. Superb chorus of fresh and highly trained voices, with a full and complete orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Charles Schultz.

The scenes by Voegelin will be his masterpieces. The costumes, by Mrs. Walter Smith, new, varied, and beautiful. The properties and mechanical effects, by Stackhouse, Greenlock, and assistants, original and startling. The whole constituting a remarkable dramatic, musical, and realistic ensemble. The entire production under the direction of Mr. Max Freeman.

Fatinitza matinee Saturday. Reserved seats at the box office six days in advance.

THE VERTICAL FEED.

THE ONLY POSITIVE SUCCESS IN all departments of sewing. Lightest running shuttle machine in the market. The NEW DAVIS VERTICAL FEED SEWING MACHINE, 130 Post Street.

MARK SHELTON.

P. S.—Howe, Florence, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Domestic, Weed, Willcox & Gibbs, for sale at \$10 each.

W. LITTLE.....J. B. CUMMING.

LITTLE & CUMMING,

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS, No. 34 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

Estimates given on all classes and styles of work. General jobbing promptly attended to. Offices and Stores neatly fitted up.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,

WILLIAM DOOLAN,

Office No. 12 Nevada Block.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 SHERMAN'S BUILDING,

Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco (P. O. Box 707.)

DECKER BROS

COMPLICATED

WATCHES

CHRONOGRAPH,
REPEATING,
SPLIT SECONDS, ETC.

AND A LARGE STOCK OF GOLD

and Silver Watches, Chains, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver Ware, and Fancy Goods at

ANDERSON & RANDOLPH'S

CORNER OF

MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STS.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

RECEIVER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of the Fifteenth District Court, Receiver, to take charge of the affairs of La Societe Francaise d'Epargnes et de Prevoyance Mutuelle (French Savings and Loan Society), with power to collect all moneys due the same, and to take possession of all books of accounts, papers, property, evidences of indebtedness, and assets thereof, hereby gives notice that he has entered upon the discharge of his duties as such Receiver, and has opened an office for the transaction of the business intrusted to him by said order of the Court, at No. 412 Montgomery Street.

All persons indebted to the Bank are hereby notified to make payment to the undersigned, and all depositors holding pass-books are requested to present them at the office of the Receiver, that they may be written up and balanced.

F. F. LOW, Receiver.

FALL AND WINTER OPENING

MRS. M. A. SOPER,

Corner Market and Third Streets,

WILL HAVE HER IMPORTATION of PARIS MILLINERY on Exhibition on

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY

October 22d, 23d, and 24th.

NEW BOOKS AT ROMAN'S.

The Vision of Echard. A poem. By Whittier. 12mo, cloth. \$1 25
The Heir of Charlton. By Mary Agnes. 1 50
All around the House. By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. 1 50
A Friend. By Henry Greville. Paper, 50c.; cloth. 1 00
The Home Doctor, a Guide to Health. By Dr. Bourne of San Francisco. Cloth. 3 00
Parks and Gardens of Paris. By Robinson. 8vo, cloth. 7 50
Theism. By Physicus. 8vo, cloth. 2 50
Nelly's Silver Mine. By H. H. 12mo, cloth. 1 25
Life and Adventure in Japan. By Clark. 12mo, clo. 1 25
Sketches Abroad. By Darley. Cloth. 2 00
Recollections of Writers. By Mary Cowden Clarke. 12mo, cloth. 1 75
The Chicken Market, and other Fairy Tales. By Henry Morley. Cloth. 1 75
Cousin Polly's Gold Mine. Paper. 40
Mrs. Jack. By Miss Trollope. Paper. 20
John. A Day Dream. Paper. 30

Just, received, a large supply of new and elegant

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

11 Montgomery Street,

Lick House Block,

San Francisco.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE

for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. 237 Entrance south side of Court.

A. D. SHARON.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Oct. 19th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 35) of three dollars per share was declared, payable on Monday, Oct. 21st, 1878. Transfer books closed until October 22d.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

PIANOS ARE THE BEST

NEW IMPORTATION

Of the LATEST STYLES of

EMBROIDERIES

OF EVERY DESIGN.

ALSO, CANVAS OF NEW COLORS.

Ladies' Shopping Baskets of unique shapes. Bronzes, Clocks, Ivory Carvings, Toilet and Fancy Goods, Vienna Bronze Ornaments.

H. SIERING & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO LOCAN & Co.)

19 MONTGOMERY STREET,

LICK HOUSE BLOCK.

MME. B. ZEITSKA'S

FRENCH, GERMAN, AND ENGLISH INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

922 POST ST., BETWEEN HYDE

and Larkin, KINDERGARTEN connected with the Institute.

The next term will commence October 2d.

A limited number of Boarding Pupils received.

MME. A. ZEITSKA, Principal.

JOE POHEIM

The Tailor,

203 Montgomery St. and 103 Third St., has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods. Suits to order from.....\$20
Pants to order from..... 5
Overcoats to order from.....15

The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is at

JOE POHEIM,

203 Montgomery St. and 103 Third St.

Samples and Rules for Self-Measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

PALMER BROS.

726 TO 734 MARKET ST.,

Have a full assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISH-

ing Goods, Toilet Articles, Corsets, Embroideries,

French and Valenciennes Laces, a fine assortment of Veil-

ings and Ruchings, and the largest stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

And the best stock of

BOYS' CLOTHING AND HATS & CAPS

In the city.

KEANE BROS.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ASK A visit of inspection to their new departments.

CLOAKS, SUITS, COSTUMES,

Etc., etc. Ladies will find only the latest novelties of this season's production from London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. Our cutters and fitters are thoroughly reliable, and combined with moderate charges we can confidently ask a share of public patronage. All the newest materials and latest designs are to be found in our Silk and French Dress Goods Departments.

KEANE BROS.

107, 109, 111, AND 113

KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

REMOVAL.

S. B. WAKEFIELD & CO.

STOCK & EXCHANGE BROKERS,

Have removed from 314 Pine Street to

322 Pine St., cor. Leidesdorff, San Francisco.

BEST KOHLER & CHASE

SAN FRANCISCO

& OAKLAND.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR CHILDREN

The whale is generally spoken of by poets as "the monster of the deep." Do you see how lively he is? The whale is the most sportive fish under water. The shark can take a joke and crack one, but for broad, ruffling humor the whale knocks all the funny animals into slivers.

Some whales are eighty feet long, but if you ever see one, and rush into a printing office to have an item built on the fact, it would be better for your children if you said that the whale was forty feet long. The world can forgive a man exaggerating the facts of a tornado, freshet, or steamboat disaster, but the man that lies about fish is gone up from that moment. That's the reason why no true, good man ever goes a fishing.

"Can a whale crack a hickory-nut with his teeth?" "He can, but he doesn't fool around with such trifles. When he opens his mouth to bite he pretends to crack a whale-bone, or a bald-headed sea captain from Nantucket—one of those tough old fellows who come back from the Arctic seas and tell about four moons in the sky at once."

"Is a whale's mouth as large as the Capitol building at Washington?" "That's according to whose hook on whaling you have confidence in. Some writers can open a whale's mouth wide enough to chuck in most any building, while others who want to go to heaven state that no whale could gulp down a street car without losing some of his teeth. The trouble is that no newspaper man ever finds time to go off on a cruise after whales, and therefore the public can secure no reliable figures and statistics."

"How old do whales live to be?" "You have got us now. We never saw the same whale over three or four times, and whether they died of grief over that fact, or swam away to make new acquaintance, we could never find out. When a man tells you that a whale lives to be seven, seventy, or seven hundred years old, ask him to submit the proofs."

"Where are whales mostly found?" "In the water. They never come to land until tired of life and ready for a change."

"How fast can they swim?" "That is another disputed point. A Nantucket captain says he saw one speeding at the rate of thirty miles an hour, while a New Bedford captain saw one going at the rate of a mile a minute. Horace Greeley could have settled the dispute in his *Recollections of a Busy Life*, but he seems to have avoided doing so. However, if you are ever chased by a whale, it will be prudent for you to make 100 miles an hour, if you can."

"Do whales prefer shelled corn to corn on the cob?" "No. No well-regulated whale would be in the least put out after swallowing a wagon load of cobs."

"Do whales fight with each other?" "Not often. If a whale comes fooling around, blustering what he can do and putting on airs, he is generally rolled in the mud to take the conceit out of him; as a rule, the whale prefers to rest his nose on a coral reef and give himself up to planning the social elevation of the walrus and the squid."

"Is it cruel to harpoon a whale?" "It is. There should be a law obliging the whalers to catch their victims with a noosed rope and then supply them with chloroform. Continue to be a good boy, and to be glad that you are not a whale."

—Free Press.

The Imperial Government of China is in the Shanghai market to float a loan. Civilization.

Dr. Bucknill of London pronounces the inebriate asylums of the United States a practical failure.

A mark was set upon Cain; but the umbrella was, for some inscrutable reason, left unprotected.

"Goats consume thyme," says an observant contemporary. Yes, they consume everything but eternity.

A Chinaman, employed to set up pins in a ball alley, said he would prefer to roll the balls if it was "alley sammy."

"I don't like that cat. It's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

One of the early Buddhist kings was doubtless given to kissing the wine cup. He was Asoka, and lived 220 B. C.

The director of the bank of France has issued an order declaring that the moustaches of all his employees "must go."

Eastern exchanges complain that some of the Chinese embassy wear outside garments of white silk so closely resembling night shirts as to make the old maids dodge around the first corner.

The Springfield *Republican* thinks that Cronin's forgotten nose may come to the front as an item in the 1880 campaign. *See His In Kist*. It would be an easy matter to fool that issue. *Room-Sentinel*.

"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Professor Writman asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh," said the boy, "it never needs it." And it is a little singular that nobody had the right of that reason before.

A Michigan paper prints and circulates fist beer. One of its inscriptions is: "Ouf any body zayid was oodt good peer, shewt spilt n' al' ofer him." On the other side the bit of paper reads: "This is one glass of beer, based on der greut of der man vat pays it."

"I'm a tough cuss from Bitter Creek," is the expression employed by the plains desperado to inform everybody that he is in the fight. Further east the corresponding member of society says: "I'm a wolf, and this is my time to howl." In Kentucky he says: "I'm a yard wide, and all wool."

"Gentle," said Brother Gardner, as reported by the Detroit *Free Press*, "death will come to all. We can't escape it. Some of us will be hung, some drowned, some burned up in barns, some hit shot by de police but it will be death by de same. Let us bevy our cabins in order, an let us be spectin' a visit from dat wit-faced angel who moves so softly dat we hear not, an who strikes so swiftly dat men hev no escape."



ARLINGTON HOTEL,

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

NO HOTEL ON THE PACIFIC

Coast can surpass the ARLINGTON in the airy cheerfulness and convenience of its arrangements. None can equal it in the natural and artistic beauty of its surroundings. The readers of the ARGONAUT will be pleased to know that the problem of combining solid comfort within doors, inexhaustible pleasure without, and calm contentment all the time, at a very economical rate of expenditure, has been solved at the ARLINGTON, and is respectfully submitted by

GEO. T. BROMLEY, Manager.

BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the interests of higher education, and in opposition to the cramming system of the small colleges and military academies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th. Examination of candidates for admission July 22nd and 23rd. By request, instructions have been provided during the summer months for students preparing for the August examinations at the University. For catalogue or particulars, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

GOLDEN GATE ACADEMY



AND CADET SCHOOL.

Next quarter will commence October 7, 1878

For circulars, address

D. P. SACKETT, A. M., Principal,
Oakland, Cal.

REDINGTON'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS

ARE THE PERFECTLY PURE
and highly concentrated Extracts of

FRESH FRUITS

Prepared with great care. They are put up in superior style, in a bottle holding twice as much as ordinary brands of Extracts.

Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so cheap.

Wherever tested on their merits, they have been adopted in preference to all others, and now are the

STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Of the Pacific coast. Dealers will find them to give better satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are respectfully requested to give them a trial.

REDINGTON & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

No. 427 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Agents for the sale of Wagons manufactured by BREWSTER & CO., New York.

W. D. ROGERS, Philadelphia.

C. S. CAFFEY, Camden, N. J.

WOOD BROTHERS, New York.

H. KILLAM & CO., New Haven.

COOLING BROS., Wilmington

ALSO, AGENTS FOR

HARNESS MANUFACTURED BY WOOD GIBSON, TOMPKINS & MANVILLE, AND A. H. DUNCOMBE.

Also, a fine assortment of Robes, Blankets, Nets, Whips, etc.

MILLER & RICHARD,

SOLE MAKERS OF

EXTRA-HARD METAL SCOTCH TYPE.

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR

THE CAMPBELL, HOE, AND PEERLESS PRESSES.

No. 509 COMMERCIAL STREET.

And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

GEO. W. FRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

UNION IRON WORKS

(Founded 1849.) Post Office Box 2128.

COR. FIRST AND MISSION STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO

MANUFACTURERS OF

Compressed Engines,
Air Compressors,
Rock Drills,
Portable Hoisting Engines,
Marine Stationary and Portable Boilers
Baby Hoist, complete.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE.

Direct-acting Pumping and Hoisting Engines,
Upright Engines,
Quartz Crushing and Amalgamating Machinery,
Blake's Rock Breakers,
Smelting Furnaces,
Quicksilver Pumps,
Chloroziding Furnaces,
Cornish Pumps,
Steam Pumps.

All manufactured by us of the best materials, design, and workmanship, and furnished at lower rates than by Eastern manufacturers.

FRESCOTT, SCOTT & CO.

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Member S. F. Stock and Exchange Board.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS

Office, 320 Pine Street, San Francisco.

CHAS. N. FOX.

M. B. KELLOGG.

FOX & KELLOGG,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

S. B. WAKEFIELD.

A. W. FOSTER.

Member S. F. Stock and Exchange Board.

S. B. WAKEFIELD & CO.

STOCK & EXCHANGE BROKERS,

314 Pine Street, San Francisco.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-

chant Street, Room 16. Probate divorce, bankruptcy, and all other cases attended to.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES J. HENRY, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by reference to the complaint on file herein, to which your attention is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL OF COURT.) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
No. 629 Kearny Street.

OFFICE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA

Silver Mining Company, San Francisco, October 20, 1878.—In accordance with a resolution adopted at a meeting of the Trustees of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company, held this day, a special meeting of the stockholders of said Company is hereby called, the same to be held at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the fourth (4th) day of November, 1878, at two (2) o'clock P. M., to take into consideration and decide upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said Company from ten million (\$10,000,000) dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each, the present capital stock, to fifty million (\$50,000,000) dollars, divided into five hundred thousand (500,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each.

JOHN SKAF,
JOHN H. FISH,
JOS. CLARK,
A. E. HEAD,
R. N. GRAVES,

Trustees.

W. W. STEVENSON, Secretary.

RARE ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS.

W. K. VICKERY NOTIFIES HIS

customers and the public that he has removed to a larger and more convenient office at No. 23 Kearny Street (next door to the City and County of San Francisco), where he has a large collection of these beautiful and rare Works of Art. To those who can not visit his collection, he will be glad, on receipt of a postal card, to take a portfolio of Engravings for inspection at their residence any forenoon or evening. 23 Kearny Street. Hours, 10 to 5 P. M.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital\$200,000
Assets exceed..... 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 209 SANSOME ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THOS. FLINT, President. J. W. FOARD, Manager.
FERO. K. RULESecretary.
I. G. GARDNER.....General Agent.

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevo

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirtieth (30th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third (23d) day of October, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirtieth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE

INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 65.—The monthly dividend for September will be paid on October 10th, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

San Francisco, October 5, 1878.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 11 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Saturday, October 12, 1878. Transfer books closed on Wednesday, October 9, 1878, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE OF THE BODIE GOLD

Mining Company, Room 3, San Francisco Stock Exchange Building, No. 327 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal., October 9, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a regular dividend (No. 3) of two dollars (\$2) per share was declared, payable on Monday, October 14, 1878.

WM. H. LENT, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE EUREKA CON-

solidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, October 9th, 1878.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named company will be held at the office of the company, Room 37, Nevada Block, San Francisco, on MONDAY, the twenty-first day of October, 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, for the election of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented. Transfer books closed Tuesday, October 15th, at 3 P. M.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of October, 1878, an assessment (No. 16) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the third day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,

31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.



MUSIC

KNABE PIANOS,

IRVING PIANOS, ROGERS' UPRIGHT PIANOS, Prince Organs, Waters' Organs, Sheet Music.

BANCROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,

733 MARKET STREET.

A WORLD'S TRIUMPH.

THE CURRENT OF

TRADE REVERSED.



TO EUROPE.

STEINWAY & SONS

ORDERS FROM EUROPE

have increased to an extent, necessitating the establishment of Warerooms in London, England, and connected with it is a Concert Hall, the whole combined making the most elegant Piano Warerooms in Europe, and stands there as a monument of American genius and industry.

It is impossible to mention in the limited space of an advertisement the innumerable triumphs of this energetic firm. They stand foremost as inventors in Piano building in America, and in that respect, no small contribution to their inventions is the undeniable endorsement of all their competitors, as shown in their imitative efforts. Certain principles of the Steinways are however so completely protected, that no imitation or substitution is attempted at all, and the shallow method of crying such inventions down are resorted to and relied upon.

The Steinways designed and perfected the Overstrung and Iron Frame systems. The application of the Agraffe Arrangements to Square and Upright Pianos. The Patent Duplex Scale creating the most beautiful treble tones, (the Duplex Scale is of recent invention and only to be found in Pianos sold recently). The Improved Double Damper. The later lace extending the Agraffe to every string in the piano. The highest finish to all parts of the instrument, including first qualities of ivory, ebony, felt, cloth, etc. The wood work and varnish of such first-class character, that the employment of large capital and experience alone permit.

The name of Steinway has become a "household word" in American homes, and the satisfactory record of 18 years trial on the Pacific Coast, in itself assures the purchaser that the investment is no speculation, but one of perfect security.

In the oft-repeated story of rival makers claiming to have been Steinways' foreman, etc., should have no weight with purchasers. An immense manufacturing business like the Steinways is divided into departments for the various classes of work, and a foreman of one department superintends that alone, and cannot be perfect in all other details.

The Steinways (a numerous family) are the inventors and designers of the principles of their Pianos, and are also responsible for the thorough execution of their own ideas.

In the Machinery Department at the late Centennial Exhibition Steinways were awarded a special medal for an invention for testing their iron frames under a pressure of 5,000 lbs. to the square centimeter. (This award was distinct from their medal for the best Pianos exhibited.) The iron frames to Steinway Pianos are the only ones so tested, and while other makers rely on castings from an ordinary foundry, the Steinways maintain their own foundry, and manufacture a frame of composite metal, which adds greatly to the resonant qualities of the instrument in general.

It frequently occurs that the attempt is made to raise the character of Pianos constructed on less costly principles to the rank that the Steinway maintains, by naming a price, the same or nearly so. This method is frequently exposed by the perfect workmanship of the dealer to make astonishing discounts for cash or extended long credit; system is entertained in any first-class business. In well-informed Steinway Piano, a guarantee of worth is given protecting the purchaser for 6 years, and catalogue issued by the Pacific Coast Agencies have a uniform rate of prices in all parts of the country. Agents in all principal cities are offered to responsible buyers with an additional charge of simple interest on deferred payments. Catalogues mailed on application to

M. GRAY, General Agent, 105 Kearny Street, S. F.

WILL REMOVE ABOUT 1.15 H. TO

117 POST STREET.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

REMOVAL.

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VOL. III. NO. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.



MONTEREY, October 15, 1878.—So I promised to tell you more of this dream city by the sea, and you hold me to a strict fulfillment of the promise.

Well, you shall have the romantic history of the place, interwoven as it is with strange traditions of Church and State, of the doings of the old Padres, and the subsequent sequence of Alcaldes; of its discovery by tawny Mexico, instigated by sunny, sumptuous Spain. It was in the spring of the year 1602—

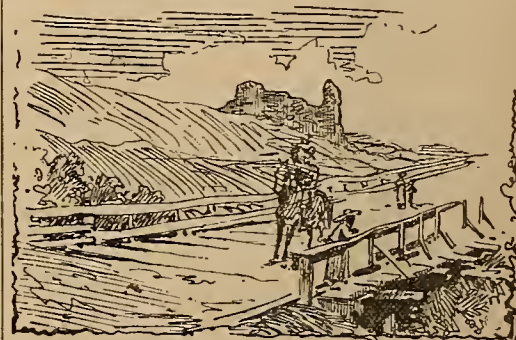
mark you well the early date—that the Viceroy of Mexico, acting under instructions from Philip III. of Spain, dispatched Don Sebastian Viscaino, with three small vessels, to discover, explore, and bring into the kingdom, the then unknown and almost mythical California. Slowly, storm-driven, tempest-tossed, and fretted by head winds, this little fleet crept up the coast.

Lower California held the voyagers' attention for months and months, and then on the 10th of November they sailed—oh! so thankfully—into the land-locked harbor of San Diego to prostrate themselves and pray. Here they lingered ten days, thanking God and proselyting Indians. Then they encamped on Santa Catalina Island, opposite

where Santa Barbara now stands, and said their mass, and on the 10th day of December of the same year they rounded the Point of Pines, where the resinous needles actually prick the bosom of the salted waters, and cast their curious anchors in the blue, the beautiful, the breezy bay beyond. Viscaino was the first man to place foot on the snowy sands of the crescent beach, where he, like the historic Columbus, took possession of the country in the name of God and the King of Spain, and then kneeling, the holy sacrament was partaken of under the wide spreading branches of an oak tree, at the mouth of a small ravine (see sketch above), and the spot was named Monterey, in honor of Gaspar de Luna, Count de Monterey, Viceroy of Mexico, by virtue of whose pocketbook the expedition had been fitted out. As Viscaino was unprepared to establish a mission he remained but eighteen days, and then continued on his voyage, taking a full description of the country, however, which he represented as being "clad in the deepest verdure, the soil most productive, the natives docile and easily brought to the bosom of the Church." He hoped to return for the founding of a mission, but his hope was never realized. After this first intrusion, over 166 years elapsed before civilization again looked on Monterey. On July 14, 1769, Gaspar de Portala, Governor of Lower California, at the head of an expedition of sixty-five persons, set out from San Diego to rediscover the place. He arrived at Monterey, but

failing to identify it he erected the customary cross and kept on toward the north. The third attempt to settle Monterey was a success, and the following extract from a letter of the leader of the expedition tells, in language as simple and sweet as any I have at command, of the ceremonies attending the formal founding of the Mission of San Carlos de Monterey, by Padre Junipero Serra, on the 3d of June, 1770, years before we were in existence as a nation: "On the 31st of May, 1770, by favor of God, and after a painful voyage of a month and a half, the packet *San Antonio*, commanded by Don Juan Perez, arrived and anchored in this beautiful port of Monterey, which is unadulterated in any degree from what it was when visited by the expedition of Don Sebastian Viscaino, in 1602. It gave me great consolation to find that the land expedition had arrived eight days before us, and that Father Crespi and all others were in good health. On the 3d of June, being the holy day of Pentecost, the whole of the officers of sea and land, and all the people, assembled on a bank at the foot of an oak, where we caused an altar to be erected and the bells rung; we then chanted the *Veni Creator*, blessed the water, erected and blessed a grand cross, hoisted the royal standard, and chanted the first mass that was ever performed at this place; we afterward sung the *Salve* to Our Lady before an image of the illustrious Virgin, which occupied the altar; and at the same time preached a sermon, concluding the whole with a *Te Deum*. After this the officers took possession of the country in the name of the King (Charles III.), our Lord, whom God preserve. We then all dined together in a shady place on the beach; the whole ceremony being accompanied by many volleys and salutes by the troops and vessels." The *San Antonio* soon sailed for Mexico, leaving behind Father Junipero, five priests, Lieutenant Pedro Fages, and thirty soldiers. The Indians, as Viscaino had predicted, were ready converts, and "seated under those dark Monterey pines, told weird and ghostly stories of how brightly the crosses shone that each white man wore on his breast the first time they had passed through there, not knowing the place; and of the great cross that Portala planted before he knew he was at the spot he coveted; how it would grow at night till its point reached the stars, glistening the while with a splendor that outshone the sun; that when their superstitious dread wore off they had approached it, planted arrows and feathers in the earth around it, and hung strings of sardines as their choicest offering upon its outstretched arms." The Mission having finally been established, Monterey was at once selected as the capital of Alta California, and Portala appointed the first Governor. Owing to the small amount of arable land within the semi-circle of hills surrounding Monterey proper, the Mission was soon removed to the neighboring valley of Carmelo, where the ruins stand even to this modern day. Last week I visited the quaint old place; and I went alone,

death; I, because I was astride of his Mexican back, and full—of sentiment and surprise. Hang this picture in your mind's eye, and never turn it to memory's wall; look upon the original, if an opportunity ever presents itself: A canvas as broad as your vision; in the immediate foreground a



RUINS OF THE OLD FORT.

sweeping semi-circle of hills, on the crest of which you stand; at your feet, the adobe town—quaint, curious, crooked, cracked; a lagoon, lobed like a lily leaf; the peninsula being the graveyard—a park of live oak hung with mourning streamers of lonesome-looking Spanish moss; between the trees the graves fenced about, and tombstones lazily leaning in the long, lifeless grass; beyond the lagoon and graveyard a monster embankment of sand, piled high and hot, by that California anomaly—a northern simoon; to the left, the cove of the town, the wharves, the fleet of Italian fishing boats with the Neapolitan style of sail, the expanse of bay with whaling boats far, far out, heeling over to the breeze with the black painted sky-sail—their distinguishing mark; in the middle foreground, a snowy sweep of beach, a parabola of spray, and creamy masses of palpitating foam, finally blotted out by mere distance in the direction of Santa Cruz; to the right of the beach, the broad, fruitful Salinas Valley, with Fremont Peak and the Gabilan range beyond for a background. And this but half the picture. Turning to the left, and jumping with the eye the pine-feathered crest, a vista view of the ocean and its waves caressing the shore in the vicinity of Portuguese Bay—Cypress Point, and the lighthouse, and picturesque Chinatown, nestled in the rocks behind the wooded gloom; still further to the left the Carmel Valley, like a magnificent and graceful fold in a heavy velvet dress, tapering out into the atmosphere of the bronzed and

rough-ribbed hills, with a delicate green stripe running through the centre where the willows fringe the stream. Such a pretty pocket in the garment of nature. I rouse the mustang by an excited jab of the spur in his leather belly, and we are off on a lope for more of the view. Down a slope, up another, around a point; more of the sea; Point Lobos, with a halo of spray, to the right; more of Carmel Valley to the left; another turn and behold the old Mission—snuff-colored and streaked, as rusty-looking as an old nail. *Te Deum de dum* patter the feet of the mustang down the hill, and into the religious little valley. One more turn to the right, a swift dash through a few acres of willows, and we are in the lane leading to the old ruin. A thousand ground squirrels hold a convention in a potato field to the left; their



THE OLD CARMEL MISSION.—SERVICE ON SAN CARLOS DAY, NOVEMBER 4, BY THE MONTEREY PADRE.

for I knew that silence meeting solitude would sing its praises best. The canter to the top of the ridge back of Monterey was as drowsy as the ugly little mustang I rode could make it; but when the gap in the crest was reached, and I turned in the saddle for a last look at the ancient capital, I woke to a realization of the most perfect and dreamy scene that I ever gazed upon. No wonder that Viscaino, in 1602, in glory gushed; no wonder that Portala, so many years after, came to seek the lost spot; no wonder that Padre Junipero Serra and his following of priests and soldiers, in the name of the cross and crown, preëempted the place; no wonder that we (the mustang and I) stopped short and sharp at the turn—he, because he was dust-covered, dry, and seemingly tired to

homes are on the hot hillside to the right; the road is between; they take alarm and start for their holes, shrieking and whistling with fear; under the horse's feet, in front, behind, on either side—the road is full of them and the scamper universal. Then a gate, an adobe wall, where the mustang is hitched, and, in another moment, I stand within what was once the second Mission of California; the spot, O Junipero Serra—venerable and respected Franciscan—where, over one hundred years ago you, wandering in the wilderness preaching the "glad tidings of great joy," hung your bronze bell on yonder tree, shouted "Hear, hear, oh, ye Gentiles, come to the Holy Church!" and gathered into this adobe fold the Runsiens, the Eslens, the Eclenaches, and the Achas!

And what does the modern Gentile find of the Holy Church and its magnificence? A ruin. The roof broken in, loads upon loads of tiles carried off, tall weeds growing in the auditorium, sheep and hogs in the baptistry. My God! what desolation; what desecration. I sit down on the holy water



CHINATOWN AND FISHERIES.

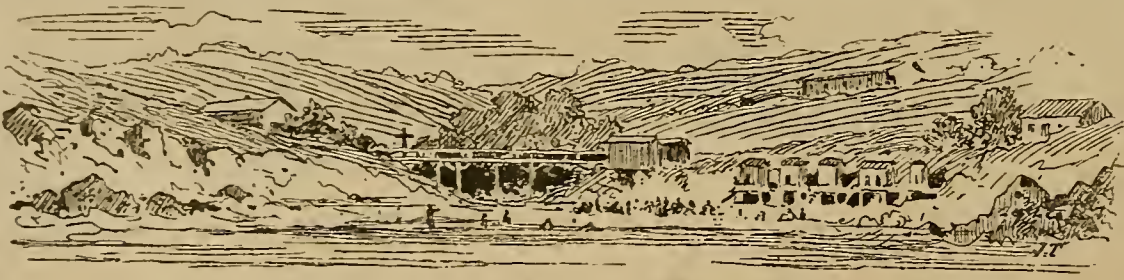
font to think the thing all over. This floor, which never was covered by carpet or pavement, is a deep burying ground. Here lies the good old Padre Serra, who labored so zealously among his native converts, and died in 1784, beloved by them all—his great and good work done. Here are buried seventeen governors of California, and a long line of Alcaldes, and unnumbered people of gentle blood and noble quality. Here they all are, but where? Not a stone, nor a sign, nor a symbol, nothing but the weed-covered, undulating earth filled with bones. Like the tomb of Moses the resting place of Junipero Serra is unknown. This mound may or may not be his grave. This depression may or may not have been made by a retired Governor or a shrunken Alcalde. What a damnable shame this neglect is; what a standing reproach to the church and the State that permits it. And as I sit and mentally curse the thousands of self-advertised fools who have written, printed, scratched, and painted their names all over the walls a thousand pictures presented themselves. I see the laying of the immense foundation stones, packed—the builders alone know how—from the quarry on the hillside a mile away; the slow construction of the massive walls; the building of the immense tower, and the fixing of the vesper bells. I recognize the beauty of architecture, the harmony of fresco painting, the graceful sweep of the stone stairways, the magnitude of the outer buildings, the energy, and skill, and perseverance required to erect so mammoth an affair—and all the work of a few priests with ignorant Indians. I can see the earthen floor covered by these kneeling converts; the robed priests holding aloft the crucifix, and the banners that caught the eye. I can almost hear the spoken words from the pulpit opening just above me, the mournful symphony of the chanted mass, and through the doors I can almost see the procession of the great festival days, when about the mission the Indians camped from far and near. Those must have been halcyon days indeed. Think that in the year 1825 Carmel owned 87,600 head of cattle, 60,000 sheep, 2,300 calves, 365 yoke of working oxen; so many horses that they were driven into the bay in droves and drowned to keep the pasturage for cattle; and \$40,000 in specie when money was a drug; think of this and then of the ruin of to-day—the ground squirrel range, the tar weed lawn and general desolation. It is enough to disgust one with modern civilization. I am informed that on the 4th of November of each year the Monterey Padre holds here a religious festival in honor of San Carlos, the patron saint of Carmelo. Then the old ruins are decorated with flowers and evergreens, and there is music and a procession, and a celebration generally. But what can it be but a miserable mockery of those splendid Indian pageants when the church was in its prime, when cattle were on a thousand hills, when water was brought in ditches to quench the thirst of the parched earth, when bands of beaded Indians, as brown as the cocoa's frown, were passive under the reign of the cross, and hopeful of a savage crown in the great hereafter, of which they were told so much. It must be borne in mind that when the Mission was first removed to Carmelo the settlement and presidio, or military establishment, still remained at Monterey, and consisted of an inclosure containing a chapel, storehouses, offices, residences, and barracks for the soldiers. The present church is located on the site of the old presidio. On the little hill overlooking the bay an adobe fort was built and equipped with a few cannons. This was the beginning of the town, which grew slowly as the years drifted away. Governor succeeded Governor, each being content to render tribute to the Viceroy of Mexico, while the dominion over which he ruled maintained him in luxurious idleness—no cares of state, no troubles of legislation. And so matters droned away till the year 1822, when Mexico, becoming tired of Spanish rule, established a separate empire. Receiving intelligence of this important event, Governor Pablo Vicente de Sola summoned a council of all the principal military officials and church dignitaries at Monterey, and formally announced the action of their mother country. The council decided unanimously that thereafter California was subject to Mexico alone. The oaths were changed and de Sola became the Mexican Governor, or "Political Chief of the Territory." The apathetic inhabitants offered no resistance, and the change was effected without a struggle. In 1823 the Mexican Congress adopted a plan of colonization, which authorized the Governors of dependent territories to grant unoccupied lands to all persons who properly petitioned for them, and agreed to cultivate and reside upon them a certain portion of the time. These grants were subject to the approval of the Territorial Legislature. Many

of the old settlers availed themselves of the privilege thus accorded them, and obtained a title to vast ranchos, then of little value, but destined in after years to render those who were fortunate enough to hold them immensely wealthy. The harbor of Monterey was visited about this time by numerous vessels, which realized an enormous profit by trading their asserted cargoes for hides. On the 25th of September, 1834, Hajar, Director of Colonization, arrived at Monterey on the brig *Natalia* for the purpose of secularizing the Missions. The *Natalia*, which was the same vessel in which Napoleon made his memorable escape from Elba, was thrown upon the beach by a storm and totally wrecked. But the colonization scheme was successfully accomplished, and the Missions of which there were many in the neighborhood were placed under the charge of Governor Figueroa; the beginning of their swift and destructive downfall. Figueroa, who was the best ruler that California had yet seen, died in September, 1835. Then ensued a series of insurrections, terminated only by the American conquest. A misunderstanding arose between Nicholas Gutierrez, Governor after Figueroa's death, and Juan Bautista Alvarado, Secretary of Territorial Deputation, regarding Custom House discipline. Alvarado, who was a native Californian of talent and education, insisted so strongly on his rights that Gutierrez ordered his arrest. But before the warrant could be served Alvarado escaped to Santa Cruz, across the bay. Here a plan was laid to seize Monterey and declare the independence of California: One José Castro organized a company of one hundred natives, which, together with fifty riflemen led by one Graham, entered Monterey in the night, imprisoned the Governor and his soldiers in the presidio, and after firing one shot from a four-pounder, took possession of the town. Alvarado was declared Governor, and Guadalupe Vallejo placed at the head of the military. Early in 1840 Alvarado, who had become exceedingly jealous of all foreigners, especially his former friend Graham, pretended to have received information of a deep-laid plot to overturn the Government. Castro was ordered to arrest all connected with the conspiracy,



THE OLD CHURCH IN TOWN.

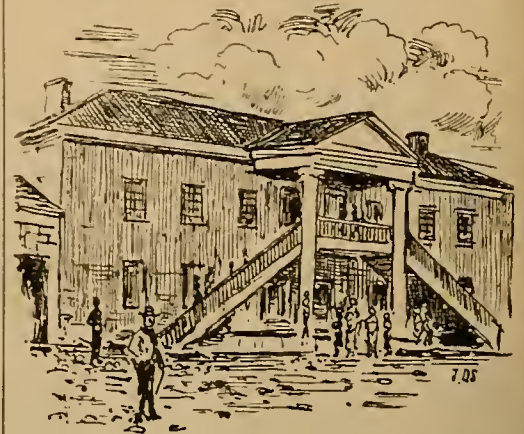
and by a strategic movement succeeded in surprising and arresting nearly one hundred persons, principally Americans. Afterward, about twenty of the supposed ringleaders were transported in chains to San Blas. In July of the same year the American man-of-war *St. Louis* and a French ship arrived at Monterey for the purpose of demanding satisfaction. Alvarado was so badly frightened at their arrival that he fled to the interior, on a pretext of business, and did not return to the Capital until the coast was again clear. For two years every thing remained quiet. In July, 1842, the foreigners so summarily banished unexpectedly returned on board a vessel furnished them by the Mexican Government, which had not approved of Alvarado's uncalled for action. They brought the startling news that General Micheltorena had been appointed to both the civil and military command of California. He arrived at San Diego in August, and was traveling northward in grand style, when intelligence reached him that caused him to halt at Los Angeles. This was that Commander Jones, in command of the frigate *United States* and sloop-of-war *Cyane*, had taken possession of the country,



BATHING BEACH, AND RAVINE WHERE THE PADRES LANDED.

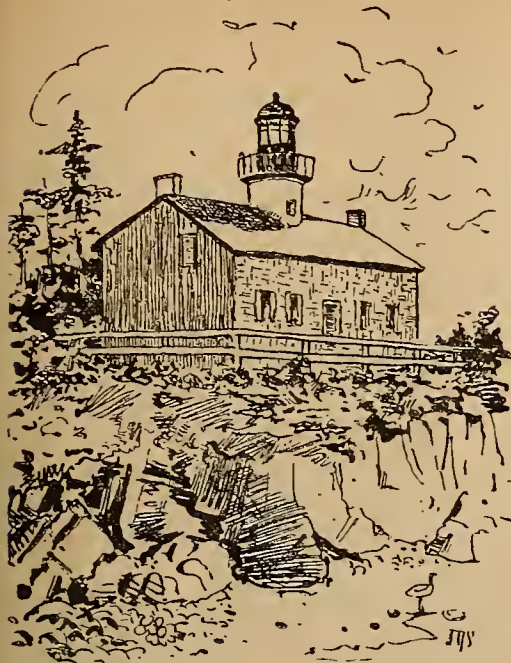
and hoisted the stars and stripes at Monterey. Alvarado surrendered on the 20th of October, and California was apparently a portion of the American Union. The next day, however, Jones discovered that he had made a blunder—that Mexico was not yet at war with the United States—and therefore he gracefully hauled down the flag and apologized. Micheltorena now came to Monterey and assumed his duties.

He ruled until February 1, 1845, when he was ousted by Vallejo, Alvarado, and Castro, and Don Pio Pico placed in his stead. The year 1846 was a notable one in the annals of Monte-



COLTON HALL (WHERE FIRST CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION ASSEMBLED).

rey. On July 7th, of that year, Commodore Sloat, who had arrived in the United States frigate *Savannah* a few days previously, dispatched Captain Mervine, at the head of 250 men, on shore, with instructions to hoist the American flag over Monterey. Amid the firing of cannon from the shipping in the harbor and the cheers of the assembled citizens, the stars and stripes were raised, and a proclamation read, declaring California henceforth a portion of the United States. The people accepted the change with characteristic resignation, and Walter Colton was appointed the first Alcalde under the new régime. Colton, who had previously been Chaplain of the frigate *Congress*, held the office of Alcalde for three years, during which time he figured prominently in the affairs of the town. In connection with Semple, a pioneer from Kentucky, he established the first newspaper ever published in California. It was called the *Californian*, and made its first appearance on Saturday, August 15th, 1846. It was printed on paper originally intended for the manufacture of cigarritos, and was a little larger than a sheet of common foolscap. The office was resurrected from the remains of a small concern formerly used for printing Roman Catholic tracts in Spanish. There being no W in the Spanish alphabet, they were compelled to use two V's (thus, VV) whenever a W occurred. The *Californian*, it is needless to say, was eagerly welcomed, and was finally merged into the *Alta California* when the latter paper was established at San Francisco. The first jury summoned in California was empaneled by Colton, on September 4, 1846. It was composed of one-third Mexicans, one-third Californians, and the other third Americans. To Colton also belongs the honor of having erected the building intended for a town hall and school house, which bears his name, then the finest building in the State. On the 29th of May, 1848, news of the discovery of gold on the American Fork first reached Monterey. The report was scarcely credited, yet it produced so much excitement that the Alcalde was induced to dispatch a special messenger to investigate its truth. On the 12th of June he returned, bringing specimens of gold, and a story of its lavish abundance more marvelous than an Arabian Night's tale. Then commenced the grand rush to the mines, which almost depopulated the town, and from which it has never recovered. On the 3d of June, 1849 (the seventy-ninth anniversary of the settlement of Monterey), Governor Riley issued a "proclamation recommending the formation of a State Constitution, or plan of a Territorial government." In pursuance of this proclamation the Convention for forming a State Constitution met in Colton Hall (now used as a school house) on the first of the following September. The labors of the Convention were successful beyond its most sanguine expectations. A Constitution, remarkable for the wisdom and liberality of its provisions, was adopted, and shortly afterward ratified by the people. Upon adjournment, a salute of thirty-one guns was fired proclaiming the birth in law and formality of the new State. Although the Convention accomplished such great results, it effectually blighted the prospects of Monterey by removing the State Capital to San José. To counteract this blow the town determined to become a city. By an act of the Legislature an incorporation was secured on the 30th of April, 1851, and Philip A. Roach, the last Alcalde, was elected the first Mayor. Monterey, however, did not long remain a city. The gold fever and the ungraciousness of the Legislature had sealed the fate of the place, and on the 11th of May, 1853, the charter was amended, and the municipal control vested in a board of trustees. In 1859 the place was so much in debt that it became necessary to sell the Pueblo lands. An attempt was made during the Legislative session of 1869-70 to reincorporate; the bill passed the Assembly, but was defeated in the Senate. Another attempt was then made, but in some manner the bill again miscarried. A third effort to obtain the desired result proved somewhat more successful. In 1873-74 the "Act to Reincorporate the City of Monterey" was carried through both Houses, and reached the Governor, who, it is alleged, failed to return the bill within the specified time. Be this as it may, nothing more was heard of the bill, and Monterey still remains under the nominal control of its trustees. Simultaneously with the growth of Salinas City, which was becoming the liveliest town in the county, arose the question of county seat removal. Monterey had held this honor ever



THE LIGHT HOUSE AT POINT PINOS.

since the organization of the county, and the attempt of her younger rival to wrest it from her was bitterly opposed. In spite of her efforts, however, a petition signed by the requisite number of voters was presented to the Board of Supervisors, who, as in duty bound, ordered an election; this was held on the 6th of November, 1872, the day of the Presidential election. The result was a victory for Salinas City, and on the following February the county seat was removed to its present location. This was the last straw, the last struggle, the resignation of absolute despair, the seeking of solace from sorrow in the natural somnolence of her sur-

Tenderly train the roses,
Gathering here and there
A bud—the richest and rarest—
For a place in their long, dark hair.

Feeble and garrulous old men
Tell in the Spanish tongue
Of the good, grand times at the Mission,
And the hymns that the Fathers sung.

Of the oil and the wine, and the plenty,
And the dance in the twilight gray—
“Ah, these,” and the head shakes sadly,
“Were good times in Monterey!”

Behind in the march of cities—
The last in the eager stride
Of villages later born—
She dreams by the ocean side.

And it is just this spirit of resignation and Rip Van Winkleism that makes the sleepy hollow of a town so charming to the Bohemian, the artist, the *littérateur*, the tourist of to-day. Nearly thirty years have passed and never a change since the marrow went out of its bones. There is the curatel on California Street, with a balcony running around it, built in 1840, by order of Alvarado, when lumber sold for \$50 per thousand feet, and nails \$36 per keg; Colton Hall, built by the first American Alcalde, a retired minister, out of the proceeds of town lots, the labor of convicts, taxes on fandangoes, and gin mills, and gambling fines; the old adobe jail, which used to be filled to the brim with Mexicans and Americanos equally and internationally—yes, gloriously full; the old block house and the fort on the hillside overlooking the bay; cannon still sticking up as posts on the street corners; the old custom house, with its tiled roof, and ballroom in the basement, where the naval officers used to trip the light fantastic; the convent, on Main Street, with its ruined walls and broken windows; California's first theatre, an adobe building, on Pacific Avenue, where the disbanded soldiers of Stevenson's New York volunteers, essayed the first minstrel show on the coast, subsequently giving a regular drama, announcing by posters printed with a blacking pot and brush: *Putnam, or the Lion Son of '76* as the first piece to be played, and following it with *Damon and Pythias*, *Box and Cox*, *The Golden Farmer*, *Grandfather Whitehead*, and *Nan, the Good for Nothing*; the old commissariat on California Street; the old church built in 1794—first used as a chapel to Carmel, but enlarged and dedicated as the par-

a gulp or a glance. Everything has to be discovered—for, thank God, there are no guides; no one to tell a stereotyped story with a two-bit moral. There are discomforts and some things which disgust. The water is bad, the



STORE IN MONTEREY—BUSINESS HOUR.

whisky and wine worse, and fleas will move you from one room to another, especially if your hide is tough and uninteresting. But living is comparatively cheap; there is plenty of room, and you can dress as you please, and dream as long as you please, and kill all the fleas, and nibble your own peculiar cheese. This satisfies the average Bohemian, and people who don't think they can accommodate themselves to these circumstances had better stay away. For those who have learned to love the quaint old place seek it for the retirement, and the dreaminess, and the characters that civilization, and cleanliness, and city comfort would annihilate. There are those in the town who are ambitious and hopeful of a resurrection. But once let Monterey shake off its grave clothes, and the charm of its present condition will have gone. Still there will remain the same natural features, the same broad and vigorous outline drawing, made by the master hand of the Almighty—now dusty, and brown, and dry, and dreary, but gorgeously colored by nature when the dark and dripping clouds chase away in the springtime; the same fragrance of the flower season, when no miserable human imitator of an artist can approach, with palette or brush, the tints of hillside, and plain, and garden, and pasture, or figure out the patterns and the combinations of color that carpet the



ALVARADO AVENUE, THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF MONTEREY.

roundings, and admitting of an obituary in verse by our Bohemian friend, Daniel O'Connell, who writes:

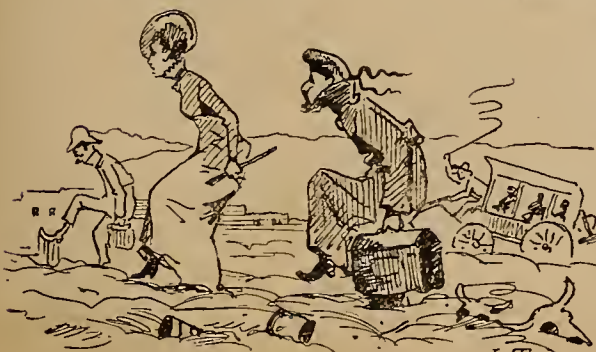
In a mantle of old traditions,
In the rime of a vanished day,
The shrouded and silent city
Sits by her crescent bay.

The ruined fort on the hill-top,
Where never a bunting streams,
Looks down, a cannonless fortress,
On the solemn city of dreams.

Gardens of wonderful roses,
Climbing on roof, tree, and wall,
Woodbine and crimson geranium,
Hollyhocks, purple and tall,

Mingle their odorous breathings
With the crisp, salt breeze, from the sands,
Where pebbles and sounding sea shells
Are gathered by children's hands.

Women with olive faces,
And the liquid southern eye,
Dark as the forest berries
That grace the woods in July,



STROLLING THROUGH THE SAND.

ish church when the Mission was secularized and abandoned—filled with old paintings and images, and natives kneeling on its earthen floor. And so I might go on and bewilder you with history and description. I could tell you of quaint and curious relics; of romantically walled-in gardens, hard for a lover to climb, like those in Spain; of sidewalks made of the vertebrae of whales, and the mammoth bones piled high in fantastic pyramids, and covered with flowers; of the strange sights at the whaling station, but never of the sickening smell; of Chinatown and its bales of dried fish, and the junks built by the heathen themselves, and equipped with great bat winged sails; of the lighthouse at Pinos Point; of the Methodist camp meeting ground where the brethren annually shouted good Lord!—of Cypress Point, where the gnarled and knotted trunks and delirious looking branches actually reach for you, and tangle up your thoughts, and shake long, disheveled locks of fog-soaked moss, and point at you reprovingly with their twisted and devilishly suggestive fingers, and stretch on high, with almost a human moan, their deformed and distressing arms; of the bathing beaches, and the dives from the end of the wharf down into water fifty feet deep, crisp as broken glass and as cold as the glance of a mother-in-law; of the wonderful natural aquariums among the rocks, visited at low tide, and fascinating enough to keep you chained to the place till the incoming waters cut off all chance of getting back to land; of the natural caves and bridges, where the requiem of the ocean is played by the waves, and sung by mournful, sighing, sepulchral winds; of the troling trips for barracouta on the bay, perch fishing in the surf, and snipe, quail, and squirrel slaughter on the land; of plumaged sea-birds, and flashing dolphins, and shelving beaches, and sand banks you might mistake for snow. All this I might amplify, and assert, and affirm, and then you might come down here, getting sea-sick on the way; finding nothing to eat or drink; no comfortable place to sleep; no one to black your boots; a shivering fog to greet you in the early morning, an atmosphere of dreary discontent, and come to the conclusion that I was a magnificent, capable, and commodious liar. And, *per se*, you would be justified. There is nothing handsome nor attractive in the place at

way into the little ravines, where immense clumps of ferns toss their tropically-tufted tips, and the lovingly bending branches stretch out a floral hand to “shake” a welcome; the same languid, lifeless, lazy atmosphere that holds you in its arms, and breathes gently into the lung cells, while the booming waves croon the senses to soundest, sweetest sleep; the same rest that relieves from the city's nervous, never-ending strain; the same peacefulness that realizes to one—for but a brief and fitting moment perhaps—the supreme joy that shall irradiate to the human animal, when a fuller and truer knowledge of the science of life shall have chastened



OMESIA (120 YEARS OLD).

and refined his morbid cravings, emancipated him from care, redeemed labor from drudgery, and capped him with the blessed crown of contentment. Forgive this gurgling gush, oh, ye practical slaves, for it grows here. Despire its philosophy as much as you please, for nobody here cares a rap if you do. Cavil till the cows come home, and then milk your miserable morbid existence dry—with all the modern conveniences. And then? Then if you have an appreciation and a taste, and a disposition to enjoy life, in a homely, humble way, drift down here by the sleepy sea, where you will find health and a hammock, and a dreamy little heaven all your own, not eternal in the skies; not alabaster, but adobe walls; not angels' songs, but those that the sea-shells sing; not golden harps, but greasy guitars; not the cherubim and the seraphim, but the dirty “Injun” and the dusky maid—but look here, this language smacks too much of the shop, and so, shutting it off, I slide to sleep again, promising to drone and dream for and of you all—providing the slumber is sweet and undisturbed.

FRED. M. S.

THE FAMOUS GILSON BEQUEST.

An Artless but Systematic Narration of All the Facts.



Mr. Gilson and eternity only the decent formality of a trial.

These are the short and simple annals of the prisoner. He had recently been a resident of New Jerusalem, on the north fork of the Little Buttermilk, but had come to the newly discovered placers of Mammon Hill immediately before the "rush" by which the former place was depopulated. The discovery of the new diggings had occurred opportunely for Mr. Gilson, for it had only just before been intimated to him by a New Jerusalem vigilance committee that it would better his prospects in, and for, life to go somewhere, and so he naturally established himself at Mammon Hill; but being eventually followed thither by all his judges he ordered his conduct with considerable circumspection, but as he had never been known to do an honest day's work at any industry sanctioned by the stern local code of morality except draw-poker (at which he invariably lost), he was still an object of suspicion. Indeed, it was conjectured that he was the author of the many daring depredations that had recently been made with pan and brush upon the sluice-boxes.

Prominent among those in whom this suspicion had ripened into a steadfast conviction was a Mr. Brentshaw. At all seasonable and unseasonable times Mr. Brentshaw avowed his belief in Mr. Gilson's connection with these unholy midnight enterprises, and his own willingness to prepare a way for the solar beams through the body of any one who might think it expedient to utter a different opinion—which, in his presence, no one was more careful not to do than the peace-loving person most concerned. Whatever may have been the truth of the matter, it is certain that Mr. Gilson frequently lost more "clean dust" at Jo. Bentley's faro table than it was recorded in local history that he had ever honestly earned at draw-poker in all the days of the camp's existence. But at last Mr. Bentley—fearing, it may be, to lose the more profitable patronage of Mr. Brentshaw—peremptorily refused to let Mr. Gilson copper the queen, intimating at the same time, in his frank, forthright way, that the privilege of losing money at "this bank" was a blessing appertaining to, proceeding logically from, and coterminous with, a condition of notorious commercial righteousness and social good repute.

The Hill thought it high time to look after a person whom its most honored citizen had felt it his duty to rebuke at a ruinous personal sacrifice. The New Jerusalem contingent, particularly, began to abate something of the toleration begotten of amusement at their own blunder in banishing an objectionable neighbor from the place they had left to the place whither they had come. Mammon Hill was at last of one mind; not much was said, but that Mr. Gilson must hang was "in the air." It was at this critical juncture of affairs that on a misty, moonlight night Mr. Brentshaw rode quietly up alongside a person who was evidently leaving that part of the country, laid a hand upon the halter connecting Mr. Gilson's wrist with Mr. Harper's bay mare, tapped him familiarly on the cheek with the barrel of a navy revolver, and requested the pleasure of his company in a direction the exact opposite of that in which he was traveling. It was indeed rough on Gilson.

On the morning after his arrest he was tried, convicted, and sentenced. It only remains, so far as concerns his earthly career, to hang him, reserving for more particular mention his last will and testament, which, with great labor, he contrived in prison, and in which, probably from some confused and imperfect notion of the rights of captors, he bequeathed every thing he owned to his "lawful excecutor," Mr. Brentshaw. The bequest, however, was made conditional on the legatee taking the testator's body from The Tree and "planting it white."

So Mr. Gilson was—I was about to say "swung off," but I fear there has been already something too much of slang in this straightforward statement of facts; besides, the manner in which the law took its course is more accurately described in the terms employed by the judge in passing sentence—Mr. Gilson was "strung up."

In due season Mr. Brentshaw, somewhat touched, it may be, by the empty compliment of the bequest, repaired to The Tree to pluck the fruit thereof. When taken down the body was found to have in its waistcoat pocket a duly attested codicil to the will already executed. Briefly stated, the purport of the codicil was this:

"*Hereas*, at divers times and in sundry places, certain persons had asserted that during his life the testator had robbed their sluice-boxes; therefore, if during the five years next succeeding the date of this instrument any one should make proof of such assertion before a court of law, such person was to receive as reparation the entire personal and real estate of which the testator died seized and possessed, minus the expenses of court and a stated compensation to the executor, Henry Clay Brentshaw; provided, that if more than one person made such proof the estate was to be equally divided between or amongst them. But in case none should succeed in so establishing the testator's guilt, then the whole property, minus court expenses, as aforesaid, should go to the said Henry Clay Brentshaw for his own use, as stated in the will.

The syntax of this remarkable document was perhaps open to critical objection, but that was clearly enough the meaning of it. The orthography conformed to no recognized system, but being mainly phonetic it was not ambiguous. In truth, as the Judge of the Probate Court remarked, it would take five acres to beat it. Mr. Brentshaw smiled good-humoredly,

and after performing the last sad rites with amusing ostentation, had himself duly sworn as executor and conditional legatee under the provisions of a law hastily passed (at the instance of the member from Mammon Hill) by a facetious Legislature; which law was afterward discovered to have also created three or four lucrative offices, and authorized the expenditure of a considerable sum of public money for the construction of a certain railway bridge that with greater advantage might perhaps have been erected on the line of some actual or projected railway.

Of course Mr. Brentshaw expected neither profit from the will nor litigation in consequence of its unusual provisions; Mr. Gilson, although frequently "flush," had been a man whom assessors and tax-collectors were well satisfied to lose no money by. But a careless and merely formal search amongst his papers revealed the title deeds to valuable estates in the East, and certificates of deposit for incredible sums in banks less severely scrupulous than that of Mr. Jo. Bentley. Altogether, the property amounted to a sum requiring for expression in dollars no less than seven figures.

The astounding news got abroad directly, throwing the Hill into a fever of excitement. The Mammon Hill *Patriot*, whose editor had been a leading spirit in the proceedings which resulted in Mr. Gilson's departure from New Jerusalem, published a most complimentary obituary notice of the deceased, and was good enough to call attention to the fact that his degraded contemporary of the Squaw Gulch *Clarion* was bringing virtue into contempt by beslaving with flattery the memory of one who in life had spurned the vile sheet as a nuisance from his door. Undeterred by the press, however, claimants under the will were not slow in presenting themselves with their evidence; and, great as was the Gilson estate, it appeared conspicuously paltry considering the vast number of sluice-boxes from which it was averred to have been obtained. The country rose as one man!

Mr. Brentshaw was equal to the emergency. With a shrewd appreciation of humble auxiliary devices, he at once erected above the bones of his benefactor a costly monument, overtopping every rough head-board in the cemetery, and on this he judiciously caused to be inscribed an epitaph of his own composing, eulogizing the honesty, public spirit, and cognate virtues of him who slept beneath, "a victim to the unjust aspersions of Slander's viper brood." He employed the best legal talent to defend the memory of his departed friend, and for five long years the Courts of this State were occupied with causes growing out of the Gilson bequest.

Nor was the battle confined to the temples of the blind goddess. It invaded the press, the pulpit, the parlor. It raged in the mart, the exchange, the school; in the gulches, and on the street corners. And on the last day of the memorable lustrum to which suits for the Gilson property were limited the sun went down upon a community in which the moral instinct was dead, the social conscience callous.

On the night of that day it so happened that the cemetery in which lay the now honored ashes of the late Milton Gilson, Esq., was partially under water. Swollen by incessant rains, Cat Creek had spilled an angry flood over its banks, which, after scooping out unsightly hollows wherever the soil had been disturbed, had partially subsided, as if ashamed of the sacrilege, leaving exposed much that had been piously concealed. Even the famous Gilson monument, the pride and glory of Mammon Hill, was no longer a standing rebuke to the "viper brood," but, succumbing to the sapping current, had toppled prone to earth. The ghoulish flood had exhumed the poor, decayed, pine coffin, which now lay half-lifted from the grave, in pitiful contrast with the pompous monolith that, like a giant note of admiration, emphasized the disclosure.

To this depressing spot, drawn by some subtle fascination which he had sought neither to analyze nor resist, came Mr. Brentshaw. He seated himself pensively on the prostrate monument, trying by the uncertain moonlight to spell out the noble epitaph which, five years before, he had composed with a chuckle that memory had not recorded, the tears of remorse sprang to his eyes as he remembered that he had been mainly instrumental in compassing by a false accusation this good man's death.

As he sat there torturing himself with unavailing regrets a faint shadow fell across his eyes. Looking toward the moon hanging low and red in the west, he saw what seemed a vague, watery cloud obscuring her disk; but as it moved so that her beams lit up one side of it he perceived the clear, sharp outline of a human figure. The chill of the marble upon which he sat rose that instant along his spine, spread over his shoulders, neck, scalp, penetrated his very bones and pervaded his blood. The apparition became momentarily more distinct, and grew, visibly, in approach. Dazed as were his senses, half-paralyzed with terror and confounded with dreadful imaginings, Mr. Brentshaw yet could not but perceive in this unearthly presence a strange likeness to the mortal part of the late Milton Gilson as that gentleman had appeared when taken from The Tree. The similitude was indeed complete, even to the bulging, stony eyes and a certain shadowy circle about the neck. In apparel it was without coat or hat, precisely as Mr. Gilson had been when laid in his rough, cheap casket by the not ungentle hands of Carpenter Pete—for whom some one had long since performed the same kindly office. The spectre, if spectre it was, appeared to have something in its hands.

It drew nearer, with apparent unconsciousness of Mr. Brentshaw, pausing at last beside the coffin of the late Mr. Gilson, the lid of which was awry, half disclosing the uncertain interior. Bending over this, the phantom seemed to shake into it from a basin some dark substance of dubious consistency, then glided stealthily back to the lowest part of the cemetery. Here the retiring flood had stranded a number of open coffins, about and amongst which it moved with low sobbings and stilly whispers. Stooping over one of the coffins, the apparition, with an automatic, mindless regularity of movement indescribably more suggestive of death than the most rigid repose, brushed the contents into a basin, then, returning to its own casket, emptied the vessel into that as before. This dismal performance was repeated at nearly every exposed coffin, the ghost sometimes dipping the basin into the running water and gently agitating it therein, as if to free it of the baser clay, always hoarding the remainder in its own box. In short, the impenitent spirit of the late Milton Gilson was panning out the dust of its neighbors, and with ghastly cupidity adding the same to its own.

SAN RAFAEL, October 20, 1878.

A. G. B.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."

In view of the fact that Mr. Herold's orchestra was this week compelled to forego one of its usual rehearsals, and the added fact that it never seems to have had quite enough of them at the best (and that, consequently, the loss of one is really a very serious matter), it would be scarcely fair to deal with the performance at last Wednesday's matinee from any severely critical standpoint. In such cases the conductor—himself, at least, quite as sensitive to all shortcomings as the most exacting of his audience—is entitled to sympathy; and if, under such circumstances, we get anything like a reasonably smooth performance, one without mishaps or serious blemishes, I, for one, am ready to be easily satisfied, and carry off my share of the symphony with nothing but gratitude to the giver of the feast, and a hope that all may go better next time. I wish it were also possible to look forward to better programmes in the future; programmes in which the search for novelties might carry Mr. Herold's experience of the repertory backward to an occasional recollection of the fact that Mozart and Haydn also composed symphonies that will still bear listening to; in which there should be recognizable a somewhat more logical (I won't say æsthetic, although that's what I mean) arrangement of the various numbers, or in which one might occasionally get through an afternoon without *four* horns, *four* trumpets (cornets-a-piston), and *three* trombones, not to mention side drums and triangle.

Let me revert for a moment to last Wednesday's matinee, one of the noteworthy features of which was Mr. Schlott's performance of Mozart's horn concerto, which, if not entirely faultless in point of execution, was thoroughly enjoyable for its beautiful phrasing and chaste, musical interpretation. The slow (middle) movement was rendered as it might have been by a great singer of the old—now, alas, forgotten—Italian school, and, to those who had ears for it, was the one truly artistic moment of the afternoon. The other numbers were Gade's Fourth Symphony (in B flat), Wagner's *Rienzi* overture (horrid row!), and two trifles, Schumann's *Reverie* and Taubert's *Liebeslied*, for string orchestra, the last an unaccountably rough and slovenly performance.

I have been to see *Fatinitza*, and should have no fault to find if I had not been compelled to *hear* it at the same time. It is really very pretty—all but the music. This seems to have been composed for the express purpose of satisfying the world that Mr. von Suppé (*Wasser-Suppé* I should call him) can *not* write pretty music for more than four consecutive measures, and that when he does happen to stumble upon a reasonably interesting phrase, he has not the remotest idea of what to do with it. He seems to write his opera bouffe under protest, never permitting himself a bit of pretty melody lest he should appear trivial. The musical dreariness of the performance is heightened by the fact that only one of the company (Lafontaine) can sing his part even acceptably, and that it is in the main so overscored that it is well nigh impossible to hear what little voice the Misses Cottrelly and Prescott have available. Mr. Freeman has none, and Mr. Gates might almost as well be in the same fix, as what he has is of no use to him—or anybody else. I understand that this operetta has had considerable success in Berlin and Vienna, and imagine this to be because the public of those cities gets its fill of pretty music, and is occasionally right glad to take a rest. I can fancy the tuneful Offenbach, most genial purveyor of musical cocktails, as he laughs in his sleeve (out of which he shakes so many pretty melodies) over this dreary mass of musically correct how-not-to-do-it, and makes his compliments to Mr. von Suppé. Fancy what he, or even Lecocq, would have done with such a sparkling, suggestive libretto to work upon. They would have poured you out charming melodies until every pretty girl should sing them, every *gamin* whistle, and every organ grind them. And Mr. von Suppé gives—probably the best he has; but a sad lot of rubbish it is, to be sure.

The first of the third series of the Schmidt Quintette Soirées took place at Mercantile Library Hall last evening. The subscription list is encouragingly full, and the programme of the season varied and interesting.

I want to suggest to some of the piano forte-playing young ladies who heard the lovely *minuetto* from Schubert's Quartette in A minor at the Quintette Concert last night (I am writing this before the concert takes place, but dare not wait until next week, lest they should have forgotten all about it including the *minuetto*) that Mr. Perabo has arranged, and Ditson (I believe) published, this little gem for a single player, and that it is well worth—yes, a thousand times worth—the trouble they will find in learning to play it. At the same time I may be permitted to mention a fact that seems to be unaccountably overlooked by the majority of both teachers and players, and musicians generally, viz.: that this same Mr. Schubert wrote a great deal of beautiful music for the piano—sonatas, impromptus, fantasies, etc., for two hands, besides a perfect bonanza of delightful duets (*à quatre mains*) in the form of marches, polonaises, and sonatas. Everybody knows Schubert's songs—i. e. some dozen or score of them out of over five hundred and odd that are printed—but nobody seems to know or care much about his pianoforte music, and yet much of it is as good as the best of the songs.

The death of Mr. Joseph Trenkle, which occurred quite suddenly on the 19th instant, affects me, in spite of the modest and retiring nature which kept him almost entirely aloof from the public, like the passing from among us of a prominent man, and indeed I doubt not that there are many who occupy a much larger share of the public attention whom we could better have spared. An admirable pianist, and cultured and refined gentleman, he worked earnestly and conscientiously as a teacher of his instrument, and exerted over his numerous pupils the most noble and healthful influence. His work was not for a day, nor will the result of it be speedily lost to us. Like all that is of the best, it will endure.

S. E.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Walker, Junior, Addresses that Uncle of Mine.



PHOENIX CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO, October 24.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—Miss Ellie Wilton put a very pertinent question to the gentleman who telegraphs interesting, but not altogether reliable, intelligence to a morning paper, when he interviewed her touching that little affair of Mr. Austin's. She asked him if her letters were to be treated as public property because she belonged to the theatrical profession. She has a great respect for her profession, but that was perhaps not a fair view to take of the matter. She is an attractive lady, and has mortally offended the scandal-loving public by always dressing on the stage with great taste. She has thereby drawn away from less fortunate ladies an admiration which it is the ambition of their lives to obtain, and it would doubtless be an intense gratification to those *miserables* if it were to be publicly stated that Mr. Austin paid for the dresses. I am inclined to think that Miss Ellie Wilton paid for them herself. She had a good salary at the California Theatre, "she was fortunate in stocks," (?) why therefore should she not pay for them? But it is not to take up the question of the scandal which public officials have foolishly made about an actress that I make this reference. It is entirely in connection with the profession that I comment upon it. It shows exactly what the position of actors and actresses is. The theatrical profession is one of the border tribes of society—half in, half out; half acknowledged and half despised. Of all its members there are few really free or fit to enter the higher circles, and by whose fault? There may be, there are, honest, honorable men, and pure and virtuous women on the stage. There are many of them. But the question is, what is the advantage of being honest, honorable, pure, or virtuous, while the vast mass in the profession keep the tone so low? I fancy that most of the trouble, so far as the public are concerned, is to be placed to the account of the female members. It must be admitted that the men who have most aided in forming the public opinion of the profession are not dramatic artists, and that the women whose general style of life has given rise to this impression of immorality are not much admired by their associates. But with that the public can have little to do, if dramatic artists permit themselves to be classed with nigger minstrels, can-can dancers, women whose talents are less admirable than their legs and busts, and whose appearance and behavior off the stage do not give any high impression of their moral character. The question is one upon which a good deal of discussion could be raised, discussion which I have no intention of entering into. I have met many actors who have bitterly complained that the profession is rudely abused and villainously maltreated by the public. They have told me that the opinion as to the immorality of the women on the stage is much exaggerated; that virtue is the rule, and vice the exception. Many of these pleaders have been married, but I have found, in not a few cases, that they would not permit their wives to act—a very sad and suggestive commentary. I once knew a very sprightly little soubrette. She was adorned by the gallery and bald-heads, and crowded the pit when she appeared in tights. I was somewhat fascinated myself, and I made her acquaintance. Suppers and hacks to the Cliff House were more expensive in those days, my dear uncle, and my allowance was not always sufficient to enable me to carry on the *liaison* without severe pinching to hide it from your avuncular eyes. But I did. She was not very learned. She had a rude way of treating waiters and hackmen, and even used to address me in language which produced a momentary chill on my devotion. She sometimes said she loved me, but that was when the champagne had got into her head. Champagne produced the same effect in her head that her fascination produced in my heart. She had had a husband, "God knows when," and he was living in divorce, "God knows where." That was vague. There were times when she denied his existence. But she was good. She loved a glass of wine, and would put her arms around me quite affectionately, but she was a Sunday-school scholar. She would even rehearse little love scenes with me, and I could see her repeat almost to literalness the whole business on the stage the next night. I adored her to distraction. I was not foolish enough to tell anybody all about my adventure. I kept it quiet. Young Dodd was my intimate companion then. One night I introduced him to her. He was enchanted. I found she had frequent engagements after that. Young Dodd was always asking me to take him round to supper with us when I did meet her. It did not strike me as strange that he always knew of such engagements. He said she was such a nice, pleasant, frank, innocent little girl that he wished he knew her as well as I did. I introduced Young Bilkins to her. Young Bilkins was agreeably surprised. He always thought soubrettes were so coarse. She had more frequent engagements than ever. I introduced Young Spiffles to her; she was the most charming girl he had ever met. He envied me, too, but I never saw her after that; she was always engaged. One fatal night I took my stand outside of the theatre door as usual. A man came up and leaned against a lamp-post a little up the street. He was covered up in coat-collar. Another man, also all coat-collar, sauntered by and stopped opposite a fruit store. A third man came up and stood with

his back against the window next the theatre door. A rustle of a dress. Suddenly the door opened; we all met, Bilkins, Dodd, Spiffles, and myself, and she came out with the stage manager, carrying a satchel. She said: "Gentlemen, I am happy to have had this opportunity of saying good-bye. I go to-morrow." We walked up the street, went into an oyster saloon, turned down our collars, and I said: "Boys, I'll pay the bill." I accidentally stumbled across her husband in New York last year. He had never been divorced that he knew, and wanted to punch my head for insinuating that his wife had ever been guilty of any impropriety. I immediately explained that I meant another lady. He invited me to call, which I did not do. I am not going to say that she was immoral, but perhaps good people, not so given to wickedness as myself, would hesitate before they committed themselves to an opinion of her character. This was only fun, no doubt. No doubt she was true to her husband; I can not say. Spiffles, Bilkins, Dodd, and myself had much the same opinion of her, and it did not agree with her husband's. Having been so deceived by a lady whose reputation was only for frankness and freedom as opposed to license, I determined that if ever I fell in love again it would be with one whose character should not disappoint me. I did fall in love with a "second lady." I believe that's what her position was called on the stage. She was not a lady of any great ability. She had any number of friends, who told me all sorts of stories about her. Every one of them knew little incidents in her career. She was frequently seen going out to the Cliff House by moonlight, had supper parties in her rooms, was free of speech, not particular as to manners; in fact, not in the least a woman by whom respect would be appreciated. This was what I was told. Didn't every informant "know it for a fact?" Hadn't one half of them been at her rooms at these suppers, and hadn't they seen her kick a man's hat off as he came into the room? How to get introduced to her was the question. I was told to go and call without ceremony; she didn't mind that. My instincts were opposed to rudeness, even to a woman like this. Still, one might take me for a fool if I did not treat her as other men treated her. I conceded so much to my self-respect that I framed some business with her, I don't know what. I called at the hotel; I sent up my card. The boy came down and said the lady would see me. I thought of that kicking peculiarity as I went up stairs, and I mechanically took off my hat. The boy pointed out a door to me and left. I stood a moment, nerving myself for the encounter with coarseness and vulgarity. What would she look like! She would be lying in a loose dressing-gown or reading a novel and smoking a cigarette. Well, I was ready for her. I knocked. A pleasant voice called out: "Come in." I opened the door. There she was, quietly and elegantly dressed in black silk, a perfect lady-like figure, rising with a charming smile to greet me. Surely, I had got into the wrong room! It was elegantly furnished, a profusion of pretty nicknacks tastefully arranged, a large easel standing there with a beautiful picture resting on it, a stand of flowers on the mantelpiece, a magnificent ornamental centre piece facing me, a canary in a cage by the window, and in her hand a copy of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. Her voice came like music; her hand, with only one or two plainly beautiful rings on the finger, grasped mine with the soft touch of perfect breeding, and then waved me to a chair neatly adorned with some delicate covering. She said she was pleased to meet me, and asked me in gentler tones what was the occasion of my call. My dear uncle, if I ever felt small, insignificant, infinitesimal in my life, it was before this "second lady" of the theatre. My first impulse was to apologize for calling at all and back out; but there was such a repose in her manner, such a fascination in her smile, that I stumbled through my mission—which, fortunately, was a plausible one—and made one of the pleasantest acquaintances of my life. What was her history?—A simple one. She had been well educated, tenderly brought up, accustomed to luxury and ease. The common misfortune called bad luck came to her, and she had to seek a livelihood. Gifted with taste and education, she tried the stage. She lived her life quietly and modestly, made few acquaintances, and many enemies. Men, whose lives were spent in haunting the green room, sought her affections and offered her bribes. These she refused, and jealousy and malice set to work on her reputation. Her salary was not large, but taste made up for her slender means; and so I found her. I have given you a contrast in theatrical life. It is not an uncommon contrast by any means, but it is a very unhappy one. It is the combination that is the mistake; and if anybody is to blame for the combination it is the business. Money is the cause of all the profession has to endure of ignominy. In haste to get rich, there is no time to spare to elevate the tone of the stage. A woman who will draw people to the theatre—a woman whose talent may be infinitesimal, but whose limbs or whose style is attractive, whatever may be her private character, is the requirement. Women whose modesty and virtue can scarcely stand the rude shock this naturally gives them, dare not think of going on the stage; naturally their places can be filled by less particular females, who have their own object in view before the public. The company is reduced in tone by unworthy "stars," and worthy "stars" have to accept whatever company they are offered. Again, theatrical women are more or less thrust into the public eye. They are talked about in the clubs, on the street, in the bar-room, as a matter of necessity. They encourage this by putting their names in big letters on big bills to be pasted on big boards; and part of their advertising is that everybody shall know their business. And what business is it of mine? None, my dear uncle, except that I know the acquaintance of theatrical women to be expensive and dangerous and undesirable, especially to old fellows with bank accounts, and I don't want you to make the fool of yourself that I hear, and fear, you contemplate doing. I have had the experience—please save the family the expense of buying it over again. This I beg of you.

Your very affectionate nephew, WALKER, JUNIOR.

The sand-lots are right in their position assumed in reference to the taxation of church property. There is no proposition more absolutely indefensible than that church property should be exempt from paying its just quota of taxes. The folly of Wellock will confound the wisdom of Shafter in any argument that can be made upon this proposition. The tax-payers will be with the labor party in issues of this kind.

BONBONS.—FRENCH AND OTHERWISE.

The man who fails in business but continues to live in luxury is a thief.

Elder sister (to little one who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbens)—"Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep."

Little pet—"Guess not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbens were together."

Customer—"Look here, this meat is tainted. It's quite offensive."

Restaurant-keeper—"Yes, I think you're right, but I didn't tell you—I thought it might spoil your appetite."

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, says: "In the time of Moses I have no doubt I was a golden calf." "Very likely," replies a lady; "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

"I admit," said one dramatist of another, "that he has wit, but it is heavy wit."

"Heavy wit? What difference is there between heavy wit and any other kind of wit?"

"Precisely the difference that there is between a smell and a perfume."

Billiard-playing Husband (who claims that important lodge meetings keeps him out so late at night)—"Goodness gracious, Addie, what are you doing in this billiard saloon?"

Neglected Wife—"Oh, I thought I would like to enjoy some of your society; and as the children don't often see you, I brought them along with me. Keep right on with your 'lodge business,' I have got my sewing and I can wait until you are ready to go home."

She doesn't have to wait long.

"Don't I envy Louis James, though," observed a husband to his wife in an unguarded moment.

"And don't I envy Mary Anderson," she responded.

And there was a lull.

"I thought you had a dreadful row with X—, but you always seem to be together now; have you made it up with him?"

"My dear fellow, I detest him cordially. But I determined to make him uncomfortable, so I've become friends with him again so as to have the chance to say disagreeable things to him."

"What is meant by conscience?" asks an English school-master of his class.

"A binward monitor," is the almost simultaneous reply.

"And what do you understand by a monitor?"

"A hiron-clad," exultingly yells an intelligent youth.

There is only one moment in the life of a San José girl that can compare in satisfaction with that when a lover declares his intentions. It is when her pretty fingers close on the mosquito that has been haunting the back of her neck, and rolls him up slowly and luxuriously into a pill.

A Detroit citizen breaks up a brisk fight between two boys, and, crowding the largest up against an ash barrel, says: "It is a terrible thing for a boy like you to be fighting."

"I'd licked him if you hadn't come up!"

"Suppose you had. Do you want to be considered a dog? Why don't you try and be a good boy and get along peacefully with everybody? Suppose you had rolled off the wharf and been drowned?"

"Spos'n I hadn't, too! It's the good boys who get drowned!"

"What?"

"It's so, and I kin prove it! I'll bet a dollar agin a cent that more Sunday-school boys have been drowned this year than bad 'uns!"

The man reflects, and does not dispute the assertion.

"And more run over by the cars," continues the boy.

No answer again.

"And more of 'em got sick and died; and I'll bet I've got more money and have more fun than any good boy in town."

"But the good are rewarded," quietly observes the man.

"So are the bad," replies the boy. "I'll bet I make fifty cents before dark!"

"But the good are respected."

"So am I. I kin go up to the post-office and borrow \$3 'bout any security, and I'll bet ten to five you can't! Come, now—put up or shut up!"

Mary had a little lamp;

Her lover all serene,

Extinguished it, for he did not

Want any carress seen.

Solution.—Let x equal "caress," and x plus y equal "caress seen;" then x plus y plus z will equal "kerosene," and we have the answer thus:

Extinguished it, for he did not

Want any kerosene.

When Mary saw the lamp put out

She screamed: "Oh, dear, it's dark!"

"But bright enough," her lover said,

"With delight of a spark."

Solution.—Let q equal "delight," and b plus g equal a hyphen (-), when q plus b plus g will equal "delight," which reduced to United States means "the light." Note— a . The word "delight," refers to the joys of courtship. b . a some countries "spark" and "courtship" are synonymous terms. Therefore,

"But bright enough," her lover said,

"With the light of a spark."

What makes the youth love Mary so?

I'll tell you—she's a catch;

And he put out the lamp, you know,

So he might strike a match.

Solution.—This is very simple, and can be solved by mental process. The young man extinguished the lamp so that he could have the fun of striking a match and lighting it again.

The owner of Box 110, York, Neb., writes to the Postmaster of Chicago:

"I hear there is plenty of women that would like a home. I would like to correspond with one soon, if you please."

THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Feuillet.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

Cécile put the three louis into the hand of the fair little maiden, saying: "There, dear! Don't cry any more," and kissed her with a smack on both cheeks. We then continued our march. Cécile seemed a little thoughtful, and after taking a few steps said to Captain d'Eblis:

"Why didn't you want to drink after me?"

"Because, as I had the honor to tell you, Mademoiselle, I don't like milk."

"Don't tell a story; you meant it to be another lesson. When we get ten shall we make a cross? I don't find fault with you, seriously. I feel that I improve much in your society, Captain, and that, after a little more of this discipline, I shall become a miniature perfection."

There was more truth than she thought in her playful words. She had great respect for Monsieur d'Eblis, and is under restraint in his presence. She consults him with her eyes in spite of herself, to see if her acts or gestures displease him, and often stops short in the midst of her frolics if she discovers the slightest sign of disappointment in his expression. While she chews the bit, she recognizes her master and obeys him. In short, she feels in a high degree, as every one else does, the power of this firm yet gentle character, of this haughty and somewhat disdainful spirit. This association with Monsieur d'Eblis, if she could profit by it, would be salutary for her. Only he and I, in all the world, exercise this control over her. Ah! if ever, if ever the dream I have cradled comes to anything, this dear creature, shielded on every side by our love and influence, might indeed become perfection as she says, and the most lovable of perfections.

July 20th.—I am again quite overcome and disturbed by a conversation I have just had with Cécile. Affected by the reproaches which she addressed me the other day, I commenced again with much earnestness my consideration of the relative merits of the Messieurs de Valnesse, and after much thought had selected Monsieur René as being of a much more serious character and a more cultivated intellect than his cousin. Just now, after breakfast, I said in a confidential way to Cécile that I wished to speak to her.

"Very well," she answered, drily, "and what about?"

"Why, about what interests you so much?"

"Nothing interests me so much. But let's hear."

Somewhat surprised at this beginning, I led her away to the pine trees in the park.

"Well, dear," I said, "my choice is made."

"Ah, well, you took plenty of time for it."

"The choice will be all the better for that," replied I, laughing, and then began to recount my many hesitations, and to enumerate all the reasons which seemed to make the balance lean toward Monsieur René. She listened to me with a peculiar expression, and with closed lips and wandering eyes, striking now and then the trunks of the trees with the tip of her parasol. When I had finished, she said:

"There is one trouble about this, and that is, I prefer the other."

"What other?"

"Why, Monsieur Henri, of course."

"The trouble is not a very great one, dearest, for, as I have told you before, these gentlemen differ but slightly in character. There are in fact only shades of difference between them, and from this equality of good and suitable qualities and merits, it is clear that your own taste should guide you to a selection."

"So," replied Cécile, "you want to marry Monsieur René?"

"But I am not in question."

"Well, but would you marry him if you were at liberty to do so?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I do not love him."

"That is to say he is not worthy of you, but is good enough for me."

"Darling," replied I, quietly, "if you love me, please let us postpone this interview to some time when you are in better humor."

"No," cried she, shaking her parasol. "This is really incredible, and it wounds me deeply to see how much you all want to get rid of me—my father, my aunt, and finally yourself. But I am not your slave. One can not marry off girls by main force, and I tell you very decidedly, my dear, as I would tell my father and my aunt, I don't wish to marry."

"As for that," said I, "nothing is easier, my dear child."

"I prefer a hundred times to go back to the convent."

"Excuse me, it is not to a convent you ought to go, but to an asylum. I am going to my room."

I was about to leave her, for my patience, great as it is usually, became exhausted, when she caught me by the arm. "Charlotte, do not abandon me, for I am so unhappy," said she in her tender way, and throwing herself upon my neck she began to cry. I was deeply concerned, and at the words, "I am unhappy," a sudden light flashed into my mind, which filled me with alarm.

"But, come," murmured I, between the caresses which I heaped upon her, "tell me what is the matter? What troubles you?"

Bending down her head, she answered in disjointed words: "Nothing, oh, nothing. I don't know. I really don't know."

When I saw that she was more composed, I again pressed her with questions; and she looked at me fixedly for a moment, as though on the point of confiding her secret to me, then she sighed and remained silent. Finally, she was able to give me a sort of explanation as to the cause of her distress and her emotion. As long as marriage appeared to her afar off, she contemplated it with the carelessness of a child, but as it came nearer and more real she could better understand its serious character, and drew back from a determination which would carry with it the happiness or the misery of her whole life. She concluded by begging me to allow her a few days more in which to reflect upon it.

I simply observed that she forced those gentlemen to a somewhat lengthy discipline, and should she remain some time longer without manifesting a preference for one or the other, we might fear to see them depart some fine morning completely discouraged.

"And a pleasant journey to them," added Cécile. We went in. I sought my room immediately, in haste to be alone and to try to put some order and quiet into my thoughts. I did not succeed. My head and my heart are utterly confused. It is impossible for me to mistake Cécile's sentiments. Her sudden indifference to the Messieurs de Valnesse, her words, her silence, her tears, are not to be interpreted in two ways. She loves, or thinks she loves, Monsieur d'Eblis.

That is her secret. Great God! is it possible? Of all the troubles which could be inflicted upon me, of all the afflictions which my imagination could conceive of, this would assuredly be the bitterest. A rivalry of the heart, a contest of jealousy between Cécile and me—a battle in which I must sacrifice either the dearest friendship or the dearest love. Oh, what an ordeal! And I have not even an opportunity to pray God to deliver me from it, for it is here—it is already upon me.

I may do my best, and try with all the strength of mind which is in me, to elevate my thoughts, but I can not bear to see that love which I would call mine given to another. I can not. All that I can do, and I will do it, is to enter this contest with a straight-forwardness and a loyalty which will be irreproachable; to say no word that may injure Cécile, nor even one that might help me too much; to wait with a bleeding heart, but peaceful conscience, until he chooses between us. If finally he should choose me, Cécile would suffer cruelly without doubt, poor girl! Nevertheless, knowing her as I do, I believe that, lively, tender, buoyant as her spirit is, she would be consoled in time. I, never! From the very beginning his inclination led him rather toward me than toward her. A woman can not be deceived in such things. My grandmother, too, has remarked it; and thus, though I am far from worthy of it, there is, it seems to me, between our two persons and our two characters more that is sympathetic and harmonious. Since that sweet evening when we seemed to understand each other so well, I have found him, it is true, somewhat cold and reserved. But he must have something on his mind; and he has seemed to be more occupied with, or, to speak more truly, more curious about Cécile. She amuses him, I think, more than she pleases him, but who knows? Ah, my darling, my darling, what pain you are giving me!

They are calling me for the afternoon walk. Monsieur d'Eblis accompanies us; and, now that my eyes are opened, the slightest circumstance, the least detail, may become a positive revelation.

Evening of the same day.—A singular adventure happened to Cécile in the course of our walk. We got into the carriage about two o'clock to-day to pay a visit to the Curé de Louvercy, who had made up a fishing party for us. His parsonage, which adjoins the church, is some kilometres from the château, and on a small river which is, I think, a branch of the Eure. One-half of our party took possession of the parsonage garden, which is on a peninsula running out into the river, and made preparations for fishing. Monsieur d'Eblis, Madame de Chagres, her husband, and I remained in the cemetery, which is one of the prettiest village cemeteries one ever saw. The church itself, hidden among the trees, is a graceful monument of the fifteenth century, whose porch and ogival windows are perfect jewels of carving. Monsieur d'Eblis proposed to draw it. Chairs were brought, and we formed a group about him, watching him as he worked, and admiring at the same time the play of light upon the water and through the leaves, for the day was superb. At the end of the wood which runs by the cemetery an ancient bridge is thrown across the river, and opposite, on the other side of the water, there is a rocky hill crowned with a patch of green. We were enjoying it all under the shade of an old yew tree, which, owing to the heat, gave out a resinous odor.

Cécile made her appearance after a little while, having become tired of fishing, and also perhaps of the absence of Monsieur d'Eblis. She came flying and running about him like a butterfly; then she ran around the little cemetery, reading the epitaphs in a low tone. But one thing above all the rest attracted her attention, and soon absorbed it completely: some one had died in the village, and a grave had been dug in the middle of the cemetery which would doubtless be filled the next morning. This open grave awakened an extraordinary interest in the mind of Cécile, and after approaching it several times with a mixture of fear and curiosity, she became emboldened and wanted to look at the bottom of it. This was difficult, because on all sides it was surrounded by piles of earth and stones, which had been taken out of it, and which gave way under one's feet. Yet she clung to her idea, and for the purpose of stooping over the grave without danger, she took hold of the top of a little cypress tree which grew on a hillock near by with one hand, and leaning on her parasol with the other, we saw her bend her delicate bust over and plunge an eager look into the grave. Monsieur d'Eblis raised his head, and with one glance took in the strange scene as it was lighted up by the bright summer's sun: a graceful form bending over a dark and gloomy hole, a fresh young face, half smiling, half terrified. He quickly turned over a leaf of his album as if intending to sketch the souvenir on another page. Then jumping up suddenly, he cried out: "Take care, Mademoiselle. My God! take care."

We were all on our feet at the same moment. The cypress to which Cécile clung with one hand had been half uprooted in the morning by the grave-digger; it now gave way and leaned toward her, and at the same time the heaps of dirt crumbled under her feet. She lost her balance, threw her arms forward, uttered a shrill cry, and disappeared in the yawning grave.

We ran forward overcome with feelings that it is difficult to describe. As for myself, I felt as though frozen lightning had passed through my body from head to foot. When we arrived, the poor girl had got up, and was standing on the bottom of the grave, with her hair down, motionless, dismayed, and looking at us with the smile of an idiot.

Messieurs de Valnesse ran forward with the rest of us when we heard her cry. Each one had advice to give as to the way of drawing her from the horrible tomb, and gave it confusedly. Arms were extended vainly. You know how deep these graves are. Some of the gentlemen said cords must be brought; some, chairs, and some, ladders. Cécile was under a nervous excitement which, if prolonged, might prove dangerous.

The calm, imperative tone of Monsieur d'Eblis made every one silent. He motioned us away with a wave of his hand.

"Come, Mademoiselle," said he, laughing, "don't lose your senses. This accident amounts to nothing—only keep cool, and in a moment you'll be out. I'm a pretty good gymnast, as you'll see. Now let me pass my hands under your two arms." He half knelt on the pile of dirt, and encouraging Cécile by his looks he raised her by the shoulders, and straightening himself little by little he brought her feet to the top of the bank. Pale as death, with half opened lips and eyes closed fast, she fainted away in his arms.

"She must not find herself here when she comes to," said Monsieur d'Eblis. "I will carry her to the orchard below there, where it is more cheerful."

As he walked out of the cemetery carrying Cécile in his arms, we opened the gate to the orchard for him, which was on the other side of the road. The moment he stopped to lay her gently on the ground she opened her eyes, gazed at him for a moment or two without being able to account for her position, then, remembering, she smiled, and whispering, "A father to me," closed her eyes and fainted away again.

Water was brought. I bathed her temples and loosened her clothes, and she was not long in coming to herself again. A quarter of an hour later we set out for the château. On the way we tried hard to turn the adventure into a joke, laughing heartily over it, but without altogether driving away the superstitious feeling it had left on the mind of Cécile, for while trying to join in our laugh she continued pale and thoughtful.

It may turn out, however, that she will owe her future happiness to this lugubrious incident. I walked beside Monsieur d'Eblis as he carried her along in his arms, and the expression of his face as it bent over the pretty sleeping head, denoted not only sympathy and pity, but admiration of the tenderest kind. In even the weakness of this delicate being, always requiring protection, there must be a powerful attraction to a soul of such strength.

Ah, my Cécile, Providence is indeed for you!

July 30th.—Nothing very new. That Cécile is now more under the influence, yoke, or charm of Monsieur d'Eblis is evident, and every one begins to notice it. I know not what to think of him; he is an enigma. In his manner toward her, one can perceive that his curiosity is excited, his taste gratified, that he is amused and interested, that he has even much affection for her, but nothing it seems to me of passion—nothing which is worth, if I dare say it, one of those looks which I found so often fixed upon me formerly, and which even now, I think, I receive at times. His voice even in speaking to me shows a tremulousness that I do not perceive when he is with Cécile. What is passing in that heart?

I was walking in the park this morning asking myself that question again and again. I own that I cried a little, and yet my tears do not come easily. But this continual agitation to which I am a prey, this secret rivalry with my best friend, this strife between my conscience and my duty, my unfortunate passion and my shattered friendship—all this martyrdom, for such it is—try my nerves frightfully. As I made a turn in the lonely path where I was walking, I came suddenly upon Madame de Louvercy. As I hastily dried my eyes, Madame de Louvercy, who had her handkerchief in her hand, appeared to do the same. She also had been weeping, but was not able to recover herself as soon as I did.

"You surprise me in one of my desponding moments," she said.

"Is Monsieur Roger suffering more than he did?" asked I.

"Physically, no; but his moral condition makes me despair. For several days, while he consented to amuse himself a little in our company, I thought there was improvement; but it was an illusion. I even imagine now that being in society has made him feel more sensibly the extent of his misfortune, and increased his regrets and his humiliation. You can not know it, but each day it is made apparent to me. His ravings are revolting; they have all the fury of a fallen angel, and terrify me as a mother—alas! and as a Christian. Ah, my dear child," added she, "for such misfortunes there is only God, and he does not believe in Him, or what is still worse, perhaps, he is angry with Him. He avoids the church as though he were a leper. If he could only pray for once, I feel that he would be quieted and consoled. But he will not, though he loves me well, and never since his accident have I been able to induce him to. I have even gone on my knees to him without avail."

And the poor woman gave free course to her tears. We gazed at each other with looks full of grief, finding I know not how great a consolation in bringing our heavy hearts thus closely together.

August 1st.—This is a day that will count in my life.

As there has been less activity in the château for some time past, no walk seemed to be arranged for to-day. All remained in their rooms or in the parlor. Having scratched off the foregoing lines I thought I would return to the sad-looking path where I met Madame de Louvercy, and there continue the reverie she had interrupted. I was just entering it when I heard the sound of rapid steps behind me. I turned my head and recognized Monsieur d'Eblis.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," said he, with the most serious air; "will you allow me to have a few moments' conversation with you?"

At these words my heart stopped beating, and when it began again the reaction was so violent that my life seemed passing away. I knew that the moment had come, and that the word which would decide my fate was about to be uttered.

"Sir," said I, hiding my emotion as well as I was able, but very imperfectly I fear, "I will listen to you."

He was very much disturbed and at first walked in silence by my side; then said he: "Mademoiselle, I fear that I shall appear to you guilty of a great indiscretion, but I hope to prove at least the profound, the respectful confidence with which you inspire me, since with you rests the happiness or the misery of my existence. You are in a position to know Mademoiselle Cécile de Stèle better than any one else in the world. You have been friends from childhood; you were companions at the convent. Is it not so?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been able to study and judge of her character to its very depths. Before offering her my hand, before consecrating my life to her, may I ask what you think of her?"

"All the good possible."

"You understand, Mademoiselle, that this is no ordinary question. I conjure you, let there be nothing ordinary in your answer. Any one can see that Mademoiselle de Stèle is a very attractive young girl, full of grace, striking in appearance, brilliant, and witty. All that I know. But her disposition is so eccentric that it astonishes me; it even frightens me a little, I acknowledge. May I ask of you, of you who must have penetrated all its mysteries, what I may hope or fear from it?"

"Cécile, sir, never knew her mother. She has been brought up by her father, whose only child she is, and who has somewhat, perhaps considerably, spoiled her. This accounts for the unevenness of her moods, and those eccentricities and caprices which strike you so forcibly. But she has an excellent disposition, and is the most tender, the most reliable, and the most devoted of friends. She will make the most tender, the most reliable, and the most devoted of wives. On one condition, however, and that is this: if she is well guided she will love her guide."

"I ask a thousand pardons," resumed he, "but do you believe that she can love a man with a character as different from her own as mine is, for example; a man whose seriousness almost amounts to sternness and forms so striking a contrast with the levity, or apparent levity, of her disposition. You do not answer me."

"It is because I choose my words—not my thoughts; for my thoughts do not hesitate. I believe, sir, that if there is a man in the world who can attach Cécile to him, correct her little faults, develop her good qualities, and make her finally an honest, faithful, happy wife, you are he."

He bowed low, and then, after a short pause, asked:

"You love her very much, do you not?"

"Very much."

"That of itself is great praise. I thank you, Mademoiselle; for I do accept all you have told me with the greatest confidence."

We had now nearly reached the château. He took the road to it, after thanking me again in words, as well as in manner and in look. As for me, as soon as he was out of sight I sank down upon one of the seats along the path; for, after being sustained during the interview by a strong exercise of will and by my pride, now that it was over, I felt as though the earth was slipping from under me. There was nothing more to be said. From that moment my poor life seemed a failure, and my heart of twenty years carried a wound which time will never heal.

But how account for such a procedure on the part of a man of honor, or of one of any sense of delicacy. By what hidden prompting, through what refinement of cruelty, has it been brought about? Can he have had a consciousness of the horrible torture inflicted upon me? I do not know. But thus it happened, and that is all that I can say.

After his first words, after the first blow was received, I had but a single thought, which was to preserve my womanly dignity and suppress any movement of ignoble jealousy which might induce me to calumniate Cécile. Perhaps my over-anxiety on this point was excessive, and led me in my praise beyond what I thought, and perhaps even beyond the truth. Yet excess on that side was better than on the other.

Even then I was not at the end of my day's trials. As soon as I was able to stand, I began to walk and try to quiet the agitation I was in. I went on straight before me without knowing where I was going, and was crossing one of the principal avenues of the park, when the noise of wheels caused me to turn my head. It was Monsieur Roger de Louvercy in his dog-cart. He was alone; for notwithstanding the entreaties of his mother he almost always refuses to take a servant with him, following his custom in rejecting all assistance unless absolutely necessary. He was going very fast as he usually does, but seeing me he checked the speed of his horse with some difficulty, for he is very spirited, and stopped him two steps from me.

"Will you not ride, Mademoiselle?" asked he, with his somewhat ironical and bitter smile.

"No, I am much obliged to you."

"Is it my horse or myself which frightens you?"

"Neither the one nor the other."

"In that case, do let me have the pleasure of your company," said he.

"It seems to me," said I, "that it would not be altogether proper."

"Oh, not proper!" returned he, shaking his head. "Alas! in my company everything is proper. Besides, we will not leave our woods. Come, will you not—or am I decidedly horrible in your eyes?"

I saw that the pallor and the habitual sadness of his expression were increasing, and a feeling of pity overcame me. Besides, any diversion from my own thoughts was welcome. My head was half crazed, and it was indeed all one to me what I did at that moment. So I said:

"If it is only for a drive in the park, I will accept your invitation." After two attempts, I succeeded in getting into the dog-cart. The horse, a thorough-bred, danced about a great deal, and Monsieur de Louvercy had difficulty in holding him with his one hand. He dashed off immediately into a rapid gait. After he had gone a short distance, Monsieur de Louvercy said to me, laughing:

"You have missed your vocation, Mademoiselle."

"How is that?"

"You were born for a Sister of Charity. There was one at the Hospital of Orleans while I was there, who resembled you somewhat. It struck me the first time I saw you, although she was less beautiful. Are you of Creole origin?"

"No, I am a Parisian. Did the sister take good care of you?"

"Too good," answered he with a sigh.

"Why too good?"

"What was the use of preserving a life which could only become a burden to me and to others?"

"Will you allow me to tell you, sir, that you seem to be unjust to Providence? It has indeed cruelly afflicted you; but are you not too insensible to the advantages it has left you, and which so many other unfortunate people do not possess?"

"What advantages, I pray, Mademoiselle?"

"Well, you have a mother, first, with her incomparable

tenderness; then all the attentions coming from so devoted and so rare an affection; and, finally, the opportunity of study, the leisure you are able to devote to it, the gratification it gives you, and the consideration that it promises."

"Yes," answered he, bitterly; "all that may keep a man from going crazy—but that is all; and even then there are moments when I imagine myself to be so, or actually am so."

He did not continue, but remained silent for some time, jerking the reins and hurting his horse's mouth, who needed nothing to excite him. At first he did not seem to notice that the animal was becoming impatient and getting the upper hand, but remarked:

"You saw d'Ehlis this morning?"

"Yes; I had just parted from him when you met me."

"What a fine man he is! Don't you think so?"

I answered "Yes," with a simple inclination of the head. Then, looking at me, he remarked:

"You are pale, Mademoiselle. I noticed it before. Does anything trouble you?"

"No."

A wicked smile was playing about his lips, and, as though on purpose, he again jerked the reins. The horse sprang forward excitedly and ran away with us. Nearly throwing us on the avenue's fence in his furious and irregular course, he suddenly turned to the right, and, with all his speed, rushed on to the public road. I knew that this ended at a laundry on the bank of the river, which was very steep at that place.

Monsieur de Louvercy tried to calm him with his voice and with his hand, but he did not succeed. We flew along like the wind; the trees appeared and vanished as they do in dreams; I experienced a kind of vertigo as we neared the end of the road, and already perceived the mirrored sun sparkling in the water.

Monsieur de Louvercy turned toward me, and, with that cruel look which he has at times, said coldly:

"Mademoiselle Charlotte, do you cling much to life?"

No, in truth I did not cling much to it, and a simple movement of my head told him so.

"Nevertheless," cried he, "it would be a pity."

I do not know whether he has a secret for pacifying his horse, which he did not care to make use of up to that time, but almost immediately after, saying a word or two and moving his rein gently, the animal was quieted and fell into a reasonable gait, and we were able, just before reaching the river, to turn into a road which branched off.

Monsieur de Louvercy, whose coolness I could but admire, for we had certainly come very near being killed, then said quietly:

"That I should not cling to life is easily understood, but you—that is very mysterious!"

"Mysterious?" repeated I, smiling.

"Disappointed in love?" said he in a gravely ironical tone of voice, and, after a pause, "so beautiful, and neglected—that would be very strange."

"Sir," said I, excitedly, "your misfortune gives you great privileges. It does not, however, give you the right to insult a woman, I presume."

"Did I not tell you that I was crazy?"

"I see that it is so, sir, but you should have warned me of it before we started."

He was silent for a long time, biting his lips the while so violently that I saw the blood on them. At last he exclaimed in a voice full of contrition:

"Mademoiselle, I am indeed unworthy of the honor you have done me. I acknowledge it, and humbly ask you to forgive me."

"It is well, sir. Shall we return?"

We were then pretty far away in the country, for I could perceive through the trees the little church of Louvercy.

"We will return," said he, sorrowfully, "but, my God! must we go back angry with each other and enemies? Tell me, Mademoiselle, is there any thing on this earth that a poor miserable fellow like me can do to prove his profound respect for you, and to efface the remembrance of his hateful words?"

A sudden idea came into my head, remembering what Madame de Louvercy had told me that morning about the grief which the revolting impiety of her son had caused her, and seeing the little church near by.

"Yes," said I, all at once. "You can do something which will gain you my esteem, and, what is more, my friendship. You see the church down there? Go there and pray with me."

His brows suddenly contracted, but, in a somewhat gentle tone of voice, he said:

"My mother has told you?"

"Yes."

"And you wish it?"

"Yes."

"Let us go, then."

A few minutes after we were near the garden of the parsonage, which is contiguous to the church. The Curé's servant, who was working in it raised his head at the noise. Monsieur de Louvercy called him, and asked him to hold his horse. I got down, and even helped him to do so. We entered the cemetery and went into the ogival porch, to the great surprise of the servant, who was not accustomed to see Monsieur Roger in such places.

The interior of the church is very simple, the little nave quite white and bare. I preceded Monsieur de Louvercy, whose crutch resounded on the slabs and under the arched roof. Passing between two rows of chairs, we reached the seat reserved for Madame de Louvercy. I pointed out to him a low chair with a cushion in it, and in a low voice said:

"The *prie-dieu* of your mother."

Then I held him by the arm while he knelt on it. He allowed himself to be placed just as a child would, and bent his arms so that his head was resting on his hand, and I knelt beside him. While I was praying for both with all my soul his heart melted within him, and I heard him weep like a child. When we arose he showed me his face wet with tears, and said:

"See what you cause a soldier to do."

"But then you are forgiven," returned I, offering him my hand.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

An Iowa woman put starch in her husband's beer, thinking it was arsenic, and was surprised because it didn't stiffen him.

A SPELLING BEE AT ANGEL'S.

Reported by Truthful James.

Waltz in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee, And drop them books and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn from me. I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's fierce and wild, For I hold it is unchristian to deceive a simple child; But as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd like to hear Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angel's that we organized last year. It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—like you. But gents ez hed their reglar growth, and some enough for two. There woz Lanky Jim of Suter's Fork, and Bilson of Lagrange. You start, you little kids, you think these are not pretty names, But each had a man behind it, and—my name is Truthful James.

There woz Poker Dick from Whisky Flat, and Smith of Shooter's Bend, And Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better friend. Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers—*you* have five. Clapp cut off too—it's singlar, too, that Clapp ain't now alive. 'Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and Clapp was much to blame; Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that same.

The nights was kinder lengthenin' out, and the rains had just begun, And all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual fun; But we all sot kinder sad-like around the bar-room stove. Till Smith got up, permississ-like, and this remark he hove: "Thar's a new game down in Frisco, thot ez far ez I kin see Beats euchre, poker, and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin' Bee.'"

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and spake: "Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez, "Shake!" And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say right thar That the man who tackled euchre hed his education squar." This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the school-master, who said He knew the game, and he would give instructions on that head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like 'separate. Now, who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef thar was one in eight. This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row, And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe, And high upon the bar itself the school-master was raised, And the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazed.

The first word out woz "parallel," and seven let it be, Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a" and "e"; For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight, Thar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night—Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said, "they had him there."

And Lanky Jim, with one long stride, got up and took his chair.

O little kids, my pretty kids, 'twas touchin' to survey These hearded men, with weppings on, like school-boys at their play. They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van, And Bob sat up as monitor with a cue for a rattan, Till the chair gave out "incinerate," and Brown said he'd be durned If any such blamed word as that in school was ever learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed the man who rung Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and hung. As they sat down again I saw in Bilson's eye a flash, And Brown of Calaveras was a-twistin' his mustache; And when at last Brown slipped on 'gneiss,' and Bilson took his chair, He dropped some casual words about some folks who dyed their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said he'd adjourn; But Poker Dick remarked that he would wait and get his turn; Then, with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a wanderin' eye, The Chair next offered "eider-duck," and Dick began with "I." And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just how the fight begur I never knowed; for Bilson dropped, and Dick he moved up one.

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business down in camp;" And "ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night was damp, They'd"—here got up Three-fingered Jack and locked the door and yelled:

"No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word is spelled!" But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and sank in pain, And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester on his brain.

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick, and tried to look ez he Was huntin' up authorities that no one else could see; And Brown got down behind the stove, allowin' he "was cold," Till it upst and down his legs the cinders freely rolled; And several gents called "Order!" till, in his simple way, Poor Smith began with "O, R, or"—and he was dragged away.

O little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray! You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way; And bear in mind that may be sharps ez slings their spellin' square, But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought or care—You wants to know the rest, my dears? Thet's all! In me you see The only gent thet lived to tell about thet Spellin' Bee!

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went their way, With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to sport or play. For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to bed, Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all unsaid, No man might know the awful work that thrilled their youthful frames, As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and thought of Truthful James.

Qy. Genii.

—Scribner's for November.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, October 27, 1898.

Gilbet,
Cantleup,
Fried Clams,
Devised Chicken, with Sauce,
Baked Tomatoes, Oyster Plant,
Roast Venison, Salt Lake Potatoes Baked,
Carrot Salad,
Raspberries, with Bavarian Cream,
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Apples, Figs, Plums, and Grapes.

To DEVIL CHICKEN.—Boil the chicken tender in a little salted water. When cold, it is cut into pieces. These pieces are basted with butter and broiled.
SAUCE.—One teaspoonful of made mustard, two tablespoonfuls of Worcester-shire sauce, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil all together and pour over the chicken. This dish is generally served on the Cunard steamers for supper.

The romance of Judge Orson Brook's marriage in Denver is of no ordinary sort. Forty-five years ago a Massachusetts maiden promised to marry him. They had a childish quarrel, and separated, he to go West, and ultimately to marry there; she to remain and be led to the altar in her native village. In a few years she had lost her husband and he had buried his wife. Both were then married a second time, and after a lapse of years again laid husband and wife in the grave. Chance then threw the Judge and his first love together, and they married. He is 70 and she 68.

Some eyes threaten like a loaded and leveled pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into.

Appear to be better than you are, and aim to be what you appear to be.

NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

There is one great pregnant fact indicating that the gloomy period of our national depression is fast passing away. It indicates the lifting of the cloud from our business horizon, and gives promise of a bright and prosperous future. The exports of the United States during the last fiscal year exceeded the imports by millions of dollars. This indicates prosperity; it shows that we are becoming economical; it suggests the superior skill of our mechanics; it proclaims the enterprise of our merchants, and, better than anything and everything else, it takes the conceit out of our English, German, French, and Belgium cousins, and teaches them that brains are more than a match for money—that cheap labor is a snare and a delusion.

The New York Times, under caption of "The Curiosities of the American Exporting Trade," groups many interesting facts, and prophesies the good time coming when Kearney will become a bloated bondholder, Schwab will own a brewery and supply beer to the Bavarians, Chinese cheap labor will be welcomed by its whilom opponents turned manufacturers, greenbacks will advance to a premium, gold will be a nuisance, subsidies to steamship lines will be regarded with contempt, and many other equally incredible things from the present point of view will come to pass. Taking the figures of 1875-6-7 as a basis, we have advanced at the rate of \$30,000,000 in two years. Our exports to-day are more than double those of 1860, in which year there was a very heavy export trade, the one article of cotton alone amounting to over \$190,000,000, more than twice the cotton export of 1855. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, the increase over 1877 was nearly \$65,000,000, or about 11 per cent., and this notwithstanding the greatly lessened demand for war material consequent upon the cessation of hostilities abroad. The possibilities of the future are enormous. To say that our progress promises to equal that of the past three years is to claim too little. The least we can look for will be an expansion on the compound interest plan.

Our dry goods and cotton fabrics are superior to those of England, and are largely replacing European goods in the markets of China and India. Time was when England was regarded as the work-shop of the world, and defied competition, boastfully claiming that cheap labor, cheap money, and the proximity of iron and coal, made successful rivalry by America altogether impossible. We are now sending iron to Great Britain, and competing with Manchester and Birmingham in fine cutlery. English papers are filled with complaints of American competition and consequent loss of home trade. One paper—the *British Mail*—tells of a house in Birmingham which is manufacturing "Yankee pattern household sundries, such as egg-whisks, nutmeg-graters, etc.," and placing them on the market as American goods. In another we learn that several extensive padlock makers in the South Staffordshire district are "busy at work upon an order for padlocks upon a favorite United States pattern," and American manufacturers are warned to immediately register their trade-mark in Great Britain under the new treaty. Could any plainer acknowledgment of defeat be given than this?

In all American exports—including breadstuffs—since the foundation of the Republic, three commodities have stood forth prominent in amount and value—cotton, tobacco, and cheese, and of these cotton has been the king. In the fiscal year 1860, during which the largest crop was raised and the greatest quantity exported, 1,767,686,338 pounds were sent

abroad, over 1,265,000,000 going to Great Britain. Last year, according to the official report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, a greater quantity of manufactured tobacco, and more cigars and cigarettes, were removed directly from the manufactories for exportation than during any previous year of which an account has been kept by the Internal Revenue Office. The excess in tobacco over the year preceding was nearly 3,000,000 pounds. Of the total amount England takes over 1,000,000; Australia comes next, Germany next, and the United States of Columbia next. There is scarcely any spot in the civilized world to which we do not export our manufactured tobacco direct. In Germany the clippings or refuse of the cigars made in this country have recently found a profitable market at from two to five cents per pound. Formerly these clippings were allowed to accumulate in American manufactories for months, until some speculator happened along and took the lot for a song. Now agents have been sent out through Canada to buy up all they can find, with a view to shipping it to Europe. Immense quantities of American made cigars have, within the past year, been sold in England, where they are eagerly purchased as cheaper and more suited to the popular taste than any cigars heretofore imported into that country. On one day in March last a single shipment was made aggregating 141,000, and it is estimated that the trade already returns at the rate of \$4,000,000 per year, equal to an annual profit of \$120,000.

The foreign demand for American cheese exhibits a growth unparalleled by any farm product, except perhaps cotton. As recently as forty years ago the exports amounted to but 411,338 pounds. Last year they reached the enormous aggregate of 107,364,666 pounds. If this were loaded on drays, each carrying one ton, and occupying eight yards, the line would extend 244 miles, or a greater distance than from Washington to New York. If the shipment were regular during every secular day, in the year the daily movement to the wharves for shipment would exceed 172 tons. The quantity of milk used in the production of 107,000,000 pounds of cheese may be computed by those having leisure and sufficient agricultural knowledge. Nine-tenths of this vast amount finds a market in Great Britain, which formerly stood preëminent in the reputation of her dairy products. Our dairymen have succeeded in imitating the size, general appearance, and even the flavor of the English production so closely, that, being able to sell at a much lower price, they have actually beaten the Englishman on his own ground. In Germany a demand for American cheese has also sprung up, but it has been too recent to permit of the presentation of the results accomplished.

On the subject of breadstuffs, every child knows that this country has been for some time the granary of the world. Nor will the ordinary newspaper reader require to be informed that American fresh meat and mutton, both slaughtered and on the hoof, have, within a comparatively short time, to quote an English newspaper, "deprived the English farmer of his last resource, his stalwart ox," and made the national roast beef a common thing in many a British household where it was a rarity before. Our refrigerator tonnage, which was but 8,000 tons in 1876, is now 28,000 tons. This covers oysters, butter, fruits, eggs, canned goods, and a thousand and one other perishable articles of food, the export trade of which is increasing enormously from year to year. If this thing keeps on, it will not be long before America is the butcher's shop and grocery store as well as the granary and manufactory of the world. What will be thought of the United States shipping plum pudding to England, potatoes to Ireland, oatmeal to Scotland, toys to Nuremberg, and lager beer to Germany? Yet such are the facts, and they are no more astonishing than the now thrice-told tale of the regular and profitable sale of American cotton goods in Manchester, and American cutlery and hardware in Birmingham. The business of making and canning plum pudding for export is regularly carried on at Dover, Delaware, and elsewhere. The trade is not a new one, and exports are regularly made to England. A Philadelphia firm sell large quantities of mincemeat in the same country. Steamer agents say that potatoes to Ireland are the commonest thing in the world, and the business of shipping them has been of long duration. On April 23d 1,100 bags of oatmeal were shipped to Glasgow, Scotland.

The export trade in toys, which amounted last year to over \$1,000,000, began some five or six years ago through some presents sent abroad. Now nearly every steamer carries large quantities. The principal articles of export are the mechanical or "clock-work" and the steam toys, but there are also large shipments of tin and wooden toys, most of which class were formerly exported from England or Germany. Wood is much cheaper in America than in Europe, and machines work faster than hands. Very few mechanical toys are now imported, and only the finer French and Austrian work for show-pieces in windows. American ingenuity has also multiplied the varieties of mechanical toys, and the American manufacturers of the clock mechanism have met all overtures for the purchase of the detached works by European dealers by demanding prices which are practically

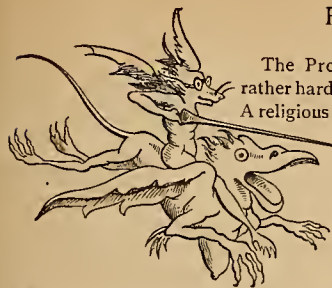
prohibitory. In May last a firm of German brewers sent a cask of American lager beer to Count Bismarck, and in due time received a letter from him through the German Consul thanking them. Since the reception of the letter the firm have received several orders from German houses for samples of lager beer, and the head of the concern has sailed for Europe to make arrangements for its regular export. The Englishman has long had American turkeys regularly at Christmas, and he likes them. In January last a famous English house sent an agent to this country with orders to ship regularly every week fifty barrels of the finest quail, prairie hens, grouse, woodcock, wild turkeys, canvas-back ducks, and other American game that he could procure. The enterprise has proved a great success. Buffalo and antelope meat, venison, and salmon are also among the innumerable articles of food sent from this country, not only to England, but to nearly every other civilized nation. It would be unpardonable to close this paragraph without a mention of the fact that a Boston company are turning out 8,000 cans (equal to 24,000 pounds) of baked beans and cod-fish-balls daily, and that they find a large demand for both specialties in England, France, West Indies, and South America.

There are numerous other points in the American export trade that must be both novel and curious to the general reader. Take the item of coffins, for instance. Coffins and caskets in the latest styles have long been among the regular articles of shipment abroad, and they command a large sale among the subjects of effete monarchies. A warehouse containing two thousand of American make was recently opened in London. Think of exporting hoop-skirts at this late date. Twenty-two dollars worth went abroad last year. Berlin has sent a large order for corsets to Worcester, Mass., and another for American silk to Rockville, Conn. Will any one question the good taste of the German girls after that? Essex, Mass., exports steel pens to England. An American firm have made a complete outfit of locks for the new Imperial Post-office in Bremen, where the American system of lock-boxes has been introduced. Two cargoes of American coal were recently sent to Italy, and were sold readily at \$7.72 per ton, which covers cost and freightage, and leaves a fair margin of profit. Heretofore over 200,000 tons of English coke per annum, at \$11.58 per ton, has been used in the Mediterranean basin. A staple article of export to South America and the West Indies is patent water-closets. Another is American confectionery.

Peanut oil, from North Carolina, sells well in Italy, and cotton seed oil has almost taken the place of olive oil throughout Europe. The export of this latter commodity jumped from 281,000 gallons in 1876 to 1,705,000 gallons in 1877. American jewelry goes everywhere, and American watches have nearly if not quite driven Swiss and English made watches out of their own markets. The British Government purchased 200 stem-winders in December for the use of conductors and engineers on one of the State railroads in India, and in February an agent of the Rotherham Watch Company, of England, visited this country and ordered a number of sets of the tools and machinery used here. A Newark, New Jersey, sash and blind manufacturer filled a large order for shipment to Turkey in June. A Troy bell-founder has recently fitted out churches in Constantinople and Bangkok. American locomotive manufacturers are hard at work filling orders from Russia and South America. Our carriages, street-cars, and vehicles of all sorts are being sent in all directions. Our petroleum lights the world. Statuary and paintings are regularly exported from this country to Europe. We import short-horn Durhams, breed them for a time, and sell back to the fancy breeders at famous prices, viz: the Duchess of Oneida, a six-year-old cow, for \$30,000. We are supplying England and France with the best trotting stock. The Emperor Napoleon drove four American trotters in hand in the Bois de Boulogne before he lost his throne. Among other important items of export are books, scientific instruments, wines, pianos, carpets, furniture, toilet soaps, fine and coarse boots and shoes, glassware, scales, stoves, leather, writing inks, slates, marbles, pins, and tools and machinery of all kinds. And the best of it is these things sell on their merits, and not on account of their cheapness. But the list is unending.

If our people would, for say ten years, deny themselves the indulgence of foreign luxuries, our gentlemen the privilege of drinking foreign wines and liquors, smoking Havana cigars, and dressing themselves in foreign cloths, and our ladies the luxuries of foreign dress, ornaments, and toilet articles, America would become the richest country in the world. Our bonds would be returned upon us. Both national and railroad securities would be owned in America, where they ought to be owned, and England would no longer hold to us the attitude of pawn-broker and financial uncle. This time is coming, and, at the present rate of progress, seems not far distant. With it will come our commercial supremacy upon the ocean, and leave us where, except for the war, we would long since have been, the leading commercial country of the world, as we are now first in agricultural, mineral, and mechanical wealth.

PRATTLE.



The Protestants are having a rather hard time of it in Bohemia. A religious weekly complains that in Prague each time they hold services a permit must be obtained from the Government, and, it seems, sometimes the Government is in an impious frame of mind and has to be exhorted a long time before it will give it. Then a police officer has to attend, and, which is worse, must be paid a fee. Neither is it reported that any police officer has ever been converted. Altogether, Prague appears to be a pretty stony soil, and the good American missionary intent upon its cultivation vainly beats his sword into a plowshare, for it beats the plowshare. This is to be regretted for the sake of the parsons, who (their own country being now so entirely pious as to no longer require their services) must go to Prague or go to work.

The theatrical reporter of the *Bulletin* speaks of "the experienced and critical audience" of the first night of *Falintza*. Why, you preposterous creature, it is not the audience that advertises!

The Providence that feeds the young ravens when they cry is not unmindful of the local wits. If the marriage of Mr. Cashdollar to Miss Maylick, announced in last Tuesday's papers, had been postponed much longer some of them would assuredly have starved. The names can be tormented into at least six "well defined and several" puns; and at a cent a pun this means a tolerably good meal, as wits' meals go.

Time was and time is—each dog has his day.
Wit, that once reigned and dined like a Pharaoh,
Naked and blind by the side of the way,
Whines: "Date obolum Belisario!"

Here's an easier one, as the riddle-monger—himself a shining light of the modern school—would say:

Alack, the poor wit!
Like a bear in a pit,
He yearneth all day for his prog;
And he maketh a lap
For whatever may hap,
As he sitteth up-ended, agog,
And he'll gratefully take
Deleterious cake,
Though the food of his fathers was hog.

Will some one have the goodness to tell me what under the sun a damstock is? I have heard the word repeatedly during the past week. Sometimes it is used in the plural, and then it frequently has no context—a mere "cry between the silences." In such instances I have fancied I noted an unusual accent on the initial syllable; when it is part of a connected and coherent discourse it is commonly accented on the final. Come, come, what is a damstock?

They are trying to beat the Black Hills road-agents with an iron-clad coach, but it is believed this will merely alter the character of these gentlemen's operations from placer-working—dropping the driver with a shotgun and taking the treasure-box off the top of the coach—to regular mining, with improved machinery and a diamond drill.

It was owing to my chum's talk
That I bought, not all, but some stock
In a pit upon the Comstock,
Dug for me.

Now the wild wish has arisen
To immure my chum in prison;
For the stock I bought was his'n,
Do you see?

Ah! if I but had that smarty
With my fingers round his heart, he—
But he's gone off with a party
To Paree.

The truly good who have found in the Decalogue a commandment which reads, "Remember the Sabbath day to make thy neighbor keep it holy," are dutifully determined to incorporate it in the State Constitution. It seems to me that under the laws we already have a man can obtain all the rest on Sunday that he requires, unless he is so nervously pious that it worries him to think of the sturdy preachers all about him, noisily pounding the pulpits that might just as well have been pounded on Saturday afternoon.

From childhood I have been passionately fond of the heliotrope. The divine plant has had from my heart the devotion that other men give to women, to gold, or to God; and my loyal fidelity to it has, I think, exercised a wholesome restraint on me in matters of love, business, and religion. As I slept, the other night, a spray of my adored flower on my pillow, I dreamed that I was on a large island in a tropic sea. Close beside me was the trunk of a giant tree—a heliotrope—whose branches covered the whole island and whose top touched heaven. All the fowls of the air built nests and sang in its foliage. Overcome by the ravishing perfume, I sank, swooning with happiness, at its root, yet, gazing dreamily seaward, could not help observing that of the many ships drawn convergent toward the island by the

tree's matchless beauty all those beating up from leeward, on arriving within range of the odor which to me was heaven, put about and fled, holding their noses in the brine. Looking upward I then perceived that there was not a flower on the tree; the odor came from the swollen bodies and dropping oils of my literary enemies, one of whom was hanging by the neck from every branch. Filled with inexpressible rapture I awoke, the fragrant spray of heliotrope entangled in my moustache.

Rejoice, O mine enemies, and sing songs, that for once ye were my rivals—in a dream. A dream that was not your own! For in my dreaming I thought your attachment to my beloved mistress, the heliotrope, was stronger than mine, hoped it was more enduring, and felt it better for posterity. I regarded the union without jealousy, favored it without affectation, and remembered it with delight. It was a wild, impossible fancy, and it passed; yet waking I cherish the fond hope that Heaven will some day grant me the paternal satisfaction of seeing you all happily united to a sour-apple tree.

It has been decided by a St. Louis Judge that street-crossings are made for the pedestrians, and it is the duty of all drivers of vehicles, street-cars not excepted, to pull up when a fellow is making the transit afoot. It is to be hoped our citizens will remember this when crossing the bows of a street-car, and treat the conductor's frantic bell with dignified inattention. It is reassuring to have the law on one's side when the pole of a horse-car is being thrust into one's other side. The trouble is that at such times

"our thoughts take wildest flight,
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order"

to enjoy the consciousness of having placed the driver distinctly in the wrong; and when hastily endeavoring to disengage the complications of one's small intestine from the flying feet of the horses, one's

"manners have not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

It is all very well for starveling editors, dyspeptic scholars, and corn-fed politicians to disparage Lord Beaconsfield's diplomatic achievement in acquiring the Island of Cyprus, but no self-respecting gentleman can be insensible to the fact that Cyprus exports more potted ortolans than any country in the world. When there has been found a better bird than the ortolan it will be possible to outline a nobler foreign policy than that of Lord Beaconsfield.

Be good enough to contrast Lord Beaconsfield's acquisition of Cyprus with the late Mr. Seward's vaunted feat in securing Alaska. Bah! there is precisely the difference between them that there is between the flesh of an ortolan and the flesh of a penguin. Seward was a gentleman, and knew well enough the distinction between calipash and calipee, but, bless the soul of him, he had to take such territory as he could get an appropriation to pay for. Did a dunder-head Congress permit the annexation of San Domingo, actually belted with a circlet of green turtle, every one a gem worth a king's ransom? Did not every "meagre muse-rid mope, adust and thin," every blade-faced "thinker," with his belly sticking to his back, every husk-eating prodigal son of a gun, every flabby-fibred, sodden-witted, lard-lover in the land, get upon his hind legs and say there was a "job" in it? May be there was—what man of sense would deign to inquire? There was turtle in it—great gobs and dollops of turtle, as green as emerald—colossal collocations of foamy fat, redolent, luminous, musical!—masses for the repose of the undeparted soul!

Speaking of turtle, did I ever mention—it has always pleased me mightily—that ancient minute of the Royal Society Club, of London. This terse but touching record relates, of a turtle intended for the club table, that it "died on its way home from the West Indies." Languages are not immortal, but the noble tongue in which such a thing as that can be said may await dissolution with Christian tranquillity.

What broad fields of thought are sometimes opened up by a chance expression. (Peace, peace, thou restless reader; I mean to no more than set my toe in one.) That languages are perishable goods, to be used quickly ere they spoil, is trite enough, but I doubt if we duly consider all that it implies. How many of us can intelligently read Chaucer and Gower, or even Shakspeare or Spenser, without a glossary? I have in memory a recent article in an English magazine defining scores, and mentioning, I think, hundreds, of obsolete and obsolescent terms from the works of that ancient worthy, Charles Dickens! And is it not matter of common remark that nearly all the earlier poems of Mr. Cornelius Mahoney are unintelligible, even to the commentators?

One effect of the transitory nature of languages is to impede national civilizations. Each generation profits directly from the intellectual store of its predecessors only; from antiquity, indirectly, at second-hand. For every learning there is a forgetting; the prospect changes, but the horizon has ever the same radius. Of what use to the mariner is his regularly posted log if he has with equal regularity torn out all but the current page of his record, or used ink that has

faded in a week? Clearly, the traveler has little profit of his long road who remembers but the last mile. Each generation is compelled to learn by experience whatever it can not read; and so it occurs that what was known and recorded by the earliest English idiot, Mr. William D. Pollock has had to find out for himself.

In its course through the centuries a language resembles a certain vine cultivated by the Thibetans, and called in their tongue "the traveling reptile," which, rooting wherever it touches the earth, grows at one end and decays at the other, thus accomplishing journeys of great length, and perhaps carrying the mails, I don't know. Their philosophers, by the way, have for some centuries disputed as to whether the vine arrived at one point is the same vine that set out from another; but up to the year 1847 the discussion had evolved more heat than light. It seems to me a scientific, rather than a philosophic, problem, and I should like to have our Academy of Sciences go to Thibet for its solution, or for almost any reason.

The Rev. Dr. Kalloch, who possibly mistakes the greed of notoriety for the call of duty, and the clapping of an audience for a sign of the divine favor, is to the fore with another lecture—on monopolies; "his attack," says a morning journal, "being mainly on the railroads."

From the summit of the town,
Yawning like a lazy Turk,
Stanford sleepily looks down
On the parson at his work:

"All my roads the man attacks,
Tearing up the rails I lay;
Neither leaves he any tracks
In 'the straight and narrow way.'"

Concerning man and wife, it is appointed of nature that the woman shall be most admired by the man when she is living, the man by the woman when he is dead. According to woman, the master-work of creation is a dead husband.

"That country has the freest institutions," says a contemporary, "where the press is least hampered by the government." Ah! yes, jesso—

"a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free."

The moral and elevating influence of the press has penetrated to Bodie: the local lights of the romantic school are so disconcerted in the presence of the *Weekly Standard's* shining liar that they occasionally blurt out the truth about their mines—whereby many investors are deceived and ruined.

The value of the opinions of "business men" as guides in legislation is shown in a lambent light by the action of our Chamber of Commerce the other day. Last May the Chamber recorded its approval of the proposed commercial treaty with France, whereby it was intended to materially reduce the duties on imported wines. But on Tuesday last, at the instance of the California Vinicultural Association, they unanimously recalled their approval and earnestly implored Congress to continue the present tariff. Now it so happens (that's the word for it) that a large number of the members of the Chamber of Commerce are opposed to protective duties—where local or personal interests are not concerned. They are sturdy free-traders—in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. It would not surprise if now, by way of atonement for their latest action in this matter, they should demand the abolition of duties all over the continent of Europe. When your man of affairs, looking over the accounts of his political conscience, finds himself debited with a selfish opinion on a matter affecting his own interests, he immediately balances the books by crediting himself with a liberal one on a matter affecting the interests of others.

Your man of affairs, when affairing,
I honor (removing my hat)
But when he goes thinking, by—(swearing.)
Boys beat him at that!

He hasn't the (meaningly tapping
My forehead.) His thinker—by gum!
I wouldn't give that for it (snapping
My finger and thumb.)

Mr. Edward Jenningsen, an Arizona sheep-herder, has had the misfortune to kill his overseer under circumstances that seem to justify the severest censure. Details are lacking, but it is tersely explained in the dispatches that Mr. Jenningsen was dissatisfied with the breakfast served him, but whether his objection concerned its quality or its quantity is not stated. An imperfection in neither particular would, it seems to me, be sufficient cause for taking human life; for whereas the Decalogue is silent as to the service of bad breakfasts, it distinctly prohibits murder; though obviously the Decalogue is not the whole law. Whatever may be the moral aspect of the incident it will have a certain value when the evidence is all in, as marking the limit of patience in Arizona. In San Francisco the breakfasts commonly served at hotels are not in all respects what they should be, but in the manner of remonstrance it seems a clear enough duty to keep inside the law; though every one must determine for himself when a shot at the landlord has become an act of simple self-preservation.

COQUETTES.

The fickleness of woman has been the subject of animadversion by wounded swains and jilted lovers for many a long century. The fact that the number of coquettes is not lessened by their harangues proves that there is some necessity for their existence, some circumstance of birth or disposition that has made them such. Few women are wantonly and willfully cruel. That this is true I am convinced. No woman likes to give pain for cruelty's sake; no woman refuses an honest, earnest love without a strong sentiment of pity, albeit the confession of such love be a triumph to her vanity and a tribute to her superiority. It is not so much that women are fickle as that men are unworthy. A woman who holds herself to be the equal of a high-minded, devoted, chivalrous man, feels it necessary that she be sure he is such before she gives her heart to his keeping. There is an aphorism of Madame de Staël's, which translated reads:

"Love in a woman's life is a history; in man's, an episode."

This is true, yet not, for the happiness of women or the honor of mankind, including all men. It is this completeness of the love-history of woman's life that needs, if possible, the full assurance of continuity, which makes women hesitate. In too many cases does she come to perceive that love will be episodic in most men's lives, that she is rated highest who is hardest won, and that too often after winning one is regarded "as a tale that is told." It is not all women who reason deep enough to perceive this—it is not all women who are constructed to care if they do. The coquette has a heart, if you can but reach it, but in the search for it take care that your wings are not singed. There are not many men who stand the crucial test of deep feeling, large-hearted devotedness, and prescient affection which the isolated nature of a coquette demands. One precurrent cause of unhappiness is a lack of chivalrous consideration, of purity of principle, in the present generation. Coquettes are not shallow; no mere frivolous woman can be what the world terms a coquette. They are vivacious, witty, imaginative, tender at times, often handsome, and they possess a subtle, sympathetic attraction impossible to describe. When some new star rises in the horoscope of their lives, they imagine it possible to be the ideal knight for whose coming they have longed. Friendship strengthens this hope, but closer intimacy shatters the dream, resulting in conviction to the woman that hope lures falsely, to the man that consistency is a lost jewel, and to the world that the woman is a coquette. It is true that the fatal defect of our imagination wrecks too many women's lives. Nectar and ambrosia do not fall to the lot of ordinary mortals, yet the knowledge that women have been so loved, cherished, and protected, that the crown of wifehood was the greatest glory of life, serves to relumine the future after successive failures. This imagination is, in too many instances, the primary cause of fickleness. There is such a sinking of the heart, such a fading away of the *couleur de rose*, such a fainting and failing of sacrificial inspirations and aspirations, when one discovers that the lover one fondly believed immaculate and orthodox has been guilty of heresy, that he in whom truth seemed ingrained has stooped to deceit (that most unforgivable of sins against integrity), that he in whom all good seemed vivified is clay instead of Carrara. But this very imaginative quality constitutes one of the chief charms of its possessor, since under the influence of it a woman treats all men with deferential consideration, and a suave charm of manner which suggests that she believes them all to be heroes, knights *sans peur et sans reproche*. Of the lesser degrees of coquetry all women are liable to be accused. While few possess the full complement of charms and accomplishments accorded to coquettes in general, all women display more or less of coquetry which lacks the earnestness of a deep-seated longing, and brings upon woman the stigma of fickleness. Ninon de l'Enclos must have been moulded after this pattern—as also Diana of Poitiers. The Grecian princess Omphale must have been a wily coquette when she wore Hercules' lion-skin and wielded his club, well knowing that the playful assumption of manly dignity would enhance her feminine charms in his partial eyes. That graceful writer, Rose Terry Cooke, says of "La Coquette":

"You look at me with tender eyes,
That, had you worn a month ago,
Had slain me with divine surprise;
But now I do not see them glow."

And Mrs. Bradley charmingly writes:

"I passed before her garden gate:
She stood among her roses,
And stooped a little from her state,
In which her pride reposes.
To make her flowers a graceful plea
For luring and delaying me."

But nowhere in the poets' songs, in all the range of love-love, have I found any plea for the hidden mysteries of a coquette's nature—nothing but condemnation. Even Tennyson's conceited yeoman has a stone to cast at the proud, misunderstood Clara Vere de Vere. There have been those who could not distinguish between condescending kindness and treacherous wiles, and this stupid yeoman seems to have been one of them. I am not trying to prove the supremacy of those to whom the world applies a misnomer. It is only that they are a much reviled class of women, whom fate with circumstantial force has driven to violate the formal laws of society. If there are women who love coquetry for pain's sake, to whom bleeding hearts are a sacrificial offering and passion and incense, they are not of my knowledge, and by me unclassified. There is no pity wasted on a coquette's fate if her life is a blank; the inevitable, virtuous "serves you right" expression of more fortunate, though perhaps not more worthy women, stares her in the face like an immutable wall. And if the failure be in a measure her own, it is not on that account the less bitter to endure, but the mockery of love, the vengeance of narrow-mindedness, repeats for benefit and consolation,

"I had the pain when you had power:
Now mine the power, who reaps the pain?
You sowed the wind in that black hour,
Receive the whirlwind for your gain!"

SAN FRANCISCO, October 20.

"H."

He who thinks poorly of himself can not win the respect of his fellows.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

The Autumn Fire.

Cool falls the day whose balmy noon
Was spiced with smell of forest gums,
Red on the long lake burns the sun,
And star by star the evening comes.

No more that starry dark allures
By strange mysterious spells that thrill
The soul with longing for those things
Which no man's sense shall ever fill.

For all the world of dim desires
Which haunt the nights of summer days
Is lost behind the enchanted wall
Built by the autumn night's first blaze.

While, on the hearth within, the torch
In laughter and in song is laid,
And rich with increase, rich with sweets,
The summer's sacrifice is made.

—Harper's Bazar.

The Runie Stone.

I sit by the sea on the Runie stone,
Half dreaming and half waking;
The sea-mews cry, the wild winds moan,
And the wandering waves are breaking.

I have loved full many a maiden kind,
To many a friend have bound me;
Where are they now? Wild moans the wind,
And the wandering waves break round me.

HEINE, in Temple Bar.

Mountaineer's Prayer.

Gird me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills!
The speed of Thy streams give me!
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for Thee.
Let me be Thy voice, or Thy silent power—
As the catarrh or the peak—
An eternal thought in my earthly hour
Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies
Upon morning summits laid;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through thy shuttles of light and shade.
Let me rise and rejoice in Thy smile aught,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome Thy twilight and Thy night,
And wait for Thy dawn anew.

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain;
Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hill-tops in mist and rain.
Lift me up from the clod, let me breathe thy breath;
Thy beauty and strength give me;
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death
In the life that I share with Thee.

LUCY LARCOM, in Sunday Afternoon.

Troubles in High Life.

Two miniature mothers at play on the floor
Their wearisome cares were debating,
How Dora and Arabella, children no more,
Were twice as much trouble as ever before,
And the causes each had her own cares to deplore
Were really well worth my relating.

Said one little mother: "You really don't know
What a burden my life is with Bella!
Her extravagant habits I hope she'll outgrow,
She buys her kid gloves by the dozen, you know,
Sits for *cartes de visite* every fortnight or so,
And don't do a thing that I tell her."

These stivish young ladies (her dollies, you know),
Had complexions soft, pearly, and waxen,
With arms, neck, and forehead as white as the snow,
Golden hair sweeping down to the waist and below,
Eyes blue as the sky, cheeks with youth's ruddy glow,
Of a beauty pure Grecian and Saxon.

"Indeed," said the other, "that's sad to be sure;
But ah," with a sigh, "no one guesses
The cares and anxieties mothers endure;
For though Dora appears so sedate and demure,
She spends all the money that I can secure
On her cloaks and her bonnets and dresses."

Then followed such prattle of fashion and style,
I smiled as I listened and repeated;
And I thought, had I tried to repeat it erewhile,
How these fair little Israelites, without guile,
Would mock at my lack of their knowledge and smile
At the way I had stumbled and blundered.

And I thought, too, when each youthful mother had conned
Her startling and touching narration,
Of the dolls of which I in my childhood was fond,
How with Dora and Arabella they'd correspond,
And how far dolls and children to-day are beyond
Those we had in the last generation.

MRS. J. G. BURNETT, in St. Nicholas.

Under the Limes.

How sweet in Winter-time we feign the Spring,
How fair by night we dream the day shall be!
Can any April-tide such freshness bring,
Our eyes on any morn such brightness see?
Half heedlessly we hear the first bird sing,
Behold the first shoots breaking on the tree;
And when we wake our reason fain would cling
Prisoner to fancies, fearing to be free.
For like the crossing leaves that day by day
Grow larger, till they weave the linden shade,
Our pleasures so are woven to a whole;
Not to the part we see how glad are they,
But after find ev'n fairer than we prayed
Their dreams and memories left within the soul.

FRANCIS W. BOURILLON.

Star, Rose, and Thorn.

I breathed a song to the silent night;
I died in ether beyond my sight.
I sighed a name in a garden fair;
'Twas lost mid clustering roses there.
In azure heavens serene and far
There glowed a radiant golden star;
A fresh bud bloomed on my red rose tree;
Both star and flower were my thought of thee.
All night the star through my window gleams;
I weave its light into golden dreams.
The red, red rose to my heart I pressed;
Its thorn, its fragrance are in my breast.
The star grows dim with the dawning day;
My dream is only a dream away.
The rose is faded, so fair to see;
A thorn is all that is left to me.

ELLIS GRAY, in Harper's Magazine.

PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

La femme a un sourire pour toutes les joies, une larme pour toutes les douleurs, une consolation pour toutes les misères, une excuse pour toutes les fautes, une prière pour toutes les infortunes, un encouragement pour toutes les espérances.—*Sainte-Foix*.

O femmes! vous êtes des enfants bien extraordinaires.—*Diderot*.

En amour, comme en toutes choses, l'expérience est un médecin qui n'arrive qu'après la maladie.—*Mme. de la Tour*.

Les hommes seraient de grands saints s'ils aimaient autant Dieu que les femmes.—*Saint Thomas*.

Dans l'amour, si l'inconstance donne des plaisirs, la constance seule donne le bonheur.—*L'Abbé Trublet*.

"Je fais profession de ne savoir que l'amour."—*Socrate*.

Blâmer un jeune homme d'être amoureux, c'est reprocher à quelqu'un d'être malade.—*Duclos*.

Ne te fatte pas d'être aimé d'une femme qui s'aime beaucoup.—*Pythagore*.

S'il est un fruit qui se puisse manger crû, c'est la beauté.—*Alphonse Karr*.

Les êtres sensibles ne sont pas des êtres sensés.—*Balzac*.

BAISER.

Lorsqu'Agathis, par un baiser de flamme
Consent à me payer des maux que j'ai sentis,
Sur mes lèvres, soudain, je sens venir mon âme
Qui veut passer sur celles d'Agathis.—*Platon*.

Le cœur est comme ces sortes d'arbres qui ne donnent leur baume pour les blessures des hommes que lorsque le fer les a blessés eux-mêmes.—*Chateaubriand*.

Le cœur d'une femme galante est comme une rose dont chaque amant emporte une feuille; il ne reste que l'épine au mari.—*Sophie Arnould*.

Une femme est une table bien servie qu'on voit d'un œil différent avant ou après le repas.—*Helvetius*.

Les femmes sont des poètes à dessus de marbre.—*Charles Lemesle*.

—Heureux qui te regarde, trois fois heureux qui t'écoute, ô ma belle Naïs! Te donner un doux baiser, c'est être demi-dieu; te serrer entre ses bras, c'est jouir de l'immortalité.—*Sanazar*.

SUR LES FEMMES.

Dans leur sein nous puisons la vie,
Et dans leurs bras la volupté;
Leur amitié douce et chérie
Survit à la prospérité.
On les rencontre à son aurore,
Dans le sentier qui conduit au bonheur,
Et, malheureux, on les retrouve encore
Sur le chemin de la douleur.

Vénus impérieuse est moins forte que Vénus caressante.

A l'âge de soixante-dix ans, Fontenelle avait de mauvais yeux que la lumière incommodait beaucoup. Une jeune dame, chez qui il se trouvait en visite, lui dit un soir: —Je vais faire enlever les flambeaux car je sais que vous aimez l'obscurité. —Non pas où vous êtes, Mademoiselle, lui répondit le galant vieillard.

L'amour est une erreur du cœur humain, mais aussi, c'est la plus douce qu'il puisse ressentir. Il est toujours triste et cruel d'en être désabusé.

Il n'est point d'amours sans désirs. Il n'en est point sans espérances.

On demandait à Madame de R. si elle aurait envie de connaître l'avenir. —Non, répondit-elle, il ressemble trop au passé.

Nous serions tous parfaits, disait quelqu'un, si nous n'étions ni hommes, ni femmes.

Un millionnaire se trouvant parmi des riches qui se plaignaient de la dureté des temps, dit: —Qui est-ce qui est heureux dans ces temps-ci? Quelque misérable!

En sortant de la Bastille, après plusieurs années de détention, M. de X. rencontra un de ses anciens amis, musqué, pommadé, et frisé, qui lui dit: —Comme vous êtes gros, gras, gris! —Et vous, lui répondit M. de X., comme vous êtes peint, teint, feint!

Le bonheur est une violette qui croit dans la mousse ou sous la ramée; il ne lui faut qu'un coin abrité, de l'ombre, une température moyenne, et la rosée du ciel. Il comprend la santé, des goûts simples, des mœurs pures, de croyances sincères et la réciprocité des affections.

L'envie est au fond du cœur humain comme une vipère dans son trou.—*Balzac*.

Le cœur humain sera toujours l'éternel abîme de la raison. L'espèce humaine doit probablement divaguer autour de la vérité ou de l'erreur jusqu'à la fin de toute dispute, c'est-à-dire, jusqu'à la fin des temps.

EPITAPHE D'UNE JEUNE FILLE.

Terre, sois-lui légère, elle a si peu pesé sur toi.

Les yeux sont les messagers du cœur.

October 19, 1878.

L. G. J. DE FINOD.

INTAGLIOS.

Slain Love.

See, here he lies—
Dead Love, than snow more cold;
His close shut, hidden eyes,
Wan lips, and locks of gold,
A sorrow and a terror to behold.
No light of sun or moon,
Nor roar of lion winds,
Nor tears that come too soon,
Nor sharp words that pain finds,
Shall bring to life this Sleeper whom Death binds.

When shall he live again?
No more for us, we know.
Rise up, pass on, in vain
We linger, let us go;
Throughout our lives we wander blindly to and fro.
ADA VROOMAN LESLIE, in *Lady's Bazar* for November.

Wise Items.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The low most dreaded fads to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew.

WHITTIER

Tears.

Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain!
Too much rain would wither thee—
"Twill shine again."
The clouds are very black, 'tis true,
But just behind them shines the blue.
Art thou weary, tender heart!
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have the sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

Folded Hands.

Regret.

Think you the roses a-bloom o'er a tomb
Can shut in a sorrow or wrong?
At death's sepulchre a sad angel stands
To roll back the stone with pitiless hands,
And the dead comes forth to life's throng.
Thinner than cobweb stretched fair on the air,
Thinner than dew on the heart of the rose,
More subtle than breath drifts in a sigh,
Is this ghost that haunts ever and ever and aye,
Clings close and will never repose.

Waiting.

Learn to wait—life's hardest lesson,
Conceded, perchance, through blinding tears;
While the heart throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition,
Hearts through suffering may grow strong;

Constant sunshine, however welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter sorrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than driftwood,
Floating on a waveless tide.

Eden.

Deep in the summer time of long ago,
There dwelt on either side a broken stream
A knight, who, sighing, felt love's passion grow,
A maiden weeping for some distant dream.
His gallant life was lost on Holy Land;
Her love was buried in a life regret,
Loving the river where he touched her hand;
They called it Eden where these lovers met.
The summer time still comes though knights are dead;
With tears of maidens rivers rush to sea;
Love ruleth still though chivalry has fled—
His kisses were the same to you and me.
All was the same from bridge to ruined mill;
Across the stream we loved, and met to part;
White winters change to flower time, and still
They call it Eden where you broke my heart.

—London World.

The Phantom.

I slept—my sleep was soft and sweet,
No pain nor trouble there—
Then did mine eyes a vision greet,
A maid supremely fair.
Pale, pale was she as marble stone,
And weird and strange to see;
With a light like pearls her eyes she shone,
Her locks hung loose and free.
And slowly, slowly did she glide,
So phantom-like and frail,
And down she lays her by my side,
That maiden marble-pale.
Then throbs my heart like a thing possessed
With passion all aglow;
But no throbs stir that fairer snow's breast,
She is cold as the mountain snow.
"My breast, it neither throbs nor beats;
It is cold as the mountain snows;
But love, I know—its pangs, its sweets,
And its all-mastering throes."
"My lips and cheeks bloom not with red,
The blood in my heart is still;
But shrink not away with shuddering dread—
I am thine, to do thy will!"
And madder still she clasped me round.
Till my very breath failed;
The cock crew—gone, with never a sound,
Was the maiden marble-pale.—HEINE.

Circumstance.

Talk not to me of souls that cooive
Sublime ideals, but deterred by Fate,
And bound by circumstances, sit desolate,
And long for heights they never can achieve.
It is not so. That which we most desire,
With understanding, we at last obtain,
In whole or part. I hold there is no rain,
No deluge, that can quench a heavenly fire.
Show me thy labor, I straightway will name
The nature of thy thoughts. Who bends the bow,
And lets the arrow from the strained string go,
Strikes somewhere near the object of his aim.
We build our ships from timbers of the brain,
With products of the soul we load the hold;
Where lies the blame if they bring back no gold,
Or if they spring a leak upon the main?
There is no Fate, no Providence, no Chance,
The Will is all. So be it thou art pure
And strong of purpose, thy success is sure;
But fools and sluggards prate of Circumstance.

ELLA WHEELER.

THE AMBER RING.

It was a cold winter night. I sat by the fire at a German inn. Not far from me was Carl Von Arnheim. We were both members of the German University. The fire blazed fitfully, wreathing itself in glowing spirals around the huge logs that were slowly being consumed. I was about to go off in a doze, when, suddenly, Carl recalled me to my senses by asking:

"Do you know that the Baron Von — and his lovely daughter are in town?"

I replied in the affirmative. As I gazed on his face as it slowly settled to its dark, weird aspect, I was ready to give credence to those stories bruited around among the students of some strange, supernatural gifts with which Carl Von Arnheim was endowed. I had often met him; and from the first acquaintance he had somehow attached himself to me.

On being asked why, by some one, he replied that his and my own destinies were united; that I would be necessary to him some time in the future.

The persons he alluded to in his question to me were known to both of us. Baron Von — was a frank, free-hearted German nobleman. His daughter, Rena, as she was called, was the most beautiful creature I ever saw. Not only that the beauty attracted me—for we were secretly engaged; but it had evidently touched the heart of the sombre, pale-faced German student, Carl Von Arnheim. I do not know whether the thought of my being attached to Rena ever troubled him. He seemed confident, and feared no rival.

But, as I watched him that night, he had a strange look of fierce determination on his face. Presently he turned towards me, and fixed his eyes on mine. It was impossible to avoid his glance; a lurid light seemed playing in the very depths of his eyes. I could not move nor speak. Another moment and his hands were moving before me, and I knew that Carl was a mesmerist, and that I was under his control. So I lost all consciousness, and when I awoke to what appeared a new state of existence, I saw Carl still looking at what was myself; but from which, in some manner, I was separated.

I had often read of the duality of our existence; but never comprehended its meaning so clearly before. Here was I looking on a living and breathing body, from which the soul, the Ego of metaphysicians, was absent.

Carl still continued to gaze fixedly at my body; then, though he spoke not, I knew he was addressing me. There was no word uttered; but still the horrible purport of his meaning was conveyed to me, the more distinctly as we were conversing spirit with spirit. Knowing by his diabolical arts that I had won the love of the lady Rena, he was conjuring my soul from its body, which his own soul was to enter, while I was to dwell the inhabitant of his body. I could not struggle; I could only submit.

In this way he was to win the Lady Rena and I was to lose her forever. Again I lost consciousness; and when I came to myself I found the transformation complete, and Carl had departed. I was sitting alone by the fire of the German inn in the body of Carl Von Arnheim!

I arose to leave. The little inn-keeper stepped up briskly, and handed me his bill.

"The gentleman, your friend, said that you would settle this little account, Herr Von Arnheim," said he handing me a slip of paper.

Yes; henceforth I was to be Carl Von Arnheim, and he was to be myself. I paid the bill, and then I departed.

And now, as I came out in the cold, frosty air, the terrible truth dawned upon my mind for the first time in its awful reality. What was I to do? Where was I to go? Would it not be worse than madness to try and retain the love of Rena in my present guise? Should I attempt that, Carl Von Arnheim, in his new personality, would forestall me by declaring me a madman; and Rena would believe him. I staggered under the weight of my misery. All night I roamed the streets, caring not whether I went. In the morning some of the students passed by.

"There goes that queer, unfathomable genius, Carl Von Arnheim," I heard them say.

"What in the world has he been doing?"

"Reading the stars, perhaps, all night."

No one took any notice of my baggy aspect. It was like Carl to look pale and haggard. I turned a corner, and there a sight met my eyes before which I recoiled in horror. I saw Carl, as myself, glide swiftly past in the sleigh of Baron Von —. The latter was driving, and Carl was sitting beside the lovely Rena, talking earnestly. When he saw me he threw a malicious, triumphant glance. The sleigh and all rushed past; and I staggered and fell—and then knew no more.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in Carl's room. I recognized it, for I had been there once or twice before at his invitation. A physician and one or two students were standing beside the bed where I lay. I opened my eyes, and thanked them for their kindness.

Again the horrid reality of my condition burst upon me, and I nearly fainted again. Rallying my strength, I told them to leave me, as I wished to be alone. The physician gave them a sign, and all went out. I lay for some moment longer, trying to reflect upon my situation. At length I rose up and paced the room.

A desire for vengeance had seized upon me. A thousand schemes suggested themselves to me by which I could obtain satisfaction; but none of them seemed to content my morbid imagination. I looked about the room. In one corner I espied a large, iron-bound chest, which Carl was always particular never to open in my presence. A thought struck me. Why might not this chest contain secrets which it would be of importance for me to know? But how to get into it! I hesitated a moment. Carl must have carried the key which unlocked it in his pocket. I felt for key. Sure enough, there was a large one there. I took it out, and tried the lock. It yielded, and I opened the chest.

There was nothing in it—except some chemicals, several old, wrinkled, and yellow parchments, and in a small box by itself, an amber ring. I had a premonition that with these means I was to work my deliverance. I examined the manuscripts; large rolls they were, filled with diagrams, and words in the Latin language. Being familiar with the latter, I was at no loss to understand their meaning.

What! Had the days of magic returned? Here were directions for calling the powers of darkness to the aid of humanity; the hidden mysteries of nature revealed and examined; and dissertations of a metaphysical character on the mind of man, and its unknown affinities with the world of spirits. All was apparently written long ago—it might be centuries, I sat all day studying the mysterious writings. Night came, and, after obtaining a little nourishment for

the body that was mine for the time being, I lit a lamp, and, locking the door, still continued to pore over those wonderful manuscripts that were revealing to me with every line I read strange secrets, which would make my power over mankind irresistible.

All that was demanded for the possessor of this secret was a peculiar organization. With the body of Carl Von Arnheim I, of course, had obtained his temperament, and facility to use these powers. I determined to make myself master of them, and then let the villain look to himself. He had forfeited all his power by taking upon him my organization, so great had been his love for the beautiful Lady Rena.

Little did he think that I would act with my inheritance as I intended. My heart beat high with hope. Already I seemed to grasp revenge. With that Amber Ring, and the knowledge of its wonderful properties made known to me by these old manuscripts, I would bring him down—to the very lowest pit of misery.

Over the way was the mansion of the baron, the father of Rena. It was lit up with a thousand brilliant lights. I heard the sound of music and dancing. As I looked from the window I saw passing by the opposite window, and inside the gorgeous drawing-room, Rena and Carl, arm in arm. I did not stagger that time. I smiled with secret exultation. Going to my table I unrolled a manuscript and read:

"The odic fluid is generated by wearing the Amber Ring on the third finger of the left hand; and by the odic fluid matter and mind are united. When the odic is withdrawn from the body the mind is free, and can be commanded."

The following farther directions ending with:

"Thus the Amber Ring, to him who knoweth its proper use, is, to a certain extent, all powerful."

Days passed. By the aid of the ring I kept myself informed of the movements of Carl. He was to be married in three days, which would be the day before Christmas. The ceremony was to take place in the evening.

My time was short, yet long enough for what I had to do. Day and night I studied and worked. My experiments were, with a few exceptions, successful. By the day before Christmas I was prepared. I had perfected myself in my art. I had no more need of the manuscripts—no more need of the Amber Ring. I therefore, for reasons of my own, burnt the whole, the manuscripts first, and then threw the Amber Ring into the blazing fire. A pale light started up; the whole room shook and gleamed as if of phosphorescent material. The whole was silent. I went to the window again and looked over the way. Could I have been mistaken? It seemed to me that I saw, in the uncertain light of the moon, Carl Von Arnheim raising his hands to heaven, with a look betokening the greatest fear. It was but for a moment, and then he was gone.

My vengeance should be a retribution. One hour before the time appointed for the marriage I was at the inn of which I spoke at the beginning of this story. I began the incantation which I knew would bring Carl, whether he wished or no, to my presence. Soon he came. There was a wild look in his eyes, and he seemed overcome with terror. I made him sit where he had sat three weeks before. Then, using the same mesmeric means he had used, reduced him to a state of insensibility. I then taking from my pocket a vial containing a virulent poison which I knew would take deadly effect in the space of half an hour, swallowed the contents—and commanding the spirit of Carl to resume its original body, I re-entered my own. Then springing up, I shouted triumphantly, for my vengeance was complete; the soul of Carl Von Arnheim had gone into its former body, whence it was soon to be driven forever by the deadly poison I had entranced into his system.

As I sprang from my seat the surroundings, somehow, seemed to be changed. I was still in the same room of the inn, and there before me sat Carl, fast asleep. The little keeper of the inn was hustling about as usual, and before me seemed lying the veritable box I had seen burning a month before. I shook Carl.

"What do you want?" said he, looking up.

"What do I want?" said I, half reflectively, "I believe I've been asleep, and had a queer sort of dream—all about magic and mesmerism. This isn't Christmas eve, is it?"

"Christmas eve!" he echoed. "Why, Christmas won't be here for a month."

"Let us go," said I.

An English writer has been sharply criticising the management of the London public schools, known as the "Board Schools," and produces the following as specimens of the written examinations of some of the scholars:

"Where is Turkey?"

"Turkey is the capital of Norfolk."

"Where is Turin?"

"Turin is the capital of Chiner, the peepul there lives on burds nests and has long tails."

"Where is Gibraltar?"

"Gibberralter is the principal town of Rooshia."

"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?"

"He was the father of Lot, and ad tew wives—wun was called Hishmale and the t'other Haygur. He kept wun at home, and he turn'd the t'other into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the day time and a pillow of fire at nite."

"What do you know of Joseph?"

"He wore a coat of many garments. Hee were chief butler to Faro and told his dreams. Hee married Potiffers dorder, and he led the Gypsians out of bondage to Kana, in Galilee, and then fell on his sword and died in site of the promiss land."

"Give the names of the books of the Old Testament."

"Devooshire, Exeter, Littikus, Numbers, Stroomy, Jupiter, Judgment, Ruth, etc."

"What is a miracle?"

"Don't know."

"If you saw the sun shining overhead at midnight what would you call it?"

"The moon."

"But if you were told it was the sun?"

"I should say it was a lie."

Another boy, giving his impressions in regard to Moses, wrote as follows:

"He was an Egyptsun. He lived in a hark maid of bull-rushers, and he kep a golden carf, and worship brazen snakes, and he het outthin but kwales and manner for forty year. He was kory by the air of his ed while riding under the bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Abslon, as he was a hanging from the bow. His end was peace!"

It is a strange but melancholy fact that the less water there is on the bar the more schooners go over.

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HAVING RETURNED FROM THE East, I respectfully announce to my friends and the public that I shall resume practice on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5th, 1878,

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 25, 1878.

MY DEAREST MADGE:—What a small margin Diogenes gave human nature when he went philandering around his world looking for an honest man, lighted only by a tallow dip. I make no doubt the old gentleman would have an equally hard time nowadays—what with stocks and politics—should he start out with a Drummond light. And perhaps he was not so old-fashioned after all, for I have observed that a California manager looks after novelties in about the same way, and it does not matter one jot which theatre he belongs to. It is a peculiarity which seems to be indigenous to the species. Naturally they travel in a cire, and by the time their candle has lighted up Joe Murphy in *Help*, Lawrence Barrett in *Julus Caesar*, Frank Mayo in *Daisy Crockett*, and so on to the end of the list, they are back to the starting place. I have been wondering therefore how they came to give us *Fatinitzza*, which we have never had before, but which we shall now probably have periodically to the end of our lives. I have come to the conclusion that it must have been that Mathilde de Cottrelly and Max Freeman were like the boy in the Flemish pictures, who always stands at the elbow of the woman with the lighted candle, and is such a very smoky looking little chap that it is only after some peering we discover him. I think I will let that candle go out, Madge. Figures of speech do very well sometimes, but when the column becomes too long it adds one's pate. I must tell you all about *Fatinitzza*. They call it a grand spectacular comic opera in the bill, and you would be amazed to see such musical talent they have managed to bring off, none of it anything wonderful, but all of it acceptable. I am quite enchanted with Cottrelly, although she speaks English with that high, thin which any one is apt to assume with a tongue, and she reminds me occasionally of a woman when she struggles with our most rebellious sonants. I catch a fleeting resemblance to Aimée in her face now and then, especially in her most successful in prejudicing me when at the very beginning. She plays the "Vladimir Dimitrowitch," a young lieutenant in the Russian army, and she saw fit to make a mustache of the make up. A mustache on a lip, even in a play, is an odious thing, excuse as a momentary application according to established usage. Cottrelly's mustache, unfortunately, did not act nicely at all. One side of it partially detached itself, and when the lady expelled a breath in singing it waivered idly in the wind like a loose sail. Occasionally it fell sprawling across her face, and the prettiest face in the world could not look well under such circumstances. The gallery abstained from any remarks, but it almost spoiled the scene, for every one was manifestly uneasy, and I am quite sure that every mortal man and woman in the audience had an almost irresistible desire to get up and fasten it in its place. But she betrayed neither discomfort nor bad temper. She is very graceful, and has that pleasant foreign courtesy, which may be all artificial, and mean nothing, but is so pretty to see. She is a careful actress, for she never forgot, even in her picturesque Russian peasant girl costume, that she was supposed to be a man. The music was many degrees too difficult for her, as it was for every body else in the spectacle, but she has a fresh, pleasant voice and a fund of expression. She sang her first aria—I wonder if they call them arias in spectacular comic opera—with her heart in her mouth. Strange, is it not, that these people who spend their lives in the glare of the footlights should ever be so shaken by nervous fear. But, like "Rosalind," she carried a swashing and a martial outside whatever of woman's fear lay hidden. I am inclined to think much of this martial bearing was attributable to her boots, an extremely handsome pair, which fitted like a glove on a foot which might belong to a Spanish woman. You will think I am gushing terribly over the pretty German actress, Madge, but she is really charming, and we are going to see her again when *Fatinitzza* shall have ceased to be a rehearsal. The nervousness extended itself to Max Freeman, who, as an old Russian officer with a double-barreled name, disported an excellent make-up, and some very queer musical talent. Truth to tell, the man has a voice like a buffalo, and while he roars in very good time, I have heard sounds more pleasing to the ear. It is easy to see that he is an accomplished actor, although in *Fatinitzza* over-zeal for its success made him overdo. I know that he suffered keenest pangs with every hitch, although they were very few. I quite trembled for

Gates when I saw his name on the bills. I never like to see any one make a guy of himself, and I remembered him in opera when, with a delicious voice and a more than ordinary share of good looks, he absolutely failed to make any impression. A man who fails with two such adjuncts for success had best forswear the stage. But this time something or other roused him from his supineness. Probably Freeman took him in hand, and transfused a little of his superabundant energy; perhaps he voluntarily submitted to the spur of necessity; perhaps on this occasion he wasn't sleepy anyhow. At all events he looked quite spick and span in a suit of shepherd's plaid and a blonde wig, and he really moved around considerably. Miss Marie Prescott has also developed as a musician. In fact so much latent talent was discovered in the theatre that I quite expected to see Voegtlin himself skip out and sing a few bars; but he abstained and only made his usual bow instead. Miss Prescott has some very clear tinkling notes in one part of her voice; the other part has a very serious defect, it is inaudible—that is in the California Theatre. I rather like Miss Prescott, more especially since I have heard her sing; but she is very rigid and angular beside Cottrelly. Her Russian furs looked strangely enough in the warm sensuous atmosphere of the harem, and the contrast might have been pretty if the costume had been picturesque, which it might easily have been although the story is a story of today. The stage gives such broad license in the matter of light and color, that a little taste and judgment can soon transform a rather homely woman—which Miss Prescott is not—into a picture, if she only have a little dash. But the sombre black uniform of the day, which bespeaks the limited purse as surely as alpacas bespeak downright poverty, is getting a strong hold on the stage, and womankind is merging herself into one vast lump of "genteel." I have an idea a harem is a wofully disordered and uncomfortable-looking place, as ugly and as odorous as Chinatown, and even Mr. Voegtlin's brush can not dissipate that idea; but he must think the Turks have a pretty good time, for he gives a harem interior which would almost make one willing to be a Turk, so far as the walls, the ceiling, and floor are concerned. But the hours, my dear girl, are really rather—well, spindly. Why in the world will not women wear Turkish trousers when they play Turks' parts, and not run around the stage like a flock of boarding-school girls on a cold morning, ten minutes after the dressing bell has rung. Miss Prescott did not find it necessary to present this half-clad appearance, for her Turkish dress was really as modest as a man's, and correct enough. Fancy how long a Turkish pasha would permit his wives to run about in gymnasium rig. I had not seen Felix Morris, the new comedian, before. He makes a very jolly Turk, and blends his orientalisms with the introduced occidentalisms with an evident enjoyment of the author's intention. In fact, *Fatinitzza*, with its pretty costumes, its handsome scenery, and its good music—for some of its airs are charming, though they will not be whistled on the streets—is enjoyable. The music of *Le Petit Duc*, at the Bush Street Theatre, is very pretty, but the libretto is what Jack calls "shady." In fact, it is pretty bad. Mrs. Oates has been obliged to make a point of her costumes since her voice is gone completely—I hope not irrevocably. I have heard *prime donne* sing before whose voices were said to be gone, but there remained in them some few tones to hint at the past. But Mrs. Oates' voice seems to be absolutely gone. There is not a note left. It is not hoarseness, but the chords simply refuse to obey her will. And yet she draws. What a magnificent fund of energy the little creature must have; too much, perhaps, and yet who else could tide over such a situation? A *prima donna* without a note! It is well that she lives in the wardrobe age. What a change a few years make in these women of the stage, and how much is the change attributable to dry goods. I remember her first night in San Francisco, when, as "Clairette," she came modestly down to the footlights, attired in simple white Swiss, with ill-fitting white slippers on her shapely feet, and a coiffure big enough for the Kentucky giantess. "Some one behind me at the time observed, in a high and painfully audible voice, "There's come-out-iveness in that little girl, you bet!" I may remark of the same gentleman, that his hilarious delight, and the expression of it, in the quarrel scene when she did come out, were wonderful to contemplate. I compared the bridal costumes when, as the little Duke, she came down the stage *point device* from top to toe. How I did wish she could sing just a little, for her voice in speech is harsh and discordant as a peacock's, and she used sometimes to sing very well. She is a natural stage manager, and it is sometimes amusing to see the little midget guiding and directing. Miss Lulu Stevens is improvov, but has not yet learned to pick out an acquaintance in the audience without letting every one in the audience know all about it. What a fresh, rich voice she has with its suggestion of reserved strength, but she requires to study something of stage elocution. We are introduced to a convent interior in *Le Petit Duc*, although there are no nuns about—by way of contrast to the harem at the other theatre perhaps. The maidens look very demure in their gray dresses and white caps. Taylor and Meade, as "Professor" and "Preceptress," have good parts, but they are heavy with an awful English heaviness. If Meade were supposed to be in an English school it would be different, but it strikes me that a nunless convent, with only an

English preceptress of an uncertain age in charge, is something of an anomaly. "Poor Little Man" is the touching title of a favorite air in *Le Petit Duc*, and the four pages always get an encore for it. I like to see the chorus get an encore once in a while, and there is something really pitiful in the dazed gladness with which they acknowledge a double recall. The scenery in *Le Petit Duc* is really quite ambitious for the little theatre, and, in the last act, with a realistic knoll in the background, is reminiscent of *Henry IV's* gorgeous pageantry, although Mrs. Oates in armor is not reminiscent of George Rignold. It is a funny thing that at both theatres a woman plays she is a man masquerading in woman's attire. I wonder if the little Standard is going to play havoc with the other theatres when the long-promised opening at last takes place on Monday next! Mr. Kennedy has bided his time, and although the people are not absolutely new to us, Willie Edouin was always an immense favorite, and Alice Harrison is as blithe a little body as ever made the stage merry. At all events, they will have a big opening, and *Hirawatha* is new if the people are not. I am afraid the insidious attractions of new upholstery and fresh paint have a great deal to do with the promised crush on Monday, but after that it depends on the people themselves. I like to see California graduates do well, but it speaks badly for the next lot that we have commenced to live wholly in the past of our dramatic glory, and yet, take it for all in all, we never had a better company than they have now at Baldwin's Theatre, only we became used to having the best at the old California, and we are restive under change. I can not see that we have much to complain of at present with *Fatinitzza*, *A Woman of the People*, *Le Petit Duc*, and Rice's Surprise Party. One at least who is moderately satisfied is,

Yours devotedly,

BETSY B.

The Standard Theatre.

Next Monday evening this recently remodeled, newly furnished, and freshly-named and painted little theatre will throw open its doors with a strong bid for public patronage and a place in the Thespian list. Mr. Kennedy, its manager—who is so well known in connection with the Opera House—has taken more than ordinary pains to make an impression, and that it will be favorable is the sincerest wish of his many friends and, undoubtedly, his most cherished hope. There is no good argument why the Standard should not be a success. It is purely a question of management. Kennedy thinks he has it in him, and if he has, there is surely room on top for judgment, energy, and theatrical enterprise. "The Surprise Party" is well advertised, and known to be composed of lively people, who have with them the latest novelties, and who carry things with a rush. They will make it very interesting—if acceptable to the public—for *Fatinitzza* and *The Little Duke*. But Monday night will tell more of the story—more of the Standard's fate.

In Neil Burgess' new play of *I'm* one of the girls brings home a stranger and introduces him to her mother as the funny man of the theatre, whereupon the old woman remarks: "All right; say something funny and go home."

Yosemite Art Gallery.

In artistic photography California excels the world. Nowhere, even in the famed art centres of Europe, can there be found such exquisitely-finished photographs as may be seen at the Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street. The elegant parlors of this establishment are unexcelled for comfort and convenience, and visitors are always delighted with the home-like air pervading the premises. The large operating rooms are supplied with every facility for producing perfect pictures, including the latest improved apparatus for instantaneously photographing young children. The firm of I. W. Taber & Co., by whom this Gallery has been so successfully conducted in the past, have dissolved partnership, Mr. Taber withdrawing, and leaving the business in sole charge of Mr. T. H. Boyd, his late associate, whose name alone is sufficient guarantee that the high character of work for which the firm have ever been celebrated will be maintained in the future. Mr. Boyd was for three years chief operator for G. D. Morse, and has a reputation second to that of no other photographer in the United States. The majority of the skilled employees of Taber & Co. are retained by Mr. Boyd, who has determined to inaugurate an era of low prices, such as will place the choicest pictures within the reach of all, and cheaper than can be elsewhere obtained in a gallery with first-class appointments. The lovely cameo glass photographs, cabinet size, never before made for less than \$10 per dozen, have been reduced to \$8 per dozen; the same style, card size, to \$4 per dozen. Full-length cabinet pictures, with interior or rustic background, Mr. Boyd will supply for \$5 a dozen. Elegant gray-tint vignettes are now only \$6 a dozen, or \$3 for card size. When the superior style of work is considered, these prices are without a parallel, and cannot fail to render the Yosemite Art Gallery more popular than ever before. Mr. Boyd also desires to specially call the attention of his old friends and patrons who have visited him at the Yosemite Gallery, that he has all the negatives of the Photographs taken in the Gallery, and can supply copies desired at very short notice, and at the reduced prices.

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BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
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G. R. CHIPMAN.....TREASURER

Last performances of the success of the year,

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE,

Attested by houses crammed from pit to dome, the unanimous verdict of the press, and repeated recalls of the principal artists.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Oct. 26 and 27,

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE,

With Miss Rose Wood, Mr. James O'Neill, Mr. Lewis Morrison, Mr. James A. Herne, and the legitimate Dramatic Company.

Saturday, at 2 P. M., last Matinee of

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

On Monday Evening, Oct. 28, first time in America of

PROOF POSITIVE.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28,

Second Week and Great Success of the Grand Spectacular Comic Opera,

FATINITZAI

Nightly received by delighted, crowded, and enthusiastic audiences.

Brilliant reception of

MISS MATHILDE COTTRELLY

—AND—

MR. MAX FREEMAN,

And their brilliant supporting cast.

Gorgeous Scenery by Voegtlin. Superb Chorus. Full and complete Orchestra. Magnificent Costumes. Novel and startling Properties and Mechanical Effects.

Fatinitzai matinee Saturday. Reserved seats at the box office six days in advance.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Through the Dark Continent. By H. M. Stanley. 2 vols, cloth. \$50 00
Anatomy for Artists. By John Marshall. Cloth. 9 00
Cyprus—Historical and Descriptive. By Franz von Loher. Cloth. 1 75
Etiquette of the Best Society. By Mrs. H. O. Ward. Cloth. 2 00
History of the Gypsies. By Walter Simson. Cloth. 2 00
Modern Frenchmen. By F. G. Hamerton. Cloth. 2 00
Stories from an Old Dutch Town. By Robert Lowell. Cloth. 1 50
Under the Lilacs. By Miss L. M. Alcott. Cloth. 1 50
Ferns in Their Homes and Ours. By John Robinson. Cloth. 1 50
The Life of Van Dyck. Artist Biography. Cloth. 50
Drek's Quadrille Call-Book. By Robert Lowell. 75
Dictionary of Love. 75
The Hamilton Speaker. By Oliver E. Branch. Cloth. 1 00

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LATEST FASHIONS.

In Jewelry.

The season opens with some of the richest designs in jewelry. The latest and neatest designs in diamond settings for breast-pins and hair-brooches now being manufactured are the Comet, with large brilliant surrounded by smaller diamonds representing the star, while in the train, neatly arranged, are dispersed numerous smaller brilliants; the whole, set upon delicate gold, making up in its elegant design one of the richest ornaments that can be worn by any lady. The peacock feather, cluster of wheat stalks in head, butterfly, fern-leaf, bird of Paradise, and other unique designs are coming into favor set with diamonds alone, and are also used as hair ornaments. Cameo surrounded with diamonds forms a rich design for ladies breast-pin. For gents as well as ladies some of the newest designs in gold for breast-pins are the whip and horse-shoe, set with turquoise and diamonds; also Cupid's arrow breast or veil-pin for ladies is set with pearls and turquoise. Among other designs for veil-pins will be seen the serpent with ruby eyes, leaf and cluster of grapes, set with pearls. Some of the neatest designs in medalion for ladies' neck chains are engraved with delicate shadings on gold, making beautiful representations of birds. The elegant tints of the bird's feathers are marvelous in their richness and delicacy. The latest for gents' scarf pins are insects, snakes, lizards, etc., in different shades in gold. Neapolitan shell jewelry, with neat designs of doves, bunch of grapes, head of Neptune and trident, Bacchus, and other mythological characters, is being worn; also coral jewelry, with unique and rare designs. These designs can be seen at Anderson & Randolph's corner Sutter and Montgomery Streets, where the latest styles may be found in jewelry of every description.

Latest Styles in Hats and Bonnets.

The latest Parisian novelties in bonnets have assumed the unique as well as the picturesque. We were shown some of the very latest by Mrs. Caswell, at her millinery establishment on Post Street. Mrs. Caswell has returned from Paris, and is prepared to receive orders for the latest in Parisian bonnets, hats, etc. We noticed particularly a perfect gem of a bonnet, literally covered or made of solid pearl beads, trimmed with white feathers and humming bird. Among other elegant styles we observed a rich Bourdeaux velvet bonnet, trimmed with white lace, styled the Directeur bonnet, which has been recently revived in Paris. Also a very pretty and neat style of breakfast cap, made of white lace, trimmed with silk ribbon. The Princess of Wales hat, however, seems to have superseded all styles in Parisian circles. This style of hat is made of black soft felt, and is literally smothered in black ostrich feathers, the whole presenting a rich and elegant appearance. No other trimming appears, with the exception of two plain roses nestling among their sable surroundings. No display is ever made at this establishment, yet the proprietress is constantly in receipt of orders from the best families of San Francisco, which are filled at the shortest notice. The most fashionable ladies of San Francisco have here, for a number of years, found the latest fashions of Paris that could be obtained, and have, consequently, given Mrs. Caswell their liberal patronage, which she has well deserved through her careful attention to the wants of her many patrons. The very latest in the millinery line may here be found, at 28 Post Street, San Francisco.

Latest in Gents' Hats and Caps.

In connection with gentlemen's wearing apparel we must not forget to call attention to the leading styles in hats. Our memoranda are taken from the catalogue issued by our leading hatter, C. Hermann, of 356 Kearney Street—branch establishment, 910 Market Street—a copy of which, by the way, is cheerfully mailed to any one applying. The fall season just having begun, an immense stock of fall style hats was lately received by the above enterprising firm, among which, in soft hats, the "Gypsy," "Club," and "Boss Rawedge" are the favorites. In stiff hats the under brim is either lined with silk or satin, giving the hat a very rich appearance. Of this style may be mentioned, for young gents, the "Beauty" and the "Challenge" as the choice of the "bobby ton." For older gentlemen the "Forest" and the "Syndicate" are two very beautiful styles. A cut representing the style of the "Beauty" may be found on the last page of this issue of the ARGONAUT. The assortment being so large that it would be almost impossible for us to give any thing like a full description, we would advise our readers to call at the establishment of Mr. Hermann, where they will invariably find something to their taste at a reasonable rate. The modifications of the style of the "Alpine" still seem to be in the ascendancy among young gentlemen, and it is whispered that young ladies are pleased more with this style of hat, when worn by their callers, than any other. Mr. Hermann has fully established himself as one of the most fashionable hatters of the city.

Latest in Ready-made Clothing for Gents and Boys.

Some of the latest styles in ready-made clothing are to be found at the house of C. C. Hastings & Co., corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets, who have for the last twenty-five years been acknowledged as the largest retailers of fine goods on this coast. Mr. Hastings resides in New York, and gives his attention to manufacturing and the selection of the novelties for fine trade as soon as they appear in that market, giving this firm an advantage not held by other retail houses in this line. They are now in receipt of the latest novelties in gents' shirts, undergarments, and neckties, among which we noticed an immense variety of flat scarfs—now the thing with nobby trade of all the large Eastern cities. Also, a very choice selection of Scotch and English fancy mixed suitings and trouserings, many of the patterns being exclusively in their hands. Messrs. Hastings & Co. have never touched what may be termed cheap goods in their tailoring department, their positive rule being to allow no garment to leave that department until absolutely as near as possible perfect, in fit and workmanship; however, as they name only cash rates, their prices are from ten to twenty per cent. lower than can be afforded by credit houses. The boys' department, established five years since, is now full of the beautiful and durable; thoroughly finished, fine, and strong work here as in the men's department, is the leading feature. Especial attention is called to kilted suits for children from two to five years of age.

Messrs. Burr & Fink, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, over Hibernia Bank, have the largest stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods in the city.

In Gents' Furnishing Goods.

In the neck-wear line the "de Joinville" scarf is the favorite. Dark tints prevail with light-colored or raised figure. This scarf in satin makes one of the richest ties that can add to a perfect toilet for gentlemen. It is the latest, and may well be said to be necessary in full dress. The newest styles in French Cretonne are of curious designs. Among others may be mentioned the broad and hair-line stripes, in color blue and red, on white ground; also the polka dots and many other novel designs have come into favor. These are all imported goods from Paris, and all of the very latest. In underwear may be mentioned those of Vienna wool, in fineness closely resembling silk in texture. In bosomy of French and English make, we notice for gents new patterns in striped colors, both horizontal and vertical, also mottled colors. The colors prevailing are blue, and brown, and cardinal. The latest styles in the gents' furnishing department may be found at the establishment of Carmany & Crossett, 25 Kearny Street. This enterprising firm has received their Fall importations, and have on display silk handkerchiefs, wristlets, and other novelties, prominent among the latter is the "de Joinville" scarf above mentioned. The new short bosom shirts from this firm are very popular, and in great demand. When comfort and elegance are combined in this line of goods they are of necessity popular as well as fashionable. We noticed also some excellent French gloves recently imported from Paris at this establishment.

In Gents' Tailoring.

A perfectly dressed gentleman must of necessity keep posted in the latest designs in the Tailoring Department, while the ladies look to Paris for the latest in millinery and dress goods, etc. The fashionable gent notes the English style, and directs his tailor accordingly. The single-breasted, one-buttoned cutaway is the prevailing style in London for business suits, as well as in New York and Boston. The double-breasted sack is also worn this season for street wear, omitting the overcoat—making up in warmth by heavy underclothing. The check suits of plain black and white are the most in favor for the double-breasted sack suit. The four-buttoned cutaway is somewhat stylish, and is made from a serge-faced suiting of a dark mixture. The overcoat is now made single-breasted, half-shape fly-front. Also, for fancy style, we have the box coat cut straight and short, cut both double and single-breasted—mostly double. The swell coat is the single-breasted-turtleneck. These various styles are presented on the shortest notice by the firm of J. M. Litchfield & Co., 415 Montgomery Street, who also make a specialty of fine trimmings. Their work is of the most durable and satisfactory character, judging from the liberal patronage that this firm is constantly receiving. They have for some years made up many of the military suits for the army officers residing in the city, also of the staff officers connected with the militia. Some of the most fashionable of our young men here constantly bestow their patronage, and speak in terms of the highest praise of the quality of the workmanship done here, where the latest fashions in the Tailoring Department are always found.

When the modest young man is unexpectedly caught in a parlor full of women, one of whom has roguish eyes, and begins to try to think whether his hair is parted straight or not, the blushes start from the forehead, and creep over the top of his head and down his back, until he feels like a nutmeg grater with a tin ear.

The finest candies in the city are to be had at the Clarendon, 213 Kearny Street, of Love & Goldstein. Try them.

Currier, 103 Dupont Street, makes the finest PICTURE FRAMES.

At the Pacific Business College young men can prepare themselves thoroughly and efficiently for any branch of mercantile pursuits. A diploma from the College is the best possible recommendation for a person in search of a position in any of the great business houses, as it is recognized everywhere.

Did it ever occur to you that Romeo, in the garden scene, had just run himself out of breath, in a wild chase about five feet ahead of a vicious old goat belonging to the Capulet estate, when, in pleading tones addressed, not to the light breaking from Juliet's window, but to the pursuing goat, he exclaimed, "Butt soft!"

Messrs. Burr & Fink, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, over Hibernia Bank, have the largest stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods in the city.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and detachable Flounces; Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

WANTED—By a widow lady of refinement, and therefore practical in all the various branches of industry, a position in a family of wealth and refinement as seamstress or housekeeper. Best of references. Apply at 126 Sixth Street, city, room 24.

Messrs. Burr & Fink, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, over Hibernia Bank, have the largest stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods in the city.

Misery.

What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a bar of soap the girl had left on the top-most stair, And his feet flew out with wild, fierce flings; And he struck each stair with a sound like a drum; And the girl below, with the scragging things, Laughed like a fiend to see him come.

—Independent.

This paper is printed with ink furnished by Chas. Encu Johnson & Co., 509 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, and 59 Gold Street, New York.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

DECKER BROS

Messrs. Burr & Fink, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, over Hibernia Bank, have the largest stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods in the city.

Currier, 103 Dupont Street, has a fine assortment of VELVET FRAMES.

MALICIOUS ARREST.

The public are hereby informed that W. L. Pierce, the inventor of the renowned "Pierce's Patent Magnetic Elastic Truss," and "Dr. Pierce's Pile Truss," has been arrested on complaint of a person who has been, and is at the present time, engaged in competition with our firm, and whose peculiar mode of competition is well known to the residents of this city and State. The complaint sworn to by the aforesaid truss dealer, charges defendant with practicing "medicine and surgery" without a certificate, as required by law. It remains to be seen whether manufacturing and selling the best Trusses the world has ever known can be construed into "practicing medicine and surgery." We think the hundreds of physicians, judges, editors, merchants, mechanics, farmers, etc., who wear our Trusses, and who know our method of doing business, will be somewhat surprised at this arrest. We thus call attention to the fact in order that our friends and the public generally may see the true "inwardness" of this additional persecution. We shall continue to manufacture and sell "Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss," and "Dr. Pierce's Pile Truss." Respectfully,

PIERCE & SON,

609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

JOE POHEIM

The Tailor,



203 Montgomery St. and 203 Third St., has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.
Suits to order from \$50
Pants to order from 5
Overcoats to order from 15

The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is at

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Samples and Rules for Self-Measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

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Under the Lilacs. By Louisa M. Alcott. Cloth.....\$1 50
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Sir Thomas Browne's Writings. 16mo, cloth..... 1 50
All Around the House. By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. 12mo, cloth..... 1 50
Boy Trappers. By Horatio Alger. 12mo, cloth..... 1 25
Villages and Village Life. By Eggleston. 12mo, clo. 1 75
Stories from an Old Dutch Town. By Lowell..... 1 50
Electric Lighting. By Paget Higgs. 8vo, cloth..... 3 00
A Primer of American Literature. Cloth..... 50
Little Good-for-Nothing. By Alphonse Daudet..... 1 50
The Heir of Charlton. By Agnes Fleming. 12mo, clo. 1 50
History of Germany. By Miss Yonge. Cloth..... 1 50
New Poems. By Joaquin Miller. Cloth..... 1 25
A Friend. By Henry Greville. Paper..... 50
Remorse. By Th. Bentzon. Paper..... 50
Cousin Polly's Gold Mine. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. Paper..... 40
The Primrose Path. By Mrs. Oliphant. Paper..... 50

Just received, a large assortment of Juveniles and Fine Stationery, Satchels, etc.

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Lick House Block, San Francisco.

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HAVING TO MAKE ROOM FOR

the daily arrival of new styles of French, English, and Domestic Goods from his New York and London houses, will display a very large quantity of uncalled-for garments at greatly reduced prices, as follows:

Pants.....from \$3 00
Suits....." 12 00
Overcoats....." 15 00
Vests....." 2 00
Coats....." 7 00

Gentlemen, before ordering anywhere, will do well to call and inspect our daily arrival of French, English, Scotch, and Domestic Goods.

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Solid Cash Assets.....\$4,460,000
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Parties contemplating Life Insurance are invited to call before insuring elsewhere.

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The finest assortment of FANS in the city.

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OFFICE OF GENERAL THOMAS

Mill and Mining Company, San Francisco, October 22d, 1878.—The third annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named corporation, for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, November 4th, 1878 (first Monday in November), at the hour of one o'clock P. M. on that day, at the office of the corporation, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on Wednesday, October 30th, 1878, at three o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

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SAN FRANCISCO & OAKLAND.

THE HUMAN SHIRT.

Its Origin and History from a Purely Scientific Standpoint

It is manifest that the human shirt has passed through a series of important modifications. The shirt of the Stone Age did not open—in the sense that the upper part of the contemporaneous shirt opens—either in front or behind. It had simply a large hole for the reception of the head and neck, and was devoid of either studs or buttons. At a later period the shirt developed an opening in front, and a little later studs wherewith to temporarily close this opening appeared. This type of shirt was remarkably persistent, and, in fact, became extinct at or about the same time as the great ark of New Foundland; or, in other words, as late as the beginning of the present century. In the existing shirt, which is one of the most widely diffused of human garments, the front opening is closed, and an opening in the back has taken its place. Studs, which are now useless, exist merely in a rudimentary form, and what was once the horn button of the stud, is now merely a frail growth of spiral wire. What has produced these successive developments is one of the most interesting inquiries which the Darwinian investigation can undertake.

The first appearance of the shirt with an opening in front was contemporary, according to paleontologists, with the first efforts of man to navigate the water. In the Stone Age boats of any kind, from logs up to Canard steamers, were unknown; but in course of time man began to paddle across rivers, say from Albany to New York, on the simple log now in use among Australians. Naturally, he frequently got very wet, and hence it became an object to him to remove his shirt with ease and rapidity. Hence the front opening was developed substantially as it appears in the shirts of the period immediately preceding the Stone Age.

It is agreed by all the anthropologists that the Iron Age, or the age when flat-irons came into use as domestic weapons, succeeded the Stone Age. The shirt-bosom naturally followed the introduction of flat-irons. It is obvious that no woman of the period could have possessed a flat-iron without wishing to iron something with it, and the shirt bosoms were invented to supply this want. About the same time studs appeared. They were needed to keep the shirt-bosom closed, so that the owner could shut himself inside of it with a view to privacy, and were the device of a people among whom needles and thread, and, as a consequence, buttons, were unknown. Thus we can trace, by successive and well defined steps, the development of the rude, unformed shirt of the Stone Age, which was usually made of the coarse cloths manufactured of mail bags and cotton bales, until the shirt with an opening in front, an ironed bosom and three studs—in short, the species classified by western paleontologists under the name of "billed shirt"—became the ruling type.

One of our most profound washerwomen, who has devoted a lifetime to the study of shirts, is of the opinion that the opening at the back of the neck was first developed either in Scotland, at about the period when the Duke of Argyle erected his famous posts, or in America, soon after the early colonists made the acquaintance of the mosquito. This theory is ingenious and plausible, but it is open to the objection that it is not true. The modern species of shirt is older than the Duke of Argyle's posts or the early settlement of America. Doubtless it was found to be peculiarly adapted for Scottish and mosquito purposes, and its rapid increase may very possibly have been effected by counter irritant considerations, but the latter were not the cause of the great change which we are now investigating. We can, however, confidently assert that this change took place in this country soon after its settlement, and in England soon after the passage of the first great reform bill. That is to say, it took place when demagogues began to bid for the popular vote. Now, the demagogue, with a nice ironed shirt bosom, could not with any plausibility represent himself as a plain workman. In order to do this it was necessary that he should wear a shirt-bosom devoid of starch and made of coarse materials. Hence it occurred to him that were he to wear his shirt wrong side before, and cut a slit in it to simulate an un-ironed and un-ornamented bosom, he would strengthen his popularity. This, then, is the origin of the shirt with an opening behind. With the growth of popular intelligence its original purpose has been forgotten, and no one now attempts to wear his shirt wrong side before. The slit made by the ingenious demagogue still remains, however; and two slits being unnecessary, nature has closed the front opening and decorated it with rudimentary studs.

These profound investigations, involving as they do prolonged processes of subtle reasoning, are inexhausting; but, in the cause of science, it is our duty to sacrifice everything in pursuit of truth.—*New York Times.*

Woman's Love for the Beautiful.

A woman went into a barber's shop on C Street some weeks ago, says the *Virginia City Chronicle*, and wanted to know how much it would cost to dye a man's hair and mustache. The price was named, and she then asked the barber to get his dye and follow her.

"Why can't the man come here?" asked the barber. "He's dead," replied the woman, "and the last thing he said when he was passing away was: 'Sally, fix me up pretty for the funeral.' His hair curled beautifully, but was a little gray. It won't look well to see a woman crying round a coffin with an old gray-bearded man in it, so I want him fixed up a little." He was always a beauty when he had his hair dyed. I know I'd want mine fixed up that way if I was gray and dead.

The barber dyed the dead man's hair in the highest style of the art, and the widow remarked, when all was over, that "he was the loveliest corpse ever buried on the Comstock."

It not infrequently happens, in this world of mistakes and thoughtlessness, that a man, even the best of men, may once or twice, during a long or otherwise far-fetched life, kiss his hired girl by mistake for his wife. But no man, of ages past or of to-day, was ever known to kiss his wife under the erroneous impression that she was the hired girl.

"Can storied urn and animated bust?" ask the poet. We don't know anything about the urn, but the "animated bust" usually holds high carnival throughout the country during the entire political campaign. Office hours, 10:30 P. M. to 2:15 A. M. Don't knock; push.



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NO HOTEL ON THE PACIFIC Coast can surpass the ARLINGTON in the airy cheerfulness and convenience of its arrangements. None can equal it in the natural and artistic beauty of its surroundings. The readers of the ARGONAUT will be pleased to know that the problem of combining solid comfort within doors, inexhaustible pleasure without, and calm contentment all the time, at a very economical rate of expenditure, has been solved at the ARLINGTON, and is respectfully submitted by GEO. T. BROMLEY, Manager.

BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the interests of higher education, and in opposition to the cramming system of the small colleges and military academies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th. Examination of candidates for admission July 22nd and 23rd. By request, instructions have been provided during the summer months for students preparing for the August examinations at the University. For catalogue or particulars, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

GOLDEN GATE ACADEMY



AND CADET SCHOOL.

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FOR YOUNG LADIES,

922 POST ST., BETWEEN HYDE and Larkin.

KINDERGARTEN connected with the Institute. The next term will commence October 2d. A limited number of Boarding Pupils received.

MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

THOMAS BOYSON, M. D.

(University of Copenhagen, Denmark),

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence, 112 Kearny Street. Office hours, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. Sunday 11 to 1 only. Telephone in the office.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Oct. 15th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 36) of three dollars per share was declared, payable on Monday, Oct. 21st, 1878. Transfer books closed until October 22d.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital\$200,000 Assets exceed..... 320,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 209 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

THOS. FLINT, President. J. W. FOARD, Manager.

FRED. K. RULR.....Secretary.

I. G. GARDNER.....General Agent.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIF., FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President. CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President, RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President, CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary, H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirtieth (30th) day of September, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of November, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary. Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OFFICE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA

Silver Mining Company, San Francisco, October 2d, 1878.—In accordance with a resolution adopted at a meeting of the Trustees of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company, held this day, a special meeting of the stockholders of said Company is hereby called, the same to be held at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the fourth (4th) day of November, 1878, at two (2) o'clock P. M., to take into consideration and decide upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said Company from ten million (\$10,000,000) dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each, the present capital stock, to fifty million (\$50,000,000) dollars, divided into five hundred thousand (500,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each.

JOHN SKAE, CHAS. H. FISH, JOS. CLARK, A. E. HEAD, R. E. GRAVES, Trustees

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of October, 1878, an assessment (No. 16) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the third day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary. Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days—otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by reference to the complaint on file here, to which your attention is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk. T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, No. 625 Kearny Street.

H. P. WAKELEE & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

Druggists, Importers of Foreign and Domestic Drugs, Chemicals, and Perfumery,

No. 140 Montgomery Street, under the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID

to compounding Physician's Prescriptions, the dispensing of which is entrusted only to the most competent hands, while every care is taken to ensure the purity of all preparations.

MUSIC BOXES

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND OF

Standard Reputation, playing from one to over one hundred airs. The largest and best assortment in this city. **MUSICAL BOXES WITH CHANGEABLE CYLINDERS** always on hand. New and interesting styles constantly received. Call and examine our stock.

REPAIRING OF MUSICAL BOXES thoroughly done in all their particularities.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Branch of House, 680 Broadway, New York.

ALASKA**COMMERCIAL CO.**

No. 310 Sansome Street,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.**RE-OPENED.****HAYWARD WAREHOUSES**

Are now receiving

GRAIN ON STORAGE.**THE PATRONAGE OF FARMERS**

and others is respectfully solicited. Storage, one dollar per ton for the season. Advances and Insurance effected at the lowest rates.

Refer by permission to Chas. Webb Howard, President Spring Water Valley Company, Bray Bros., M. Waterman & Co., San Francisco; John Zeile, Hayward's; J. West Martin, President Union Savings Bank, Oakland.

R. H. BENNETT, Proprietor.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.**SHIPPING**

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Agents for the

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET LINES.

204 AND 206 CALIFORNIA ST. San Francisco.

MOODY'S**Drug and Prescription****STORE,**

Northwest corner Polk and Pine Streets.

Prescriptions prepared with care from the purest of Drugs and Chemicals.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco

W. W. DODGE & CO.,**WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

T. F. PETTIT & CO.'S**LABEL, SHOW CARD,****ENGRAVING AND PRINTING****ESTABLISHMENT,**

528 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE VERTICAL FEED.**THE ONLY POSITIVE SUCCESS IN**

all departments of sewing. Lightest running shuttle machine in the market. The New Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine, 230 Post Street.

MARK SHELTON.

P. S.—Howe, Florence, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Domestic, Weed, Willcox & Gibbs, for sale at \$10 each.



COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1898.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8:30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. connects with this train for Monterey. Stage connections made with this train.

10:40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3:30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and Way Stations. Stage connection made with this train at SANTA CLARA for Pacific Congress Springs.

4:40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6:30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SUNDAYS AN EXTRA TRAIN will leave for San Jose and Way Stations at 9:30 A. M. Returning, will leave San Jose at 6:00 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and other points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

Also, Excursion Tickets to Monterey—good from Saturday until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4:00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, and YUMA.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, October 7th, 1898, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3:30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the GEYSERS.

Connections made at Fulton on the following morning with Fulton and Guerneville R. R. for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10:35 A. M.)

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, Excursions, steamer "James M. Donahue," connecting at Donahue with trains for Cloverdale and way stations.

RETURNING—Trains will leave Donahue at 4:40 P. M., and arrive at San Francisco at 6:55 P. M.

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2:30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.

ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

November.....16 December.....17 October.....24
February.....18 March.....15 January.....24
May.....16 April.....16

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
DAVID D. COLTON, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU,
September 2d, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR HONOLULU,

April 27th, and every four weeks thereafter.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents,
Corner First and Brannan Streets.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ, SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

W. LITTLE.....J. B. CUMMING.

LITTLE & CUMMING,**CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS, No.**

34 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

Estimates given on all classes and styles of work. General jobbing promptly attended to. Offices and Stores neatly fitted up.

C. P. R. R.**COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER**

7, 1898, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS

WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE AT FERRY LANDING, MARKET STREET.

7:00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO

Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

(Arrive San Francisco 8:10 P. M.)

7:00 A. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER TRAIN (via Oakland Ferry), arriving at San Jose at 9:45 A. M. Connecting at Niles with train via Livermore, arriving at Tracy at 11:30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. (Arrive San Francisco 6:05 P. M.)

8:00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC

Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3:40 P. M.

(Arrive San Francisco 5:15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10:00 A. M. DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 6:05 P. M.)

3:00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE

Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5:20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9:35 A. M.)

3:00 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN

Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9:35 A. M.)

4:00 P. M. DAILY, SOUTHERN

Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12:35 P. M.)

4:00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,

Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9:35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11:10 A. M.)

4:00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,

Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8:00 P. M.)

4:30 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH

Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11:55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 7:30 A. M.)

4:30 P. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8:35 P. M.)

5:00 P. M. DAILY, OVERLAND

Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Melrose."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To
Oakland.	Alameda.	Ferrisville.	East Oakland.	Niles.	Berkeley.	Delaware Street.	To	To	To
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6:10	12:30	7:00	8:00	6:10	7:00	7:30	8:10	6:10	7:00
7:00	1:00	8:00	9:00	7:30	8:10	8:30	9:00	7:30	8:10
7:30	1:30	9:00	10:00	8:30	9:10	9:30	10:00	8:30	9:10
8:00	2:00	10:00	P. M.	9:30	10:30	10:30	P. M.	9:30	10:30
8:30	2:30	11:00	5:00	10:30	4:30	11:30	3:00	10:30	3:00
9:00	3:00	12:00	6:00	11:30	P. M.	4:30	6:00	11:30	3:00
9:30	4:00	P. M.	P. M.	12:30	6:00	4:00	6:00	12:30	6:00
10:00	4:30	1:30	1:00	1:00	6:30	4:30	6:30	1:00	1:30
10:30	5:00	2:00	2:00	2:00	7:00	5:00	7:00	2:00	2:30
11:00	5:30	3:00	3:00	3:30	7:30	5:30	7:30	3:00	3:30
11:30	6:00	4:00	4:00	4:30	8:00	6:00	8:00	4:00	4:30
12:00	6:30	5:00	5:00	5:30	8:30	6:30	8:30	5:00	5:30
.....	7:00	6:00	6:00	6:30	9:00	7:00	9:00	6:00	6:30
.....	8:10	7:00	7:00	7:30	9:30	7:30	9:30	7:00	7:30
.....	9:20	8:10	8:10	8:10	A. M.	8:10	A. M.	8:10	A. M.
.....	10:30	9:10	9:10	9:20	7:00	9:20	7:00	9:20	7:00
.....	11:45	10:30	10:30	10:30	P. M.	10:30	P. M.	10:30	P. M.
.....	12:45	11:45	11:45	12:45	3:00	12:45	3:00	12:45	3:00

B—Sundays excepted. C—Sundays only.

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To
Oakland.	Alameda.	Ferrisville.	East Oakland.	Niles.	Berkeley.	Delaware Street.	To	To	To
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6:10	12:30	7:00	8:00	6:10	7:00	7:30	8:10	6:10	7:00
7:00	1:00	8:00	9:00	7:30	8:10	8:30	9:00	7:30	8:10
7:30	1:30	9:00	10:00	8:30	9:10	9:30	10:00	8:30	9:10
8:00	2:00	10:00	P. M.	9:30	10:30	10:30	P. M.	9:30	10:30
8:30	2:30	11:00	5:00	10:30	4:30	11:30	3:00	10:30	3:00
9:00	3:00	12:00	6:00	11:30	P. M.	4:30	6:00	11:30	3:00
9:30	4:00	P. M.	P. M.	12:30	6:00	4:00	6:00	12:30	6:00
10:00	4:30	1:30	1:00	1:00	6:30	4:30	6:30	1:00	1:30
10:30	5:00	2:00	2:00	2:00	7:00	5:00	7:00	2:00	2:30
11:00	5:30	3:00	3:00	3:30	7:30	5:30	7:30	3:00	3:30
11:30	6:00	4:00	4:00	4:30	8:00	6:00	8:00	4:00	4:30
12:00	6:30	5:00	5:00	5:30	8:30	6:30	8:30	5:00	5:30
.....	7:00	6:00	6:00	6:30	9:00	7:00	9:00	6:00	6:30
.....	8:10	7:00	7:00	7:30	9:30	7:30	9:30	7:00	7:30
.....	9:20	8:10	8:10	8:10	A. M.	8:10	A. M.	8:10	A. M.
.....	10:30	9:10	9:10	9:20	7:00	9:20	7:00	9:20	7:00
.....	11:45	10:30	10:30	10:30	P. M.	10:30	P. M.	10:30	P. M.
.....	12:45	11:45	11:45	12:45	3:00	12:45	3:00	12:45	3:00

B—Sundays excepted. C—Sundays only.

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—8:20—8:15—9:15—10:15
—11:15 A. M.—12:15—1:15—2:15—3:15—4:15—5:15 P. M.
FROM OAKLAND—Daily—8:10—8:05—9:05—10:05—11:05
A. M.—12:05—1:05—2:15—3:05—4:05—5:05 P. M.
B—Daily, Sundays excepted.

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, for and 102 Montgomery Street.
A. N. TOWNE, T. H. GOODMAN,
General Supt. Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.

THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Paid up Capital.....\$10,000

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,
31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.
ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.



MUSIC

KNABE PIANOS,
IRVING PIANOS, ROGERS' UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Prince Organs, Waters' Organs, Sheet Music.
BANCROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,
733 MARKET STREET.

PIANOS

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



RECEIVER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of the Fifteenth District Court, Receiver, to take charge of the affairs of La Societe Francaise d'Epargnes et de Prevoyance Mutuelle (French Savings and Loan Society), with power to collect all moneys due the same, and to take possession of all books of accounts, papers, property, evidences of indebtedness, and assets thereof, hereby gives notice that he has entered upon the discharge of his duties as such Receiver, and has opened an office for the transaction of the business intrusted to him by said order of the Court, at No. 412 Montgomery Street.

All persons indebted to the Bank are hereby notified to make payment to the undersigned, and all depositors holding pass-books are requested to present them at the office of the Receiver, that they may be written up and balanced. F. F. LOW, Receiver.

KEANE BROS.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ASK A visit of inspection to their new departments.

CLOAKS, SUITS, COSTUMES,

Etc., etc. Ladies will find only the latest novelties of this season's production from London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. Our cutters and fitters are thoroughly reliable, and combined with moderate charges we can confidently ask a share of public patronage.

All the newest materials and latest designs are to be found in our Silk and French Dress Goods Departments.

KEANE BROS.

107, 109, 111, AND 113

KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

ROSS'

MILLINERY EMPORIUM,
UNDER THE BALDWIN.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,
320 Post St., San Francisco.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

REMOVAL.

I. W. TABER

The leading Photographer of this city, has just occupied his new and handsome parlors over the HIBERNIA BANK, CORNER MARKET AND MONTGOMERY STREETS. Entrance on Montgomery Street. Elevator connected with building.

Easy of access. The handsomest Photograph Rooms in the city. Give him a call.

NICOLL, THE TAILOR

BRANCH OF NEW YORK.

THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY THAT RECEIVES FRESH PAT- terns and New York and Paris Fashions weekly. Samples with instructions for self-measurement SENT FREE. A small stock on hand of our own make to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings at wholesale prices by the yard; any length cut. THE QUICKEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST TAILOR IN THE WORLD. PANTS TO ORDER IN SIX HOURS. SUITS TO ORDER IN ONE DAY, if required.

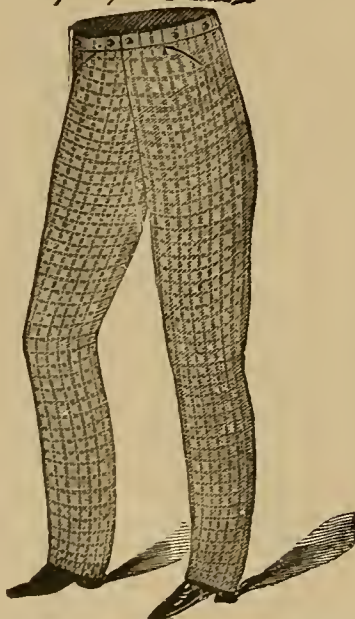
TO ORDER:
Pantsfrom \$ 4 00
Suitsfrom 15 00
Overcoatsfrom 15 00
Dress Coats ..from 20 00



Geo. P. H. H. H. H.

TO ORDER:
Black Doeskin Pants
from\$7 00
White Vestsfrom 3 00
Fancy Vestsfrom 6 00

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Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-second day of October, 1878, an assess- ment (No. 56) of three dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh day of November, 1878, will be delin- quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the eighteenth day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent as- sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P. NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to David P. Nelson, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain- tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thou- sand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
GEA. L. WOODS and JOHN J. COPPEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

MARGARET SINCLAIR'S SILENT MONEY.

A Scotch Story Founded on a Californian Fact.

"It was ma luck, Sinclair, an' I couldna win by it."
"Havers! If luck ruled, the bull might calve as well as the cow; it was David Vedder's whisky that turned ma boat tapsalteerie, Geordie Twatt."

"Thou had better blame Hacon; he turned the boat *wid-dershins*, an' what fool doesna ken that it is evil luck to go contrarie to the sun?"

"It is waur luck to have a drunken, superstitious pilot. Twatt, that Norse blood i' thy veins is o'er full o' freets. Fear God, an' mind thy wark, and thou needna speir o' the sun what gate to turn the boat."

"My Norse blood willna stand ony Scot stirring it up, Sinclair. I come o' a mighty kind—"

"Tush, man! Mules mak' an' unco' fuss about their ancestors having been horses. It has come to this, Geordie; thou must be laird o' theesel' before I'll trust thee again wi' ony craft o' mine." Then Peter Sinclair lifted his papers, and, looking the discharged sailor steadily in the face, bid him "go on his penitentials an' think things o'er a bit."

Geordie Twatt went sullenly out, but Peter was rather pleased with himself; he believed that he had done his duty in a satisfactory manner. And if a man was in a good temper with himself, it was just the kind of evening to increase his satisfaction. The gray old town of Kirkwall lay in supernatural glory, the wondrous beauty of the mellow gloaming blending with soft green and rosy-red spears of light, that shot from east to west, or charged upward to the zenith. The great herring-fleet outside the harbor was as motionless as "a painted fleet upon a painted ocean"—the men were sleeping or smoking upon the piers; not a foot fell upon the flagged streets, and the only murmur of sound was round the public fountain, where a few women were perched on the bowl's edge, knitting and gossiping.

Peter Sinclair was perhaps not a man inclined to analyze such things, but they had their influence over him; for, as he drifted slowly home in his skiff, he began to pity Geordie's four motherless babies. And to wonder if he had been as patient with him as he might have been. "An' yet," he murmured, "there's the loss on the goods, an' the loss o' time, an' the boat to steek afresh forbye the danger to life! Na, na, I'm no called upon to put life i' peril for a glass o'ermuch whisky."

Then he lifted his head, and there, on the white sands, stood his daughter Margaret. He was conscious of a great thrill of pride as he looked at her, for Margaret Sinclair, even among the beautiful women of the Orcaades, was most beautiful of all. In a few minutes he had fastened his skiff at a little jetty, and was walking with her over the springy heath toward a very pretty house of white stone. It was his own house, and he was proud of it also, but not half so proud of the house as of its tiny garden; for there, with great care and at great cost, he had managed to rear a few pansies, snowdrops, lilies of the valley, and other hardy English flowers. Margaret and he stooped lovingly over them, and it was wonderful to see how Peter's face softened, and how gently the great rough hands, that had been all the day handling smoked geese and fish, touched these frail, trembling blossoms.

"Eh, lassie! I could most greet wi' joy to see the bonnie bit things; when I can get time I'll see 'em go wi' thee to Edinburgh; I'd like weel to see such fields, an' gardens, an' trees, as I hear thee tell on."

Then Margaret began again to describe the greenhouses, the meadows, and wheat-fields, the forests of oaks and beeches, she had seen during her school-days in Edinburgh. Peter listened to her as if she were telling a wonderful fairy-story, but he liked it, and, as he cut slice after slice from his smoked goose, he enjoyed her talk of roses and apple-blossoms, and smacked his lips for the thousandth time when she described a peach, and said: "It tasted, father, as if it had been grown in the Garden of Eden."

After such conversations Peter was always stern and strict. He felt an actual anger at Adam and Eve; their transgression became a keenly personal affair, for he had a very vivid sense of the loss they had entailed upon him. This vague sense of wrong made him try to fix it, and, after a short reflection, he said, in an injured tone:

"I wonder when Ranald's coming hame again?"

"Ranald is all right, father."

"A' wrong, thou means, lassie. There's three vessels waiting to be loaded, an' the books see far a hint that I ken na whether I'm losing or saving. Where is he?"

"Not far away. He will be at the Stones of Stennis this week some time with an Englishman he fell in with at Perth."

"I wonder now, was it for my sins or his ain that the lad has sic auld-wa'ld notions? There isn't a pagan altar-stane 'tween John O'Groat's an' a Lamba Ness he doesna run after. I wish he were as anxious to serve in the Lord's temple—I would build him a kirk an' a manse for it."

"We'll be proud of Ranald yet, father. The Sinclairs have been fighting and making money for centuries; it is a sign of grace to have a scholar and a poet at last among them."

Peter grumbled. His ideas of poetry were limited by the Scotch psalms, and as for scholarship, he asserted that the books were better kept when he used his method of tallies

and crosses. Then he remembered Geordie Twatt's misfortune and had his little grumble out on this subject:

"Boat an' goods might hae been a total loss, no to speak o' the lives o' Geordie an' the four lads wi' him; an' a' for the sake o' a drap mair than eneuch!"

Margaret looked at the brandy-bottle standing at her father's elbow, and, though she did not speak, the look annoyed Peter.

"You arna to even my glass wi' his, lassie. I ken tell when to stop—Geordie never does."

"It is a common fault in more things than drinking, father. When Magnus Hay has struck the first blow, he is quite ready to draw his dirk and strike the last one; and Paul Snackoll, though he has made gold and to spare, will just go on making gold until death takes the balance out of his hands. There are few folks that in all things offend not."

She looked so noble standing before him, so fair and tall, her hair yellow as dawn, her eyes cool, and calm, and blue as night, her whole attitude so serene, assured, and majestic, that Peter rose uneasily, left his glass unfinished, and went away with a very confused "good-night."

In the morning, the first thing he did when he reached his office was to send for the offending sailor.

"Geordie, my Margaret says there are plenty folk as bad as thou art; so thou'll just see to the steeking o' the boat, an' be ready to sail her—or upset her—i' ten days again."

"I'll keep her right side up for Margaret Sinclair's sake—tell her I said that, master."

"I see do no promising for thee, Geordie. Between working an' working is a lang road, but Kirkwall and Stromness kens thee for an honest lad, and thou wilt mind this—*things promised are things due*."

Insensibly this act of forbearance lightened Peter's whole day; he was good-tempered with the world, and the world returned the compliment. When night came, and he watched for Margaret on the sands, he was delighted to see that Ranald was with her. The lad had come home, and nothing was now remembered against him. That night it was Ranald told him fairy stories of great cities and universities, of miles of books and pictures, of wonderful machinery and steam engines, of delicious things to eat and drink. Peter felt as if he must start southward by the next mail-packet, but in the morning he thought more unselfishly.

"There are forty families depending on my sticking to the shop an' the boats, Ranald, an' I canna go pleasuring till there is ane to step into my shoes."

Ranald Sinclair had all the fair, stately beauty, and noble presence of his sister, but yet there was some lack about him easier to feel than to define. Perhaps no one was unconscious of this lack except Margaret; but women have a grand invention where their idols are concerned, and create readily for them every excellency that they lack. Her own two years' study in an Edinburgh boarding-school had been very superficial, and she knew it; but this wonderful Ranald could read Homer and Horace, could play, and sketch, and recite Shakespeare, and write poetry. If he could have done none of these things, if he had been dull and ngly, and content to trade in fish and wood, she would still have loved him tenderly; how much more, then, this handsome Antinous, whom she credited with all the accomplishments of Apollo!

Ranald needed all her enthusiastic support. He had left heavy college bills, and he had quite made up his mind that he would not be a minister, and that he would be a lawyer. He could scarcely have decided on two things more offensive to his father. Only for the hope of having a minister in the family had Peter submitted to his son's continual demands for money. For this end he had bought books, and paid for all kinds of teachers and tours, and sighed over the cost of Ranald's different hobbies. And now he was not only to have a grievous disappointment, but also a great offense; for Peter Sinclair shared fully in the Orcaean dislike and distrust of lawyers, and would have been deeply offended at any one requiring their aid in any business transaction with him.

His son's proposal to be a "writer" he took almost as a personal insult. He had formed his own opinion of the profession, and the opinion of any other person who would say a word in favor of a lawyer he considered of no value. Margaret had a hard task before her; that she succeeded at all was due to her womanly tact. Ranald and his father simply clashed against each other, and exchanged pointed truths which hurt worse than wounds.

At length, when the short Orcaean summer was almost over, Margaret won a hard and reluctant consent. "The lad is fit for naething better, I suppose"—and the old man turned away to shed the bitterest tears of his whole life. They shocked Margaret; she was terrified at her success, and, falling humbly at his feet, she besought him to forget and forgive her importunities, and to take back a gift baptized with such ominous tears.

But Peter Sinclair, having been compelled to take a step, was not the man to retrace it; he shook his head in a dour, hopeless way: "He couldna say 'Yes' and 'No' in a breath, an' Ranald must e'en drink as he brewed."

These struggles, so real and sorrowful to his father and sister, Ranald had no sympathy with—not that he was heartless, but that he had taught himself to believe they were the result of ignorance of the world and old-fashioned prejudices. He certainly intended to become a great man—perhaps a judge—and, when he was one of "The Lords," he

had no doubt his father would respect his disobedience. He knew his father as little as he knew himself. Peter Sinclair was only Peter Sinclair's opinions incorporate; he could no more have changed them than he could have changed the color of his eyes or the shape of his nose; and the difference between a common lawyer and "a lord," in his eyes, would only have been the difference between a little oppressor and a great one.

For the first time in all her life Margaret suspected a flaw in this perfect crystal of a brother. His gay, debonair manner hurt her. Even if her father's objections were ignorant prejudices, they were positive convictions to him, and she did not like to see them smiled at, entertained by the cast of the eye, and the put-by of the turning hand. But loving women are the greatest of Philistines; knock their idol down daily, rob it of every beauty, cut off its hands and head, and they will still "set it in its place," and fall down and worship it.

Undoubtedly Margaret was one of the blindest of these characters, but the world may pause before it scorns them too bitterly. It is faith of this sublime integrity which, brought down to personal experience, believes, endures, hopes, sacrifices, and loves to the end, winning finally what never would have been given to a more prudent and reasonable devotion.

So, if Margaret had doubts, she put them arbitrarily down, and sent her brother away with manifold tokens of her love—among them, with a check on the Kirkwall Bank for sixty pounds, the whole of her personal savings. To this frugal Orcaean maid it seemed a large sum, but she hoped by the sacrifice to clear off Ranald's college debts, and thus enable him to start his new race unweighted. It was but a mouthful to each creditor, but it put them off for a time, and Ranald was not a youth inclined to take "thought" for their "to-morrow."

He had been entered for four years' study with the firm of Wilkes & Brechen, writers and conveyancers of the city of Glasgow. His father had paid the whole fee down, and placed in the Western Bank to his credit four hundred pounds for his four years' support. Whatever Ranald thought of the provision, Peter considered it a magnificent income, and it had cost him a great struggle to give up at once, and for no evident return, so much of his hard-earned gold. To Ranald he said nothing of his reluctance; he simply put the vouchers for both transactions in his hand, and asked him to "try an' spend the siller as weel as it had been earned."

But to Margaret he fretted not a little. "Fourteen hundred pounds a' thegither, dawtie," he said, in a tearful voice, "I warked early an' late through mony a year for it; an' it is gane a' at once, though I hae naught but words an' promises for it. I ken, Margaret, that I am an auld-farrant trader, but I see aye say that it is a bad well into which ane must put water."

When Ranald went the summer went, too. It became necessary to remove at once to their rock-built house in one of the narrow streets of Kirkwall. Margaret was glad of the change; her father could come into the little parlor behind the shop any time in the day and smoke his pipe beside her. He needed this consolation sorely; his son's conduct had grieved him far more deeply than he would allow, and Margaret often saw him gazing southward over the stormy Pentland Frith with a very mournful face.

But a good heart soon breaks bad fortune, and Peter had a good heart, sound, and sweet, and true, to his fellow-creatures, and full of faith in God. It is true that his creed was of the very strictest and sternest; but men are always better than their theology, and Margaret knew from the Scriptures chosen for their household worship that in the depth and stillness of his soul his human fatherhood had anchored fast to the fatherhood of God.

Orcaean winters are long and dreary, but no one need much pity the Orcaeans; they have learned how to make them the very festival of social life. And, in spite of her anxiety about Ranald, Margaret thoroughly enjoyed this one—perhaps the more because Captain Olave Thorkald spent two months of it with them in Kirkwall. There had been a long attachment between the young soldier and Margaret, and, having obtained his commission, he had come to ask also for a public recognition of their engagement.

Margaret was rarely beautiful and rarely happy, and she carried with a charming and kindly grace the full cup of her felicity. The Orcaeans love to date from a good year, and all her life afterward Margaret reckoned events from this pleasant winter.

Peter Sinclair's house, being one of the largest in Kirkwall, was a favorite gathering-place; and Peter took his full share in all the homelike, innocent amusements which beguiled the long, dreary nights. No one in Orkney or Zetland could recite Ossian with more passion and tenderness, and he enjoyed his little triumph over the youngsters who emulated him. No one could sing a Scotch song with more humor, and few of the lads and lassies could match Peter in a blithe, foursome reel, or a rattling strathspey. Some, indeed, thought that good Dr. Ogilvie had a more graceful spring and a longer breath, but Peter always insisted that his inferiority to the minister was a voluntary concession to the dominion's superior dignity. It was, however, a rivalry that always ended in a firmer grip at parting. These little festivals, in which old and young freely mingled, cultivated to perfection the best and kindest feelings of both classes. Age mellowed to perfect sweetness in the sunshine of youth.

ful gayety; and youth learned from age bow at once to be merry and wise.

At length June arrived again; and, though winter lingered in *spates*, the song of the skylark and the thrush heralded the spring. When the dream-like voice of the cuckoo should be heard once, Peter and Margaret had determined to take a long summer trip. They were to go first to Perth, where Captain Thorkald was stationed, and then to Glasgow, and see Ranald. But God had planned another journey for Peter, even one to "a land very far off." A disease, to which he had been subject at intervals for many years, suddenly assumed a fatal character, and Peter needed no one to tell him that his days were numbered.

He set his house in order, and then, going with Margaret to his summer dwelling, waited quietly. He said little on the subject, and, as long as he was able, gave himself up, with the delight of a child, to watching the few flowers in his garden; but still one solemn, waylaying thought made these few last weeks of life peculiarly hushed and sacred. Ranald had been sent for, and the old man, with the clear prescience that sometimes comes before death, divined much and foresaw much he did not care to speak about—only that in some subtle way he made Margaret perceive that Ranald was to be cared for and watched over, and that to her this charge was committed.

Before the summer was quite over, Peter Sinclair went away. In his tarrying by the eternal shore he became, as it were, purified of the body; and, one lovely night, when gloaming and dawning mingled, and the lark was thrilling the midnight skies, he heard the Master call him, and promptly answered, "*Here am I.*" Then "Death, with sweet enlargement, did dismiss him hence."

He had been thought a rich man in Orkney, and, therefore, Ranald—who had become accustomed to a Glasgow standard of wealth—was much disappointed. His whole estate was not worth over six thousand pounds; about two thousand pounds of this was in gold, the rest was invested in his houses in Kirkwall, and in a little cottage in Stromness, where Peter's wife had been born. He gave to Ranald eighteen hundred pounds, and to Margaret two hundred pounds and the life-rent of the real property. Ranald had already received fourteen hundred pounds, and, therefore, had no cause of complaint, but somehow he felt as if he had been wronged. He was older than his sister, and son of the house, and use and custom were not in favor of recognizing daughters as having equal rights. But he kept such thoughts to himself, and when he went back to Glasgow took with him solid proofs of his sister's devotion.

It was necessary now for Margaret to make a great change in her life. She determined to remove to Stromness and occupy the little, four-roomed cottage that had been her mother's. It stood close to that of Geordie Twatt, and she felt that in any emergency she was sure of one faithful friend. "A lone woman" in Margaret's position has in these days numberless objects of interest of which Margaret never dreamed. She would have thought it a kind of impiety to advise her minister, or meddle in church affairs. These simple parents attended themselves to the spiritual training of their children—there was no necessity for Sunday-schools, and they did not exist. She was not one of those women whom their friends call "beings," and who have deep and mysterious feelings that interpret themselves in poems and thrilling stories. She had no taste for philosophy, or history, or social science, and had been taught to regard novels as dangerously sinful books.

But no one need imagine that she was either wretched or idle. In the first place, she took life much more calmly and slowly than we do; a very little pleasure or employment went a long way. She read her Bible, and helped her old servant, Helga, to keep the house in order. She had her flowers to care for, and her brother and lover to write to. She looked after Geordie Twatt's little motherless lads, went to church, and to see her friends, and very often had her friends to see her.

It happened to be a very stormy winter, and the mails were often delayed for weeks together. This was her only trouble. Ranald's letters were more and more unsatisfactory; he was evidently unhappy and dissatisfied, and heartily tired of his new study. Poets were so irregular that often their letters seemed to be playing at cross-purposes. She determined as soon as spring opened to go and have a straightforward talk with him.

So the following June Geordie Twatt took her in his boat to Thurso, where Captain Thorkald was waiting for her. They had not met since Peter Sinclair's death, and that event had materially affected their prospects. Before it their marriage had been a possible joy in some far future, now there was no greater claim on her care and love than the Captain's, and he urged their early marriage.

Margaret had her two hundred pounds with her, and she promised to buy her "plenishing" during her visit to Glasgow. In those days the girls made their own trousseaux, sewing into every garment solemn and tender hopes and joys. Margaret thought that proper attention to this dear stitching, as well as proper respect for her father's memory, asked of her yet at least another year's delay, and for the present Captain Thorkald thought it best not to urge her further.

Ranald received his sister very joyfully. He had provided lodgings for her with their father's old correspondent, Robert Gorie, a tea merchant in the Cowcaddens. The Cowcaddens was then a very respectable street, and Margaret was quite pleased with her quarters. She was not pleased with Ranald, however. He avowed himself thoroughly disgusted with the law, and declared his intention of forfeiting his fee, and joining his friend, Walter Cashell, in a manufacturing scheme.

Margaret could feel that he was all wrong, but she could not reason about a business of which she knew nothing, and Ranald took his own way. But changing and bettering are two different things, and though he was always talking of his "good luck" and his "good bargains," Margaret was very uneasy. Perhaps Robert Gorie was partly to blame for this; his pawky face and shrewd little eyes made visible discontents to all such boasts, nor did he scruple to say: "Guid luck needs guid elbowing, Ranald, an' it is at the *guid bargains* I aye pause an' ponder."

The following winter was a restless, unhappy one; Ranald was either painfully elated or very dull, and soon after the New-Year Walter Cashell fell into bad health, went to the

West Indies, and left Ranald with the whole business to manage. He soon now began to come to his sister not only for advice but for money. Margaret believed at first that she was only supplying Walter's sudden loss, but when her cash was all gone, and Ranald urged her to mortgage her rents, she resolutely shut her ears to all his plausible promises, and refused to "throw more good money after bad."

It was the first ill-blood between them, and it hurt Margaret sorely. She was glad when the fine weather came, and she could escape to her island-home, for Ranald was cool to her, and said cruel things of Captain Thorkald, for whose sake, he declared, his sister had refused to help him.

One day, at the end of the following August, when most of the towns-people—men and women—had gone to the moss to cut the winter's peat, she saw Geordie Twatt coming toward the house. Something about his appearance troubled her, and she went to the open door and stood waiting for him.

"What is it, Geordie?"

"I am bidden to tell thee, Margaret Sinclair, to be at the Stanes o' Siennis to-night at eleven o'clock."

"Who trusts me there, Geordie, at such an hour?"

"Thy brother; but thou'lt come—yes, thou wilt."

Margaret's very lips turned white as she answered:

"I'll be there—see thou art, too."

"Sure as death! If nobody speirs after me, thou needna say I was here at a', thou needna."

Margaret understood the caution, and nodded her head. She could not speak, and all day long she wandered about like a soul in a restless dream. Fortunately, every one was weary at night, and went early to rest, and she found little difficulty in getting outside the town without notice; and one of the ponies on the common took her speedily across the moor.

Late as it was, twilight still lingered over the silent moor, with its old Pictish mounds and burial-places, giving them an indescribable aspect of something weird and eerie. No one could have been insensible to the mournful, brooding light and the unearthly stillness, and Margaret was trembling with a supernatural terror as she stood amid the solemn circle of gray stones, and looked over the lake of Stennis and the low, brown hills of Harray.

From behind one of these gigantic pillars Ranald came toward her—Ranald, and yet not Ranald. He was dressed as a common sailor, and otherwise shamefully disguised. There was no time to soften things—he told his miserable story in a few plain words: "His business had become so entangled that he knew not which way to turn, and, sick of the whole affair, he had taken a passage for Australia, and then forged a note on the Western Bank for nine hundred pounds. He had hoped to be far at sea with his ill-gotten money before the fraud was discovered, but suspicion had gathered around him so quickly, that he had not even dared to claim his passage. Then he fled north, and, fortunately, discovering Geordie's boat at Wick, had easily prevailed on him to put off at once with him."

What cowards sin makes of us! Margaret had seen this very lad face death often, among the sunken rocks and cruel surfs, that he might save the life of a shipwrecked sailor; and now, rather than meet the creditors whom he had wronged, he had committed a robbery and was flying from the gallows.

She was shocked and stunned, and stood speechless, wringing her hands and moaning pitifully. Her brother grew impatient. Often the first result of a bitter sense of sin is to make the sinner peevish and irritable.

"Margaret," he said, almost angrily, "I came to bid you farewell, and to promise you, 'by my father's name!' to retrieve all this wrong. If you can speak a kind word, speak it, for God's sake—if not, I must go without it!"

Then she fell upon his neck, and, amid sobs and kisses, said all that love so sorely and suddenly tried could say. He could not even soothe her anguish by any promise to write, but he did promise to come back to her sooner or later with restitution in his hand.

All she could do now for this dear brother was to call Geordie to her side, and put him in his care; taking what consolation she could from his assurance that "he would keep him out at sea until the search was cold, and if followed carry him into some of the dangerous 'races' between the islands." If any sailor could keep his boat above water in them, she knew Geordie could; and if not—she durst follow that thought no further, but, putting her hands before her face, stood praying, while the two men pulled silently away in the little skiff that had brought them up the outlet connecting the lake of Stennis with the sea.

Margaret would have turned away from Ranald's open grave less heart-broken. It was midnight now, but her real terror absorbed all imaginary ones; she did not even call a pony, but with swift, even steps walked back to Stromness. Ere she had reached it, she had decided what was to be done, and next day she left Kirkwall in the mail-packet for the mainland. Thence by night and day she traveled to Glasgow, and a week after her interview with Ranald she was standing before the directors of the defrauded bank and offering them the entire proceeds of her Kirkwall property, until the debt was paid.

The bank had thoroughly respected Peter Sinclair, and his daughter's earnest, decided offer won their ready sympathy. It was accepted without any question of interest, though she could not hope to clear off the obligation in less than nine years. She did not go near any of her old acquaintance, she had no heart to hear their questions and condolences, and she had no money to stay in Glasgow at charges. Winter was coming on rapidly; but, before it broke over the lonely islands, she had reached her cottage in Stromness again.

There had been, of course, much talk concerning her hasty journey, but no one had suspected its cause. Indeed, the pursuit after Ranald had been entirely the bank's affair, had been committed to private detectives, and had not been nearly so hot as the frightened criminal believed. His failure and flight had been noticed in the Glasgow newspapers, but this information did not reach Kirkwall until the following spring, and then in a very indefinite form.

About a week after her return, Geordie Twatt came into port. Margaret frequently went to his cottage with food or clothing for the children, and she contrived to meet him there.

"Yon lad is a' right, indeed is he," he said, with an assumption of indifference.

"O Geordie! where?"

"A ship going westward took him off the boat."

"Thank God! You'll say naught at all, Geordie?"

"I ken naught at a', save that his father's son was i' trouble, an' trying to gie thae weary, unchancy lawyers the go-by. I was fain eneuch mesel' to baulk them."

But Margaret's real trials were all yet to come. The mere fact of doing a noble deed does not absolve one often from very mean and petty consequences. Before the winter was half over she had found out how rapid is the descent from good report.

The neighbors were deeply offended at her for giving up the social tea-parties and evening-gatherings that had made the house of Sinclair popular for more than one generation. She gave still greater offense by becoming a working-woman, and spending her days in braiding straw into the (once) famous Orkney Tuscans, and her long evenings in the manufacture of those delicate knitted goods peculiar to the country.

It was not alone that they grudged her the money for these labors, as so much out of their own pockets—they grudged her also the time; for they had been long accustomed to rely on Margaret Sinclair for their children's garments, for nursing their sick, and for help in weddings, funerals, and all the other extraordinary occasions of sympathy among a primitively social people.

Little by little all winter the sentiment of disapproval and dislike gathered. Some one soon found out that Margaret's tenants "just sent every babbee o' the rent-siller to the Glasgow Bank;" and this was a double offense, as it implied a distrust of her own townsfolk and institutions. If from her humble earnings she made a little gift to any common object, its small amount was a fresh source of anger and contempt; for none knew how much she had to deny herself even for such curtailed gratuities.

In fact, Margaret Sinclair's sudden stinginess and indifference to her townsfolk was the common wonder and talk of every little gathering. Old friends began to either pointedly reprove her, or pointedly ignore her; and at last even old Helga took the popular tone, and said "Margaret Sinclair had got too scrimping for an auld wife like her to bide wi' langer."

Through all this Margaret suffered keenly. At first she tried earnestly to make her old friends understand that she had good reasons for her conduct; but, as she would not explain these good reasons, she failed in her endeavor. She had imagined that her good conscience would support her, and that she could live very well without love and sympathy; she soon found out that it is a kind of negative punishment worse than many stripes.

At the end of the winter Captain Thorkald again earnestly pressed their marriage, saying that "his regiment was ordered to Chelsea, and any longer delay might be a final one." He proposed, also, that his father, the Udaller Thorkald of Serwick, should have charge of her Orkney property, as he understood its value and changes. Margaret wrote and frankly told him that her property was not hers for at least seven years, but that it was under good care, and he must accept her word without explanation. Out of this only grew a very unsatisfactory correspondence. Captain Thorkald went south without Margaret, and a very decided coolness separated them farther than any number of miles.

Udaller Thorkald was exceedingly angry, and his remarks about Margaret Sinclair's refusal "to trust her bit property in as guid hands as her own" increased very much the bitter feeling against the poor girl. At the end of three years the trial became too great for her; she began to think of running away from it.

Throughout these dark days she had purposely and pointedly kept apart from her old friend Dr. Ogilvie, for she feared his influence over her might tempt her to confidence. Latterly the doctor had humored her evident desire, but he had never ceased to watch over and, in a great measure, to believe in her; and, when he heard of this determination to quit Orkney forever, he came to Stromness with a resolution to spare no efforts to win her confidence.

He spoke very solemnly and tenderly to her, reminded her of her father's generosity and good gifts to the church and the poor, and said: "O Margaret, dear lass! what good at a' will thy silent money do thee in *that Day*? It ought to speak for thee out o' the mouths o' the sorrowful an' the needy, the widows an' the fatherless—indeed, it ought. And thou hast gien naught for thy Master's sake these three years! I'm fair shamed to think thou bears sae kind a name as thy father's."

What could Margaret do? She broke into passionate sobbing, and, when the good old man left the cottage an hour afterward, there was a strange light on his face, and he walked and looked as if he had come from some interview that had set him for a little space still nearer to the angels. Margaret had now one true friend; and, in a few days after this, she rented her cottage and went to live with the dominie. Nothing could have so effectually reinstated her in public opinion; wherever the dominie went on a message of help or kindness Margaret went with him. She fell gradually into a quieter but still more affectionate regard—the aged, the sick, and the little children clung to her hands, and she was comforted.

Her life seemed indeed to have wonderfully narrowed; but, when the tide is fairly out, it begins to turn again. In the fifth year of her poverty there was, from various causes, such an increase in the value of real estate, that her rents were nearly doubled; and by the end of the seventh year she had paid the last shilling of her assumed debt, and was again an independent woman.

It might be two years after this that she one day received a letter that filled her with joy and amazement. It contained a check for her whole nine hundred pounds back again. "The bank had just received from Ranald Sinclair, of San Francisco, the whole amount due it, with the most satisfactory acknowledgment and interest. It was a few minutes before Margaret could take in all the joy this news promised her; but when she did, the calm, well-regulated girl had never been so near committing extravagances.

She ran wildly up-stairs to the dominie, and, throwing herself at his knees, cried out, amid tears and smiles: "Father, father! Here is your money! Here is the poor's money and the church's money! God has sent it back to me!—sent it back with such glad tidings!"—and surely, if angels rejoice

with repenting sinners, they must have felt that day a far deeper joy with the happy, justified girl.

She knew now that she also would soon hear from Ranaid, and she was not disappointed. The very next day the dominie brought home the letter. Margaret took it upstairs to read it upon her knees, while the good old man walked softly up and down his study praying for her. Presently she came to him with a radiant face.

"Is it weel wi' the lad, ma dawtie?"

"Yes, father; it is very well." Then she read him the letter.

Ranaid had been in New Orleans and had the fever; he had been in Texas, and spent four years in fighting Indians and Mexicans and in herding cattle. He had suffered many things, but had worked night and day, and always managed to grow a little richer every year. Then, suddenly, the word "California!" rung through the world, and he caught the echo even on the lonely Southwestern prairies. Through incredible hardships he had made his way thither, and a sudden and wonderful fortune had crowned his labors, first in mining, and afterward in speculation and merchandising. He said that he was indeed afraid to tell her how rich he was lest to her Orcaean views the sum might appear incredible.

Margaret let the letter fall on her lap and clasped her hands above it. Her face was beautiful. If the prodigal son had a sister she must have looked just as Margaret looked when they brought in her lost brother, in the best robe and the gold ring.

The dominie was not so satisfied. A good many things in the letter displeased him, but he kissed Margaret tenderly and went away from her. "It is a' I did this, an' I did that, an' I suffered you; there is nae word o' God's help, or o' what ither folk had to thole. I'll no be doing ma duty if I dinna set his sin afore his e'en."

The old man was little used to writing, and the effort was a great one, but he bravely made it, and without delay. In a few curt, idiomatic sentences, he told Ranaid Margaret's story of suffering and wrong and poverty; her hard work for daily bread; her loss of friends, of her good name, and her lover, adding: "It is a poor success, ma lad, that ye dinna acknowledge God in; an', let me tell thee, thy restitution is o'er late for thy credit. I wad hae thought better o' it had thou made it when it took the last plack i' thy pouch. Out o' thy great wealth, a few hundred pounds is nae matter to speak about."

But people did speak of it. In spite of our chronic abuse of human nature, it is, after all, a kindly nature, and rejoices in good more than in evil. The story of Ranaid's restitution it considered honorable to it, and it was much made of in the daily papers. Margaret's friends flocked round her again, saying, "I'm sorry, Margaret!" as simply and honestly as little children, and the dominie did not fail to give them the lecture on charity that Margaret neglected.

Whether the Udaller Thorkald wrote to his son anent these transactions, or whether the captain read in the papers enough to satisfy him, he never explained; but one day he suddenly appeared at Dr. Ogilvie's, and asked for Margaret. He had probably good excuses for his conduct to offer; if not, Margaret was quite ready to invent for him—as she had done for Ranaid—all the noble qualities he lacked. The captain was tired of military life, and anxious to return to Orkney; and, as his own and Margaret's property was yearly increasing in value, he foresaw profitable employment for his talents. He had plans for introducing many southern improvements—for building a fine modern house, growing some of the harder fruits, and for the construction of a grand conservatory for Margaret's flowers.

It must be allowed that Captain Thorkald was a very ordinary lord for a woman like Margaret Sinclair to "love, honor, and obey;" but few men would have been worthy of her, and the usual rule, which shows us the noblest women marrying men manifestly their inferiors, is doubtless a wise one.

While these things were occurring Ranaid got Margaret's letter. It was full of love and praise, and had no word of blame or complaint in it. He noticed, indeed, that she still signed her name "Sinclair," and that she never alluded to Captain Thorkald, and the supposition that the stain on his character had caused a rupture did for a moment force itself upon his notice; but he put it instantly away with the reflection that "Thorkald was but a poor fellow, after all, and quite unworthy of his sister."

The very next mail-day he received the dominie's letter. He read it once, and could hardly take it in; read it again and again, until his lips blanched, and his whole countenance changed. In that moment he saw Ranaid Sinclair for the first time in his life. Without a word he left his business, went to his house, and locked himself in his own room.

Then Margaret's silent money began to speak. In low up-braidings it showed him the lonely girl in that desolate land trying to make her own bread, deserted of lover and friends, robbed of her property and good name, silently suffering every extremity, never reproaching him once, not even thinking it necessary to tell him of her sufferings, or to count their cost unto him.

What is this bitterness which we call remorse? This agony of the soul in all its senses? This sudden flood of intolerable light in the dark places of our hearts? This truth-telling voice which leaves us without a particle of our self-complacency? For many days Ranaid could find no words to speak but these: "O wretched man that I am!"

But at length the Comforter came as swiftly, and surely, and mysteriously, as the accuser had come, and once more the miracle of grace was renewed—"that day Jesus was guest in the house of one who was a sinner."

Margaret's "silent money" now found a thousand tongues. It spoke in many a little feeble church that Ranaid Sinclair held in his arms until it was strong to stand alone. It spoke in schools, and colleges, and hospitals, in many a sorrowful home, and to many a lonely, struggling heart—and at this very day it has echoes that reach from the far West to the lonely islands lying beyond the stormy Pentland Firth, and the sea-shattering precipices of Duncansby Head.

It is not improbable some of my readers may take a summer's trip to the Orkney Islands: let me ask them to wait at Thurso—the old town of Thor—for a handsome little steamer that leaves there three times a week for Kirkwall. It is the sole property of Captain Geordie Twatt, was a gift from an old friend in California, and is called the *Margaret Sinclair*.—*Amelia E. Barr, in Appleton.*

LA ALISAL.

Sweetly now the river calls,
Sweet and low,
In its happy flow
Round the feet of mossy walls,
Under bending larches,
And by willow arches,
Sweet and low;
Leaving ripples, as it passes,
Murmurs in its tangled grasses
That grow tall and quiver
By the pulsing river,
Sweet and low, sweet and low.

Slowly, slowly slipping down,
Past the mountains broad and brown,
Past the island shallows,
Past the meadows and the fallows,
Singing slowly,
Keeping lowly
Pulse, and sway, and accord wholly
With the grasses and the trees,
And the maple's drooping keys
That just touch the edges
Of entangled sedges,
Sweet and low, sweet and low.

Ah! if we could follow
Back o'er ridge and hollow,
And our river trace
To the rocky place
Where from out the mountain's heart it slid,
We should find, I venture surely,
Should discover, if we did,
That at first it, flowing purely,
Came from haunts of fay and fairy,
To bright valleys keen and airy,
And crept on, by gorge and glen,
To the homes and hearts of men,
Sweet and low, sweet and low.

NILES, October 23, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Reverie.

I hear your wedding-bells ring golden clear
This mellow morn,
Across the red October woods, and ere
Crisp fields of corn;
The bells to which your strange new life is set
Apart from mine I hear with vain regret,
And desultory thoughts of other days,
Dreamlike and dim with warm October haze,
Forever gone.

I listen as the notes come floating through
The hollow air;
My fancy paints you—not as erst I knew—
Yet wondrous fair—
A radiant vision, snowy-robed, serene,
With downcast lids and proud unconscious mien,
With eyes wherein all heaven lies confoined,
And golden glory round your head entwined
In rippled hair.

I bridge the time from this to other days
With swift-winged thought,
And find you not less fair because the praise
Of first love wrought
Within our hearts to find each other fair;
Now I am here and you are there—
So far apart unfathomed seas might beat
From shore to shore, unheeded at our feet,
As we were naught.

"First love is sweetest," I have heard you say
In other days;
I wonder if you would the proof betray
Were I to gaze
Upon your face to-day. It is not wise
To wake dead pains. If other loves arise,
Look up the secret chambers of your heart
And hide some tender memories apart
From common ways.

And not the less I wish you happy hours
Because we two
Have gathered melrose from late-opened flowers
When love was new;
I would not lift my hand to beckon back
One gold-bound autumn day, nor stall I lack
The inner heart of life through loving you,
Whom fate made charming, but inconstant, too:
And so—adieu.

NORTH COLUMBIA, Oct. 28, 1878.

MAY N. HAWLEY.

"Saint or Sinner?"

[Translated from the Provençal of Frederic Mistral by Harriet W. Preston.]

Once, in the wild woods of the Luberon,
A shepherd kept his flock. His days were long;
But when at last the same were well nigh spent,
And toward the grave his iron frame was bent,
He sought the hermit of Saint Onquèr
To make his last confession piously.

Alone, in the Vaumasco valley lost,
His foot had never sacred threshold crossed
Since he partook his first communion.
Eveo his prayers were from his memory gone.
But now he rose and left his cottage lowly,
And came and bowed before the hermit holy.

"With what sin chargest thou thyself, my brother?"
The solitary said. Replied the other,
The aged man: "Once, long ago, I slew
A little bird about my flock that flew:
A cruel stone I flung its life to end—
It was a wag-tail, and the shepherds' friend."

"Is this a simple soul," the hermit thought,
"Or is it an impostor?" And he sought
Curiously to read the old man's face,
Until, to solve the riddle, "Go," he says,
"And hang thy shepherd's cloak yon beam upon,
And afterward I will absolve my son."

A single sunbeam through the chapel strayed;
And there it was the priest the suppliant bade
To hang his cloak! But the good soul arose,
And drew it off with mien of all repose,
And threw it upward. And it hung in sight,
Suspended on the slender shaft of light.

Then fell the hermit prostrate on the floor.
"O man of God," he cried, and he wept sore,
"Let but the blessed haud these tears bedew
Fulfill the sacred office for us two!
No sios of thioce can I absolve; 'tis clear
Thou art the saint and I the sinner here."

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Fable of the Hen whose Callow Brood were Fond of Chicken.
—The Provident Hawk that Took Thought of the Morrow.—More of the Famous Wooden Leg of Mr. Jonnice.—Madame Doffy's Head also again Illuminates these Columns.—Stones of the Anthrophophagi, very Delightful in Flavor, with much other Matter of Shining Merit and Incalculable Value.

There was a ole hen wich was a settin, and there was a boy, but the boy wassent a settin, as boys dont set, but Billy, thats my brother, he can cro like roosters. The boy he took a way the ole hens eggs for to suckem. But wen they was all sucked, every last one up, he kanew, the boy did, his mother wude say: "Wots come of them eggs, you notty little feller?" So the boy he put sum owls eggs under the ole hen, wich he had found, and wich aint good for suckio. And the ole hen hatched them out, and was reel proud of her chicks, jest like my mother with Franky, thats the baby, but Mary, thats the hired girl, she likes the butchers boy wich fetches the meat. You never see sech lukin chickns as them little owls was, eys like cats eys.

One day the ole rooster he sed to the ole hen: "Did you ever take notis wot poulier lukin chicks them is of yourn?" The ole hen she side, and then she sed: "Yes, they look so sollum out of their eys, Ime fraid thay aint long for this werld, pore darlins!"

The ole rooster he shuke his hed and went a way, but one day he cum back to the ole hen a other time, and he sed: "Them dam chickns of yourn, wich aint long for this werld, is playn the ole Nick wile thay sta. Thay jest now piled onto the yellor leg pullit and give her fits, yes, in deed, the pore darlins et her up in a minnit!"

The ole hen she thot a wile and then she sed: "I reckleck now that one nite, jest fore the eggs was laid for them chickns, I got offly fritend by a dredfle ole he owl. I gess it afected their dispoisitions."

But Uncle Ned he says a other ole hen she spoke up and said: "Its my pinion that you wasent so much a fraid of that ole he owl as you wude like for to have fokes think you was."

One day there was a feller wich was a plantin tatoes, and he seen a bok a settin onto a nest, and there was lots of hen fethers round there, like a piller had busted. The hock it flew a way and set onto a fence, and the feller he see that the nest was a hens nest, with lots of eggs, and the feller he was a stonish! He loked at the eggs, and then he loked at the hok, and then he sed: "Ile be blode if this isent the biggest hatchin bee which was ever held! Yude make a nice mother to a brude of yung chickns, wudent you?"

But the hok it tost its hed up and sed: "Wel, wot kind of a mother be you for a feed of tatoes?"

The feller he was sprisder than ever, and he said: "Wy, you iddiot, Ime a plantin these tatoes for to eat em!"

And the halk it sed: "Wel, do you spose Ime a hatchn thees chickns for to let em eat me?"

One time me a Billy we seen one lite on the pump, and I run and got my wuden saword, and soon as it had fied you jest ot to seem me be a briggy dear gennel of plishy! But Mister Jonnice he has got a wuden leg.

Mister Jonnice stade to our house ol nigt, and wen he went to bed he hung his wuden leg on the kanob of the dore out side, purpos to have some fun with Mary, thats the hired girl, an his wuden leg looks jess like a meat leg, ony witer. In the mornin Mary she see it, but she wasent a bit a fraid, she jest went and waked my mother up an said: "O, if you pleas, mam, I gess the gent wich slep in the spare room cant git his dore opn, cos he is a comin out thru the ke hole."

One day wen Mister Jonnice was to my sisters new house, and I was there too, and Missis Doffy was there, wich has got the red hed, you never seen sech a red wun, wen Missis Doffy had went home Mister Jonnice he said: "If I was that woomins husban Ide use her bed for a parler fire."

Then Missy, thats my sister, she spoke up an sed: "I spose, Mister Jonnice, you wude use yure leg for a back log."

A other time, wen Missis Doffy, wich has got the red hed, was to our hous, she had went an laid her bunnet onto the flore, and I stept in it. Wile I was a bein scolded, and was a cryin, Uncle Ned he come in, and wen he lernt how it was he loked mity cros, and he sed, Uncle Ned sed: "Johnny, is it posble that you hav lived of this time under the in struction of a man wich has ben in Injy and evry where, and you dont kanow eny better than to wock rite in to the fire place?"

Then my father he busted out a lafn, but my mother she sed: "Wy, Edard!"

After a wile Missis Doffy was in my mothers bed room cobming her hair, and Uncle Ned he past the dore, and wen he come down he sed to my father: "I gess she is firin up to be off. I seen her rakin out the cinders."

Mister Pitchel, thats the preacher, he sez its whicked for to poke fun, cos fokes miss fortins is for sum wise purpos, and Uncle Ned he sez Missis Doffys hed is a shinin xample.

But wot Ned was Mister Brily the butcher give sech a big belly is wot flores me! Jack Brily, the sailer, wich is his boy, he says it use to be bigger than tis now, but one day Mr. Briley was cuttin off some meat for Mister Gipple, and was tockn polittix same time, and he was xcited, and he dident look where he was a takin it from, cos his belly was a lyin on the block, did you ever hear sech a wopper?

Jack he says one time wen on the sand wich is islands he see 2 cannibles meet, and one cannible sed to the othern, how did he do, and the other cannible he said: "O Ime jest bully—fit for to set before a king!"

A other time Jack he was a ship reck, and him and the capten was the only ones wich was safed, and thay was on a rock were thay cudent git nothng for to eat. So thay drot fots to se wich shude be et, and the capten he lost, and jest as Jack was goin to butcher him reel nice the capten sed: "Wel, my man, you dident think you an me wude ever be mess mates did you?"

And Jack he sed: "No, sir, and I wude slickt myself up more ship shape if I had knew me and yure honor was to come to gether at the same table."

But suckn pigs is the dandys for me!

SAN RAFAEL, October 29th.



The navigation of schooners of beer to the placid haven of my sky-parlor while writing as special correspondent from Paris for the *Chronicle* has been forbidden by my landlady. My Ganymede of the flattened nose received the direful warning at the very portals: "Who enters here leaves beer behind." As this frothy element was a necessary element of such imaginative composition, I fear, owing to its privation, that foreign correspondence will suffer in the hereafter.

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And drops into the bosom of the lake."

The woman who would raise her hand to grasp a schooner of beer save in the way of conveying it to a soul athirst is a wretch, to whom it were base flattery to pay the month's rent in advance. My standing in Grub Street was imperiled. The *élite* of our block were beginning to give me the cold shoulder. Distant bows and faint recognitions portended a future heritage of cuts and oblivion. Ganymede eyed me questioning at the corner. His look reminded me of Captain Cuttle's when he hails Jack Bunsby as the latter is led by the inexorable MacStinger to the altar: "Shipmet, what cheer?" and mine was the responsive look of Bunsby when he signals back: "Damn bad." At last, in my extremity, I gave my Ganymede a *douceur*, and asked him artlessly: "Could any one suppose for one instant these schooners of beer were for my landlady?" The young scapegrace, I have learned since, has actually had the audacity to circulate everywhere that all the schooners that came into this port were consigned to her special consumption. Desirous, above all things, of moving among the native aristocracy, I have sacrificed the fond yearnings of nature to the exigencies of society. The dispersal of these strange craft has appeased the Junonian wrath of my landlady, and the fair matrons of our block open their doors to me once more. When I first came into this hallowed precinct I feared that my attempts to obtain an *entrée* to its choicest reunions would meet with a chilling discomfiture. I had heard that in Boston society a certain amount of literary taste and culture is a prerequisite for an entrance thereto: that the Otises, the Barclays, the Shaws, the Winthrops, the Lawrences, the Appletons, and the Daos are among its leading guides. In New York the Livingstones, the Hamiltons, the Leroyes, and the descendants of that valiant army of old Peter Stuyvesant (recorded in Washington Irving's chronicle, whose muster roll commences with the Van Pelts, the Van Rippers, and the Van Dams) are principally those who form the apex of its society. In Philadelphia the Cadwalladers, the Pattersons, the Bionneys, the Wisters, the Newhalls, and others, form a society, whose marked characteristic is its exclusiveness. But the problem was, what was the great characteristic distinction of Grub Street society? I found, happily, in Grub Street that literary and æsthetic tastes are not regarded as a passport of admission to its first circles. That was lucky for me. I could "glide in the mazy and pledge myself in the rosy," as Mr. Richard Swiveller says, without showing my ignorance of evolution or transcendentalism. The Knickerbockers don't lord it here in God's own country. There is no rigid exclusiveness, and no silly notions about ancestry, good blood, or the bar-sinister in our street, thank gracious! At one of these charming soirées in our block, I had the honor of being introduced to one of the pillars of its society. I allude to that genial old soul, Ramsbottom, who, after living happily for nineteen years with the stout, portly lady I saw at his side, magnanimously married her three years ago, thus coming bravely to the rescue of those half dozen waifs, his offspring. In his own construction of their sense he may congratulate himself in the words of Bacon, "that neither the births nor the miscarriages of time are entered in our records." It would be only a morbid feeling now that would cause Cytherea, his eldest daughter, aged eighteen, to blush for her parentage, and, I am happy to say, she does nothing of the sort. Mrs. Ramsbottom is very austere and reserved in her manner; she is rigidly devotional, and unfailingly attends morning and evening service at Saint Pancras, whose gifted pastor has been irreverently compared to an Eastern juggler who keeps three balls in the air at once, such, they allege, is the dexterity with which he flings his arms in different directions. They have also the presumption to add that his gestures have no more relevancy to his figures of speech than the arms of the windmills to the invisible foes of Don Quixote. Mrs. Ramsbottom has unbent herself a little to the occupant of the sky-parlor, not for any merit of his own, but because Mrs. Q. Z. whose ancestry in one connected link with no bar sinister is found in Burke honors him with her acquaintance, and whom, as Sir Richard Steele said of another charming lady,

"To know is a liberal education."

Let me here make a valuable suggestion to some young gents whom I have met among our *élite*. In order that their hands may become accustomed to the feeling of kid gloves, let them put on an old pair every night on retiring, and sleep in them for a month. I know hands and feet are a great nuisance to young gents at parties; but, unfortunately, they can not leave them at home in their dressing-rooms. While making this delicate insinuation about kid gloves, I can not, on the other hand, sufficiently express my admiration for that *laissez-passer* and perfect self-possession (which stamps the true gent which induces him to take his coat-tails in

each band and spread them like a pretty fan while executing the *pas seul*. The lavish and generous application of powder by many fair young damsels of our block to one feature alone, and that the most prominent one of their dear faces, produces a deliciously startling and bewildering effect which I have not noticed in other cities. I admire their fine gushing manner, also: it is so exquisitely *négligé* and unconventional, and so perfectly natural. I have learned a few items regarding the latest movements of the MacDooligans in Paris. Bernard is wearing a single eye-glass in his left eye, and is assiduously cultivating long side whiskers. He says the frequent cry of oh, divvy! (*eau de vie*) at Mabilie reminds him of his early childhood, when he emerged from the candy store with a stick, and was surrounded by hungry youngsters of his own age. He has bought a quantity of handsomely mounted whips of all kinds and sizes, on the platings of which are being engraved legends of the following character: "Presented to Major Bernard Mac Dooligan by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," another by the Comte de Joinville, Duc de Chartres, H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, etc. Bernard's title of major is what the lively Gaul would call a *brève d'invention*. An English lord, who resides on the Continent since a late transaction at Newmarket, with the live discount now divides the attention of the fair Margaret. She is taking singing lessons, to prepare herself for future concerts. Her progress is not rapid. Her voice can not reach A sharp yet, but only thus far strikes U flat. The occupant of the sky-parlor begs to assure her that her maidenly dignity, and the innate modesty of her sex, run no risk in singing in public here. To use a society phrase, *nous avons changé tout cela*, and it is quite *comme il faut*. A mysterious whisper has reached Mamma Mac Dooligan that her bosom's lord has installed a very pretty young housekeeper at the palatial mansion on Nob Hill, and who rides with Mac to the Cliff. The *spectre injuria forme* (Anglice: this insult to the charms of a Mac Shinnegan) is too much for the fair descendant of Irish kings. She has written a letter to Mac breathing of revenge, and in which she vows never to return unless the huzzy is sent away. In the meantime, being a good Episcopalian, though of ritualistic tendencies, she desires, by way of doing penance for Mac's present fall from grace, to make a pilgrimage to Rome and kiss the Pope's toe. A delightful abbé to whom she has made confession says it is the only thing left now to regain the faithless Mac. I have been asked if I have seen Penny-lope. Can she be any relation to Mee-rope? I don't want to betray my ignorance of the classics. I have heard all sorts of criticisms about Penny-lope. Can she be the spouse of Ulysses who is scanned in such an irreverent manner? M.

The following incident of social life in San Francisco has never before, we believe, been told in print: The party were English—very swell; they were dukes and lords, and members of Parliament, men of unbounded wealth, the very nobles of Albion. The gentlemen wore round hats with white linen bands, as though in India. Their clothes were checkered tweeds, their coats were short below the waist, their pantaloons small in the legs; they wore eye-glasses and hob-nailed shoes, and the women wore dresses like dairy maids out on a walking expedition, and they all had umbrellas; but they were all duchesses, ladies, and right honorables, and all were a little freckled, a little red in the face, a little coarse in manner; wore number nine brogans and number ten buckskin gauntlets, in fact the very *crème de la crème* of England's best society. They were entertained at Belmont, sent down by special train, driven through San Mateo four in hand; dined, wine, *flet*, flattered by the gentlemen of the county. After the return of the party from the Geysers, Tahoe, Yosemite, and the Big Trees, a ceremonial dinner was given them by one of our Nob-hillity—cards issued. At the given hour the guests began to come. Our American gentlemen in dinner costume, claw hammer, kid gloves, and white neck-tie; the ladies in richest of dinner toilets, blazing in diamonds. The English party came in, having walked up the hill, because they preferred "to walk you know," dressed in checkered tweeds, short coats, pantaloons small in the legs, colored shirts, blue neck-ties, hob-nailed shoes, walking dresses and umbrellas. As the introductions were being made the American guests exchanged glances, and then one lady, then another, then gentlemen one after another, quietly withdrew. The gentleman of the house at the conventional hour led his guests to the dining room, seated them, and then begged to be excused by reason of a very pressing and sudden engagement, and enjoining his servants to entertain his guests right royally, himself withdrew. The English party found itself seated at a sumptuous board, adorned with every thing that wealth and taste could provide. Servants in white waistcoats, ties, and gloves, assiduously serving the soup. English audacity and insolence found itself checkmated. The incivility of business suits and dirty traveling dresses had been appreciated and resented by the American barbarians, and the John Bull party had been left to feed. One of the younger gentlemen of the party having placed his eye-glass beneath his corrugated brow, in that stammering utterance so peculiarly indicative of the polished manners of the higher English class, inquired if they did not think "this was a beastly Yankee trick?" Is this a restaurant where they give a fellow free soup? All parties agreed that they were never served in such a "nasty" way in all their lives. The position was embarrassing, and the party struggled between the indignity of their treatment and the appetizing allurements of dinner and wine; when one of the ladies of the party, the youngest and fairest, said: "I enjoy this. We have been justly served. Our American friends, who have been so generous and so hospitable, who have entertained us everywhere, broke down under this final insult, of our responding to a dinner invitation in the costume of shop-keepers and green-grocers. Had the conditions been reversed, and an American presented himself at an English dinner party thus dressed, the servants would have refused them admittance at the door. I feel that we are properly treated, and propose that we take our umbrellas and walk away as we came." They did so. The joke got around. No more entertainments followed, and the checkered short coats, hob-nailed shoes, and umbrellas were left to do their California explorations their own way.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

*She writes that in Paris stores are appropriately called magazines, on account of the frequent explosions they give rise to in family circles.

BONBONS.—FRENCH AND OTHERWISE.

Justice—You say your wife threw you down stairs, dumped a bucket of ashes on you, and—by the way, you swear all this is true?

Applicant for Justice—Good Lord, Squire, don't my looks confirm my story?

Little Girl (to visitor)—I know why Bridget won't come to our house any more; she's just mad about our swill—she wanted her husband to have it.

Caller—I want to see the head of the house.

Mr. Henpeck—Ah, you wish to see my wife, probably.

Young Lady (to a junior)—"Man should not be alone?"

Junior—"Correct!"

Young Lady—"Therefore he should buy a dog!"

The same sweet and fragrant story. They owned rabbits, and it was in the evening, and she, hearing a disturbance in the back yard, went out there and saw one of the rabbits loose, and made a dive for it.

Was it a rabbit?

No, it was not a rabbit, but it looked very much like one till the perfume gave it away.

A pompous husband, whose wife has stolen up behind and given him a kiss, breaks out:

"Madam, I consider such an act indecorous."

"Excuse me," meekly replies the wife, "I didn't know it was you."

Stranger—"Can you tell me where Second Street is?"

Smart young man—"Yes, sir, I can!"

S—"Oh, thank you!"

S. Y. M.—"Do you want to know where it is?"

S—"Oh, no. I simply wanted to know if you knew."

Two members of the high Bohemianism encounter themselves upon the Boulevard.

"And our friend Panel, the ancient inseparable, how is he?"

"Panel? Never speak to me of the miserable. After the way he treated me!"

"Which?"

"Well, the banker X., whom you know, invited me to pass a day with him. Says I, to myself, 'Good enough; I'll strike him for a thousand.' I set out; I arrive at X.'s. Whom do I meet? Panel, d—him, Panel; and he says to me, 'Quite too awfully jolly a fellow X. is; he's just lent me a thousand francs.' See how I was left? Impossible to do anything after Panel had covered the ground, so I gave him a piece of my mind and left."

"You were right. Such an act of treachery is not to be forgiven."

It takes two properly to enjoy a canvas-back duck.

1. You.

2. The duck.

The vessel casts anchor off an island which is laid down upon none of the charts, and the bosunlight, and the midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's gig are sent ashore to investigate. The young officer returns presently, much excited.

"Fetch on your Captain Cooks and your La Peyrouses," he exclaims; "we've laid 'em all out. Captain, it is your glorious destiny to plant the tri-color of *la belle France* upon a shore never yet trodden by the foot of man."

"Never yet trodden by the foot of man?" says the Captain. "Who told you that?"

"The inhabitants," proudly replied the gallant youth.

"Like the piano?" said, with rapture, the fair Mme. X.; "I should just think I did. Why the tuner has to come three times every two weeks—that's how I like it."

His wife has a weakness for scouring over the face of the city in hacks. Says a friend unto him: "She always seems to be out. Is there no way of catching her?"

"Tell you what," says the sapient husband, "if you want to find her just go out and hail a hack. She may be in it. It's your only chance."

"I am standing," yelled the orator, "on the sacred soil of libertee."

"You are standing," yelled his creditor, "on the soles of a pair of boots you haven't paid me for."

Said General Philippovitch, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army of occupation in Bosnia, to a smart sergeant of hussars, "What is the best horse in the squadron, eh?"

"No. 2, General; bay, with four white feet and a blaze."

"Why do you consider him the best?"

"Because he trots and gallops well, carries his head well up, is still young and has the best of tempers."

"Well, and who is the best soldier in the squadron?"

"Nazy d'Anos, General."

"Why is he?"

"Because he takes care of his horse, is honest and serviceable, keeps his equipments in perfect shape, and does his duty up to the handle."

"Where is the horse you have cracked up so?"

"It's my horse, General."

"And who is the paragon of soldiers you have lauded thus?"

"I'm the man, General."

"You rascal!" said pleasantly the commander, as he passed his purse over to the trooper.

The named B., who is not at all poor, though by no means a millionaire, returns to the house of the friend whom he is visiting in the country, and his friend says unto him:

"See here! They took up a special collection for the poor this morning, and I subscribed 500 francs for you. Is that O. K.?"

"Well, I suppose I can't go back on it. Only, young man, I think you are pushing *my* generosity to extremes."

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

"Will thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."

The first Schmidt Quintet Soirées for this season, at Mercantile Library Hall on the 23th, was a very good concert, with a very mixed programme, carefully selected to suit all tastes (excepting mine, which is never suited with an illogical mess of this sort), and, judging from the applause and frequent encores, seemed to please the audience greatly. Somehow I did not find the earlier portion of it very enjoyable. The Beethoven quartet—the opening number—had a chill over it, and left one in a frame of mind in which the somewhat prolix and dry trio of Mendelssohn (the one in C minor) was really a bore. The Schubert quartet, too, left me cold, and failed to make any decided impression. In this number, however, the Messrs. Schmidt proved that the summer's study has improved their *ensemble*; the quartet was very nicely played. When I have added a growl at Mr. Louis, Jr., for wasting his time—and ours—over such stuff as the piece by Sarasate (although he played it with great bravura and beautiful finish), I have about got through with my fault-finding. For Mrs. Tippett, with her pretty, sympathetic voice, and truly musician-like style, I have nothing but praise. Mr. Ernest Schmidt shall also have an approving pat on his metaphorical shoulder, since he has evidently been studious, and is decidedly improved both in tone and style. And now stand up, all five of you Schmidts, with Miss Alice—little trump of pianistes—at the head, and be publicly praised for your really admirable playing of the very difficult quintet by Saint-Saens. This is the key note that fixes my recollection of the entire evening, and I believe it will last a long time with everyone who heard it. The composition, a truly beautiful one in every sense of the word, with great freshness and spontaneity of thematic material and masterly handling of form, was finely interpreted; and I believe that every one of the audience would be glad to hear it again. The next concert brings the succeeding numbers—*andante* and *scherzo*—and for once I am satisfied with the miserable fashion of giving only detached movements of works, since the impression of this first was quite enough to take in at one time, and I have the others still to look forward to.

The next Quintet Concert will introduce two new faces: Miss Gertie Dietz, of this city, a soprano (pupil of Herr Carl Formes), who is said to have a lovely voice, and who will sing at once "hail and farewell," since she goes shortly to England to fill a concert engagement; and Mr. Henry Koppitz, of Boston, solo duetist. Mr. Koppitz is of a family that has given to the world several fine musicians, and brings an excellent reputation with him.

Schumann said once in the *Neue Zeitschrift* (I believe he was speaking of the ninth symphony) that there were certain things in art about which every word written or spoken was wasted; and I am confident that he was right. Foremost among them—in the front rank, and towering aloft above all other overtures as a giant in an army of pigmies—stands the *Leonore* overture No. 3, of Beethoven. It was performed in the last Herold Matinée (the concluding one of the series), and it was a thousand pities the concert did not close with its final chord. What followed seemed like desecration, and the manner in which it was done—the Chopin march especially—like blasphemy. Such performances as last Wednesday's are really very hard to understand. There was this enormously difficult overture, the undertaking of which seemed in advance to be rash in the extreme, really very respectably played (nobody expected the great violin passage to go, but it did with somewhat of a scramble and *saute qui peut*), and immediately after it the funeral march, a mere bagatelle for an orchestra that is accustomed to mind its *p's* and *f's*, one of the most shabby performances that it is possible to imagine. Oh, Trenkle (and Chopin), what had you ever done in the flesh that you should have deserved this after death? The symphony—the D minor of Schumann, second time this season—was almost as bad. In this the slow *tempi*—introduction, romanza, and bits leading over to the finale—were taken unaccountably fast and rendered absolutely unmeaning; the two *allegri* were slurred over until it was well-nigh impossible to recognize the themes; the violin solo of the romanza played by all the first desk of fiddles (and barbarously at that) and the trio to the scherzo—oh! As I said before, all this is not easy to account for. Certainly Mr. Herold knows perfectly well how this symphony should be played; he knows as well as I do that the introduction to the *Leonore* overture is a slow *adagio*, the character of which is designated beyond any possibility of doubt by its suggestion of Florestan's aria (marked in the score *adagio cantabile*), and that in taking the movement almost as an *andante* he is quite certain to render trivial and unmeaning the wonderful passage where the flutes and violins alternate with short detached phrases, and which, to me, has always the effect of a lovely summer day, one's consciousness of the beauty of which seems to be intensified by the knowledge of the awful tragedy that is passing within the prison walls. All of this, I say, Mr. Herold knows as well as the best of us—yes, far better than most of us. And yet in concert after concert we hear, from an orchestra that is now for the third season under his control, performances the most unequal that can be imagined, almost invariably with wrong *tempi* somewhere. I mean so entirely wrong as to be beyond a mere question of taste, and in which the simplest and most superficial details of light and shade—*piano* and *forte*—are completely lost sight of. I am aware that an inefficient leader of the violins so adds to the responsibility of the conductor that the proper rehearsal of a symphony becomes a very arduous piece of work. I know the almost impossibility of tuning down the brass, making the strings bow together (especially when the half of them have no idea of proper bowing at all), or getting the reeds to play nicely in tune. But in three years one might, after all, accomplish something, if it were no more than the reasonably clean playing of a Haydn symphony. To be sure, the opening marches generally go pretty well; and so, I have been told (I never stop for them) do the closing ones. But it is in the symphonies that I am more interested, and I regret to be obliged to say that they are in the main very unsatisfactory performances.

S. E.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

When a male individual of the human species has passed the age of fifty years he is no longer young. There is no use of attempting to disguise the fact—that person is old. He is over the divide; he is on the downward track; he is on the home stretch, going down the grade. It is time to put away delusions, to fling away ambition, to forgive your enemies, to put your household in order. There sits the grim old *croupier* Death just on the other side of the green cloth, with his rake in his hand. Every year he makes his game; every year the rake comes nearer and nearer, every move gathering in your neighbors, friends, and associates. You may look the fleshless old skeleton square in the face; you may affect to be brave, to be careless, to be indifferent; but every time his long, gaunt fingers takes away a friend. There comes over you a nervous twitch, and the smile that smiles when he is gone is a ghastly, nervous one. These are the reflections of a sick sinner who has heard the gates creak on their rusty hinges, who has seen the shadow of the wing of the passing Azrael, who has caught a glimpse of the dry bones in the valley of the shadow of death, who has lost twenty pounds in a week, who has been propped up on pillows in a lace night-shirt, indulged with dry toast, weak tea, and with frequent powders, drops, pills, and all sorts of medicaments, prescribed with a frequency that converts one's wife into an uncompromising fiend of inexorable regularity, and your sick stomach into a pharmaceutical common sewer for druggists to pour their nauseous drugs into at about a dollar an ounce vial, fifty cents a powder, and two bits a pill. One of the most common conceits of old gentlemen past fifty is to claim that they are "just as young as they ever were," "never felt so well in all my life," "just as vigorous as ever," "prime of life, sir," "full intellectual vigor." Some of these old duffers will wink and look wise, and hint hints, and boast of their unimpaired manly vigor. But they do not ride horseback any more; "have lost their taste for such vigorous exercise." They do not go over the mountains for quail any more, they shoot ducks from a punt blind in a tule blind. They do not dance or enjoy social life, nor ride horseback, nor go up stairs two steps at a time, nor jump upon a car in motion. Just see one of these well-preserved old gentlemen get out of a buggy or walk up hill; hear him pant and wheeze; see him avoid a draft from a crack in a door or window; see him throw his handkerchief over his bald head when he goes to sleep in church; note the fact that he walks, if fat, solid on his heels; if spindle and lean, he tiptoes along like a young bean, striking the thin calf of his shrunken shank with a delicate rattan. After fifty the digestion is impaired, the kidneys do not act, the liver is torpid, the spleen enlarges, the heart is irregular in its action, the blood circulates slowly, notes dance before the eyes, glasses are in demand, the memory plays tricks, one can not sleep of nights, the hands are cold and perspire as does the clam. He lays awake and thinks. The brain beats like a hammer, and worries itself all night in hunting up something to worry about. The appetite gives way and breakfast resolves itself into a cocktail or a cup of strong coffee. This old man past fifty carries a substantial cane, wears thick underclothes, a buckskin over his chest, corsets, if too fat, and a liver pad. His hair gets thin, his legs get weak, he gets irritable, thinks this generation not as good as the last, thinks the world is growing dishonest, and the country is going to the devil. If he is a lawyer, he has become an old fogey, and the boys worry him with sharp practice. If he is a doctor, he regards all young men as quacks, and all progress in medicine as empiricism. If he is a preacher, well, he begins by being fifty years old and never gets any younger. If he is hanker, he looks wise, and continues to look wiser and wiser, till at the age of fifty the countenance is rigid with frozen sagacity. Women never get to be fifty; that is, not by the regular process of gradually growing old. The dentist, the hair-dresser, the corset-maker, the milliner, the importer of French bonnets, form a body guard around the advancing female, and when finally she can not dodge old age any longer she just skips with a bound from thirty-five to seventy, throws up the sponge and turns pious, finds that consolation in religion that she formerly found in society, dress, and false teeth, becomes charitable, and contributes free soup to the indigent. We are not discussing poor old men past fifty. They never die, and if they do it is of no consequence. The old *croupier* sends his rake only after those who have something on the cloth. All the way up from \$500,000 to \$15,000,000 the old man past fifty is worth raking in. At fifty the rich old man begins to take care of himself. He stays at home nights—he does not so often have an appointment to see a man down town. He begins to pinch off on his wine and cigars. He finds that champagne inflames his toes, and makes chalk in his joints. He begins to diet—eats cracked wheat for breakfast, has a light dinner, and goes to bed several drinks of brandy and water earlier than usual. The rich old man past fifty purchases a trotting horse, or takes sea baths and long walks in the morning. At this age he begins to moralize on the vanity of wealth, and philosophize upon the accumulation of unnecessary millions. He admits, with an undertone of regret, that he can not take his money with him, and if he does that it will melt. The rich old man past fifty now finds his hands full. First is the nervous anxiety concerning death. He is a watchful observer of the little indications with which death is good enough as a rule to herald his coming. He takes better care of himself, and just now he begins to realize that he has a family. He has a dim consciousness that all these years past he has had butcher and other bills to pay; but now, as the bills increase, he realizes that he has sons and daughters. Boys are beginning to assert themselves, and the girls are making raids upon the treasury. Europe must be done, society makes its demands, and the rich old man past fifty begins to realize that just as his faculties are beginning to decay, just as he is weakening from old age, just as he feels the gout twingeing at his toes, just as he is threatened with paralysis, softening of the brain, and apoplexy, all his faculties are strained to hold on to what he has. He finds it harder to keep than to get. Young fellows whom he does not like steal his daughters. His boys marry girls whose family he does not know. He hates to dower and divide, and if he does not the world says he is an old hunk. Society is very busy gossiping over the rich old man past fifty. Having exhausted itself over the important inquiry as to

how he got his money and all the cognate facts of his family, his early education, his former employments, whom he married, etc., are explored. Having plowed and harrowed this field, the next inquiry is as to what he will do with his money. If he builds a mansion in town and country, drives four in hand, sends his family to Europe, educates his boys in Germany and his daughters in Paris, he is extravagant, and society deprecates the fact that he spends his money generously. If he is economical, lives quietly, boards at a cheap restaurant, and sleeps alone in a garret, society denounces him as a money-grub, a usurer, and a mean old cuss. Everybody speculates as to what the rich old man past fifty ought to do with his money. Everybody agrees that he ought to build a monument for himself, laying the foundations broad and deep in some princely charity, some great, noble, generous scheme of philanthropy; and it is singular with what unanimity everybody asserts that, if they were rich and past fifty, they would astonish the world by some great act of large-hearted benevolence. The life of the rich old man past fifty is beset with difficulties when he lives, and if he can look down from the bright mansions in the skies—where, by the way, all rich old men go—he will see his heirs quarreling over his estate, contesting his will, and raising the question of his sanity. If he endows a charity, the heirs fight it; if he does not, society denounces him. If he leaves no heirs, no wife, no children, the lawyers hunt them up, and from out of some vile boarding-house or alley, some draggled-tailed widow, or servant, or demipore, is dragged to smirch the good name and steal the estate of the rich old bachelor or widower past fifty. We have been casting about us, and in San Francisco we have penciled the names of nearly one hundred rich old men past fifty, all of whom in due course of nature will soon be compelled to pass in their chips to the old *croupier* and give up their seats around the green table. What a crop of law suits, scandals, secret tales, involved mysteries, will grow up around their graves. It makes us almost envious of younger men that they will enjoy this rich harvest of defamation, and may revel in the scandals that are reported of the living and the slanders that are told of the wealthy dead. Who is the next gentleman worth a million who is to die? Would it not be well to form a pool and sell chances. We gamble at everything else, then why not give the public an opportunity to bet on the next millionaire that dies.

The readers of the ARGONAUT will remember to have read from time to time in these columns some very strong and original poems signed Richard Realf. Realf was an Englishman of good birth, was the associate of literary men and women of highest rank in his native country; came to America, and in the border difficulties of Kansas was an admirer and adherent of John Brown of Ossawatimie. He served, and with honorable distinction, through our war, was upon the staff of General John F. Miller, and was highly esteemed by him. He was a poet, a gentleman, a genius. Domestic difficulties shadowed his life. He freed himself from them and life's troubles by seeking and finding in Oakland a suicide's grave. On the day before he accomplished his fate he wrote the following poem:

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." When
For me this end has come and I am dead,
And the little vulture, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own wound,
(He had been stabbed) consoled with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now
With that word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's def lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to the day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, natheless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
And benedictions from the black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
But smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

Clubs for women are the fashion at present in London. The Russell Club has five hundred members. The arrangements of this club include both ladies and gentlemen, special rooms being set apart for the exclusive comfort of each. Certain rooms, as reading, writing, dining, and music rooms, are common to ladies and gentlemen. While gentlemen are not forgotten in the Russell Club, the special object in establishing it was the accommodation of ladies while engaged in the duties of shopping.

"Is there a letter for me?" asks an ancient female of a post-office employé.

Inquiring her name, the obliging clerk answers: "Yes, ma'am; nine cents postage due on it, too."

"Yes, sir. Would you be so good as to read it for me?" Obliging clerk opens the billet, which proves to be eleven pages of foolscap, and after patiently wading through it, the old lady draws a long breath and remarks:

"All right, young man, I don't believe I will take it."

Truth is stranger than fiction. A man may know that he is a liar, and yet he'll feel decidedly strange when he is called one.

THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Feuillet.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

We started off immediately and with speed, but not racing. His emotion quieted, he became almost gay, and began to call to, and talk with, the country people whom we met here and there on the road, informing himself about their affairs, and relating to me their histories with much interest. I already knew well that his misanthropy did not hinder his doing a great deal of good in the country, where he was much beloved. We had just entered the park, when at the turn of a path we saw three persons walking slowly toward us. They were Madame de Louvercy, Monsieur d'Eblis, and Cécile, and seemed much surprised to see me in company with Monsieur Roger.

"Mother," cried he, laughing, "I was running away with Mademoiselle d'Erra, but 'tis she who is running away with me. Do you know where she carried me? No. You can't imagine. There, I will let her have the pleasure of informing you."

I got down, took Madame de Louvercy apart, who seemed more and more puzzled, and whispered in her ear:

"I have been taking him to church, and he prayed."

She cried out while pressing me almost violently to her heart:

"Ah, my dear child!" and then after a pause and a deep sigh: "Have I then all this happiness at once—for you know—Cécile!" and she showed me Monsieur d'Eblis near by.

"Yes," said I, "I know."

"Who could ever have thought that she would have made so wise a choice?—and that he, on the other hand. . . . Well, God has his days!"

Cécile had taken my arm, and said to her aunt in a suppliant tone: "Leave me alone with her."

And Madame de Louvercy and Monsieur d'Eblis walked away slowly, chatting with Monsieur Roger, who put his horse to a walk. Cécile drew me away, and following a short and winding path made me enter a very retired part of the park, which is called the "Hermitage." According to the tradition of the country, on this spot there formerly lived a hermit, the remains of whose dwelling are supposed to have been found in some ruins half-covered at the present time by a well-turfed hillock, the only part of which, still almost intact, is a small old piece of mason-work in the shape of an arch, under whose shadow is the source of that brook which, bubbling up from a little spring, flows gayly through the wood. A rather broad piece of ground, which seems to have been the garden of the house, at the present day forms a glade with a walk, along which groups of lofty trees have been here and there preserved. This site presents a singularly quiet and natural appearance; with its graceful repose it seems a hallowed spot where one might dream of those foregrounds in which scenes of nymphs, and shepherds, and antique fountains are drawn.

Cécile said not a word as she led me to this place, but when we reached it, looking into my eyes with an expression of tenderness mingled with anxiety, and with her tears trickling down, she threw herself upon my neck and exclaimed:

"Ah, I am robbing you—I am robbing you!"

My tears mingled with hers, and returning her caresses, I murmured:

"What folly! What are you thinking about? Why will you, without any reason, thus try to spoil your own happiness?"

"You have been so kind to me," pursued she, still crying, "so generous—he told me all. Ah, it is you alone who are worthy of him—you alone! Tell me only that you did not love him so very much."

"Why, no, my darling—rest quite easy. 'Twas only sympathy."

"I adore him! Listen: 'twas here in this charming spot that he told me that he loved me—that he asked if I would be his wife. Ah, 'tis here that I would be buried when I die! Do you think that would be possible?"

"I do not know, my darling. But do you know that you are talking nonsense?"

"I am a little crazy, really. But—do you think he will be happy with me? I do wish so much that he may be happy."

"He will be happy, dearest."

Ah, nothing was spared me! I can not dwell on the recital, for my heart fails me. And what shall I do now? Tomorrow I will see. I will consult grandma, having decided to tell her all.

August 2d.—My grandmother and all the rest of the château learned last evening of that great event—the engagement of Cécile. Though much disappointed and indignant at a supreme degree, she received the news with a calmness and serenity and a smile which should be an example to me. She simply said, on quitting me at the stairs:

"That gentleman has a singular taste."

This morning she came to my room as she said she would, and, as I awakened from a very short sleep, after kissing me and pressing my hand tightly, she said:

"Well, my sweet pet. Mesdames de Sauve and de Chagres have just informed me that they leave to-day with their brothers. I declare I think their conduct ridiculous. It is acknowledging their disappointment—their spite. It is mean—it is contemptible! We have more pride than that, haven't we, little one?"

"Yes, grandma."

"If we know how to suffer without showing it, don't we? And, though it be very trying, we will remain here for a fortnight or three weeks to save appearances. At least that is my advice. Have you the courage to do so?"

"I will try."

"Besides, my dear child, flight in such a case is no more reasonable than it is honorable. It is far better to accustom oneself to things as they are—to face them, and thus get rid of their first impressions. Don't you think so?"

"I do not know what to think yet."

"Well, you will see. If it is more than you can bear, we will go. Pardon me, my dear child, if I have added to your pain, instead of weeping, grieving, and condoling with you. It is wiser and better to do as I am doing, you may depend. One should never bug one's grief. Kiss me, darling. I do love you so very much." And she went off to her own room weeping by herself, I am sure.

Here is the result of my night's meditations: I have so often in society heard eternal love made light of, and constancy treated as a fable, and more particularly by my own sex, that I feel reluctant to believe that I am an exception to the rule. It is, however, impossible for me to imagine that my own heart will ever receive, even in the most remote future, a sentiment which drives from it the one which I have already admitted there. Right or wrong, I am convinced that I shall always love the man whom I have once loved, with all my heart, with all my reason, with all the strength of my being, and of my life. It is not even possible for me to imagine that, with such a sentiment in my heart, I can ever unite myself to another; and, unless a very great change takes place in me, which I do not expect nor wish, I shall never marry. While grandma remains I will live near her and for her. If I survive her I will return to the convent where I passed my youth, and I will never leave it again. I feel that I shall not be very unhappy there. Although many bitter regrets must accompany me, I shall receive some consolation also. Apart from the poetry of the cloister, and its sweet familiarity with things divine, I shall enjoy in my humble duties, as instructress, that sweet dream of maternal devotion which I am destined to know only as a dream. All that I once did for Cécile I will do for others, and they shall become my family.

This settled as to the future, I will conform now to the desires and wishes of my grandmother. Her pride accords with my own. I should be ashamed to show by a sudden departure any bitterness of feeling, which would degrade me in my own eyes. Doubtless I shall still suffer, but I think the past day has exhausted all that I can suffer in that way.

August 5th.—My grandmother had a long talk with Madame de Louvercy to-day, the subject of which I cannot exactly make out, but it seems to have resulted in a modification of our plans. Instead of leaving in a fortnight, we are to leave to-morrow. She has just notified me of it, alleging that we have done quite enough for our dignity. Her expression was very thoughtful, and when I saw Madame de Louvercy as she left grandma's room she looked much troubled. Nothing disagreeable, however, has taken place between them, as their manner toward each other proves. She is affectionate, and even tender, but there is a peculiar sadness in her look. I give up trying to penetrate this new mystery, which preoccupies me very little. The most important thing for me is that we are soon going away. I acknowledge now that I presumed too much upon my courage, which has come to an end. The departure of the De Valnesses and their sisters left me too often in the immediate presence of the *fiancées*. I had to be the smiling witness of their *tête-à-têtes*, of their love, and of their happiness—the smiling, yet despairing witness of it all. The pains of jealousy are made up of frightful complications. It not only makes the heart bleed, it degrades it also. One not only feels its tortures, but is made vile by its influence. The wound it makes is not a clean one—it is unhealthy; ulcerated pride, envy, and hatred are mingled in it, soil it, poison it. I suppose that there is no passionate soul which is not in some accursed hour capable of these unworthy sentiments, and the merit consists not in being incapable of them, but in detesting them and in conquering them. That is what with God's aid I have tried to do. But oh, I am so glad to go!

I promised Cécile to return for her marriage, if she were married here; but I think the ceremony will take place in Paris, and I much prefer that it should.

Monsieur de Louvercy did not appear at our breakfast this morning, and will not come to dinner this evening. It seems that he is suffering very seriously. In fact, I have remarked for some time that he seemed weak and languid, and more unwell than usual. I regret to be obliged to leave without seeing him again. And probably I shall never see him again, as he never leaves Louvercy, and I hope never to return to it. Poor young man! I shall always feel so grateful to him for what he did for my sake.

August 9th.—What a night!

I was on my feet until one o'clock in the morning over-seeing our packing, and had only a moment before sent my maid away and began to undress, when I thought I heard a door open gently on the landing in front of my room, then a slight noise of steps, creaking of boards, and dragging of clothes over the steps. Some one was descending the stairs in a mysterious way. Surprised and agitated by I do not know what vague fear, I opened my door softly, and saw a faint light at the bottom of the stairs. At the same time the noise of half-uttered words, and what seemed to me to be suppressed sobs, reached me. I leaned over the balustrade, and was able to discern Madame de Louvercy at the railing of the basement, candlestick in hand, resting her head against the door of her son's apartment, and listening attentively. All at once she opened the door with extreme caution, and glided into the apartment.

For one or two minutes there I stood, holding my breath, anxious and alarmed, when a woman's scream, a sharp, painful scream, pierced the dead silence of the night. I started off running down stairs rapidly, and found myself before the door that Madame de Louvercy had left ajar. It opens into a cabinet or workroom which is in front of Monsieur Roger's chamber. This cabinet was quite dark, but a few rays of light penetrated the obscurity, coming in through the door which separated it from the neighboring room. I was now in my turn listening with anguish, my heart beating rapidly. Madame de Louvercy had entered the chamber. She was weeping, her voice rising at intervals in accents of supplication and despair. No voice answered hers. A mortal terror seized me, for I feared some accident had happened, and without thinking I stepped into the cabinet and raised a corner of the curtain which hung over the door. In front of me was Monsieur Roger de Louvercy, seated in an arm-chair, pale and immovable as a ghost, looking with fixed eye at his unhappy mother, who knelt before him with clasped hands, and from time to time struck his knees with her forehead. I also observed on the table a large letter sealed with wax, and near it one of those long narrow violet-ebony boxes in which fine pistols are encased. At last Monsieur Roger said, in a low and irritated tone of voice:

"John had much better have held his tongue."

John is an old soldier, and his confidential servant at present.

"O mon Dieu! Tell me," sobbed Madame de Louvercy, "tell me, I beseech you, if I am nothing—nothing to you?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then I saw him bend down and clasp his mother's forehead in his hands and kiss it.

"Forgive me," said he, "the hour of folly is passed—completely passed—I promise you."

"Do you promise me—truly promise me—my beloved child?"

"I do indeed promise. Only I supplicate you to let her go, so that I may never see her again. Shall that be so?"

"Yes, yes. That is all arranged, you know. She leaves to-morrow—indeed, this very morning."

"Never let her know what has happened."

"No, never."

"Now, my dear mother, you may leave me, and go and rest in peace. Again forgive me. Go in all confidence. You may take those arms with you if you choose."

While they embraced each other, I left in haste, ran up stairs, and shut myself in my room, passing the rest of the night in thinking over all that had happened. When daylight appeared, I went to my grandmother and had a long talk with her. She was now able to tell me why Madame de Louvercy wished to hasten our departure, but it was useless, for I already knew.

Now I must try to sleep a little, and then I will continue.

Same day.—The resolution which I came to during the night has been long and violently opposed by my grandmother.

"My darling," said she, "you are aware that I do not from principle hate whatever is romantic, but really this is too much. At your time of life, with your face and figure, your accomplishments, and your fortune, to marry an invalid, is all very fine, very noble, and very poetic; but it is a little too much. And besides, allow me to say, my dear child, if you were to make such a resolution at any ordinary time when your mind was clear and your heart free, when you were calm and cool and perfectly self-possessed, that would be another thing; but this is not the case. You are suffering from a most disagreeable surprise. By the way, *mon Dieu!* I shall never be able to understand what could have come into the head of that gentleman. Be that as it may, however, you are at present in that condition of mind, my love, in which false steps are so often taken. You should mistrust this impulse of a seeming enthusiasm, which, after all, may be only the prompting of despair. At any rate, let us wait—let us wait a few months. Let time do its work. If your judgment be confirmed, and the desire becomes stronger—well, well—then we'll see. But in truth I should not do my duty if I allowed you to engage in such an adventure while under the influence of the disappointment and the shock which your heart has received, and also under the undue emotion caused by the tragic scene of the past night."

Such, in short, were the objections of my grandmother, which were combated with all the force of my conviction and all my eloquence. I was romantic, doubtless; but had she not always encouraged such a tendency? Had she not, indeed, recommended it as a guarantee of one's dignity and happiness? I was indeed heartless, but might not the cure depend mainly upon such a diversion as a great duty faithfully performed, a generous devotion to a worthy cause, would afford? Should not my heart try at present to forget the happiness which it had lost, and seek for another kind of happiness in its efforts to console others? I did not hide from her my positive determination of entering a convent if ever I had the misfortune of losing her. Devotion for devotion, was not the opportunity now offered of a higher order, more attractive, of a more pious kind—less egotistical, in fact, than would be a simple renunciation of the world and the somewhat common self-denial of the instructress? As for waiting, it would perhaps be risking all the benefit of my act. Who knows but that, during the interval, that unhappy young man might not fall again into one of those attacks of utter despair which I had witnessed, and whether his mother would be warned of it in time, and whether he might not fall under it? It was also certain that to wait would cause me to lose the best part of my reward, which was the joy that I had promised myself of seeing these two poor people pass from an excess of grief to an unexpected happiness. To be the cause of this, descending like an angel of light into their gloomy existence, to have one such moment in my life, would spread joy and peace over the past and over the future, and be a constant source of consolation to me for evermore.

My dear grandma, with tears streaming from her eyes, was at last willing to acknowledge the force of my argument.

"But ah, my dear little daughter!" returned she, in conclusion, "the world will say that we are two fools."

"God bless such folly!"

"I think so, too," added she; "but there is now another difficulty which arises."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* what is that?"

"How are we to arrange with the de Louvercys? I must do the poor mother the justice to say, that while she confided to me the unfortunate passion of her son, she did not for an instant appear to admit the supposition—and it is really unimaginable—of a marriage between you two. The young man evidently does not admit its possibility either, which does honor to his good sense. But then, what? Must you offer yourself to him? Must you throw yourself into his arms without saying, 'Look out!' It is impossible, my daughter. It is altogether wrong."

"But, grandma, since we are sure that they will not refuse me."

"Ah, that alone would be wanting! It is a very delicate business—very delicate."

"Are you willing to leave it all to me, grandma?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* why not? 'In for a penny for a pound.' As we are already up to our necks in improprieties, one more or less will not matter. But I suppose, however, that you will first speak to the mother."

"Of course I shall," said I. "And that's the reason why I have just asked for a few moments' conversation with Madame de Louvercy. I am going to her room now."

Same day.—Madame de Louvercy was in her son's room when my message reached her. She came immediately to mine. Her face, one of the noblest I have ever seen, was very pale and worn, showing the effects of her terrible suffering during the past night. She smiled upon me, however, but with that absent look of a woman whose thoughts were

a thousand leagues away from the surprise I was preparing for her.

"My dear child," said she, "you wish to bid me good-bye. You are kind. I am myself glad to be able to do so without witnesses, the better to tell you how much I shall miss you—how much I thank you for being so obliging, so sympathizing, toward us all."

She took my hands while speaking, saw that I was disturbed, and felt that I trembled. Her troubled look became composed in a moment, and her eyes sought mine while giving forth an expression of astonishment and vague suspicion combined.

"Madame," said I, stammering a little, "I have to beg your pardon. I—I was very indiscreet last night."

She gazed at me with a deeper and more intense look.

"I heard you pass by, then I heard your sobs, I feared you needed my assistance, and went down."

"You know all, then?" cried she, trembling in her turn.

"Yes. I know all. I am deeply touched by the sentiments with which I have impressed your son—touched also by his misfortunes; and, Madame," approaching her very gently, "do you wish that I should become your daughter?"

She trembled all over. Her eyes dilated, and with an astounded—almost wild—look they remained fixed on mine. Her half-opened lips moved convulsively, and murmured, quite low: "No, it is not possible."

"Will you take me for your daughter?" repeated I, smiling. Oh, what a cry came forth! What a mother's cry!—the cry of a happy mother.

I do not know exactly what took place during the moments that followed. I half lost my senses—she also. She embraced me, she kissed me, she almost smothered me. She called me the most tender names, while praying and weeping, and she joined me with her God in her offerings of gratitude. Oh, what precious moments those were!

As soon as she could recover herself a little, she exclaimed with anxiety:

"*Mon Dieu!* But your grandmother! Does she consent?"

"Ah, come to her and see."

She drew me to her. After the first transports were over, and they were very great on both sides, my grandmother observed that, before giving ourselves up to it any longer, it would be well to inquire as to the intentions of Monsieur Roger.

"Ah, *Dieu!*" cried Madame de Louvercy. "My poor boy! All that I ask is that he may not die of joy. But I must not longer keep this happiness from him." And suddenly seeing herself in the mirror with her beautiful white hair falling about in disorder: "How I do look. He'll think me crazy." She smoothed her hair a little and turned toward the door with the firm and elastic step of a young girl. Really, the brightness of her eyes, the beaming expression of her face, would have led one to think that ten years had been taken away from her age. As she went out she stopped, and turning round she said—looking timidly at me: "He will not believe me." I acknowledge that I was dying to accompany her.

My grandmother, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, pushed me by the shoulders.

"Go," said she. "Oh, *mon Dieu!* go, my daughter. Are we not almost drowned in improprieties already?"

Madame de Louvercy passed my arm under hers, and led me away as fast as she could go. As we went down stairs she kissed me again, saying: "What a contrast to that awful night!" Opening the door to the basement rooms, she begged me to wait for a moment in the cabinet; then raising the curtain which hung over the door, she entered Monsieur Roger's chamber.

I was hardly a moment alone in the cabinet when the strangeness, the apparent impropriety, of my situation overcame me. Do what I would in recalling to mind all that might justify the step I had taken, all that was exceptional in the circumstances that had led me to it, in the unfortunate condition of Monsieur Roger and the reserve it imposed upon him, and say to myself if I would, that from the nature of things ordinary rules were in some measure overturned between us, I was not the less at his door and waiting his good pleasure like an eastern slave; and, not being of a very humble disposition, it seemed very disagreeable at the least. This feeling of uneasiness increased painfully as the measure of my solitude was prolonged. Time for reflection on which I had not counted was afforded me. My imagination had painted an exact repetition of the animated, rapidly-passing scene which had so much moved me a few moments before: a surprise, a cry, an outburst, a transport of joy! But instead of that, minutes succeeded minutes, and through the thickness of the curtains I could hear whisperings, exchanges of confidence, a sort of discussion. The blood left my heart, and the floor was sinking under me when the curtain was at last raised, showing me the serious and disturbed, though not precisely sad, face of Madame de Louvercy.

"Will you come in, my child?" said she to me gently.

I entered the chamber. Monsieur de Louvercy was standing resting his wounded knee upon a chair. His features, which generally wear a worried, bitter, and sarcastic expression, had absolutely lost that character. A grave and almost solemn melancholy set off most proudly their pure and well cut lines. His eyes encircled with dark rings seemed moist with tears. He fixed his look upon me, and said, speaking slowly, as though trying to suppress an emotion about to overflow:

"My mother, Mademoiselle Charlotte, has made me acquainted with that sentiment of angelic goodness which has brought you here, and were I not as infirm as I am I should now be at your feet. I must not, however, accept your sacrifice; but that the thought should have come to you suffices to render my life more agreeable and satisfactory to me, and will cause my profound and most tender gratitude to follow you wherever you go. God bless you always! And now I beg you, Mademoiselle, do not prolong an ordeal which would really be beyond the strength of any man. Leave me firm in the resolution which honor commands, and you will esteem me more highly for it. Again thanking you, I bid you farewell!"

He bowed very low to me, and his mother wept in silence. I went toward him and frankly offered him my hand. He took it, and pressed it warmly.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" said he, in a low voice, and after looking at me for some time. "Excuse me, Mademoiselle, if I

find no words. My heart is so full, my mind so much disturbed, I have passed so suddenly from a dark abyss to a Heaven; but at least let me prove to you how sincere I was in what I said just now, and how much I fear to take advantage of your most generous impulse, your outburst of enthusiasm. I beseech you to take time to reflect—a few months, a year even—and then, if you continue to be of the same mind, and do not fear to make the great sacrifice any more than you do to-day, I will accept it. But until that time arrives, suffer me to free you from every obligation and render you your entire liberty."

As he had retained my hand in his, it was unnecessary for me to offer it to show that I agreed to what he said. Madame de Louvercy seemed well satisfied, hoping perhaps, and perhaps with reason, that it would result as do so many other modern treaties. I simply replied: "As you choose, sir. But I will not change. I shall see you again, for you will not insist upon our leaving immediately, I suppose. You will allow us a few days' reprieve?"

He shook his head, smiled, and kissed my hand, and his mother and I left him.

On learning the result of this conference, my grandmother declared that the conduct of Monsieur de Louvercy appeared to her perfectly honorable and proper. I thought so too, and after having been mortified and shocked at the little eagerness shown in the way in which he received me, and in his answer, I should after all have regretted to have had him act differently. I was thankful for his hesitation and his scruples, finding in them more than his words conveyed. Yes, without doubt he feared to take advantage of any impulse of romantic enthusiasm which might bring repentance in its train, and feared also to accept the gift of a bleeding heart which is not yet, and perhaps never will be, cured of its wound; for it is certain that he at least suspected my attachment for Monsieur d'Eblis, though he did not allow himself to ask any explanation on this point. Delicate as it is, I will give it to him some day, and as an honest man he shall be satisfied with me. If it is a bleeding heart which I offer him, it is also a faithful and devoted one.

August 25th.—I have indeed been inspired, but I must not deceive myself. I am not happy; nor can I ever be so. I looked forward to too great, too perfect a happiness to admit of my ever consoling myself for its loss. But this thought has at last ceased to trouble me. I have an end in view and a future. I have made for myself a duty which shall fill the void occupied by my thoughts. It is a pleasant task to raise a soul little by little from desolation, to relieve it from its despair, to give it peace and pleasure, to lead it to submission, to happiness, to God. These are the cares to which I consecrate myself with a tender interest, which will doubtless increase every day like the affection of a mother for her sick child, and which I hope will leave nothing to regret for him who is its object.

So far he sees, he understands all that I am giving him with all the sincerity of my heart. I tell him part—he divines the rest, and he appears to be happy. As I expected, the contract does not hold. It is true, he insists upon my observing the delays. I do not resist, but I remain here and he does not complain of that. I think we shall be married in a few weeks.

It became necessary to confide this great secret to Cécile and her fiancé. I think I told nothing new to Monsieur d'Eblis. He simply said: "It is worthy of you." As for Cécile, after some seconds of utter amazement, she went into a sort of joyful tender convulsion, which lasts still. We shall be cousins—almost sisters; that has always been her dream, and she figures to herself that this marriage is going to strengthen our intimacy still more, and that our two existences are, as it were, about to unite. In this she deceives herself. She will remain the dearest among my friends, but it is probable, for some time, at least, that we shall live more separate than during the past. Despondency had prevented Monsieur de Louvercy from yielding to the advice of doctors who recommended a sojourn at the South and on the borders of the sea. Now that he wishes to live, I have spoken already of a residence at Nice for the winter, much to his gratification for more reasons than one perhaps.

I have closed my locked book, never to reopen it, I hope, for I think that, once married, a woman should have no other confidant than her husband. So, then, adieu! passionate, romantic Charlotte!

[END OF FIRST PART.]

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, November 3, 1878.

Celery Soup.
Boiled Sea Bass, Anchovy Sauce.
Broiled Quails on Toast. Fried Potatoes.
Succotash. Brussels Sprouts.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
French Artichokes.
Blanc Manger, with Quince Jelly and Whipped Cream.
Fruit-bowl of Pears, Plums, Apples, and Grapes.

TO MAKE ANCHOVY SAUCE.—Three ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, half a pint of white stock (water will do), and some pepper (no salt). Put two ounces of the butter into a stewpan, and when it bubbles sprinkle in the flour. Stir well with a wire egg-whisk until the flour is thoroughly cooked without being colored, and then mix in well the stock or water. Take off the fire and pass through a gravy strainer; stir in the other ounce of butter cut in pieces; add and mix thoroughly four teaspoonfuls anchovy extract or anchovy paste. This makes nearly one pint of sauce.

An auction art sale is in progress.

A marine view is about to be knocked down at a handsome figure, when a bluff sailor who has just wandered in exclaims, earnestly: "My stars, if there isn't a vessel drifting on to the rocks, with a strong breeze blowing off shore." The artist takes his work home to rearrange the wind.

"When was Rome built?" asks a teacher.

"In the night," replies a little miss of twelve.

"In the night?" exclaims the astonished teacher. "How do you make that out?"

"Because it was not built in a day," is the prompt reply.

There are some scenes almost too pure and sacred to be viewed by the thoughtless world. One of them is a two hundred pound woman with a mole on her chin "talking baby" to an ounce-and-a-half canary bird in a brass cage.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

Song.

O Love, Love, Love!
Whether it rain or shine,
Whether the clouds frown or the sky is clear,
Whether the thunder fill the air with fear,
Whether the winter rage or peace is here,
If only thou art near,
Then are all days divine.

O Love, Love, Love!
Where thou art not, the place
Is sad to me as death. It would be cold
In heaven without thee, if I might not hold
Thy hand in mine, if I might not behold
The beauty manifold,
The wonder of thy face.

C. T., in *Lady's Bazar*.

Flown Away.

On the bare, brown boughs before me,
In the softly flowing rain,
Rests a blue-bird. Now, unperturbed,
See how suddenly she's darting
Far away across the plain.

It was but a dash of color
Shown against a stormy sky;
Only two blue wings uplifted
Where the gray clouds slowly drifted—
But they bore a song on high.

She is lost in misty darkness—
Will she pierce beyond the gray?
Will she reach the blue behind it?
Will she pause when she shall find it?
Will she know it? Who shall say?
DORA READ GOODALE, in *Scribner for November*.

Beethoven.

If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,
To us his creatures, surely here and now
We hear him, while the great chords seem to bow
Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless noise
Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!
Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;
And "Come up higher, come!" the words it speaks,
"Out of your darkened valleys of despair;
Behold I lift you upon mighty wings
Into Hope's living, reconciling air!
Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings—
Dream, folded on the breast of patience sweet,
Some pulse of pitying love for you may beat!"
CELIA THAXTER, in *Scribner for November*.

Cardinal Flower.

No purer joy the glad midsummer holds
For those who love to seek in secret nooks
Of wood or mead, or by the marge of brooks,
The hidden treasures she for love unfolds,
Than on a morn when skies are perfect blue,
And clouds are far and fleecy, loitering slow,
To follow some wild streamlet's wayward flow,
And spy afar, O flower of matchless hue!
Thy wondrous brightness flashing through the green,
As if a flock of red-birds stooped to drink
In airy flutter at the brooklet's brink,
Or, as a troop of Indian girls, half seen,
Half hid, were wading in the crystal stream,
While through the leaves their scarlet "broaderies gleam."
E. F. S., in *Appleton for November*.

When Hearts are True.

O new-found earth! O wondrous birth!
The very grass and clover
Have caught the sense of sweet surprise—
The mystery brooding over
All life that lies beneath the skies,
When eyelids first uncover;
For old things pass—the world is new
When love is young, and hearts are true.

But hark, but hush! a awakening thrush
Sets all the air a-quiver;
And look! the brook has left its nook
And grown a rushing river;
And buds unclose the perfect rose
To lose in gift the giver!
O green, glad earth! O heavens blue!
When love is grown, and hearts are true.

And now—what now but weighted bough,
Gold, rubies, without measure,
And scarlet leaf and yellow sheaf
Heap up the royal treasure;
While purpling vine, full veined with wine,
Thrills with intenser pleasure,
And earth robs heaven of every hue
When love is ripe and hearts beat true.

Yet stay! although the falling snow
The warm, bright earth is hiding,
Though dull and gray the shortening day
Comes like a sudden chiding;
Full well we know the hearth fire's glow
In dearest eyes abiding;
For last is best the whole world through,
When love is tried, and hearts keep true.

E. E. BROWN, in *Atlantic for Nov.*

An Old Song.

An old song! An old song! But the new are not so sweet—
Sweet though they be with honeyed words, and sweet with fan-
cies fair,
With thrills of tune in silver troop of answering echoes fleet,
With tender longings slumberous upon the enchanted air.

An old song! But across its verse what voiceless voices sing!
Through all its simple burden what human pulses stir!
More intimate with grief and joy than any precious thing
That the years have wrapped away in frankincense and myrrh!

Lovers have sung it, summer nights, when earth itself seemed heaven;
Sailors far off on lonely seas have given it to the gale;
Mothers have hushed its measure on the quiet edge of even,
While soft as falling rose-leaves dear eyelids dropped their veil.

Long since the sailor made his grave between two rolling waves,
The lovers and their love are naught, mother and child are dust:
But to-night some maiden lifts it, to-night its sounding staves
Are blowing from the stroller's lips, on this balmy blossom-gust.

A part of life, its music flows as the blood flows in the vein;
Laughter ripples through it, tears make its charm complete;
For the heart of all the ages beats still through this old strain—
An old song, an old song, but the new are not so sweet.
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, in *Atlantic for November*.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, {
 FRED. M. SOMERS, { Editors.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

Ever since and before the beginning of the war, Wendell Phillips has been authority upon many important questions under consideration by the American people. There is a strength, vigor, and apparent honesty in all he writes. He is seemingly bold, resolute, and unselfish. He has never sought office, he has always been loyal, and, in our judgment, there is no man in America whose utterances carry with them more weight, or that leave a more profound impression upon the public mind. In the gubernatorial contest which General Butler is now waging in Massachusetts Wendell Phillips declares for the squint-eyed man of destiny. This fact does not convince us that the election of Butler is probable; taken by itself it argues, we think, the probability of Butler's defeat, as Phillips, as a rule, is always for the bottom dog. It does, however, compel us to think that the election of General Butler to be Governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts would not be an unmixed evil.

Wendell Phillips also declares himself opposed to the National Banks. As we understand his position, it is in favor of a national currency, to be issued and controlled by the National Government, and independent of any interference by bank corporations or individuals. It is our judgment that the Federal Government ought to have the sole and exclusive control of issuing money, and should exercise that function of government as independently as it does the post-office or revenue department. To turn the mail over to carriers or express companies, to farm the collection of customs out among merchants, would seem to us as improper as to allow banks or bankers to have any right of interference with the national currency. We are aware that "honest money" is the popular thing to advocate; that "honest money" means gold and silver; and we know that gold and silver may be locked up in vaults, may be "cornered," may be monopolized; and we are mistaken if National Banks are not instruments to "lock up," "corner," and "monopolize" money to the great hurt of the people.

Mr. Wendell Phillips gives utterance to another sentiment that will find a response in the intelligence of that great middle class now being ground and crushed between the upper and nether millstone—wealth at the top, vice, ignorance, and idleness at the bottom. Mr. Phillips says: "If corruption seems rolling over us like a flood, mark it! It is not the corruption of the humbler classes. It is the millionaires who steal banks, mills, and railways. It is the defaulters who live in palaces and make way with the millions. It is the money-kings who buy up Congress. It is the demagogues and editors in purple and fine linen who bid \$50,000 for the Presidency itself. It is greedy wealth which invests its thousand millions in rum to coin money out of the weakness of its neighbors. These are the spots where corruption nestles and gangrenes the State. If humble men are corrupted, these furnish overwhelming temptations. It is not the common people in the streets, but the money-changers who have intruded into the temple that we most sorely need some one to scourge. If the hills will cease to send down rottenness the streams will run clean and clear on the plains."

All this is true and pitiable. It does seem as though the very foundations of society were rotten—rotten to the very core; as though there was no such thing as financial honor; as though there was no man left living honest enough to honestly execute a fiduciary trust. Avarice has corrupted society; grasping, swindling, audacious crime runs rampant in the land. The list of bankrupts and commercial failures is

something astounding. There was a time when the merchant having failed the first thought that struggled above his humiliation and mortified pride was suicide. The bankrupt merchant of to-day is a cheerful specimen of business audacity. The banker who fails and robs loses no social standing. Fifty cents on the dollar rehabilitates the dishonest and dishonorable business man, and the competition of trade solicits again his patronage.

It is not the idler and vagrant, it is not the mendicant and tramp, it is not the social dreamer and the Communist, that threatens to overthrow and destroy the fabric of civilization. It is not this class that is striking the most severe blows at the things we call property, government, and social order; but it is the sordid, grasping, unprincipled, selfish, rich man, who, in trampling upon the rights of the poor, is mining the foundations upon which all that he treasures is built. It is this that makes the sand-lot possible; it is this that invites to social disorders; it is this condition of things—this evil condition of things—these crimes in high places, infamy in politics, dishonesty in business, swindling in trusts, robbing of savings banks, repudiation of honorable obligations, indifference to the rights of the common people—that is threatening a social revolution and a political upheaval. It is Tweed, Louisiana frauds, telegraphic ciphers, Bank of Glasgow failure, stock gambling, fraud in trusts, savings bank and life insurance robberies, that are undermining man's confidence in man, and resolving society back to its normal condition of barbarism, when property will belong to the sharp-witted and the strong of hand.

The failure of the Bank of Glasgow—the bankruptcy of so many leading merchants and corporations in England—will have one good effect, and that is to disarm the Englishman of that arrogant, and sometimes offensive, assurance that has continually asserted the superior integrity of English over American business men. They are exceedingly fond of assuming to themselves superior virtues. We experienced this largely when slavery existed in our country. "England was free; when the slave touched her soil his shackles fell." And yet when our unfortunate civil war occurred British sentiment arrayed itself in favor of the institution, gave money, medicines, ships, and contraband service in aid of the rebellion. England is full of private banks, and its laws provide no machinery for examination as to their solvency. It is now being whispered abroad through the financial circles of Great Britain that it is desirable to have bank commissioners, armed with authority to investigate, and the fear exists lest many of them shall be found to be as rotten as the Bank of Glasgow, and the management no better. Specimens of French banking in San Francisco have been unfortunate. The history of Pioche, Bayerque & Co., of the French Savings Bank, have taken from this nationality the privilege of throwing stones at our glass houses.

In contemplating these things, and considering the nationality of those who compose our criminal classes, who meet on the sand-lot to blaspheme God, to assault the principles of republican government; considering the birthplace of that great body of tramps, thieves, and idle adventurers who are now scouring the country in criminal vagabondage, we accept with resignation the fact that we are native-born and of American parentage. And while we thus write we again, as always, desire to make exception of those foreign-born who come to our land inbred with republican principles, and prepared to accept their positions as American citizens. But we resent with indignation the insolence of this foreign interference in our political affairs; we are restive under the arrogant and impudent meddlesomeness of ignorant foreign demagogues who thrust themselves so presumptuously into our political matters. We look upon this sand-lot business as the crystallization of foreign vagabondage with American demagoguery, and can not hide our shame and mortification that in a convention to remodel the organic laws of our State the delegates from this great city are ignorant and adventurous Germans and Irish, who represent neither the intelligence, the virtue, the wealth, nor the respectability of their constituency.

A great spasm of indignation has just recently gone over the whole of the California press because of a picture in one of Harper's publications, representing Chinamen treading out the wine. It is regarded by our patriotic journals as a direct blow at the wine interest by this representation of "a mercenary and hireling press" to make it appear that the nasty Heathen Chinese tramples in our wine vats. We prefer to have it understood that our vintage is managed as is represented to have been done in the Roman mountains by Macaulay in one of his lays of Ancient Rome:

And in the vats of Luna
 This year, the musts shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls,
 Whose sires have marched to Rome."

Now, the real fact is, that most of our grapes are crushed in the wine press, and whatever there may be of impurities are carried away by the process of fermentation. But the additional fact also remains that some of the grapes are trodden under the feet of the Heathen Chinese, and the still

cheaper labor of Digger Indians. We visited some years ago the famous vineyard of Cocomungo, on the road between Los Angeles and San Bernardino. We believe it is the oldest large vineyard in California, as it is one of the most celebrated for the excellence of its wines. It was then under the management of Mr. Sansevaire, and there we saw the great luscious purple clusters being picked by Indians, brought to the vats in great-wheeled Spanish wains, and after being dumped into the vats we saw them filled with great, stalwart, sweating Indian bucks, up from between whose gaunt toes spurted the purple blood that went to make the famous wine of Cocomungo.

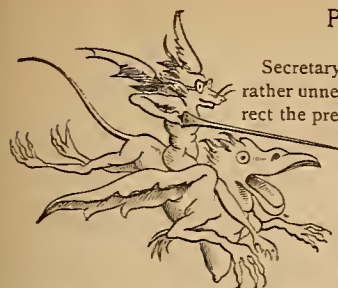
And while we are upon the wine question it is in order to remark that our wine enterprise is suffering under the indifference and criminal conduct of our own people. The fact is, we affect to despise our own wines; we affect to believe that the imported wines of Germany, France, Spain, and Portugal, are better than those of California, and that the imported brandies of southern France—which are supposed to come to us by way of the London docks—are superior to those manufactured in California. Now, all this affectation is started in the interest of a foreign wine trade, and kept up by a class of ignorant wine-gulpers, who pretend to a knowledge they do not possess. Every club, and, we presume, every bar-room and corner grocery, has a sort of wine *dilettanti*, who affect to have a nice, discriminating taste concerning wine, and, with an unanimity that is absolutely astonishing, they agree that California wines are not equal to foreign. There is too much alcohol in them, they are earthy, they are this, and they are not that. The fact is, and is indisputable, and is growing into recognition, that the majority of the wines of California are superior to a majority of the wines of the countries we have named. There is no such brandy imported from France, and has not been for ten years, and is not now being made there, as that produced by General Henry M. Naglee at his vineyards at San José. They do not use such rare and valuable grapes in any part of France for brandy as does General Naglee. They can not afford it. And when General Naglee's brandy is subjected to the treatment, and has the age given to the production of the French still, he can and does produce a superior article.

This truth is forcing its recognition in our clubs and among our brandy drinkers, in the face of narrow prejudice, and the interests of the foreign grower, importer, and trader. Any gentleman who having traveled in the wine countries of Europe, and tasted the local wines with a view to comparison with the production of California vineyards, is not honest who does not admit the superiority of our wines. It is undoubtedly true that we have not produced such sparkling champagnes as some of those imported. Champagne is a manufactured article, and it may be that our wine makers can not produce a wine that pleases the purely artificial taste that the drinker of imported champagnes demand. It is undoubtedly true that in sherries and madeiras there is a quality from abroad that we have not equaled. But that we will produce wines of equal purity, flavor, and excellence in course of time, we do not doubt. Our port wine, in point of all its qualities, is now the equal of the best imported port wines. We are producing over \$5,000,000 in value of wines annually. It is nearly all sent abroad, and after being pasted with false labels, and stamped with the lying device of some foreign house or vineyard, is sent back to us, or distributed over the world as French or German wine.

Wine is destined to be not one of the greatest, but in time the greatest of the industries of California. It will not be many years before it will swell in value beyond grain, or wool, or gold. It deserves to be protected, and above all things it deserves a good word from Californians. The sneers of those brainless asses of the clubs and bar-rooms, who find no good in the product of our vineyards, ought to be washed back down their throats with a flood of the vile, sour decoctions of the German Rhine, and the thin, watery compounds that the traveler experiences all the way from Lisbon to Naples when he calls for the "wine of the country." It stands to reason that the best grapes will make the best wine. There is no land in the world where the grape is so luscious, so large, so perfect as in California. In variety we are not excelled. Therefore we declare, without fear of contradiction, that the majority of our wines and brandies, given the proper treatment and the proper age, are superior to the foreign productions, and the sooner our newspapers, club sharps, and wine *dilettanti* get rid of the affectation of undervaluing the products of our vineyards, the better it will be for the country.

We are frequently asked why we do not give more space to the consideration of questions now being discussed by the Constitutional Convention. We deem it better to await the conclusion of its deliberations. The *personnel* of the body is representative of the best intelligence of the State. The Convention works industriously, and so far harmoniously. We expect from it a good outcome. In such event we shall give the work our approval, and earnestly labor for its acceptance by the people.

PRATTLE.



Secretary Evarts has taken the rather unnecessary trouble to correct the press report of a speech of his, by giving the first nine lines of a sentence which the reporter had rounded off in three. In private life Secretary Evarts is an interesting child. It is said to be charming to hear him say—

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

He kneels at his bedside in his little nightg, clasps his tiny hands, and looking trustfully upward begins:

"At the present juncture of affairs, deeming it expedient to substitute for a vertical attitude one of recumbency, in order to avail myself of the nocturnal cessation of consciousness that restores the vital energies and exhausted powers, I have the distinguished honor to solicit the attention of His Excellency, the Ruler of Nations, to the unprotected condition of my incorporeal part, and venture to suggest, with great respect, that such measures may be taken, looking to its preservation, as in His wisdom He may consider most likely to be effective."

It is announced that an owner is wanted at the Police Office for two hundred pounds of lead, taken from a Chinaman. No doubt many of the owners are dead, and others scattered in foreign lands. Few, probably, could make proof of ownership; some from delicacy would not attempt it. Let the lead go as a perquisite to the surgeon who took it out.

The daily newspapers are bewailing a vanished opportunity: Mr. James Brooks, the chief of the United States Secret Service Bureau, was in San Francisco for two weeks, and they did not know who the great man was until he had gone; so the butter wherewith they would have anointed the hide of him was tardily expended upon his trail, serving but to grease the metals of the overland railroad. The literature of regret contains nothing more moving than the language in which one journalist complains, again and again, that the gentleman did not reveal himself.

"Come back, come back!" he cries with grief—
The while his mouth runs water—
"That I may kiss thee—kiss thee, chief,
I oughter, oh, I oughter!"

Lo vain—he turned his back the more,
But called out: "What's preventing?"
Then grimly smiled and cried: "My child,
Just kiss me while I'm venting."

"Had I but known his lordship's rank and officious character, I had performed for his lordship and his lordship's horse such dutiful servility as must needs have touched their hearts, and procured for my tavern their lasting disfavor."

"You feel, with Tennyson," writes the music reporter of the *Post*, "that men must work and women must weep." Well, if men would work harder to qualify themselves for their arts, women (and the angels) would not need to weep over the duplex ignorance of a singing scribbler who thinks Tennyson wrote "the words" of the "Three Fishers."

The foregoing criticism, Herr "Doppelkreuz," is perhaps needlessly pointed; it is made so merely for your instruction, by example, in the useful art of assaulting a friend without lying about him in the interest of another liar. I can recommend the truthful method, for I have never practiced any other. It is harder on the self-respect of a friend, and easier on mine; and in any kind of contest he who loses his self-respect loses the battle. Falsehood (you will agree) is the method of a bungler—an impostor who knows not his business. A man of sense and wit will not write a lie, for that is to confess himself wanting in imagination. Any body can make a lie, but only a wit can evolve ridicule with equal facility from a discreditable and a creditable truth. The man of imagination and judgment, therefore, ignores falsehood, not because it is wicked, but because it is weak. It is, I suppose, a fault in morals; I know it to be a crime in taste. Would you willfully sing a false note? Then why should you write a false statement? Are not letters as good as music? Think on this.

You are a child, Herr "Doppelkreuz"—a child. It pleases me to take an interest in you. I am told you sing well—God knows I've no ear—but in letters you make mistakes; you go wrong, and must be set right. I have known you to mistake whimsical badinage for unfriendly rancor. You fly into a passion and try to injure those who love you; and anon, presto! you are caressing those whom you should despise. This, I must remind you, is not the disposition of a critic; it is more like a woman. Like a woman, too, you have a pretty knack at virtue, but you sin without much understanding. You must learn, Herr "Doppelkreuz," you must learn. Shall it be from the enemy?

The San Rafael *Herald* publishes some verses by a convict in the State Prison. They are not very good verses—hardly better than the average; but as evidence that at least one local poet has had justice done upon him they are pleasing and instructive. But what shall we say of the reformatory character of the State Prison?

"Rutherford," said Mrs. Hayes, looking up from the documents she was signing, "this is positively the last agricultural fair that I shall permit you to attend. You will drink lemonade, Rutherford—it seems a mania with you—and as President of the United States I must be careful of my example." "But it isn't your example," mildly protested Mr. Hayes, his crochet needle temporarily suspending its function; "it's mine." "Rutherford Hayes—Rutherford B. Hayes," replied the lady, with rasping particularity, "I will not be insulted in my own capital. Whatever is yours is mine, and whatever is mine—" "Is your own, I s'pose," interrupted the insurgent; "I've heard it before." The lady removed her pen, assumed a stiffly vertical attitude, and took a reef in her right sleeve. But there ensued the fitful snapping of coat-tails, and the sound of a great going-out, and the Executive Head of this nation was represented in the White House by a warm spot on a cushion.

A bull imprisoned in a stall
Broke boldly the confining wall,
And found himself, when out of bounds,
Within a washerwoman's grounds,
Where, hanging on a hook to dry,
A crimson skirt inflamed his eye.
With bellows that woke the dead,
He low'd his formidable head—
Its level horns and gnarly forehead—
Then, planting firm his shoulders horrid,
Began, with rage made half insane,
To paw the arid earth amain,
Flinging the dust upon his flanks
In desolating clouds and banks!
The while his eyes' uneasy white
Betrayed his doubt what for the bright
Red tent cooed, perchance, from sight.
That garment, which, all undismayed,
Had never paled a single shade,
Now found a tongue—a dangflog sock,
Left carelessly inside the smock:
"I must insist, my gracious liege,
That you'll be pleased to raise the siege:
My colors I will never strike.
I know your sex—you're all alike—
Some small experience I've had—
You're not the first I've driven mad."

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* thinks he has made a point against apparitions and the supernatural by reminding us that no ghosts or visions ever appear except such as are popularly believed in at the time. Witches, for example, who two or three centuries ago were as thick as tombstones in a village blackberry patch are now never seen; and the Satan of the middle ages—I came near saying the middle-aged Satan—did not visibly penetrate into ancient Greece and Rome. I fancy, however, this can be otherwise explained. There are fashions in apparitions, and spirits who, for reasons of business and pleasure, wish to be recognized as such conform to the current descriptions in literature and folk-lore, assuming such form and manner as these have made us familiar with. This is simpler than handing us a card, which in most cases would entail the necessity of striking a match to read it.

When, on the contrary, our fellow-citizens who have unloaded their clay (our poor relations, so to speak), or the rarified aborigines of the elements, wish to visit us unknown, they safely may, and doubtless do, adopt such tricks of shape, apparel, and manner as have been long discarded or are not yet generally introduced. In the fourteenth century the inferior demons commonly presented themselves as goats. A Spanish monk was so annoyed by an old he goat that kept coming into his cell by night in spite of locks and bars that on one occasion he seized the creature by the beard, and cut it off. The goat instantly vanished, but the beard being thrown into the fire would not burn; a circumstance which is rightly interpreted as proof that the animal was a demon. Seeing a group of fragrant Billies and straddling Nannies, who now recognizes them as what they probably are—visiting statesmen from the lower world?

You are walking down the street; you meet a bent and bearded old hag, "beated and chopped with tanned antiquity," riding a broomstick. Her eyes shine with a cold, malevolent lustre, like the reflection of a candle in the nail-heads of a coffin. Her gray hair, foul with dirt, trickles bitterly down her skinny shoulders to loosely spend itself amongst the eminences of her bony back. Her shred of raiment is bedraggled; her great shoes clap and scuffle on the stones; she croons to herself an evil ditty, with rhymes not of this earth and in the devil's own metre. Now how—precisely how do you know this apparition is one of the *Post's* talented contributors, and no witch?

In the very form in which he afterward strove with Dr. Luther, Satan, no doubt, once strutted about in the streets of Imperial Rome, just as he now does in those of San Francisco. But he was then mistaken for the Court Fool of the latest African potentate brought into the city at the chariot wheel of the newest conqueror, just as in San Francisco he is now mistaken for Brigadier-General McComb.

I remember Heine somewhere mentions a belief that when, in their dismal wanderings, ghosts meet human beings the dead are as much alarmed as the living. Lord knows why the poor devils should fear and avoid us; they carry no purses. Their reasonless timidity is to me a revelation and

a disappointment, for I had hoped to soon have the happiness of a visit from the disembodied spirit of the brave Mr. Widmer, destroyer of editors. Nothing, it appears, will procure me the pleasure of a second call from his meat and bones.

The rags of humility are not commonly found on the back of the fool—to whom they belong—because they have been borrowed by the knave to deceive their owner.

Mr. Bierstadt proposes to establish in London or Paris a gallery of American art. Any scheme is a good one that will assist in putting the Atlantic ocean between American art and American art students.

They are building steamboats above the Falls of the Missouri. This is the best thing that could happen to that river; the steamboats having been built and equipped it will be necessary to demolish the falls to get them out.

Prowling by night in the disreputable places of New York, taking notes to refresh the memories of the pious, that man o' God, the Rev. Mr. DeWitt Talmage, records the names of the respectables he meets in these evil corners, and threatens them with public exposure. Peodding the revelations, the frightened gentlemen in question (or as the loose-thinking member of Congress had it, "the questionable gentlemen") are forestalling the child of light by publishing their own names, and averring that they visited the temples of sin to have an eye upon the Rev. Mr. Talmage—whose name, in connection with this matter, they swear they will pitilessly suppress.

In this bitterest of quarrels
Lo! the right is hardest hit,
For DeWitt has all the morals
But the sinners have DeWitt.

When one of my paragraphs, writing itself, expires in a pun, I have always the disagreeable feeling of having met a fool and shaken hands with him. I don't like to be thought "stuck up," and I am not unsocial, but really I have an aversion to fools, and am choked by the atmosphere of the plane in which they move. As most of them are in the newspaper business, and many in my department of it, there would seem to be a certain fitness in our occasionally coming together on some common ground of fellowship. The field in which they cull their finest flowers of fancy—that of lying—I am dissuaded by shame from entering, and they never come near enough to the dividing line between it and the truth for me to even shake hands with them through the fence. I have not the skill and experience to collaborate with them in their immortal pictures of low life—can not relate a bout at carpet-beating, a hunt for a lost suspender button, a struggle with a stubborn bureau drawer, an attempt at compiling a stove-pipe, the decapillation of a hen-pecked husband, nor the overthrow of a dry goods salesman in a slangywhanging match with a vulgar beast of a she granger. Amongst the tubs and towels, soiled linen and soapy odors, of the literary scullery from which the "funny men" delight to draw their inspirations, "when fond recollection presents them to view," I should feel *de trop*. I am not proud; but pray, my good men, where are we to meet? There remains the pun.

Hail, peerless Pun! thou last, and best,
Most rare and excellent bequest
Of Dying Idiot to the wit
He died of, rat-like, in a pit!

Thyself disguised, in many a way
Thou let'st thy suddeo splendor play,
Adorning all where'er it turns,
As the revealing bull's eye burns,
Of the dim thief, and plays its trick
Upon the lock he means to pick.

Yet sometimes, too, thou dost appear
As boldly as a brigadier,
Tricked out with marks and signs, all o'er,
Of rank, brigade, division, corps,
To show by every means he can
An officer is not a man;
Or naked, with a lordly swagger,
As proud as cur without a waggon,
Who says: "See simple worth prevail—
All dog, sir—not a bit of tail!"
'Tis then men give thee loudest welcome,
As if thou wert a soul from hell come.

O obvious Pun! thou hast the grace
Of skeleton clock without a case—
With all its vitals and arrayed
Intestines modestly displayed.

Dear Pun, you're common ground of bliss,
Where fools and I can meet and kiss;
Than thee my wit shall stoop no low't—
No higher theirs did ever soar.

Gratitude is a dog licking the hand of the bread-giver. There may be a few crumbs adhering to the fingers.

Beerstretcher wants the Constitution to "provide" that a man shall support and educate his illegitimate child. His part of it, I suppose, is meant.

A proposed article, section, chapter, stanza, sonnet, or whatever it is, of the Constitution denies the right of suffrage to all who employ Chinese. This is the shortest and sharpest way of dealing with "the Irish vote" that has yet been suggested.

A LETTER FROM A SUMMER RAMBLER.

There is wailing in the house by the sea, and moaning in the halls thereof; S. crying for her morning dip, and M. weeping for her noon-day bath, and neither will be comforted because they are not! The long, lazy days of July and August and September have drifted away—our summer idyl is ended. No more running down into the sea, between hedges of wild rose and azalias, crushing with bare feet clover blossoms and sweet fern, and carrying away on our bathing-dresses their perfume to soften the intenser salt-sea scent of the ocean; no more garnering up of lily-pod shields with alternate faces of ruby and emerald, each one uplifting a crest of ivory, rose-tintured at the heart; no more fingers stained with purple, blue, or red, as we rush along lanes blockaded by tangled vines beaded with myriad-dyed fruitage; no more crabbing in a leaky boat, returning at dusky twilight, crowned with sea-weed, wet and ocean-scented, but, alas! minus the crabs; no more sailing in a yacht, all white from stem to stern, a veritable bride of the waves, shining like a silver galley in a sea of sapphire; no more trips to town in a toy steamer, so low that our hands may feel the cool laps of the water as we hurry along; no more picnicking at the Grove, or junketings on Pirate's Rock, or indolent ramblings on the banks of the Thames, or swinging in a hammock reading a deliciously silly novel, or glancing upward through the green gleam of some dewy-tasseled tree to fix in memory the flamboyant description of an impossible hero or heroine. Ah, me! our gala-days are over, and a red stone marks the final fitting-place of all their vanished joys! Happily for us, we have been spending the summer with friends, and can say nothing of sea-side life from the fashionable view-point. The house in which we lived is of cool gray stone, and looks as if it might have been evolved out of the inner consciousness of the granite foundation from which it seems literally to grow, so lovingly has nature accepted it as her own. Ivy folds green arms about it on one side, while woodbine creeps to the roof on the other; delicately tinted lichens, brilliant fungi, and pretty mosses embroider the surface, the soft gray tint of which throws them up in the daintiest of *basso-reliefs*. The great ocean, changeless, yet ever changing, chanted its grand psalm unceasingly through the busy day and the still hours of the night. In early morning, we watched the stately ships, and the lovely yachts, and the tiny sail-boats, all flitting along the iridescent splendor of the water like a flash of ivory butterflies; at evening we sat on the rocks that creep out into the sea, and sang or dreamed—while our host touched softly the guitar—through the sunsets, the twilights, and the gloamings, that succeeded each other in the unmatched loveliness of their daily procession. The other night we had an atmospheric miracle. The waves have sculptured that part of the coast over which the gray roof of our friend seems to brood into the perfectest possible semi-circle about a mile and a half in extent. Above the whole expanse of the ocean, as far as the eye could reach, lay a cloud of the richest, deepest carmine. Its peculiarity, after the rare coloring, was the uniform tint and texture throughout. No fainter hues broke the opaque magnificence which hung like a rosy canopy over the water. The pick reflection from above meeting the wine-colored waves made them look as if sheathed in glittering coral, the effect of which was heightened by a tiny strip of azure which the cloud curtain did not cover. The contrast between the rich red and the shining blue was wonderful. It was, doubtless, the most remarkable phenomenon ever seen by those who gazed upon it, awe-struck and entranced by its marvelous loveliness. We have had many delightful visitors from town to enjoy with us our dreamy seaside *dolce far niente*. Among others William Winter, one of the editors of the *Tribune*, and author of a volume of dainty poems, which he has baptized "Thistle-down." It is an "airy fairy Lillian" sort of book, rich with the perfumed effervescence peculiar to young poets, and giving rare promise of purple vintages and yellow harvests hereafter. The English critics place him very high, detecting in his writings a racy originality strikingly American. The poems remind me of the mingled music of old George Herbert and wicked, witty Herrick (the wickedness left out, however,) and I can fancy a pretty quarrel between the two granting Spiritualism and its materialistic control as to which shall enthrall him. Farjeon spent a day or two with us. He is a frank, whole-souled, cheery Englishman, with slightly-suggested Hebraic features, and a fearless, outspoken expression of countenance, eminently Anglo-Saxon. We used to sit on the rocks during the moonlight nights of June listening to his bright flow of words, with whose indolent monotone the sand-kissing waves kept time. Many a racy anecdote did he relate to us during these moonlight *stances* of the noted men and women that he had met. Among these were several of Dickens—whom he knew intimately—that have never been in print, and which I may tell you also some day. He was intending, when we last saw him, to go to San Francisco, in order to meet his celebrated father-in-law, the immortal Rip Van Winkle. I have just arrived at a quaint old New England village, where I used to visit when a girl. It is the Sleepy Hollow of the East. One of the villagers said to me the other day that "fifty years from now the wolves would be howling through its vast forests and tangled shrubbery." There seems to be some strange spell over the place which forces its young people to rush away from it as soon as they can possibly raise the money to do so. And yet its glens, and waterfalls, and mountain peaks, are of rare loveliness. "But the people, ah! the people!" Where I left ebony, gold, and amber, I find grey and silver; for rose-bloom, sallowness; for dimples and peach contours, hollowness and wrinkles; for the lithe gracefulness and round forms of youth, bowed backs and trembling limbs. "Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!" as Charles Read says. But the kindly hearts were fresh and loving as ever, and they had graciously kept green the memory of the absent.

E. O. N. E.
LEVERETT, Mass., October 10.

There are three things that no man can keep—a point on a pencil, a pointed joke, and an appointment with the dentist. There are three things which all men borrow—postage stamps, cigarettes, and car tickets. There are three things no woman can do—cross before a horse, hurry for a horse-car and understand the difference between ten minutes and half an hour.

PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

L'amour est une goutte céleste que les cieux ont versé dans le calice de la vie pour en corriger l'amertume.

—Craignez l'amour, disait Laure à sa fille,
C'est un serpent, un monstre, un monstre affreux!
L'illite à quinze ans, et fillette gentille,
Doit redouter ses venins dangereux.
Or, si jamais l'ennemi furieux,
Pret à piquer, se présente à vos yeux,
Que ferez-vous pour parer son atteinte?
Je le fuirai. —Mais il vous poursuivra?
—Oh bien! maman, n'ayez aucune crainte,
S'il me poursuit, j'olîn me défendra.

Il y a dans nous un obstacle au parfait bonheur. C'est l'ennui des choses que nous possédons, et le désir de celles que nous n'avons pas. —*Mme. de Rieux.*

L'amour, l'inquiétude et le chagrin cheminent toujours ensemble.

En amour, le hasard est un grand maître. Ayez toujours l'hameçon prêt, et dans l'endroit que vous soupçonnez le moins, vous trouverez du poisson. —*Ovide.*

Les femmes sont plus heureuses de l'amour qu'elles insistent que de l'amour qu'elles éprouvent. Les hommes sont tout le contraire. —*Rockeford.*

Ce qu'un homme a mérité un an, une femme le reverse en un jour. —*Démétrius.*

Tant que le cœur garde des désirs, l'esprit garde des illusions. —*Chateaubriand.*

Quand on songe à tout ce que les femmes apportent de tendresse, de sollicitude, de protection, de grâce, de charme, de bonheur, ou, du moins, de consolation dans la vie de l'homme, on est tenté de ne plus parler aux femmes que tête nue, à deux genoux, le front plongé dans les poussière. —*Louis Desnoyers.*

—Si vous négligez votre toilette, disait-on à une jeune fille, vous ne vous marierez jamais. —Eh bien! répondit-elle étourdiment, je ferai comme ma mère, je resterai fille.

Vous aimeriez mon Aspasie,
Si, comme moi, vous pouviez voir
Combien la friponne est jolie,
Sur son sofa, dans son boudoir.
Elle est coquette, elle est volage,
Mais je ne veux pas le savoir;
Quelle est la femme qui soit sage
Sur son sofa, dans son boudoir?

Tous les trésors de la terre ne valent pas le bonheur d'être aimé. —*Caldéron.*

Les amants qui se disputent s'adorent.

On demandait un jour dans une compagnie quelle était la vertu la plus nécessaire aux femmes. Presque, toutes furent d'avis que c'était la chasteté; il n'y en eut qu'une qui répondit: Vous vous trompez, Mesdames, c'est la discrétion. J'ai soixante ans, et j'ai la réputation d'avoir été sage; il n'y a que moi qui sache si cela est.

—Eh quoi! Madame, disait un vieux Céladon à une jeune femme, vous serez donc toujours cruelle; pas le plus petit serrement de main! pas la moindre petite faveur! Vous ne me donnerez donc jamais rien? —Moi! Monsieur, mais, pardon, je vous donne soixante ans, et les mois de nourrice.

Un jeune homme se promenant à la campagne avec une jeune dame de sa connaissance lui dit en lui présentant une pomme qu'il venait de cueillir dans un jardin:

Comme Paris, je suis berger;
Comme Vénus, vous êtes belle;
Comme lui, je viens de juger;
Voulez-vous me payer comme elle?

A un bal masqué, une dame très-décolletée portait un costume aquatique. —Que représentez-vous? lui demanda un invité. —La mer. —Ah! ah! à marée basse, alors?

Pourquoi diable vous mariez-vous? disait un jour le Cardinal de Coislin au vieux Duc de Lesdiguières. —Eh parbleu! comme tout le monde, pour avoir des enfants. —Des enfants! répliqua le cardinal. Ah! Monsieur le duc, votre femme est bien vertueuse!

Ce vêtement noir que portent aujourd'hui les hommes est un symbole terrible. Pour en venir là, il a fallu que les armures tombassent pièce à pièce, et les broderies fleurs à fleurs. C'est la raison humaine qui a renversé toutes les illusions, mais elle porte le deuil afin qu'on la console. —*Alfred de Musset.*

L'amour est le fils de la pauvreté et du dieu des richesses. De la pauvreté, parce qu'il demande toujours; du dieu des richesses, parce qu'il est libéral. —*Platon.*

L'amour est l'architecte de l'univers. —*Hésiode.*

Jadis, on languissait, on brûlait, on mourait d'amour; aujourd'hui, on en parle, on en jase, on le fait, et, le plus souvent, on l'achète. —*Jouy.*

Quand l'idéal a fui, quand la foi manque à tout,
Fleur au divin parfum, l'amour seul est debout.

L'amour est un malicieux aveugle qui ne cherche qu'à crever les yeux de son guide pour s'égarer tous deux ensemble.

Il est si beau d'aimer et d'être aimé que cet hymne de la vie peut se modular à l'infini sans que le cœur en éprouve de lassitude. —*Mme. de Staël.*

October 26, 1878.

L. G. J. DE FINOD.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

A lone association—An old maid's club.

How to manage a wife—Remain single.

The latest London belle is an Irish lass, and her name is Gibbins.

The famous mare, "Folly," daughter of "Fashion," has had twins.

The world without woman would be a perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

A child thus defines gossip: "It's when nobody don't do nothing, and somebody goes and tells it."

If a lady runs against you in the street, apologize. She expects it. It is the custom of the country.

There are actresses who are always recognized of that profession when off the stage, but never on.

The divorced wife of a Boston bowling-saloon-keeper is suing to get some alley-money from her former husband.

A young lady in tears said she had just left a bed side. When asked if a friend was ill, replied sweetly: "Oh, no, it was an onion bed."

A tiny thread of gold supporting a solitary diamond is the latest style of engagement ring. It is so everlastingly sweet, and so easily broken.

Lady—"And how long have you been out of place?" Lady help (indignant at "out of place")—"I have been malapropos only a few weeks, madam."

A woman's back hair has just been turned to a profitable account. A Mrs. Meade, of Muskegon, Michigan, was shot at recently, and the ball lodged in her French twist.

"Why do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa." "What is that?" "Why, to help me draw my beau."

Vassar College has two Japanese girls, and the Philadelphia *Chronicle* says it is an affecting sight to see the American girls teaching them how to slide down the "bannisters."

Some girls up in Worcester dosed with sweetened flour a fellow who bored them, and made him think he had taken arsenic. He took an emetic, and they arsenickering about it yet.

A Frenchman has opened a Hymeneal Academy in which young ladies are taught the marriage service, with all the sighs and sobs and hysterics, in three easy lessons. A good scheme.

An exchange says a pretty female lobbyist, when she commences to weep, generally wins a Congressman over to her side. From this it would appear that Congress is partially run by water-power.

It has been discovered that the New England lady who spelled six hundred and fifty words out of the word "congregationalist," has never learned to make a loaf of bread out of yeast and flour.

"Do you mean to say, positively, madam," said a lawyer to a witness, "that the person referred to never left his native village after the day of his marriage?" "I do." "How do you know he never did?" "Because I saw him buried in the village graveyard the same afternoon."

A young lady called at one of our music stores the other day and asked for something new in piano music. The clerk asked her if it made any difference how many sharps there were in the piece. "Oh, no," she replied, "not in the least, for if there is more than two, I always scratch them out with my penknife."

A Peoria man trained his loving wife to get up and build the fire. His wife went away to visit some friends, and the next morning he tried his system of household management on his mother-in-law, and the coroner hung around his bedside for hours, though the doctor assured him there would be no occasion for an inquest.

A barber's apprentice in Hungary cut his throat because a girl would not marry him. He was taken to the hospital at Ratisbon and cured. It subsequently proved that the operation his larynx had undergone had given him a fine tenor voice, which he improved by practice, and he is now singing at the Opera House in Vienna.

A St. Louis young man's chance of marrying an heiress to whom he was engaged was spoiled by the use of his diary as evidence in a lawsuit. The record showed that he frequently called on other girls, that he had been rejected by two of them since his betrothal to her, and that he had borrowed money, to be repaid when he got hold of her purse.

About a century ago, an insurance company at Madrid took the Virgin Mary into formal partnership, covenanting to set aside her portion of the profits for the enrichment of her shrine in the city. Not doubting that she would protect every vessel in which she had so manifest an interest, they underwrote ships of all sorts at such reduced rates that in a few months the parties were all declared bankrupts!

A Palmer, Massachusetts, youth took a minister to the house of his expected bride the other day to have the ceremony performed, but the fickle girl preferred one of the guests to the bridegroom. The guest procured a team to take the girl to ride and think it over. He concluded he was not ready for matrimony and proceeded to get drunk. The girl did not get a husband, the bridegroom did not get a wife, the guest lost his reason in a drunken stupor, and the minister lost his fee.

Mrs. M. is beautiful, rich, and fashionable, but is unable to read. One day, while calling upon her friend, Mrs. B., she perceived a richly bound copy of the Bible, and smilingly inquired if she might take it home and read it. Wondering much, Mrs. B. assented, and one week later the book was returned. "Were you pleased with it?" asked Mrs. B., dryly. The sweet blue eyes of Mrs. M. fairly sparkled with pleasure. "Oh, my dear friend, it is a charming novel. They got married at last!"

INTAGLIOS.

The Death of the White Heron.

I pulled my boat with even sweep
Across light shoals and eddies deep,
Tracking the currents of the lake
From lettuce raft to weedy brake.
Across a pool, death-still and dim,
I saw a monster reptile swim.
And caught, far off and quickly gone,
The delicate outlines of a fawn.
Above the marshy islands flew
The green teal and the swift curlew.
The rail and dunlin drew the hem
Of lily-bonnets over them;
I saw the tufted wood-duck pass
Between the clumps of water-grass.
All round the gunwales and across
I draped my boat with Spanish moss,
And, lightly drawn from head to knee,
I hung gay air-plants over me;
Then, lurking like a savage thing,
That meditates a treacherous spring,
I stood in motionless suspense
Among the rushes green and dense.
I kept my bow half drawn, a shaft
Set straight across the velvet bait,
Alert and vigilant I stood,
Scanning the lake, the silver weed,
I heard a murmur soft and sad
From water-weed to lily-pad,
And from the frondous pines did ring
The hammer of the golden-wing.
On old drift-logs the bitterns stood,
Dreaming above the silent flood,
The water-turkey eyed my boat,
The hideous snake-bird coiled its throat,
And birds whose plumage shone like flame—
Wild things whose glances suddenly, strangely tame—
Lit near me; but I heeded not,
They could not tempt me to a shot.
Grown tired at length, I bent the oars
By grassy briks and shady shores,
Through labyrinth and mysteries,
Mid dusky cypresses stems and knees,
Until I reached a spot I knew
Over which each day the herons flew.
I heard a whisper sweet and keen
Flow through the fringe of rushes green
(The water saying some light thing,
The rushes gaily answering).
The wind drew faintly to the south,
Like breath blown from a sleeper's mouth,
And down its currents sailing low
Came a lone heron white as snow.
He dived with grandly spreading wing
The hazy sunshine of the spring;
Through graceful curves he swept above
The gloomy moss-hung cypress-grove;
Then gliding down a long incline,
He flashed his golden eyes on mine.
Half-trembled, he poised himself in air.
The prize was great, the mark was fair;
I raised my bow and steadily drew
The silken string, until I knew
My trusty arrow's barbed point
Lay on my left fore-finger-point—
Then I felt the feather seek
My ear, swift drawn across my cheek;
Until from my fingers leapt the string
With sharp recoil and deadly ring,
Closed by a sibillant sound so shrill
It made the very water thrill:
Like twenty serpents bound together
Hissed the flying arrow's feather!
A thud, a puff, a feather ring,
A quick collapse, a quivering—
A whirl, a headlong downward dash,
A heavy fall, a sullen plash,
And like white foam, or giant flake
Of snow, he lay upon the lake!
And of his death the rail was glad,
Strutting upon the lily-pad;
The jaunty wood-duck smiled and bowed,
The belted kingfisher laughed aloud,
Making the solemn bittern stir
Like a half-wakened slumberer;
And rapturous notes of joy I heard
From gallinule and crying bird,
The while with treble note did ring
The hammer of the golden-wing.

MAURICE THOMPSON, in his *Witchery of Archery*.

Good-Bye.

The deepest snows can melt away;
Dark clouds can dim the sunniest day;
Both stranger things than this, that I
Can say good-bye.

The broadest streams can dry in drought,
The clearest faith give room to doubt;
The rule holds everywhere—don't cry;
What's in "Good-bye!"

Our bond was not so firm or strong—
A silken fater snarl ere
A passing fancy fledged to fly
With brief good-bye.

To call such love puts Love to shame;
Let who will lightly speak his name,
We cannot, even when death draws nigh,
Bid Love good-bye.

Though casual clouds obscure the sky,
Fortuitous streams at length run dry,
Heedless we mark no question why—
Kiss and good-bye.

Ah, dear, if all our loves like this
Could end in one half-careless kiss,
One touch of hands, no after-sigh,
One brief "Good-bye!"

Then would the marks of what hath been
Be wholly done away, I ween;
When years and distance should let die
That knell "Good-bye."

Well, well—the worst I wish you now
Is this, that those you make to bow
May not *all* come to say, as I,
"My dear, good-bye." JOHN MORAN.

Thy Duty.

If thou canst speak one little word
To cheer thy brother on his way,
Then fearless let thy voice be heard,
Perchance 'twill change his night to day.

If thou canst lend a helping hand
To aid his footsteps up the steep,
Then fail thou not, thy angel-hand
Will give thee strength, and nearer keep.

If thou canst give one ray of hope
To him, when sinking in despair,
Perchance 'twill prove a saving rope;
Fail not to do thy duty there.

If thou canst do a kindly deed,
Fail not to act the helper's part;
No matter what thy brother's creed,
He'll feel thy kindness in his heart.

If thou canst lift a fallen one,
Who journeys on in paths of sin,
Be sure in this thy duty's done,
Though thou no earthly crown may win.

If thou thyself grow faint and weak,
And long for rest and earthly love,
List thou to words the angels speak:
"Thy rest shall be with us above."

HORACE M. RICHARDS.

HOW TO FURNISH A HOME.

Every toiling, energetic business man some time in the future expects a home with all the modern comforts and conveniences that money can procure. The nearer the time approaches adds to his pleasure in anticipation. Success he wants in business—for what? That he may some time be surrounded not only with the comforts, but the luxury of a home in the true sense of the word. The house he shall buy may be a brown stone, or marble palace, constructed with all the beauty and grandeur of modern architecture; fitted it may be in royal splendor. Every room must have gas and water, with all the conveniences that modern civilization presents. He goes naturally to a first-class establishment to procure gas fixtures combining utility with elegance. He must have chandeliers, drop-lights, etc., for hall, parlors, salon, bedrooms, etc., not forgetting the hot and cold water bath, which must be located in the most convenient spot for comfort and true luxury, possibly near the family bed-room. He wants the latest improvements in these important home comforts. For hall and stairway niches the neatest modern designs are bronze statuary of Perseus and other mythological characters; also statuary representing styles in dress of the middle ages, making, in their picturesque attire, beautiful and rich ornaments, at the same time performing their offices as necessary articles of household furniture. In chandeliers, instead of the bronze, which still seems to be in favor, we have gold and silver-plated designs, ornamented with cut-glass. For wall fixtures, silver again prevails in all the newest designs, also polished brass and bronze. Elegance seems to be sought after in this department as well as utility. Drop-lights, in rich and rare designs of animals, miniature statuary, in silver, gold, and bronze, add much to the comfort and beauty of each room. At the establishment of Bush & Scudder, 22 Post Street, we found all the latest designs, novelties, etc., in this department.

With Carpets and Furniture.

Every man has his ideal of a home, and in fitting up his new domicile his taste will be displayed in the selection of carpets and furniture. A well-furnished home means comfort, combined with beauty and utility. In making his choice in carpeting, he will find that the French Moquettes have assumed complete sway in this department. The latest designs in this beautiful production of the French looms are all in soft colors, combining by their delicate figures upon a light back ground that poetry in sentiment for which the French novelties are so celebrated. In selecting rugs, Turkish, Persian and Indian patterns, with their rich modern and antique designs and contrast in color, will add to the air of elegance and comfort presented by the light and almost ethereal tints of the moquette. In satin draperies the favorites now being used are blue and rose colors. Brocades for the library are mostly in solid colors, green and gold, and crimson and gold. Lace and Nottingham curtains are used sparingly in parlors, but mostly in bed-room trimmings. In furniture will be found true luxury, the frames being hid beneath their elegant cushions, which are covered with raw silks, satins and tapestries of Persian and Turkish patterns, with puffings and trimmings contrasting in color. The fashionable tints are light blue, gray, cardinal and green, corresponding with the carpets. The patterns in coverings for furniture are marvelous in their execution and beauty. Luxury in easy chairs are to be found in the French patent rockers, conversational, Hindoo, and scroll back chairs—durability being an element not forgotten, thereby doing away with furniture of that fragile nature so profitable to furniture dealers. The soft, yielding cushion upon solid frames, involuntarily bring upon one a delightful feeling of perfect ease and comfort. In lounges, the same perfect harmony in utility, comfort, and luxury are found. Truly may we say the American people have attained to true luxury, combining American and English durability with the comforts of luxurious Turkey and contented Persia, and the abandon of French luxuriousness. In bedding, the spiral and later improvements in spring mattresses have entirely superseded every other form of bed—downy couches being one of the things of the past. We are indebted to the firm of J. W. Burnham & Co., carpet and furniture dealers, 15 to 17 Post and 618 Market Streets, for the above information, and where we found all the latest luxuries in this department.

With Paintings, Engravings, Etc.

No home is worthy of the name without the necessary wall ornaments in paintings and steel engravings. Where one can afford it the works of the great masters are the most desirable, and in their absence steel engravings in elegant frames should not be overlooked. Chromos are indeed excellent copies, but the true works of art are from the painters' brush or engravers' handiwork on steel. We observed a rich oil painting from the hands of William M. Harnett, representing a worn copy of the works of Shakespeare, bound in calf—the rough, furry appearance of the binding rests a written letter, inkstand, and pen, while on the left lies a pile of gold notes and gold and silver coin—the representation being as near perfection as the hand of art can produce. This gem of art can be seen at the establishment of A. Currier, 103 Dupont Street, recently removed from 225 Kearny Street. We observed here also some fine steel engravings and other oil paintings. For mantel ornaments we noticed also a fine assortment in gold-gilt portrait and picture frames; also, richly carved Swiss frames in orange wood, fine fire-gilt embossed frames with opening doors, paintings on porcelain, photographs of all the statesmen, orators, writers, and poets of Europe found in the Dresden gallery, of which these are copies.

The Sewing Machine.

Next comes the sewing machine without which no household is complete. For information relative to this really indispensable article of household furniture we called at the general agency for the Pacific Coast of the Singer Manufacturing Company (the leading sewing machine manufacturers of the world) at No. 118 Sutter Street, where we were shown a full line of these new family sewing machines in various styles of cabinet work and ornamentation, and at prices ranging from forty to one hundred and sixty dollars. The only difference between the cheapest and the most costly machine is in the cabinet work and ornamentation, the mechanical parts being made exactly alike, and the cheapest machine will do the finest work as well as the most elaborately ornamented sewing machine.

The Cutlery Department.

In the cutlery line some of the newest designs are silver-plated knives and forks with pearl and ivory handles. Carving knives and forks in steel, of the most perfect make, plated with silver, have assumed new designs in the shape of the handle made of solid ivory, plain and carved; also, carving knife, fork, and steel, with handles made of deer's horn, carved in new and elegant designs combining beauty and perfection—some of the latest with deer's horn handles being tipped with silver, and carved into the most fantastic and elegant patterns. We noticed also in this department a novel invention termed the skewer-puller, silver-plated, with elegant ivory handle; also, some neat designs in silver-plated cheese scoopers, lemon-squeezers in ebony and rosewood with rich ornaments in silver, and cork screws with pure ivory handles. In plated ware we note the shell design for cake basket, and castors plain as well as neatly carved in solid and plated silver. The novelties in napkin rings are almost endless. The half-egg-shaped ring with carvings seem to be the latest. Ladies work cases, containing dainty scissors, thimble, etc., have apparently reached perfection. The firm of Will & Finck, 768 Market Street, representing this department, received the highest premium at the Mechanics' Fair, and also at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, against numerous competitors in their specialties in cutlery. Their workmanship, therefore, stands unrivaled; and, in furnishing a house, it is but justice to state that purchasers should call at this establishment where they may see and purchase all the novelties in this department that will stand the wear and tear of housekeeping. For holidays some new specialties will be seen at this establishment.

The Piano.

In this age of culture and refinement one of the necessary pieces of furniture is the piano. While there are numerous cheap pianos in the market it behooves one in selecting to obtain at least one of the best, possessing, above all other qualities, that of durability. Depth and richness in tone being valuable qualities, still another more important quality must be taken into consideration. The climate of California puts to the severest test the materials used in the construction of furniture, and more especially that of pianos. The delicate mechanism of pianos requires the most diligent care in their construction. The wood must be perfectly seasoned, or the changes of temperature will soon render this one of the most desirable of home comforts valueless. The first quality of English steel wire, ivory, felt, veneers, and perfectly-seasoned woods must be used. The great reputation of the Chickering Pianos is a guarantee of its possession of the qualities above mentioned. The purchase of a piano is usually a lifetime investment, therefore great care should be exercised in the selection. Of all nuisances that deprive sensitive people of home happiness, a rickety, untuned piano is the most exasperating. Let beauty, elegance, grandeur of tone preside over the music of the piano, and true enjoyment follows its introduction into the household. Economy is a very valuable goddess to preside over a home, and economy certainly dictates to the common sense of every piano purchaser to obtain the best at the lowest rates attainable. Music renders life happy when sentiment, delicacy, and refinement swell upon the sacred atmosphere of the home. We are indebted to L. K. Hammer, agent for the Chickering Piano, 81 Post Street, for the above valuable information, and freely give it to the readers of the ARGONAUT. At this establishment the best grade of the Chickering Piano may be obtained, possessing the above qualities, at great reduction in prices.

According to M. Emile de Laveleye, a distinguished Belgian economist, the precious metals are getting scarce, or are no longer in the same ratio to the commerce of the world. The consequence, he thinks, will be a general fall in prices, and a consequent advance in the purchasing power of money. The two metals now increase annually but 850,000,000 of francs, while some years ago they increased over a milliard. M. Laveleye places the industrial consumption of the metals at 230,000,000 of francs, the annual wear of coin at 250,000,000, and the sum annually required to settle the balance of trade with the East at 250,000,000; making in all a total annual loss of 780,000,000 of francs, leaving only 70,000,000 of francs for the increase of trade and population. These figures have, however, been vigorously disputed, but even if correct, the writer has left out of account the numerous substitutes for coin, and the probability that Brazil, Peru, Central Asia, Siberia, and Central Africa contain grand reserves of precious metals.

What was it that Thaddeus of Warsaw?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*. What kind of grub was it that Henry VIII.?—*Wheeling Leader*. What did Darwin?—*Kennebunk Star*. Whom did Gladstone?—*Bellair Phonograph*. What did Count Schouvaloff?—*Burlington Hawkseye*. Which is Beaconsfield?—*New York Star*. How did Admiral Popoff?—*New York Era*. What did Oliver Twist? What did Harriet B. Stowe? How did Henry Ward Beecher? Where did Marion Harland? In whose back yard does Professor David Swing? What does Joseph Cook? What made Mark Twain? What has become of England's great Cole-ridge? Does any one really believe that Robert Burns? What does Whitelaw Reid? Who drinks Fitz-John Porter? What does Smith Ely? What will U. S. Grant? Who knows how much Rutherford B. Hayes? Does William M. 'Evarts? Two or three hundred more crowded out for lack of room.

A romantic story is being told of one of the members of Gilmore's Band, which has just returned from Europe. While they were in Berlin, and at one of their most crowded concerts, a lady screamed, "It is he," and fainted. A German Countess, of great wealth and social distinction, had recognized her long absent son as a member of the American orchestra, whom she supposed to be dead. He had spent a fortune in dissipation, and as a last resort made his musical culture available, no one among his conferees suspecting his rank and former position. Too proud to write of his position to his family, they had given up the hope of hearing from him again. The band were playing "The Invitation to Dance" when this little scene occurred, and very soon papa—the Count (the name is not given)—led the wanderer to his mother and sister, who embraced him with emotional fondness and exclamations of joy. It is said that Gilmore has lost one of his cleverest musicians by this recognition.

In the town where homes are darkest and coldest at eventide, saloons are warmest and brightest.

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RETURNED.

HAVING RETURNED FROM THE East, I respectfully announce to my friends and the public that I shall resume practice on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5th, 1878,

S. W. DENNIS, M. D., DENTIST,
No. 33 KEARNY STREET.

R. C. MOWBRAY, M. D., DENTIST
224 STOCKTON ST., corner Post, S. F.

JOHN BACON & COMPANY



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 30, 1878.

MY DEAR MADON.—Have you not sometimes wondered whether there is not a species of Yankee vendetta between the Longfellow and Rice families, which will account for this second attack on the great poet. Some malignant being once observed, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," but to burlesque the book after it has been written is a greater refinement of malice. Fortunately, the wit of the Rice libretto is of so peculiarly mild a type that it has not succeeded in making either *Evangelina* or *Hiaratha* less beautiful, and the reader of the poems will be quite unaffected by the literary sacrifice of the Boston composer. However, I make no doubt his intentions were honorable, and tended rather to the amusement of the public and to repleting the Rice exchequer, than to any design whatever upon the poet of Amherst. I must confess Mr. Rice has a pretty musical taste. Some of the numbers of *Evangelina* were charming, though lost in that vast blue and white opera expanse; and *Hiaratha*, though less ambitious, is a continuation in the same groove. Indeed, every man nowadays travels in but one groove. The race has so multiplied that ideas are like boarding-house pie—they go around only once. It is easy to tell which chords are most melodious to the Rice ear, for they occur too frequently to be mistaken. The choicest notes of "Sweet the song of birds in spring time" echo, in the chorus of a very extraordinary duet between Mr. and Mrs. "Lo," and twenty familiar strains, bring the luckless *Evangelina* troupe back to memory. I admire Mr. Rice as a plagiarist. His boldness challenges admiration; for who else would have dared to place the first strains of the old time melody of "Jennie who lives in the Dell" under so transparent a disguise as "Into the Water we go" while a dozen other Boucicaultian eccentricities exist one into a haze of perplexity with trying to recall the original air out of which the new was manufactured. *Hiaratha* is not so bad as *Evangelina* in this matter, but then *Hiaratha* is not so good as *Evangelina* in any other. I like the troupe much better. Miss Webster is a shapely little woman, but couldn't sing, and the remainder of the ladies were not worth mentioning. Alice Harrison is an infinitely better actress, and can sing some; although, as a *prima donna*, her style is unique. Poor little Alice! People wondered the first night what was the matter, and feared that it was a bad case of Boston reindeerment, but it turned out to be a bad cold instead; and she was obliged temporarily to wit draw from the east, so that we shall not yet be able to know what transformation Boston has wrought. It has left Mr. Metayer quite unchanged. I do not remember ever before to have seen this individual in a part which measured him so accurately. He is really rather a clever burlesque actor since, in his new province, he finds full play for the peculiar qualities of his acting, with which you are too painfully familiar to make it necessary for me to recapitulate them. I assure you, Madge, that I sit better upon "Lo," the poor Indian, than upon the legitimate characters over which you used to groan. I may remark of him, that Boston or any other degree of refinement and he do not seem to have encountered each other upon the trip. There is one really delightful singer in the troupe in the person of a Miss Louise Searle, whose name, I am quite sure, I have seen among some of the English opera companies in the East. She is quite pretty, in a characterless way, and in pink silk and spangles reminds me of a French doll sitting open-eyed in a toy window at Christmas time. She has no natural vivacity, no *chic*. In fact, she reminds me, as many women on the stage do, of a neat home-made garment. There is nothing of the striking, of the bizarre, which footlight people cultivate so acutely. But there is a fresh ring to her voice which makes one love to hear her, and her musical abilities are far beyond the ordinary standard of a burlesque troupe. Also, she has a gentle and most transparent desire to please, which recommended her at once, and she was already a favorite when the curtain fell upon the first act of the incomparable dullness of *Hiaratha*, for *Hiaratha*, there is no disputing, is dull. I do not think it would be possible to brighten it up much, even if the troupe had not been fresh from the rigors of a disagreeable trip, delayed arrival, and an inhospitable mate. Its puns are feeble and stale, and its situations are not amusing, although the author has introduced the play within the play, which latterly has grown to be a specialty in dramatic writing. I think Mr. Rice must agree with Owen Meredith, that "old things are best," for he utilizes yet once again the pasteboard dumb-bells and weights, and the wooden horse, which have become standing properties in a minstrel troupe. I do not think a patient public would have endured the revival of them, but that Willie Edouin was master of ceremonies. He was cast for "William Penn" in that vague elastic way peculiar to burlesques, and perpetrated a series of lightning changes from Quaker to athlete. It is not a part adapted to show Willie Edouin at his best, but he showed himself to be a thorough artist. We are to have him as "Man Friday" next week, in which he made a hit in London, and then I will tell you more about him. I am quite taken with his wife, Alice Atherton, who, as "Mrs. Lo," has a most ungraceful part for a pretty woman. I know she is pretty, for she did her best to make herself look ugly, and did not quite succeed. I fancy that originally she must have been a very time burlesque actress, but she has borrowed a leaf from the book of her lord and master. She manages to hit off the stolidity of the Indian squaw in a very amusing and thoroughly life-like way, and accomplished a very amusing duet with "Mr. Lo," although she has the merest skeleton of a voice. *A propos* of skeletons, or rather skeleton voices, I must tell you of a tiny midget billed as Ella Chapman, who has all the prettiness of Belle, with a little life to make her interesting. She sings a little song, and dances a little dance, and plays a little baby

banjo, and has a wee little voice, and is altogether such a little creature that one feels rather as if they are looking on an infant prodigy than the burlesque actress of the period. I admired her sublime effrontery in singing with such a voice, and there is really a fascination in watching her spidery motions in the dance. These people are generally so awfully solid. The Standard presented a very creditable appearance at its opening. The place had been brightened up wonderfully, and the little stage showed some excellent scenery and decorations from the brush of artist Strauss. The wood scene was particularly good, and the curtain an unquestionably needed novelty. What a merry time of it they are having at the downtown theatres. I believe they have unwisely concluded to withdraw *Fatinizta* after this week, and *Hiaratha* is to be replaced by *Robinson Crusoe*, which, I imagine, will be a change for the better. At the Bush Street Theatre the delightful music of *The Little Duke* is becoming more popular every day. "Poor little man" is all the rage, and so is the minut which gives dignity to the whole opera, and which Mrs. Oates dances in a manner not one bit like a grand seigneur, but in a style of her own, which is very pretty nevertheless. *Proof Positive* up at Baldwin's appears all the gloomier, perhaps, by contrast with all this merry-making down town. They are very lugubrious up there lately, and poor Rose Wood threatens to become a victim of melancholia if they keep her in this line of business much longer. I sometimes wonder why Rose Wood is not a great actress. I have seen her at odd moments when she was worthy a niche in highest places. She is very touching in some lines in *Proof Positive*, but a certain softness and magnetism are lacking which we sometimes find in successful actresses of lesser talent. *Proof Positive* is one of those harrowing plays in which every one is a grand scoundrel except the suffering heroine. She goes through all stages of suffering on account of the machinations of one "Mark Langley," melodiously termed a "tooter" by Mr. Galloway in one of the eccentricities of a very labored style of speaker. Mr. Hemen plays "Mark Langley," and looks more like a butcher boy in his Sunday clothes than a tutor, but acts not badly. He is the discarded lover of the heroine, and you know how long it takes lovers in plays to get over anything of that sort. The misery which the hapless lady is made to undergo is something dreadful. A letter which she writes for a friend is misconstrued, she is suspected of infidelity to her husband, who fires her out—this literally, not slangily. Shooting at his false friend he manages in some way to shoot her eyesight. She wanders forth, her child is stolen from her, she is generally very hard up, and the villain still pursues her. The gates of a lock are left open, she tumbles into the water—a realistic splash is here introduced—and is rescued by her husband, who opportunely returns from Australia for this situation. She has an operation performed on her eyes, and while they are still bandaged she wanders into a drawing-room, stumbles over a dead body, picks up the pistol—just like a woman—and, being found with it, is accused by the "tooter" of murder. By this time the agony was piled so heavily that I could endure no more. I left bathed in tears. The tutor was one of a gang of counterfeiters of which one "Abrams" was the leader. Mr. O'Neill plays "Abrams"—an entirely new departure for him. Some people are unkind enough to say he does not play it well, but I entirely disagree with the grumblers on this occasion, and consider it a remarkably good piece of acting. He sinks his identity completely, has a new voice, a new gait, a new appearance, and all of them minutely well adapted to the character which he assumes. If it were world study—which it certainly is not—I fancy he could make a genuine hit as a character actor. Strange that this budding tragedian, by what seemed at first sight a big stroke of luck, his engagement at the Union Square, has gradually descended from "Iago," "Romeo," and company, through the intermediate swallow-tail coat stage to the personation of an "Abrams." I have a fancy that he and Lewis Morrison changed parts for an experiment. If so, the result has been better for O'Neill than for Morrison, for while there is really no fault to find with the latter his part does not fit him like a glove. "I got a heye like a heagle" has become one of the favorite embellishments in conversation on the street. Gags are odious things, but I must do Mr. O'Neill the justice to say that he managed his gag with good taste, if such a thing be possible, and did not thrust his heagle heye upon the patient listeners to *Positive Proof* with that nauseating pertinacity which is usually peculiar to a gag part. We are to have Clara Morris next week in *Miss Multon*. I trust she has forgotten her morphine pill box. I had the Morris mania very badly at one stage, and would to-day prefer Clara Morris in *Camille* to any actress on the stage, not accepting Modjeska. But there is nothing exhilarating in looking at an actress whose health is so precarious that it is problematical in each scene whether or not she appears in the next. The sensational bulletins of her health which the Eastern papers continued to issue from time to time have injured her to some extent. One can not help looking at her as a house of cards which, under a rude breath, would totter to destruction. However, it is a magnificent genius which is enshrined in so frail a casket, and I am quite longing to see again that broad characteristic brow and those earnest eyes. Jack has laid aside one of his biggest handkerchiefs for me to carry the first night, as he insists that it is perfectly absurd for me to take home a pocketful of the little damp mops, which lasted two minutes by the watch when the fair Clara began to make me miserable. I can not say how she affects him, but I have observed that a great many gentlemen prudently retreat to the doors and blink at her through their opera glasses when the charm begins to work. After all, a theatre cry over a sham woe is very refreshing. I shall tell you know what have *Miss Multon*'s troubles create. Till then adieu.

Yours lovingly,

BETSY B.

Another of those fine sacred concerts, which have afforded so much pleasure and satisfaction to lovers of church music, will take place at the Unitarian Church (Dr. Stebbins') to-morrow (Sunday evening). The proceeds are for the charitable purposes of the "Society for Christian Work"—a society which for the past five years has quietly accomplished much good, its various committees dividing their work most judiciously in caring for the poor and needy, teaching poor children to sew, and in distributing among hospitals, almshouses, and jails reading matter, and other sources of comfort and pleasant occupation. It will undoubtedly receive as liberal a patronage as the concert a year ago, when Miss Cary so generously volunteered her services.

Where can one thoroughly enjoy a swim? At the Terrace Baths, Alameda.

HOW TO FURNISH A HOME.

[CONTINUED FROM ELEVENTH PAGE.]

With Crockery, Glass Ware, Etc.

Although the average American rarely takes time enough to note what he is eating, or from where it comes, yet, overlooking this weakness, we would call the attention of those who desire the comforts of a home to the culinary department. Depression in stocks often affects the stomach, especially if carelessness in not supplying the kitchen with all the latest improvements for culinary purposes has brought on a dyspeptic tendency. We called upon a first-class firm for information on the above subject, and submit to our readers the following: Supposing that one of the latest improvements in ranges had been provided, we found all the necessary additional outfit for this department, in tin and wood ware, trays, etc., at the establishment hereinafter named; also the celebrated horizontal ice cream freezer and Jewett's refrigerator, without which no home can be said to be completely furnished. For the dining-room we observed the following among the substantial and latest: Among the decorated ware of English manufacture the old willow tree pattern still finds its place in this department, at prices ranging from \$35 and upward. When one desires to obtain something more expensive, a very tasty and entirely new ware, called the ivory-ware from its peculiar color, will be found to add to the elegance that should preside over the appointments of dining-room. Another and later design from the establishment of Wedgewood, called the "Banquet" set, neatly decorated with representations of the preparations of the various dishes. Each piece has its appropriate decoration, and is attracting much attention. In glass ware we observed a number of engraved patterns at the establishment of B. Nathan & Co., importers of French china, crockery, glassware, etc., 130 Sutter Street, of this city, where we also found all the above mentioned wares. At this establishment we were informed, by Mr. Dohrmann, that this firm also make a specialty in matching broken sets in glassware, for which purpose they have in their employ one of the best Bohemian artists. Initials, monograms, and various designs are here engraved to order, all of the designs of this establishment. The novelty in glassware has appeared in the rediscovery of one of the lost arts—that of tinting glassware with the colors of the rainbow. The ware subjected to this peculiar process is called the "iridescent." Specimens of this ware collected as antique may be found in the British and Continental museums, where it is highly prized, being a relic of the lost arts. It is only about a year since the rediscovery of the process of its manufacture. As usual the above enterprising firm of this city obtained and introduced this beautiful ware upon this coast. Their first consignment was on hand but a few days when the whole was immediately sold. They at once ordered a new supply, which will be found at their establishment in a short time. For the parlor we found a large assortment of clocks of the latest and neatest designs, with all the improvements in Swiss, English, and American make, at prices within the reach of every one. We also noticed some beautiful bronzes in imitation of the noblest works of art in sculpture. Grouping and single in statuary, for mantle, bracket, and table, we found here in elegant castings. For the bedroom we noted some very neat and elegant cologne sets, jewel boxes, and folding mirrors. For the bath-room we observed quite a novelty in hanging soap dishes. For the garden, the majolica, iron garden vases, and garden seats, with which every garden is supposed to be furnished; and for luxury, in the midst of the flower beds, shrubbery, and trees, should be interspersed statuary and fountains. Of these specimens of American garden luxuries we found some neat and appropriate designs at this establishment.

Genuine Enterprise.

We have watched for some years now, and with great interest, the various business enterprises of San Francisco, seeing many of those which are to-day the leading firms come up, through changes of location and gradual extension of their stock, from modest beginnings to their present positions, and it is with no little pride that we sum up so large a number as the outgrowth of our brief civic existence. But a still more signal evidence of our business enterprise, as a city, is to be found in the launching of new firms on a scale fully equal to that which many others have only just reached through years of effort. A case in point is the firm of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., which will throw open a large and varied stock of dry and fancy goods during the coming week, at their new premises, Nos. 111, 113 and 115 Post Street. This is the first instance in this city, we believe, of a new firm of the magnitude of this one beginning business in an entirely new building, and with a completely new stock. The building itself is a very handsome one outside, commodious and cheerful, having a frontage of fifty feet on Post Street, and running through to Morton street, a depth of 122½ feet more. It stands on the site lately occupied by the Morton House, and is one of the most convenient locations in the city, while its entire appearance architecturally is all that can be desired in the way of solidity as well as elegance of design. The interior is handsomely fitted up with counters of highly polished walnut, extending the full depth of the store on either side, and a double row down the centre. A fine large skylight occupies the middle of the ceiling, and reflects abundance of sunlight, while for illuminating purposes after dark there are a dozen or more elegant chandeliers down each aisle, whose brilliant mountings form a pleasing contrast to the darker surroundings. Of the business qualifications of the members of the firm it is hardly necessary for us to speak, long acquaintance with the public having made their names household words in San Francisco. Few, if any, mercantile ventures have ever been embarked in on this coast with the prestige that attaches itself to this one, or that can be said to have so surely secured certain and immediate success from the very outset. Of the stock, which has been selected by Mr. O'Connor in person at the East, and through their importing agents in Europe, it is our intention to speak later and in detail; meanwhile, our sincerest good wishes are tendered to Messrs. O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., for their increased and continued success. Monday next is named as the opening day at this establishment, and we hope to see the ladies out in full force to welcome the new firm.

Ladies, why don't you get your riding habits made at Burr & Fink's, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, over Hibernia Bank?

Currier, 703 Dupont Street, makes the finest PICTURE FRAMES.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
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This (Saturday) afternoon and evening, and Sunday evening, last performances of the most powerful and realistic drama of the day.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Monday evening, Nov. 4, first appearance of the greatest actress of the day,

CLARA MORRIS,

In her great original impersonation of

MISS MULTON.

Saturday evening, Nov. 4—

A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

Miss Clara Morris as Lady Rivers.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

LESSER AND MANAGER.....M. A. KENNEDY.
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Still the reigning novelty,

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.

This (Saturday) afternoon and evening and Sunday evening.

HIAWATHA.

Monday, November 4, first time in this city, our own version of the delightful English burlesque,

ROBINSON CRUSOE, ESQUIRE.

With three members of the original cast as produced two years ago in London. Alice Atherton as Robinson Crusoe; Willie Edouin in his original character, Man Friday; Miss Louise Searles as Polly; Miss Ella Chapman as Jelly; W. A. Metayer as Jim Cox; Mr. Louis Harrison as Atkins; Mr. H. E. Dixey as Whaddysvey.

In preparation, and will be produced at an early date, the charming burlesque,

BABES IN THE WOOD.

Box Office now open, where plan of theatre can be seen and seats secured six days in advance.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

MONDAY EVENING.....NOV. 4

And most positively last week but one of the

OATES COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

First time in America, in English, of the sparkling Opera.

LA MARJOLAINE.

By Charles Lecocq, author of Le Petit Duc, Girofle-Girofla, Madame Angot, etc.

REPLET WITH BEAUTIFUL SONGS, DUETS, AND TRIOS.

Imported Characteristic Costumes.

New Scenery and Properties have been expressly prepared for the elaborate production of La Marjolaine.

Reserved seats at box office six days in advance.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

By general request, the last performance of the comic opera,

FATINITZAI

On Monday evening, Nov. 4, WILL BE IN GERMAN, with a cast including the full strength of the German Dramatic Company.

Thesday, Nov. 5, will be presented the thrilling drama of

AURORA FLOYD,

WITH

MR. FRANK LAWLOR

In his great character, JOHN MELLISH.

27 Seats at the box office.

SACRED CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

SOCIETY FOR CHRISTIAN WORK

Will be given at the

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH

(Geary Street—Rev. Dr. Stebbins') on

SUNDAY EVENING.....NOV. 3, 1878.

A choice programme will be given by

MRS. MARKINER-CAMPBELL,
MRS. PIERCE,
MRS. CHISHOLM,
MR. BEN. CLARK,
WALTER CAMPBELL,

And a full choir of the finest talent in the city, who have kindly volunteered. Instrumental solos by

Messrs. HENRY HEYMANN and E. SCHLOTTE.

Tickets, 50 cents. Concert begins at 8 o'clock.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Latest in Jewelry.

In this department the novelties are approaching the poetic in sentiment, some of the latest in ladies' breast pins and ear pendants being elegant representations of the tulip, anemone, forget-me-not, corn and sickle, etc., all beautifully engraved with rich shadings in gold. We also noticed a very unique design for a ladies' breast pin in the fishing rod and basket containing fish; also a very rich pattern representing a ribbon bow, in dead gold, set with turquoise in center. Another very neat design is that of the horseshoe, in black onyx, with representation of stirrup and whip in gold resting upon the black surface, while the nails are set with diamonds. The latest in ladies' shawl pins, are the parasol in gold set with pearls and turquoise, sickle, key, and various other designs. The latest for ladies' and gents' charms for chain we find to be a new style of pencil—folded it assumes the shape of a champagne bottle; also representations of a screw, key, and various other patterns. In coral jewelry exquisite pieces of workmanship, representing flowers, etc., are still in the ascendency. In quartz jewelry, representing the productions of the various mines of the coast, we find a large assortment. Among the novelties we noticed a solid gold bouquet holder, inlaid with rich specimens of quartz; also a match box representing a horseshoe, set with quartz and Rocky Mountain agate. Quartz bracelets and scent bottles in all the newest patterns are much esteemed by ladies from the East who visit the coast. A very rare design for portemonnaie in gold we found with a miniature watch set to the side with all its delicate mechanism, the face not being larger than a silver half-dime. In ladies' neck-chain we observed a novelty in gold plaits, also in gold braid. All of these designs are of the very latest, and all designed by Col. Andrews of this city, proprietor of the Diamond Palace, where we found all the above new styles in jewelry. Among other novelties we noticed at this establishment a medallion for ladies' neck-chains, in dead gold, representing a padlock with key and combination lock. In watches we found here almost an endless variety in gold and silver for ladies and gents, among others the chronograph repeater, which strikes the hours, quarters, and minutes, and the alarm watch. In the braided gold chain the slide is set with diamonds. In the variety and number of diamonds of the purest water we found this establishment unrivaled. In car-pendants we observed a rare and costly pattern, plainly set, interfering with the brilliance of the gems as little as possible, adding much to their elegance. In settings for ladies' breast pin, the diamond cross inlaid with black onyx, makes a rare design. A very neat medallion of solid black onyx set with three rows of diamonds presents a rich appearance when attached to any style of ladies' neck-chain. One of the rarest ladies' breast pins that we observed at this establishment was that of a large cluster of diamonds completely hiding the setting, while coarsely nesting in the centre a beautiful sapphire of the purest water adds to the richness of the ornament. Diamond bracelets are to be seen here in all the newest patterns. For hair ornaments the star design in diamonds adds much to the fascination of California's rarest beauties. Diamonds are becoming almost the fashion in jewelry, as we find tooth-picks, pencils, as well as rings, breast pins, and shawl pins, and almost every article of jewelry with its elegant diamond ornamentation. We are surprised at the very low prices of diamonds and every description of jewelry to be obtained at this establishment, and we advise the readers of the ARGONAUT by all means to examine, before purchasing elsewhere, the elegant and extensive assortment at the Diamond Palace. We have no hesitancy in saying that the public may rely upon the representations of Colonel Andrews as to the quality of the goods exhibited at this establishment.

Latest in Boots and Shoes.

One of the neatest as well as latest styles in French make for ladies' slippers is the "Aimée," with Louis XV. heel. This style in bronze takes the lead in fashionable circles. The "Alice Oates" slipper, for balls and parties, after the French pattern, with Louis XV. heel same as the "Aimée" style, appears in white satin, or in colors to match the dress, with cut steel ornaments. This style of slipper is certainly one of the daintiest that can complete the ball toilet. The heel is made of cork, making the slipper very light and airy. In ladies' winter boots cork soles are now the specialty. The fall boot for ladies is made of Matelassé cloth, in color black and gray. A new style of dress button boot, with pump foxing and fine kid or cloth top, now also a specialty, has the appearance of a slipper on the foot. A new style of traveling or riding boot, called the "Ladies' Comforter," has also appeared. The name is certainly very appropriate, as the boot is made of heavy beaver cloth, buttoned very high, and fitting snugly to the limb. This style is also made with patent leather foxings for the winter. The Gipsy boot, in French kid or Matelassé cloth, with seam running down to the toe in front, is another very pretty style. In children's goods the Matelassé cloth, with kid or patent leather foxings, is one of the novelties. For gents the cork-soled sewed boot in French calf, also the French and London toe gaiters, are some of the latest specialties. Also, of the very latest, another style appears, called the "Risley Balmorals." For opera the above, with London toe, is made in French kid or patent leather to fit the foot exactly, and is cut either high or low. For party the pump is made of patent leather or French kid. All the above latest styles are to be seen at Kast's fashionable shoe store, corner Dupont and Market Streets, where all the latest styles are made to order on the shortest notice.

At the reception of Clara Morris, at the Baldwin, on Monday evening next, the theatre will be perfumed with one of the rarest productions of Parisian perfumers. This elegant perfume is called the "Menlo Park Bouquet," prepared expressly for Fred. C. Keil, of this city, by Bergeron, Paris. This new toilet article has been prepared with favor by the fashionables of this coast. The idea of perfuming the theatre on such an occasion is certainly very appropriate, and Mr. Keil will deserve the thanks of the audience for his enterprise in this direction. San Francisco has many pharmacists, but in enterprise in the perfumery department few have equaled Mr. Keil in his specialties for the toilet. The peculiar fragrance of the "Menlo Park Bouquet" perfume belongs exclusively to this production, and we have no hesitancy in saying it will be found acceptable to the ladies who desire novelties in perfumery. The card of Mr. Keil for this occasion will be perfumed with this exquisite toilet article.

For the Toilet.

The ladies are always desirous of choosing for the toilet those little delicacies that are the most fascinating to the gents, for what lady can resist that crowning glory of women—to be the most fascinating of her sex at the hall, party, or social entertainment. One of the necessary articles for the toilet, which every lady has found indispensable among her toilet paraphernalia, is the exquisite and elegant cologne. That which is the most lasting in odor is the most eagerly sought after. The fragrant perfume, in richness most closely imitating the breath of nature's rarest flowers, the chemist has long sought to produce; numerous have been the attempts, only to be followed by failure, until the art of extracting from the sweet-scented flowers and other natural productions has become one of the most difficult of all problems to the chemist when he desires to produce delicacy, purity in aroma, that will be new, and consequently popular. Desirous of giving to our fashionable readers an item to perfume, we called at the magnificent establishment of H. B. Slaven, pharmacist, under the Baldwin, and found that Mr. Slaven has been making immense sales in his specialty in perfumery called "Slaven's Yosemite Cologne." This elegant cologne has assumed a popularity that any lady can easily see is well deserved, in testing the quality of this rare production for the toilet. This article is manufactured only at this establishment, and has gradually found its way among the favorite aromas of the toilet.

To the Katydid.

Shrill oracle, proclaiming night by night
The antique riddle man may never guess,
But which by thy fond unforgetfulness
Thrills all the dark with music—thy delight,
Whatever Katy did, is to recite
The act's occurrence with such ceaseless stress
Of triple chirp as thy small powers possess,
The traveler's listening fancy to excite.
Oh, what immortal secret, strange and dear,
Should hold thy faithful memory so long?
What deathless deed which thou must still withhold—
Which autumn after autumn, year by year,
Yea, century after century thy song
Reiterates, yet leaves less untold?
HENRY S. CORNWELL, in Scribner.

Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda, now open.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Skirts, and detachable Flounces: Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

Currier, 103 Dupont Street, has a fine assortment of VELVET FRAMES.

A man who made a business of writing obituaries, epitaphs, etc., used to solicit patronage far and near. Hearing of the death of a man in a distant part of the county and business being a little dull he made a journey there. Finding the widow of the deceased person he stated his occupation and asked if she wouldn't like a few lines about her husband. "Lines about him?" she said, wearily; "he had all the lines he wanted. If he had had one line less he would have been alive to-day." "What ailed him, madam?" "He was hung."

This paper is printed with ink furnished by Chas. Eneu Johnson & Co., 509 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, and 59 Gold Street, New York.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

A lady in Bridgeport, Connecticut, struck her lawyer three times on the head with a water pitcher. "Why did you do that?" said the man, indignantly. "As your lawyer I shall have everything of value you have anyhow, so that I can really get nothing because of assault and battery."

The finest baths are at the Terrace, Alameda.

The plash of fountains in the moonlit courts of the Alhambra; the tinkle of a lover's lute beneath the window of Beauty; the swooning of "the languid air" tangled in the strings of an Eolian harp; "the horns of Elfdand faintly blowing;" the "sweet jargon" of "all little birds that are"—all these, and more, are mixed and mingled, and anon clearly individualized, in the strains of the modern musical box. At M. J. Paillard & Co.'s 120 Sutter Street, every variety of this magical instrument can be heard, and from hearing to buying the transition is almost inevitable. Some of these angels in the household will perform you more than one hundred airs, and the prices of all kinds are ridiculously low.

For the finest Photographs, go to Dames & Hayes, 715 Market Street.

Go to the Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

The Old House Altered. By Geo. C. Mason, Architect. 8vo, ill. \$2 50
Cupid and the Sphinx. A novel. By Hartford Fleming. 12mo, cloth. 1 25
American Colleges—Their Students and Work. By C. F. Thwing. 16mo, cloth. 1 00
Thanatopsis. By William Cullen Bryant. 8vo, ill. cloth. 2 50
Johnson's Chief Lives of the Poets. Ed. by Matthew Arnold. 8vo. Grammar Land. By M. L. Nesbitt. Square 16mo. England from a Back Window. By James M. Bailey, the Danbury News man. 12mo, cloth. 1 50
Lake Breezes. By Oliver Optic. 16mo, cloth. 1 50
Live Boys. Ed. by Arthur Morecamp. 16mo, cloth. 1 00
Remorse. Th. Bentzon. Paper, 50 cents; cloth. 75
Vision of Echar. By J. G. Whittier. 16mo, cloth. 1 25
Little Good-for-Nothing. By Alphonse Daudet. 1 50
Through the Dark Continent. By Henry M. Stanley. 2 vols, 8vo, ill. cloth. 10 00

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The Old House Altered. By Geo. C. Mason. 4to, cloth. 2 50
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Bismarck's Letters. Edited by Ritz Maxse. 1 00
Broken Walls. By author of Wide World. 12mo, cloth. 1 25
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TOLD IN LETTERS.

What shall I tell you of first this week, dear Em? Shall it be of a little tour I took this morning through Ackerman's inexhaustible store? Well, there was really so much that is new and beautiful, I scarcely know where to begin. There are the bronzes, many entirely novel, and among them some of the most elegant vases I have yet seen, in the form of tall, slender pitchers, covered with exquisite designs, clocks of the same style, and receivers for cards or letters, constituting complete sets of library or drawing-room ornaments. Things come under the head of bronzes nowadays that are not bronzes at all, but are, if anything, even more showy. The combination of gilt and silver in mantle ornaments is only comparatively new, but devices are so constantly changing as to bring a feeling of freshness with each new change. Nothing can be much more effective than the designs of grouse or quail in silver nestling among tall grasses of gold, or a pair of hunting dogs coupled together in characteristic attitudes. Again, there are the golden bronzes, touched here and there with green. Some faces and very quaint figures in terracotta show the face and visible portions of the body of clay color, with dress trimmings of blue and yellow. The newest thing in jewel cases, just come from Paris, are made up in the Japanese style, in round, square, and oblong boxes, with satin linings. The covers come off entirely, after the fashion of powder boxes, and they are in bright orange, pink, or gray groundwork, with fanciful flowers spreading over them in true Oriental abandon. One of the handsomest was a lead-colored polished surface with chrysanthemums, two Japanese national flowers, in black lines all over it. Exquisite toilet mirrors, framed in gilt, silver, and oxidized silver, with little companion Cupids hovering over the top or at one side, are also new. One window is quite filled with these dainties, and some of the handsomest fans of the season. Among the last are white satin ones mounted on pearl sticks, covered, with the exception of one corner, which is filled in with a fine painting, with the finest of Point lace. I think them exceedingly moderate in price at \$30 and upward. You would like a new design in music stands Mr. Ackerman showed me, or rather a music stand, portfolio, and easel combined, made of ebony, the top so contrived that the easel part can be made to slip down out of sight when not in use. Of a large invoice of English table ware, dinner sets numbering two hundred and fifty pieces, but one remains, although they were received but a few days since. But the sensation of the day is the prospective doll's matinee, for tickets of admission to which applications are being every day filed. It will be an immensely fine and select affair, and there is no time to be lost in securing cards. There will be at least two thousand dolls when Mr. Ackerman gets his interesting and numerous family together. There is a bustle of preparation already going on at Bancroft's that presages good things in the not far distant future; an earnest of them, there are new shapes in the very fashionable colors in letter paper, the *slate* rose pink and the moss-green. The texture is perfect and the tints must, as the saying is, "be seen to be appreciated." The new "Windor" envelope, with the diagonal flap, is so popular that every other style is giving place to it. "Sea-foam" green is another shade that comes in both satin and rough surface, with these same envelopes, and, if you would be extra stylish, there is sealing wax of all colors to match. As to visiting cards, one must go into the technicalities in order to describe them adequately. For instance, there are the round cornered, turn-down, gilt, beveled edge; and the clipped corner, gilt, beveled edge, both and all styles to be unpromisingly square, so that there must needs be card cases to match, of which Mr. Bancroft has already a most bewildering display. By the way, did you know that this firm publishes a bi-monthly paper, called the *Messenger*, which, besides being an index to all their own publications and other books, contains quite a complete list of pseudonyms, a handy thing to have for reference in these days when so many literary folks hide their lights under figurative bushels. Mrs. DeLorme, of Thurlow Block, has some elegant toilets this week, among them a pale green *maire*, trimmed with black velvet and deep black lace; the train is cut square—the most modern fancy—edged with deep, white ruffling, over which fall the points of the silk, each terminated by a black tassel; the velvet draping goes diagonally over one hip, across the front, and lies down low on the train; Duchesse sleeves are finished by double ruches of lace. A Mandann yellow gown, garnished with black velvet in bands and large leaves; numbers of bows with fringed ends, and others oddly combined of dahlia-shaped leaves of the silk and velvet-roses; the silk and velvet, simulating an overdress, are headed with frayed ruchings of the silk. It is a very striking costume, and goes to one of the prettiest brunettes now at the Palace. The decided tendency seems to be to a revival of the Pompadour and Marie Antoinette overdress, with long-waisted corsets, cut round over the hips, low or square in the neck, and with very short sleeves. The overskirt, which is draped and puffed behind and on the hips, is continuous with the bodice. Mrs. Koerner is having a general reconstruction at her embroidery parlors, under the Baldwin, enlarging and preparing for new stock coming in in the course of the next week, and which will comprise all the latest fancies in vases, statuettes, and bric-a-brac generally, from Parisian and Viennese markets. Mrs. Koerner's free afternoon instruction in embroidery is, I am told, immensely popular. You have heard so much of Wakelee's *Cremeline*, you say, that you mean to try it. Now, let me add one or two points that perhaps you have not yet heard. You know I never use any thing of the kind, knowing that in the best preparations in the market there are so many dangerous ingredients, like arsenic, mercury, and lead, but since I have been admitted into the secret of the making of this cosmetic, though I dare not breathe to even you a syllable of it—I am convinced there may be one such made that is not only not unwholesome, but that is positively beneficial. Furthermore, I have seen certificates from my leading chemist attesting its perfect purity for the firm has not neglected one precaution necessary to assure those most interested of the real character of the article they offer them. Not only, too, does it give a temporary softness and whiteness to the skin, but in a short time it effects a radical change for the better in the very worst complexions. What more can I add, after saying that it may be used for infants, as a wash, as a dentifrice, and as a preventive and cure for poisoning from poison oak, and will have no bad effects, even if through chance any of it should be swallowed. Yours, etc., LILIAS DUBOIS.

Hypocrites are beings of darkness disguised in the garments of light.



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Coast can surpass the ARLINGTON in the airy cheerfulness and convenience of its arrangements. None can equal it in the natural and artistic beauty of its surroundings. The readers of the ARGONAUT will be pleased to know that the problem of combining solid comfort within doors, inexhaustible pleasure without, and calm contentment all the time, at a very economical rate of expenditure, has been solved at the ARLINGTON, and is respectfully submitted by
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NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

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WILLIAM DOOLAN,

Office No. 12 Nevada Block.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P. NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to David P. Nelson, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL] Gen. L. WOODS and JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

OFFICE OF GENERAL THOMAS

Mill and Mining Company, San Francisco, October 22, 1878.—The third annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named corporation, for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, November 4th, 1878 (first Monday in November), at the hour of one o'clock P. M. on that day, at the office of the corporation, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on Wednesday, October 30th, 1878, at three o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

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FERD. K. RYLE Secretary.
I. G. GARONER General Agent.

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INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA, FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS \$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-second day of October, 1878, an assessment (No. 56) of three dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the eighteenth day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

OFFICE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA

Silver Mining Company San Francisco, October 2d, 1878.—In accordance with a resolution adopted at a meeting of the Trustees of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company, held this day, a special meeting of the stockholders of said Company is hereby called, the same to be held at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the fourth (4th) day of November, 1878, at two (2) o'clock P. M., to take into consideration and decide upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said Company from ten million (\$10,000,000) dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each, the present capital stock, to fifty million (\$50,000,000) dollars, divided into five hundred thousand (500,000) shares of the par value of one hundred (\$100) dollars each.

JOHN SKAE,
CHAS. H. FISH,
JOS. CLARK,
A. E. HEAD,
R. N. GRAVES, } Trustees
W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of October, 1878, an assessment (No. 16) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the third day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY E. HENRY, plaintiff, vs. JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.—An action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES J. HENRY, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant (as will appear more fully by reference to the complaint on file herein, to which your attention is hereby directed), and for general relief and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this Third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL OF COURT] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENS, Deputy Clerk.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
No. 629 Kearny Street.

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He also desires to specially call the attention of his old friends and patrons who have visited him at the Yosemite Gallery, that he has all the negatives of the Photographs taken in the Gallery, and can supply copies desired at very short notice and at the reduced prices.

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BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Feuillet.

LAST PART.

1878.—The extraordinary circumstances in which I find myself placed induce me, after a period of five years, to recommence my diary. I am passing through a terrible ordeal, and it never was more necessary for me to put my thoughts in order. First, I wish to recall to my remembrance the principal events which have brought about my present situation, and try to draw from it that light and those counsels of which I stand so much in need. Besides I begin to have a presentiment that these pages may one day be read by some one besides myself, and on that account I wish to leave nothing about them in obscurity.

My marriage, as I foresaw it would, took place at the same time as that of Cécile, in the little church in Louvercy. Monsieur and Madame d'Eblis left the next day for Italy, where they intended to travel for several months. Five or six weeks afterward I left for Nice, with my husband and my mother-in-law. The health of my husband has given me the only serious concern I have known during nearly four years passed in that fine climate. I can not say that my heart has always been free from regrets and sad remembrances; but I can say, however, that God has blessed the folly of my marriage, and that it brought me all that I anticipated. It is not true that pleasures derived from the passions take but a single shape, as we are too apt to think. There is a happiness which comes from the passions under the shape of duty, devotion, sacrifice; it exists even in martyrdom. As for martyrdom, let it be well understood that there was no question of it in my case; nevertheless, a task such as I had undertaken is not accomplished without difficulty nor without some opposition. It is not in one day that the most delicate or beloved hand can tame or cure a naturally violent spirit embittered by misfortune; but at the same time what an almost divine rapture there is in combating for a doubting and rebellious soul, and in drawing it little by little, but whole and pure, from under the ruins of the body, where it was as it were buried, and making it live again in the pure light of heaven and in a revival of its hopes! For the few desponding tears that I may have shed in secret, what sweet, happy, grateful tears have I let fall whenever I felt that my efforts were being rewarded!

At last the time arrived wherein it was sufficient for me to raise my finger smilingly to instantly subdue those terrible fits of passion to which my poor Roger often abandoned himself. Not to take too much credit to myself, I ought also to say that the honor of this miracle was not mine alone, for it was after the birth of my daughter that her father became reconciled to God.

It was a little while before her birth that Cécile and her husband, on returning from Rome, came and passed several days with us at the Villa des Palmes, where we resided. I had secretly dreaded the moment when I should have to meet Monsieur d'Eblis again, but the event which was then maturing rendered me almost indifferent about it, or at least I thought I was. Besides, I found him so cold in his manner toward me that I was troubled with the idea that he had some grievance against me. Was he dissatisfied with Cécile, and did he reproach me with giving too flattering an account of her when he asked my opinion? Certain little things in his manner toward his wife astonished me; he did not seem to be in the same degree under the influence of her charms; always extremely courteous, his tone toward her was dry and ironical; he seemed sometimes to be bored with the ridiculous account she gave of her travels, her intentional confusion of names, things, epochs, her smart sayings, and her prattle. But Monsieur de Louvercy, to whom I said a few words as to my fears, assured me that Captain d'Eblis was more in love with his wife than ever; that perhaps he was uneasy at seeing her so brilliant and sparkling, and so much admired, but that was all. I therefore thought no more about it, and I was too happy and too much occupied with the idea of my approaching maternity to trouble myself much about other matters.

It was our intention to leave Nice at the end of the spring, and return and pass the summer at Louvercy, my husband absolutely discarding all idea of a residence in Paris. But the doctors feared a sojourn for him in the damp climate of Normandy. By their advice we concluded to remain at the South until his health was more fully assured. The two succeeding years were of an almost perfect serenity for me. My dear grandmother came to see us two or three times, my mother-in-law overwhelmed me with her affection, and then I had my daughter, whose birth, as I have said, had completely reconciled my husband to life, and increased his attachment to me. He had commenced with much ardor his work, in which I humbly assisted him as secretary, classifying, as well as I was able, the documents with which Monsieur d'Eblis kept us supplied, making extracts and copying in my very best handwriting his illegible fly-tracks. The profound and sincere friendship with which he had inspired Monsieur d'Eblis was no longer a mystery to me, as I acknowledged it had been formerly, when only his faults were to be seen; but since he had ceased to consider himself condemned to an isolated existence, without affection and without a future, the great qualities of heart and mind which he possessed had reappeared in all their force, and with a charm that was indisputable. He had even shown a gayety of

manner of which I was far from believing him capable in the early days of our acquaintance, and it was so pleasant for me to think that I had something to do with these changes. But what touched me more than all the rest was the entire confidence he had in me. I said to myself on marrying him that a life in the world of society was over for me, and I freely resolved to give up all idea of it. It did not suit me to seek pleasures in which my husband could not participate. But he wanted to insist upon my accompanying his mother to some of the assemblies of the French and foreign colony which seethed around us.

I did not abuse this liberty, but was happy to make use of it, as it enabled me to receive in my own house at times. I was naturally exposed, on the part of our guests and neighbors, to those gallant attentions offered to every woman blessed with a passable exterior or an expert dressmaker. A sick, infirm husband might tend to encourage the expression of them; but I met them with that quiet reserve by which it is always easy to show that one is not in the game. My husband, shrewd and clear-sighted, spoke jokingly of these absurdities. I think he took pride in showing by his sovereign indifference how far above the shadow of suspicion I was placed in his esteem. I was grateful for this; but the time came when his confidence seemed excessive, because it put me to serious inconvenience, which unfortunately became connected with the greatest affliction of my life.

There was at that time, as there always is indeed at Nice, a mixed company from which it was necessary to choose one's society. I am naturally exclusive enough, and do not lend myself easily to certain arrangements which are too much the fashion at the present day. Monsieur de Louvercy, like all of his sex, I think, was more tolerant and liberal than myself in these matters. He pretended that my *salon* was a sheepfold, in which I admitted only lambs without spot and sheep incapable of being led astray; that this was a bore, and that all the life was taken out of it; and, moreover, it was uncharitable—it discouraged sinners, male as well as female, to close against them the doors of an honest house, where from a purer atmosphere and good example they might be led to mend their ways, and reduced them to a condition of lasting impotence. His arguments in no way affected me. I answered gayly, that my mission was not to regenerate society; that, after having brought about his reformation, I had done enough for the edification of my life, and asked for nothing more.

During the spring of our third year at Nice, young Prince de Viviane came to live in a villa near ours. A great train of horses accompanied him, and a lady, said to be English, which one might believe from the prismatic splendor of her toilets. Although my grandmother was intimate with the Princess Dowager, I did not remember to have seen her son, who led a not very reputable life, partly in Paris, but ordinarily at the different watering places. Scarcely had he arrived when he scandalized our little colony by his dissipation, his frightful gambling, and his more than equivocal household arrangements. My husband, who had been at school with him, and retained a sort of childish affection for him, was much put out by his arrival, and particularly on account of his living so near us. Through good luck, however, we had not met him during the early portion of his stay at Nice.

One morning, I was walking with my child and her nurse in the garden attached to our villa, which had several ranges of terraces communicating with each other by long flights of marble steps; the lowest of these terraces faced the public road, and reached it by means of a last flight of a dozen steps, whose iron gate was left open during the day. We were leaning over the balustrade and looking at the white sails passing over the blue sea, which seemed to fascinate my little daughter. All at once the noise of horses' feet drew our attention to the road, and we saw approaching us at a walk a gentleman and lady on horseback. The amazon dress worn by the latter was very costly and very ugly. With other ungraceful ornaments, she wore a magnificent white feather twisted round a jockey hat. But she appeared to me to be very beautiful. As the couple passed under our garden, my child became very restless, and at last quite furious. She stretched out her hands and cried with all her might, while the nurse, who was an Italian, began to sing her most quieting songs to her. The sound of the music caused the gentleman to look up. On perceiving me, he stared and raised his hat; then stopping short, he said, smiling:

"What's the matter with the baby, nurse?"

Much surprised at this familiarity, I drew back a short distance, and told the nurse not to answer. The woman did not understand me, but quickly began talking with the gentleman. She ended by saying:

"I guess the little one wants Madame's white feather."

"Give her the feather, Sarah," said the young man, turning to his companion.

The latter undid the feather from her hat, and threw it toward the terrace; but it was so light that it did not reach it. The young man catching it as it fell threw it again with greater force, but quite as unsuccessfully.

"Well, then," said he, very loud, "I will carry it myself to the child."

Immediately his horse began to step upon the marble, but baulked, slipped, backed, and snorted. I heard all this from the clump of orange trees behind which I had taken refuge, and was asking myself, not without considerable fear, who this fool might be, when suddenly I saw him make his

appearance like an equestrian statue on the ground of the terrace and advance triumphantly toward us. He bowed to me again, but very low this time, stooped to put the feather into the child's hand, whom this apparition had already quieted, then bowed once more, and made his horse go down the steps, but I don't know how. When a few minutes after I related the adventure to my husband:

"That must be Viviane," said he; "that's just his way."

It was he, in fact. That very evening he called upon us, giving as a reason therefor his former intimacy with Monsieur de Louvercy. I beheld a tall, thin, fair complexioned young man, with a bold eye, fine cut features, and worn expression—such a figure as might belong to the Court of the Valois. He was genial and very witty. My husband received him very cordially. My manner was colder, but I thanked him for the feather, not exactly knowing whether his politeness had been offered to my child, my nurse, or myself.

This visit was followed by several others at short intervals. I felt that his sallies, and his lively, though somewhat wild, humor amused my husband, and yet I could not take upon myself to invite him to remain at the house. The Prince had had too much sense and usage of the world not to perceive the icy reserve which I showed him, and, notwithstanding his perfect self-possession, he at times looked somewhat discomposed. My husband noticed this, and it even troubled him.

"My dear child," said he to me one day as the Prince was leaving us, "Viviane goes away feeling quite uncomfortable. You have really, when it suits you, a manner which is utterly petrifying. Come, now, let us see what the poor fellow has done."

"Nothing, my dear."

"No. But does he annoy you? Is he too amiable? I should only smile at it, you know, and receive him less cordially, so as to spare you such annoyances in future."

"I assure you," I answered, "that there is nothing of the kind. I never met the Prince outside of my *salon*, and you perceive that he behaves with great propriety there."

"Well, then, my dear, allow me to say that you do not. You treat him with a reserve which is really painful."

"But, dear, if I encouraged him the least bit in the world, he would bring us the young person who is living with him."

"Really, you are not in earnest?"

"May be not. But at any rate, I hate disorder in any shape. You know that I can not bear to see a piece of furniture out of its place, nor can I suffer the presence of a man who is not correct and honorable. I am not at all sensible—beware it, if you will—of that weakness attributed to our sex for men of pleasure, and this one, besides, has particular claim to the antipathy which I can not help showing him. You are aware of the intimacy which exists between his mother and my grandmother. I have more than once witnessed the despair of, and the tears shed by, the poor Princess on account of her son—so that it is long since he has occupied a place in my esteem and in my imagination which you must allow his present conduct is not of a kind to make him lose."

"All well and good, my dear. But as for the poor Princess, I can dispense with mourning on her account. It is she who has ruined her son by idolizing him, and making him believe that heaven and earth were created for his particular amusement. I remember the day when she bought him the goat carriage of the Champs Elysées. The result is, so they say, that he is going to marry that *figurante* from Drury Lane. Very logical, truly!"

"Very logical, my dear, but very unpleasant."

We were one week without seeing the Prince at our house. At last he came again one morning, and was closeted with Monsieur de Louvercy. They had a pretty long interview, of which my husband gave me an account immediately after it took place. Monsieur de Viviane, it seems, gave as a reason for the cessation of his visits, and he said it with sadness, that he felt that they were not agreeable to me. My husband, touched by his sadness and his feeling of mortification, answered him as an old friend would, to the effect that he ought not to be surprised if his strange course of life shocked a young wife who had been brought up with the strictest of principles; and that it depended entirely upon himself to do away with those obstacles with which he had chosen to surround himself; and that his friends of both sexes would be grateful to him for all that he did to render their intercourse with him easier and closer. "I am very indifferent as a general thing to the opinion of the world," said the Prince, "but I must acknowledge that the contempt of Madame de Louvercy is very hard for me to hear." "It is not a question of contempt, my dear friend; it is only the inconvenience of the thing;" and then they separated, the Prince looking very thoughtful.

Two days afterward, as I came home from my walk, my husband told me that Monsieur de Viviane had just left him. "I invited him to dine with us to-morrow," added he.

I opened my eyes very wide. He began to laugh, saying: "He has sent away the English woman, and written for his mother to come, which certainly deserves reward."

I agreed with him, and when the Prince made his appearance the next day I offered him my hand with more cordiality than usual. We became better friends, and from that day he was received as one of my intimate acquaintance.

However, to console himself apparently, he commenced gambling furiously. To his credit he generally lost, but one

evening he told me that he had won some thirty thousand francs at *baccarat*.

"You are really a terrible man," said I to him, shrugging my shoulders. "When you are helped up on one side you fall on the other."

He instantly drew from his pocket a large roll of bank-bills, and presented them to me.

"For your poor people," said he.

"I accept them," said I, "but on one condition only, which is that you give me your word that you will never touch a card again."

"I do promise it."

And thus it was that I was enabled to send my grandmother thirty thousand francs for her society for young apprentices.

Finally, as he had a complete assortment of vices, he presented himself occasionally at our house when he was a little high, not to say tipsy. Nothing in the world is more horrible to me than a man in that condition, and I wonder at those women—and they are too numerous, alas!—who look upon the thing as a good joke, or else take no notice of it at all. The Prince could not misunderstand the feelings with which he inspired me on such occasions. He remembered them, and became comparatively a sober man, and thus he put the finish to this series of reforms accomplished at my instigation, and which seemed as though dedicated to me. These little triumphs, which amused my husband (who laughed a great deal when he caught the Prince modestly winding worsted at my feet, did not fail to interest and even to flatter me, but at the same time they alarmed me a little. I mistrusted all these sacrifices, asking myself whether he was not promising himself some compensation for them. These vague apprehensions, kept me on my guard with him, which he did not fail to notice. We were walking one evening on one of the terraces. The beauty of the night, the almost intoxicating odor of the orange and violet blossoms with which the air was filled, had the effect of raising his discourse to more than ordinary sentimental and poetic heights. As I rather sharply brought him to the earth again, "*Mon Dieu!*" madame," said he, "I do not know what more to do to disarm you of the prejudices you have against me. To please you I have put my vices far from me. I gave up all. I no longer gamble, drink, etc. What can you ask more? Shall I make a priest of myself? Tell me."

"I want only one thing more," I simply said, "which is, that you never let me question your friendship for my husband."

He bowed very respectfully, and from that moment everything in the least equivocal disappeared from his conversation.

It was at about this period that Cécile and her husband came to visit us at Nice for the second time. My correspondence with Cécile had been very frequent. To judge by her letters she was very happy, though she appeared to seek her principal amusements in the rounds of society. I found her improved and perfectly charming, but not at all toned down by marriage, and always flighty. There appeared in her manner towards her husband a sort of timidity, which struck me. He was very gentle with her, but under a certain restraint. I was surprised, and almost frightened, on this second visit to find, notwithstanding the time which had passed, how great was his influence over me. I could not hear the sound of his voice without extreme uneasiness. He was scarcely twenty-four hours with us before I was seeking some cause for shortening his visit. He furnished it himself by a singular indiscretion, which, though I understood it afterward, at the time seemed perfectly incomprehensible.

Had my husband discovered in his heart some secret warning of what was passing in mine? Or was he then feeling the first attacks of the cruel disease which already threatened him? I do not know; but from the day which followed the arrival of Monsieur d'Eblis he became more gloomy. Monsieur d'Eblis asked me in an embarrassed and confidential way one morning if I had remarked this change in Roger's disposition. On my answering affirmatively, he permitted himself, half in joke and half in earnest, to allude to the Prince de Viviane's attentions to me, leaving me to understand that they might have caused the irritability of my husband. I knew that Monsieur de Louvercy was perfectly at ease on that point, and even too much so as far as the Prince was concerned, and I felt certain that Monsieur d'Eblis in this instance was not his interpreter, but that he was speaking rather on his own account. This shocked me to the utmost degree. I am not a saint; I had forgiven him as well as I could his preferring Cécile to me, and his marrying her after making love to me; but that he should presume to arrogate to himself any right of conjugal surveillance over me was a little too much. So I said:

"Since you have the kindness to interest yourself about the secrets of my family and the peace of my household, I will tell you that you are both right and wrong in your suppositions. I believe you are right in attributing the sadness of my husband to a slight feeling of jealousy, but you are entirely mistaken as to the person who is the cause of it."

At these words he became very pale, bowed, and left me. Two days afterward he announced to us that he was recalled to Paris, and he went away on the same evening, leaving his wife with us.

I remember that the day after his departure Cécile very bluntly asked me the singular question:

"Do you think," said she, "that my husband is happy?"

"Well, *ma chérie*, you ought to know that better than I."

"I fear," replied she, shaking her pretty head, "I fear that he is not. I am too frivolous, too worldly, too much carried away by pleasure. I drag him after me like a martyr—poor man! I reproach myself for it, and yet I continue to do it. Always that devil which possesses me, you see. He does not complain to you? Has he never told you that he was unhappy? Come, now, truly?"

I answered that I had really never been the recipient of any of Monsieur d'Eblis' confidences. Thereupon she recovered all her cheerfulness. She remains with us a fortnight, and although my friendship for her continued as strong and tender as ever, I saw her go away with a sense of relief. Perfectly pure and upright as she was, she was too striking a person to be easily guarded. The five portions of the globe represented at Nice buzzed around her like a swarm of bees, and my husband insisted that she should be kept right and day under a mosquito net. Completely surprised with such kind of attentions, she continued to like them

nevertheless, and was put out with those who did not offer them. So it was that she became annoyed at the marked indifference which the Prince de Viviane showed on her account. She said I had made a simpleton of him, and ought to lead him about with a red ribbon.

Alas! all our gaiety disappeared with her. A few weeks after her departure, the health of my husband, which seemed to be restored, grew rapidly worse. Frightful symptoms succeeded each other, becoming more and more aggravated. The rest of his sad life was only agony for both of us, and toward the end of the following winter I had the great misfortune to lose him. After much acute suffering, he died calmly, while thanking me for having afforded him a few happy years. Monsieur d'Eblis, who came to be near him at his last hour, wept over him with all the transports of despair. I pass quickly over these bitter recollections. God knows that any expression of my grief, strong as it might be, would not lack in sincerity; but at the hour in which I am writing this it would scarcely seem becoming.

I passed the first months of my mourning at Louvercy with my mother-in-law, and afterward I took up my residence with my grandmother, at Paris, counting upon dividing my life between these two very dear relations.

Great mental shocks like those which I had experienced seem at first to cause a suspension of the life that is in us, and to arrest its movement forever. Our tastes, our feelings, our passions, come to a standstill as though stupefied by the blow, and we almost believe that they have come to an end. Little by little, however, the heart begins to beat again, and the mind to think. At first this unfortunate persistence of life is almost painful, but we get used to it, for it is God's will.

Very naturally my daughter occupied the first place in my new existence; but this interest, great as it was, did not absorb all my heart. I had found again dear friends in Paris, and among the dearest and most faithful were Cécile and her husband. I saw Cécile almost every day. She related in her sprightliest vein the gossip of the city and of society; she brightened my solitude, and loaded me with the most delicate attentions, and my affection for her was revived in all its strength. Her husband I saw less often; but he never let an opportunity pass in which he could be useful or agreeable to me. Throughout all the painful circumstances and sad details which crowd such events, and the business questions which are mixed up with them, he had shown me the devotion and care of a brother. By Monsieur de Louvercy's will he had been appointed guardian of my daughter, and seemed to have bestowed upon her the only impassioned sentiment of his life, the heroic friendship he had felt for her father.

It is needless to say that I had entirely forgiven him for his singular indiscretion with regard to Prince de Viviane and myself. He showed that he remembered it, and wished to make up for it by treating the Prince with greater politeness whenever they met at my house—for Monsieur de Viviane was then living in Paris, and I received him often and on familiar terms, his conduct having been worthy of all praise during the last months of our stay at Nice.

The only uneasiness which Monsieur d'Eblis caused me was wholly involuntary on his part, and without knowing that he did it. I had only myself to reproach for the unsatisfactory kind of pleasure with which I anticipated his visits, and for the suppressed emotion which always took possession of me in his presence; but I sincerely hoped that these unfortunate remains of my old attachment would become effaced little by little and finally disappear. I hoped it the more because his grave and respectful politeness to me was calculated to quiet, rather than to trouble, my heart. I was feeling, however, extreme solicitude, which at the time I thought was purely affectionate, in consequence of his bearing toward Cécile, the condition of their relations to each other and the strange turn their married life had taken. As I had discovered at Nice, owing to certain explanations, it was Cécile, contrary to all logic, who seemed to have got the upper hand in their household. She had entirely thrown off all the control that the intellectual and moral superiority of her husband ought naturally to exercise over her, and Monsieur d'Eblis did not apparently trouble himself about it. He submitted to all the worldly and dissipated habits of his young wife with an indifference, or a resignation, which was inconceivable. After having for a long time gone with her into society, which was not an agreeable thing for him to do, he began to allow her to go alone. All this surprised me very much, and I asked myself what effect it had upon their intimate relations, and whether they loved each other and were happy. Not being able to question them on such delicate points, I began to study with great curiosity, not to say avidity, their language, their expression, their bearing toward each other, so as if possible to draw some conclusion from them. But Monsieur d'Eblis, with his serious grace of manner, had all the impassability of a sphinx, and Cécile, with her levity, was equally difficult to get at.

The world was as surprised as I at the singularities presented by this household, and even began to talk about them. One day Captain d'Eblis was at my house when the Prince de Viviane came in. Monsieur d'Eblis, according to his almost too polite custom, left very soon, after having exchanged with him a few friendly words. As soon as he had gone, the Prince said:

"You have a cousin there whom I like very much, but who is at the same time a veritable enigma to me."

"Why an enigma?"

"Because, with all his merit and all his high sense of honor, he seems to have determined to ruin his charming wife."

"I do not understand you—absolutely."

"How! Don't you see that he neglects her more and more? He does even worse than neglect her, when he permits her to take Madame Godfrey as a chaperon."

"Who is this Madame Godfrey, then?"

"Madame Godfrey, Madame, was formerly a very beautiful and much courted lady, not to say more. She is to-day one of those stars which are in their decline, who, having no longer pretensions to any direct homage, arrange so as to receive it in oblique ways by surrounding themselves with young satellites and profiting by their reflected light."

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE LAST POOL.

Through the murmuring sycamore branches
Swept the breeze from the south, fresh and cool,
And the hues of the leaves, autumn tinted,
Lay in trembling sheen on the pool.

The song of the stream had been silenced
In the heat of the summer past,
And in all the bed of the river
This leaf-shadowed pool was the last.

This last, lone pool of the river,
In the shade of the sycamore tree,
To the heart of the man, world weary,
Had a type and a likeness for me.

When the heats of passion are over
And hopes given way to distrust,
When the brightness and joy of existence
Are dimmed with the canker and rust,

Though all may seem arid and worthless,
And the founts of feeling be dry,
There is still in the soul, closely guarded
And remote from the passers-by,

One spring, which wears all the freshness
Of those days when the heart was green,
One spot, like the pool in the river,
Fair and pure in its shadow and sheen.

When the traveler, footsore and weary,
Comes suddenly, unprepared,
On a river pool, lonely and lovely,
Which the heats of summer have spared,

His heart is filled with thanksgiving,
And he blesses the path which led
His steps to this secret beauty
In the arid river bed.

So, when the human hearted
Find in the darkest breast
This spring, which has never yielded
To the heats that consumed the rest,

They bless the hope it brings them
That the showers will some time come,
When the silent current of feeling
Shall no longer be dry and dumb.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 28, 1878. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Weavers We.

Weavers we at the loom of Time,
Swift are our shuttles flying;
Warp and woof we're weaving fast,
Ever our life-task plying;

In sunshine and shade, in pleasure and gloom,
Weave we Life's tissue on Time's busy loom.

Threads of gold through the bright new woof
Gleam when the work is begun;
The gold pales off in dull gray hues
And fades ere the work is done;

While some strands are snarled, and the tangled skein
Is soiled in the weaving with salt tears' stain.

Weave we the warp as weave we may,
Vain our toil, vain all our skill;
Drovered by Fate, the web shall be
Not the fashion of our will—

For a double thread e'er runs through the web,
In the fairest stitch some false loop is left.

Alas! who gayest wove at dawn,
As slow the dull lengths unrel,
Most weary at the evening's close
Toils on at the restless wheel.

Till he snaps his thread, and his shuttle drops,
When the loom with its unshaped fabric stops.

Then One picks up the broken ends,
Tangled by Error and Doubt,
Forms of the web the weaver wove,
As He smooths the roughness out,

Whatever the worker fashioned below—
His robe of light or his garment of woe.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1878. JULIA CLINTON JONES.

Ode to the Owl.

Most bilious bird, slow blinking there
In gravest quiet, glare, oh, glare!
Some wondrous purpose lurks inside
Those orbs which shine so round and wide;

But what, thou Owl? Why hold that breath
In secrecy next door to death,
Then clear the cobwebs from thy throat
With direst strains e'er sent afloat?

Enigma of the open eye,
When winds of night all peaceful lie
And noiseless clouds go cross the moon,
Why start that cemetery tune?

Unearthed creak of Erichas,
Astounding, solemn, ominous,
Thou forest fixture, once declare
Why thou art nailed so stiffly there;

Proclaim, O hush of silence,
Thy true Promethean distress!

SACRAMENTO, November 5, 1878. JOHN VANCE CHENLEY.

Lavender.

The Summer days are laid away
With crumpled leaves of lavender:
So they keep sweet for evermore,
So that their perfumes ever may

Float from the still white things, and stir
Our hearts as we pass the open door.

They are only clothes our dead have worn.
What need to fret and make ado
Over a crease or stain of mould,
Or feel a heart-pang when they're torn

By curious hands? What need to rue
The dust that gathers in their folds?

The subtle scent of lavender
Stirs us still with a far-off pain;
Then we forget, and, by and by,
Not even the breath of musk or myrrh
Could make us look on our dead again
With the same eyes that watched them die.

But, after the gates of Summer close,
We sometimes find in a rose's heart
A sensuous perfume, rich and rare,
As if the soul of every rose
Which made of the Summer-time a part
Had been lured back and prisoned there.

So, while we fold our memories
With fast-dropped tears and lavender,
Something that has no name or place—
Something hidden from earthly eyes—
Is filling our lives with the days that were,
And rounding them into fairer grace.

BELMONT, October 20th. Q. T.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

The ordinary man who has worried through life as the husband of one woman, who has been subjected to the vicissitudes of matrimony—now crowing in triumph like a chattering from the top bar after a domestic misunderstanding, and anon lying helpless, wrecked, and wave-lashed upon the matrimonial shore with the breakers beating over him—will read with great interest and profound sympathy the case of Elder Miles, the English Mormon, who, in one rash, adventurous day, took to himself *three wives*. Elder Miles had been a sailor. He had braved the storms and breasted the tempest when in their mad fury they assailed the bark that bore him. He had looked upon the ocean in the wild fury of its madness; he had stood with unblanched cheek when the lightnings played around him, and undismayed when the roar of thunders mingled with the roar of angry seas. Elder Miles is a brave man; and, to illustrate a valor that has no parallel in story, no equal in classic legend, no comparison in modern life, he determined to take to himself three wives all in one day—and he did it. Miss Owens was an early love—a buxom, red cheeked, strong armed English girl. To her he had pledged himself before he went roving on the seas, and at a time when the writings of the prophets, Mormon and Moroni, and the interpretation of the Latter-Day Saints, Jo Smith and Brigham Young, had not revealed to him the possible happiness involved in the possession of a harem of many married wives. He settled at Salt Lake, sent to England for the lovely Owens, and in the meantime engaged himself to two American girls—whom the Owens, in her anger, designates as “nasty squaws”—and made preparations at the Endowment House for the triple ceremony—*tria juncta in uno*. Owens claimed, by virtue of an earlier engagement, to be entitled to become the first wife. The inexorable rule of the Mormon Church declared that Miss Emily Spencer was entitled to that distinction by virtue of her years. We commend the Mormon religion to our older girls; it does not encourage fibs in reference to age. The ceremony took place. Elder Miles was sealed to his three wives; he endowed them with all his worldly goods, and they pledged themselves to leave father and mother and cling, all of them, to Miles—to love, honor, and obey him, to stick to him in sickness, in health, in prosperity and adversity, when stocks were booming and when the market was off. After the wedding ceremony came the wedding dinner, and Owens—wife No. 2—determined to be the first of the family to throw the cat out of the window. Such a wedding demanded a litter of cats to determine the domestic supremacy. Owens was equal to the emergency. She swung the feline and made it lively times at the banquet. She clawed poor Emily, slapped her in the face, scratched the valiant Miles, broke up the dance, made a general row, left the house, claimed the protection of the United States Marshal, instigated a law suit, and set all Mormondom by the ears.

Now, we did not intend to tell the story of this English Mormon scandal, but only to state the fact that Elder Miles married three women in one day, and draw some moral reflections from the fact. Three wives! Only think of it, my poor, dear hen-pecked reader; only think of three wives all in one house, and all contending for the dignity and supremacy of “first wife!” Let bachelors skip the balance of this article, for we are writing of mysteries beyond their comprehension. Brigham Young had seventeen wives; Brother Miles starts out in married life with three. We look upon him as a brave man who dares to shoulder the responsibility of one wife in this age of luxurious living and extravagant domestic expenditure, but three or seventeen! Great God, what a fearful experiment! Just imagine for a moment that the wave of civilization should sweep over Mormondom, bearing to it all the results of fashionable society. For the sake of striking the average of wives between three or seventeen, let us suppose ourselves encumbered with seven—one for each day of the week; all young, good looking, fashionable, well educated, ambitious, prolific. The months roll round, and baby-hands clutch the horns of the domestic altar. Let us, for the sake of illustration, say twenty-one babies in three years. Twenty-one times the doctor comes; twenty-one monthly nurses; twenty-one diapers drying around the kitchen fire; twenty-one ceremonies of putting the babies into short clothes; twenty-one pairs of shoes at a time; twenty-one multiples of each article of dress; seven babies teething all at once; seven whooping with a cough; seven with chicken-pox, and measles, and scarlatina, and scarlet fever. And then the wives! Seven French bonnets; seven red satin corsets; seven pairs of four-button kid gloves; seven pairs of French boots; seven dresses for a party; seven sets of diamonds; seven sets of laces, Brussels, Valenciennes, and Duchesse; seven India cashmere shawls; seven one-horse phaetons; seven mothers-in-law; seven sets of poor relations. Time rolls on, children multiply, and boys and girls become young gentlemen and ladies. We are bewildered in contemplating the complications that will weave themselves around the many-wed Elder Miles as years advance—the responsibility of governing so many wives, of guiding so many boys through all the incidents of life's journey, from the first boots to the first ballot, and directing so many girls from infancy to their final destination at the Endowment House.

We have been favored with the advance printed sheets of School Superintendent Mann's first annual report. It is a fair average specimen of the reasoning of a schoolmaster who hopes for renotation and reelection, and in failure of such an event expects to drop back into a soft berth at a good salary. All the important questions now being considered by indignant taxpayers he has either dodged or straddled. To the broad indictment that the free public school system of San Francisco is a departure from the original idea—that it is extravagant, unjust, and a virtual robbery of tax-payers—he makes no answer. To the charge that it is a crime to tax property to educate the children of poor or rich in anything beyond a liberal and generous English education, he makes no answer. He does not explain upon what principle of justice the tax-payer is compelled to educate children in calisthenics, military drill, physics, botany, geology, mineralogy, telegraphy, chemistry, music, drawing, German, French, the higher mathematics, or any of the ornamental branches of education. We would be pleased if

Mr. A. L. Mann, or Mr. John Swett, or Mr. Herbst, or any body else, would explain to the writer of this article why he should contribute to educate their children in any of these branches. Why not pay to make carpenters, masons, or farmers of them as well as telegraphic operators? Why not ask us to educate your girls in dressmaking, cooking, or the graceful accomplishment of dancing, as well as music, painting in oil, as well as drawing? If Messrs. Mann, Swett, and Herbst are poor we recognize the obligation to give their children an English education, upon the same principle that we would give them food or clothes if destitute, and provide them homes if abandoned. Please inform us upon what principle of right do you exact from the tax-payer money to educate the children of French, or German, or American citizens in the French and German language. If the German, or the French, or the American parent, desires this accomplishment, why should he not pay for it? What better argument is there for teaching German children German, or French children French, than for teaching Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, or any other of the foreign languages? Why not teach the Celtic, and old Irish, Scotch, and Slavonic tongues? Why not Hebrew? The Irish, the Scotch, the Slavonians, the Italians, the Portuguese, the Spanish, and the Hebrew can all vote. “1779 pupils are engaged upon studies outside of ordinary English branches,” says the report. There are 1219 pupils in the high schools; there are 2811 studying French and German in cosmopolitan schools; there are seven music teachers earning \$11,400 a year; how many special teachers for the other flummery departments of the schools we do not know. The report is exceedingly barren of statistics, suggesting a studied attempt to keep all the damaging figures out of sight. We suggest to Mr. Superintendent A. L. Mann that his report shall contain a tabulated statement of the expenditures of the department, so arranged that we—the tax-payers—may figure for ourselves the expenditures that go to teach simple English branches, and those that are disbursed for what we please to style the flummery of a vicious, extravagant school system, based upon sentimentality, and upheld by demagoguery. If we desired to make a facetious article we would call attention to that part of the report where our very gallant Superintendent of Schools squirms and wriggles between his “noble scorn of saving money for the tax-payers,” and his desire to economize \$90,000 per annum out of the earnings of six hundred and fifty school marmas. He would not reduce the pay of the fifty male teachers who get \$200 per month, but would that of the women teachers, who for the same—and we believe oftentimes better—work get \$65 per month. If the word “male” were stricken from the law that qualifies voters, and women could attend primaries and party conventions, Mr. A. L. Mann would have a bee in his bonnet. Perhaps he will as it is. If we had the control of the school moneys and the school department, we would first take away the salaries from the Board of Education, and expect it to be filled with educated gentlemen of independent means, who could afford to devote one afternoon and evening in a month to school legislation, and whose position in society would place them above the suspicion of dishonest practices. We would eliminate from our schools the teaching of anything except what is embraced in a liberal interpretation of the expression, “rudimentary elements of an English education.” This would justify us in discharging nearly all the male teachers, all the cosmopolitan teachers; in abolishing all the cosmopolitan schools, and all the special teachers. We would discharge the mob of janitors, stove-pipe inspectors, and politicians that has fastened itself upon the department, and in the place of ward bumpers would have our school rooms swept and fires made by honest working women. In this way we would not so over-educate the poor man's boy that he should be ashamed of his father's hod or shovel; nor the poor girl to look down with ungrateful scorn upon the wash-board and tub by means of which an honest mother has gained an honest support. We would thus by a sensible economy save to San Francisco at least six hundred thousand dollars per annum, and secure a system of education out of which would come laborers, mechanics, manufacturers, sailors, and adventurous workers, as well as lawyers' clerks, office boys to curb-stone brokers, and idle hangers on and expectants of paternal support. When Messrs. Mann, Swett, and Herbst come to answer the conundrums we have proposed, let them please to give us the per centage of high-school boys who have engaged in any occupation demanding physical labor; let them tell us how many have gone to mechanical employments, to the farm, to the grocery, to the mine, to the forest, to the merchant ship, to carve out for themselves a career by honest toil.

A banker of the best-knowns and most honorables sends out from his office for a cab. The hackman, who has often seen him before, salutes him amicably.

“Hurry up,” says the banker. “Drive me to the station of the railroad of the north.”

The reader should understand that this short line to Belgium is much affected by assistant district-attorneys and other gentlemen who have previously borne an unblemished reputation.)

“Tsh! Not so loud; don't give yourself away,” says the driver, pleasantly, to the banker, whose only aim and object is to get out to a friend's place for a day's shooting. Then, as the horse flies up the street, he adds, contemplatively, “They all do it.”

The *Baltimore Gazette* says, editorially, of Mrs. Hayes: “As an elegant, refined, matronly woman she is far superior to Mr. Hayes.” Of course she is. As a woman, Mr. Hayes is not to be compared with his wife.

Mrs. Peters asked rather sharply: “Do you think that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?” And the gallant philosopher replied: “Certainly not; it is a good thing, and she shouldn't lose it.”

The following is an extract from a letter introduced in a recent breach of promise case: “Dearest Love—I swallowed the postage-stamp on your letter because I knew your lips had touched it.”

Happy is the man who has neighbors willing to forgive his mistakes.

PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

ANAGRAMMES DE QUELQUES PERSONNAGES CELEBRES.

Pierre de Ronsard.—Rose de l'indare.

Marie Touchet (maîtresse de Charles IX.)—Je charme tout.

Frère Jacques Clément (assassin de Henri III.)—C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé.

Pierre Coton.—Perce ton roi.

Louis treizième, roi de France et de Navarre.—Roi très-rare, estimé dieu de la fauconnerie.

Louis quatorzième, roi de France et de Navarre.—Va, Dieu confondra l'armée qui osera te résister.

Marie Thérèse d'Autriche (femme de Louis XIV.)—Mariée au roi très-chrétien.

Voltaire.—O alte vir.

Napoléon, empereur des Français.—Un pape serf a sacré le noir démon.

Il y a une infinité d'erreurs utiles au bonheur ou aux plaisirs de notre vie.

Il y a autant de plaisir à aimer qu'à être aimé.

Un amant a toutes les qualités et tous les défauts qu'un mari n'a pas.—*Balzac*.

On aime parce qu'on aime. Cette explication est encore la plus sérieuse et la plus décisive qu'on ait trouvée pour la solution de ce problème.

Faire naître un désir, le nourrir, le développer, le grandir, l'irriter, le satisfaire: c'est un poème tout entier.

Les coquettes sont comme certains chasseurs qui aiment la chasse et non le gibier.

Le métier de femme est bien dur.—*Mme. d'Épinay*.

Se voir, paraître s'aimer, se le jurer, se le prouver, se broniller, se haïr, se quitter pour courir après un autre amour, voilà l'histoire d'un moment et de tous les jours dans la comédie du monde.—*Ph. de Varanne*.

Un enfant disait à son père:

—Les femmes ne vont donc jamais en paradis?

—D'où vient, dit le père surpris, cette demande singulière?

—C'est répliqua l'enfant, que je ne vois jamais,

Malgré leurs figures gentilles,

De petits anges qui soient faits

Comme sont les petites filles.

C'est en ne faisant rien que les femmes apprennent à mal faire.—*Publius Syrus*.

La destinée des femmes est de plaire, d'être aimables et d'être aimés; ceux qui ne les aiment point ont encore plus de tort que ceux qui les aiment trop.—*Rochebrune*.

—“Je canoniserais gratis une femme dont le mari ne se serait jamais plaint.”—*Sixte V*.

Les deux mots les plus courts à prononcer, *oui* et *non*, sont assurément ceux qui demandent le plus sérieux examen.—*Pythagore*.

Un jeune homme, fort amoureux de sa jolie cousine, la suppliait un jour de lui faire la charité d'un seul baiser. —Je ne puis rien pour vous, Monsieur, lui répondit-elle, absolument rien... j'ai mes pauvres.

—Quelle différence y a-t-il de moi à une montre, demandait une dame à un jeune homme. —Madame, répondit-il, une montre marque les heures, et, près de vous, on les oublie.

Un jeune homme timide rôdait depuis quelque temps auprès d'une jeune fille, assise dans un jardin public, sans oser lui adresser la parole. Tout à coup, il aperçut une araignée qui montait sur son banc, et saisisant aussitôt l'occasion il dit: Mademoiselle, vous avez une grosse bête derrière vous. —Ah, Monsieur, répondit la jeune fille, je ne savais pas que vous étiez là.

Les premiers soupirs de l'amour sont les derniers de la sagesse.

Heureuse, après une longue absence d'avoir retrouvé l'amour et ses plaisirs, une dame écrivait une jour à une de ses amies:

Un sourire de mon amant

A rappelé l'enfant volage;

Un baiser l'a rendu charmant,

Mais rien n'a pu le rendre sage.

L'amour est comme un flambeau: plus il est agité, plus il brûle.—*Syrus*.

La femme, chez les sauvages, est une bête de somme; en Orient, un meuble; en Europe, un enfant gâté.—*Sénac de Meilhan*.

Une femme inconstante est celle qui n'aime plus; une légère, celle qui en aime déjà un autre; une volage, celle qui ne sait si elle aime et ce qu'elle aime; une indifférente, celle qui n'aime rien.—*La Bruyère*.

N'avaient-ils pas raison ces deux sages, l'un riant dès qu'il mettait le pied dehors, l'autre plénant sans cesse? Toutefois, le sarcasme sied mieux à la satire, et je m'étonne que l'eau de ses yeux ait pu suffire aux larmes d'Héraclite. Démocrite riait donc à pleins pommons.—*Juvénal*.

Quand les femmes ne peuvent se venger, elles font comme les enfants, elles pleurent.—*Cardan*.

Beaucoup de femmes n'ont de chaste que les oreilles.

Tel cherchait rose qui a trouvé épine.

L'examen de la nature humaine est humiliant.

November 4, 1878. L. G. J. DE FINOD.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."



I did but scant justice, last week, to the great feature of the Orchestral Matinee, Beethoven's *Leonore Overture*, No. 3, and feel moved to come back to it for a brief space. [It will be observed that I persist in designating it as No. 3, the profoundly learned Herr "Doppelkreuz," of the *Post*, and his not always infallible authority, Dr. Grove, to the contrary notwithstanding. Somehow I prefer to trust, firstly, Beethoven himself, who composed it; secondly, Breitkopf and Härtel, who published it from the composer's MSS. in 1810; thirdly, Moschelles, Schindler, and von Breuning, who were contemporaneous with the composition and production of it; and, lastly, the internal evidences of the work itself.] It is a difficult matter to either analyze or describe a musical composition in mere words with any hope of making one's self understood; the only intelligent way would be to send to each reader a copy of the score, which in most cases would also have to be accompanied by some one who could read it to them. But as I desire to touch only one or two points with regard to the Overture, leaving the rest to such study as my readers may choose to devote to it (it is to be had in arrangements for two or four hands, and is not over difficult, perhaps I shall not drift so far into the nebula but that those who are interested may follow me. The points to which I would direct attention are, firstly, the wonderful conciseness and precision of form—the mould, as it were, in which the composition is cast—in which the development of the themes, without the sacrifice of aught of the flow or grace of beautiful music, may be said to proceed like a succession of powerful blows, each delivered more forcefully than the last. The short opening theme of the *Allegro* note that this had already been used, and seemingly exhausted, in the Overture No. 2) will be found to recur again and again, always with the same epigrammatic terseness. The instrumental color changes, but the intense suggestiveness of the theme is never weakened. The second subject, no less beautiful than the first, is equally dramatic; it grows almost painful in its passionate earnestness. Like the first, it is short, pithy, almost abrupt. Its musical cadence is perfect as the most exquisite line of Swinburne, yet it urges constantly with resistless energy toward the fateful trumpet-call in which the tragedy seems to culminate. This wonderful Fanfare (which, by the way, should be played behind, not on, the stage, as Mr. Herold had it done) brings me to my second point, *viz.*: the enormous dramatic expression attained through the use of two simple themes by a master hand. There are no words with which to describe this; it must be heard, must be felt. There is nothing finer anywhere in Shakespeare, and in the whole range of music—even in Beethoven—I know of nothing lovelier than the *pianissimo* episode in G flat that follows the second Fanfare. It is like a glimpse through the open portals of heaven. This Overture ought to be played again, and, if it is, I trust that the public will appreciate the fact that it has the opportunity of hearing it.

What with orchestral and quintet concerts, vocal clubs, piano lessons, etc., San Francisco may be said to be undergoing a musical revival. Yet I think it must be admitted that in the midst of all this Euterpean activity, the service of God comes in for a very minute share of the improvement. It has always stood to me as proof positive of the hollowness of our affected taste for Art that in this city, where people of a certain class talk about pictures (even buy one occasionally, when it is not too good), household art (fimsiest of modern fashions), and *bric-a-brac*, with all the garrulous gush of a just completed course of "High Art Made Easy," or "Aesthetics in Ten Lessons without a Master," almost every attempt to cultivate the better class of church music has met with the most signal failure, and the only thing that has been permanently able to hold its own has been the utterly despicable and bad. If I believed in the fashionable art culture—that is, if I imagined it to be a *real* thing—I might be somewhat surprised that these people who admire prints from Raphael and Dürer, photographs from Michael Angelo, or casts from the Greek marbles, should not have some idea of bringing the same kind of taste into their churches; I might ask whether a mere sense of the fitness of things ought not to have some little weight with music committees whose duty is to provide the music for Gothic churches and cultured congregations with their fervid and eloquent high-priced parsons? I might ask many things; but I do not ask them, because I do not believe in the sham culture; because I do not believe that most of these people care a button for their Raphaels and Dürers, but have them because it's the proper thing; because I do believe that, in the utter degradation of most of the church music of this city, those who pay for it find what is thoroughly congenial and to their taste. It relieves for them the tedium of the hour or two of attendance that is enforced by the usages of good society—act as a sort of escape-valve for the desperate *ennui* that overcomes them at the church door. It helps to pass the time. Good music wouldn't do that for them; it is not amusing. The bad stuff is amusing in more senses than they dream of; and, as they pay for it, I suppose they are entitled to their choice. *Chacun a son goût*, etc.

I got a taste of this sort of thing at the First Congregational Church "Dr. Stone's" last Sunday morning. Here they have an amateur organist who seems to know no more about the true manner of treating his instrument than he does or cares about a proper style of church music, or anything else connected with his duties. He has a quartet of comparatively good voices—a good soprano, respectable

contralto, ditto tenor (whose nasal organ occasionally obtrudes itself upon the voice), and an even, though rather light-weight, basso. The organ is also quite good. With this *matériel* one might do something—if one had the brains. But what is done there is worse than nothing; it is offensive in the highest degree. The organist has not the good sense to select his voluntaries from the compositions of those who know how to write, so he sits there in solemn service and twaddles. He pours out treacle and water until one's stomach is fairly turned with it. Accompaniments and interludes are done in a similar style, with the added agony of occasional false relations, progressions of parallel fifths, etc., etc. Then comes the quartet, which takes up the hymn and jerks it out, literally, fragment by fragment. Why this is done, heaven only knows; but done it is, and somewhat after this style:

"Jeru—sa-lem—my hap—py home."

Now, imagine this in triple time, with the up-beat on the first syllable and a rest of a full beat where I have put a dash; add a staccato to each second syllable, and you have the thing as nearly as I can render it. It was very funny, but a little out of place. There was more of the same sort, but I have neither space nor patience for it. That the contralto sang "Flee as a bird to thy mountain" in the Offertory almost goes without saying; a week ago it was Schubert's "Elgy of Tears," and next week it may be "In the Sweet By and By." [I can not stop here to say what I think of this use of well-known secular songs in worship; I may come back to it another time.] The whole performance was shocking, and the contrast of it with the simple earnestness and fervor of Dr. Stone's words and manner was inexpressibly painful. It was a cheap pinchbeck setting to a gem—a *Palais Royale* frame to a picture by Flandrin. It was the more painful because entirely unnecessary. The soprano, Mrs. Howell, has a good style, and naturally correct taste; I have heard her sing beautifully. Mr. Jansen, the basso, can also sing well, and, I fancy, prefers to. What this amateur organist should do, then, would be to endeavor to elevate the tone of his performance to the style of these singers, instead of dragging them down to his unmusical level; and if he has no respect for the congregation that employs and pays him, let him at least remember that what he does is portion of a Divine service, and that God is not to be fitly served out of the audacity of ignorance and utter incompetency.

The Sacred Concert given at the First Unitarian Church last Sunday evening, under the direction of Mr. S. W. Leach, was in many respects very enjoyable, and reflects credit upon that gentleman's good taste. The small chorus sang very nicely, and, although somewhat overweighted in the Anthem by Garatt—a noble composition, but quite evidently designed for a large chorus—gave evidence of careful, intelligent training. Mrs. Marriener-Campbell was heard in an Aria in the grand style—"Rejoice greatly," from the *Messiah*—and I think I never heard her sing so well. Her voice is of somewhat light calibre for this kind of thing, but what was lacking in volume was made good in the perfect neatness of the florid passages (and very difficult they are) and discreet management of the *Cantabile*. Mrs. Pierce also sang—a song by Wallace—modestly and pleasantly, and Mr. Clark wrestled with the "Cujus animan." He went at it as though he was afraid of it, and well he might be. Then there was a song by Mr. Campbell (not at his best), a vocal quartet and trio, over which I draw the kindly veil, etc., and some violin playing by Mr. Heyman, of which more anon. Mr. Hunt accompanied on the organ with considerable intelligence, but also with the customary occasional exhibition of the Achilles heel of the amateur who is blissfully ignorant of (and probably supremely indifferent to) his double counterpoint. Pray, observe, Mr. Amateur, that when a basso sings a song written in the treble clef it sounds an octave lower, and what are written as a series of parallel fourths become fifths through the inversion. Now, there are no such fourths in Mr. Marti's song, and you might have come blamlessly out of the affair had you not felt moved to add certain bits of *obligato* counterpoint to the simple accompaniment which the composer, in his professional ignorance, considered adequate for his purpose; or had you managed your stops more discreetly, or played your *obligato* bit where it belonged (if at all), an octave lower. What are the odds? Oh, bless you, none—none in the least. I suppose there is no law to prevent an amateur's uglifying a man's composition in public as much as he likes. Only that sometimes it may be a little rough on the composer—that's all.

I sincerely trust that none of those who heard Mr. Heyman play the violin at this concert will permit themselves to be prejudiced against Pergolesi's lovely "Tre Giorni" on account of that gentleman's super-dry and expressionless rendering of it. The song—not in any sense of the word "Pregiera," as stated in the bills—is one of the purest specimens of the Italian school, noble, simple, exquisitely melodious. It is with just such songs as this that I would supplant the sentimental trash now in vogue among singers, and when I recall Mrs. Norton's truly artistic singing of it at the Metropolitan Temple last winter, I marvel at the temerity of this young man, who seems to have no idea of singing upon his instrument, in attempting anything of this style. He played it like an easy *étude*, and not well at that. The *Adagio* of Mendelssohn (an uninteresting bit, out of the little, early, and almost unknown violin *Sonata* I take it) received the same dull, mechanical treatment at his hands, with the added disadvantage of not being always perfectly in tune.

Quoth Bierce, last week, to "Doppelkreuz": "You sin without much understanding." Ah, friend B., could you but hear him vocalize you'd grin. And straightway to your "sin" add final "g."

Mr. Herold's last programme certainly should have drawn a big house; it was varied, brilliant, and interesting. But the attendance was only moderate. I suppose the Symphonies keep people away. Some of them ought to, perhaps, but certainly not the pretty, cheerful "D major" of Haydn. I should imagine that the most fervent devotee of Strauss and Offenbach could stand that, although it must be admitted that after the stunning *En avant* of Gungl it did sound a little tame. The music was played very much as usual, and seemed to please the audience greatly.

S. E.

BONBONS.—FRENCH AND OTHERWISE.

They were playing cards, when all of a sudden the game was interrupted, angry words passed, and the players arose: "See here, you're holding altogether too many aces." "What do you say, sir?" "I say you are a swindler." "I will call you to account for this unpardonable insult." "I am at your service at any time." "Here is my card, sir." (Throws down, "by mistake, another ace which he draws from his pocket.")

"John, it seems to me that you are not doing your work as well as you used to—not as painstaking as you might be." "I will tell you why, miladi. I thought that if I would make myself indispensable, when I came to go it would cause you too much inconvenience and regret. See?"

First pickpocket, on Sunday outing, to second ditto, who lounges along with his hands in his pockets: "I say, 'Arry, it isn't genteel to keep your hands in your pockets in that way."

Second pickpocket: "Oh, that's my way of observing the day of rest. I've got 'em in other people's pockets six days in the week."

"Why don't you marry?" said Pope Alexander VII. one day to Alcei, the Librarian of the Vatican.

"So that, Your Holiness, if an opportunity offers I may enter the priesthood."

"Well, then, why don't you become a priest?"

"I don't, Your Holiness, in order that if an opportunity presents itself I may marry well."

Restaurateur—"Chicken, twenty francs."

Guest—"I say, see here, the Exposition's nearly over, you know."

Restaurateur—"That's a fact! Chicken, forty francs."

"How did Your Excellency sleep last night?" said the proprietor of the hotel to the Russian ambassador.

"I scratched myself so that I must be a Cossack this morning, my friend."

Attendant at theatre—"Hi, Monsieur, there! Where's your overcoat? Leave your overcoat with me."

Spectator—"Overcoat? I'm not wearing any overcoat."

Attendant—"Go and find one, then. Do you want to take the bread out of my mouth? What am I here for, d'you suppose, eh?"

Mme. d'A. owns a horrible cur which answers—when it wishes to—to the name of Bijou.

The other day the Countess de H. says to her: "Oh, did you know that that darling Bijou of yours made me get £50 yesterday?"

"No, how?"

"I met a friend who had never seen Bijou before, and bet him it was a dog."

The late Clement Laurier once got into conversation in a café with a very excitable individual, who, getting rather the worst of the argument, said to his opponent hotly:

"Well, young man, if you are so positive in your statements, perhaps you won't object to defending them in another position. We will meet to-morrow with such weapons as you prefer."

"Oh, I'm not a duelist," said Laurier, "I won't fight."

"I knew you wouldn't—I knew you wouldn't," said the bully, triumphantly.

"And that was why you challenged me, eh?"

The Assistant District-Attorney was about to appear before the court, and he said unto his counsel: "How do things look?"

"Pretty black," replied the advocate.

"You think I'll be sentenced?"

"I do."

"To what?"

"Six months of enforced honesty." (The prisoner groans and faints.)

The nephew was the typical nephew of the comedies and novels; the uncle, the typical uncle. The former got himself into debt; the latter had to help him out of debt.

But the most long-suffering of men at last lose patience, and one fine day the uncle writes to his dear nephew that all is over between them. Not another penny.

The nephew flies down to his uncle's country seat and falls at his venerable relative's gouty feet.

"Uncle Peter, dear Uncle Peter, just this once. Aid me to straighten out this snarl in my finances and I will never, never come to you again."

"Oh, Roland, I know you too well. My sister's son—my only sister's son," says the old man, wiping away a furtive tear.

"Ah, your heart is touched; you will assist me once more?" says the young man.

"Listen," says the aged relative; "have you a rule?"

"A which?"

"A rule—a foot-rule?"

"Why should I have one? I ain't a carpenter."

"Go and find one immediately."

The young man, puzzled but hopeful, goes, and at the end of half an hour returns and says: "Uncle, dear, here is the foot-rule."

"Very well; measure this room, length, breadth, and height, so as to ascertain its cubic dimensions."

The young man, more puzzled than ever, sets about his task, and at last makes his report.

"Uncle, the room contains 3,040 cubic feet."

"You are sure of that?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well," says the old gentleman, rising to his feet and speaking in a tone of thunder; "and now, sir, if this room, which contains 3,040 cubic feet, were filled with double eagles packed so tightly that you couldn't ram, jam, or cram a three-cent piece into it, I wouldn't give you a penny. Git!"

JOHN BROWN'S LIEUTENANT.

The Romance of Richard Realf.

Strange and romantic was the career of Richard Realf, the soldier poet, who, last Sunday, was laid by his comrades in a suicide's grave. He told the troubled story of his life to no one; kept it a close-locked prisoner in the cave of his own peculiar gloom till death and the pen of an acquaintance in New York, through the medium of the *Sum*, released the secret. In the year 1856, when the war against slavery had begun in the Territory of Kansas, and the struggle between the "Border Ruffians" and the "Free State" men was in active progress, a young man, who made his appearance in Lawrence among the multitude of adventurers and champions of liberty who then gathered in that wild region, attracted notice. He was at that time possessed of rare personal attractions, and whispers of mystery and romance soon arose in association with his name. The remarkable beauty of his face, the softness and delicacy of his expression, the charm of his manner, the exceptional culture of his mind, his poetical qualities, and his large knowledge of English society and literature added attraction to his courage and heroic conduct. He was evidently an Englishman, perhaps thirty years of age, and his resemblance to the portraits of Lord Byron in early life, together with the peculiarities of his mind, and his tendency to romantic and chivalrous poetry, gave color to fanciful stories that soon got afloat, to the effect that he was related by blood or very nearly connected with the hero of Missolonghi and the author of "Childe Harold." It was believed by many, even, that he was an illegitimate son of Lord Byron, and the likelihood of his connection with the poet was increased, in that he was in receipt, from time to time, of remittances from England, which were sent, it was alleged, by one of the denizens of Newstead Abbey. He was regarded as one of the most heroic spirits, and most intellectual young man, on the Free State side. He took part in scores of war-like adventures against the "Border Ruffians," was always ready for a foray or a song, flitted from part to part of the newly organized Territory wherever danger was to be encountered, associated with John Brown in his adventures at Ossawatimie River, campaigned with Jim Lane on horseback and on foot wherever that wild, and haggard, and dare devil frontiersman found a foe, and often and again was he seen, in uncouth uniform, with a Sharp's rifle over his shoulder, a smile on his face, and a chanson on his lips, gay as the troubadour touching the guitar of the romanza. One of his many exploits was at the defense of Mount Oread, in the vicinity of Lawrence, which all through that time was the centre of battle and danger for the Free State men, when, with a few kindred spirits, looking from the rude fort on the top of the hill, he saw the red-shirted Missourian enemy approaching from the river. The song with which he commemorated that exploit thus opened:

"All night within our guarded tents,
Until the moon was low,
Wrapt round as with Jehovah's smile,
We waited for the foe.

His intimacy with John Brown led that stern old ironside to take him into his confidence when preparing the Virginia adventure that culminated at Harper's Ferry and on the gallows-tree at Richmond. He was one of the conspirators who, with Kagi, formed at Ossawatimie the plan of campaign in the Virginia mountains, by which the Southern slaves were to be armed as a preliminary to their rising in bloody hostility to their masters. While engaged with Brown in this work he traveled from one place to another, providing ways and means, seeing the friends who could be relied upon, and guarding the secret the revelation of which would be ruin. He was so gentle in his manners and so kindly in his ways, that he was the last who would be regarded as bearing part in such a warfare. Finally, when John Brown had drawn up his scheme of government, and chosen his officers of State for the administration of a new condition of affairs in Virginia, he appointed Richard Realf to the position of Secretary of State in his remarkable cabinet. About the time that Brown disappeared from Kansas, on his way to Virginia, Realf, as well as Brown's other followers, also disappeared from Kansas, and those who were behind the scenes supposed he would be a participant in the conflict as well as an adjudicator of the government. News came of John Brown's fight against Robert E. Lee, at Harper's Ferry, and among the names of those who in the first dispatches were reported to be killed was the name of Realf. His body could not be found, and it was reported that he had been pursued by some of the Virginia troops, wounded, and driven into the Potomac, where he was drowned. As time passed on, however, it was learned to a verity that Realf had not perished in the fight, had not been with John Brown at Harper's Ferry, and though expected to join him there, had somehow failed to do so. The suspicions of the Free State men of Kansas were aroused, and charges were every where made that Realf had turned traitor to John Brown, had sold out to the Virginia State Government or to the Federal Government, and had all along been nothing but a spy in the camp of the invaders. Such was the view taken of the romantic young English poet who so often, on the plains of Kansas, had merrily risked his life for the principles of John Brown. Years passed away, and stories were from time to time circulated that Realf had been seen here, had been heard of there, had sailed for England, had buried his treason in suicide, or had fled, in self-upbraiding despair, to the uttermost ends of the earth. The stories of him among his friends were almost as numerous as those about Charlie Ross or John Wilkes Booth. It must have been four or five years after Harper's Ferry in 1859 that it was reported that Realf was in Texas, and that he was somehow connected with the press there; and this, of course, added color to the charges of treason to the Free State cause which he had borne. In course of time, however, these charges were taken up by Realf, who gave reasons for his disappearance which led his friends to believe that he had not been in his sound mind after the attempt at Harper's Ferry, and disposed of his alleged culpability. After the war, in which he served as a staff officer, he was next heard of in Washington, where he turned up as a broken-down man, all his physical attractions gone, cadaverous, impoverished, and soliciting employment. He obtained an humble place in one of the departments. From there he went to New York, hung

around the outskirts of several newspapers, and got, perhaps, some remuneration for poems and other literary work. Falling into some financial difficulty there, he was arrested, taken to the Tombs, and so harshly treated by the police that his life was despaired of; and a letter written by him from the Tombs was as pathetic a thing as misery ever launched upon the world. He disappeared from there, as he had disappeared at and from so many places, and the next heard of him was some seven years ago, when he turned up in Pittsburgh as an applicant for work on the newspapers. His life as a frontiersman and soldier had told upon his constitution, and domestic troubles had come to him and weighed heavily upon his mind. Still he was capable of the exercise of his brilliant mental powers, and a few sketches printed in the Pittsburgh papers upon various topics of local interest elicited notice, and led to his regular employment upon the staff of the *Pittsburg Commercial*. His brilliant talents and his gentle manners soon made him friends on every hand, and he soon became assistant editor. He held his position until the *Commercial* was consolidated with the *Gazette* in the early part of 1877. While attending to his editorial duties Realf made also a reputation as an orator, speaking on the stump for the Republicans in several campaigns, and delivering several lectures. About 1865 he had married a woman who was his senior in years, and whose tastes were so far from harmonizing with his that they never got along well together. He applied for a divorce, and was successful in the lower courts, but the Supreme Court, on a technicality, set aside the decree and ordered a new trial. This occurred almost on the eve of a day appointed for his marriage with a young lady in Utica, New York, and proved a terrible blow to him. He wrote "an epitaph," which he sent to the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, and which led his friends to suspect that he at that time contemplated suicide. He was one of the first to join Francis Murphy in the temperance revival, and soon became one of that agitator's most ready and efficient allies. At this work he has been engaged for the past two years. Subsequently journeying to California, the wife, from whom he was unable to get a divorce, followed him, and, demanding an alimony which he was unable to pay, took out a warrant for his arrest, which circumstance led to his suicide. Frequently, while doing service in the ways that have been mentioned, Realf sent to the magazines poems of great beauty and transfused with the spirit of grief and loss, very subtle in their metaphysics and very transcendental in their thought. In regard to Mr. Realf's affiliation with Lord Byron, or with the Byron family, nothing definite is known to the present writer. The different circumstances that led to this belief in Kansas were not sufficiently definite to base a judgment upon. The fact that at the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight he bore a striking resemblance to Lord Byron at the same period of his life, the reports that he received remittances from the Byron homestead, the fact that he knew a great deal of English high life, and had been most carefully educated in the literary line, the fact that he wrote poetry which his friends thought to be Byronic, the fact that he was an adventurer in the name of liberty, and that his campaign in the Free State war of Kansas was considered to bear a resemblance to Byron's campaign for the liberties of Greece, are poor evidences of relationship to Byron by blood, and are made poorer by the fact that in 1856 Realf could hardly have been more than twenty-six, whereas Byron's death occurred thirty-two years before that time. Realf himself never made allusion to the subject, and no one else could have alluded to it in his presence, so reserved was he in his manner. It was a strange and adventurous and unhappy life, lit up with gleams of romance, poetry, heroism, and exalted self-sacrifice, and ending with self-murder.

"Valhalla: The Myths of Norseland. A Saga in twelve parts. By Julia Clinton Jones," is the title and introduction of a neat little volume dealing in verse with Scandinavian myth, and legend, and the wild, weird stories of the old Norse gods. The subject is a fascinating one, and not often encountered by the general reader. It is the story of the origin of the world, the account of the creation as crystallized in the mythology of the frozen north, and told above the iceberg's crack and glacier's groan by even Loki's rebellious brood. All of the characters are grand, the fixing of divinity from natural surroundings, the looking up from Nature to Nature's God. To the student of Scandinavian literature the little volume of which we speak will be an additional treat; to those unacquainted with the beauties of the theme its contents will be a revelation. The whole story is pleasantly told in verse, and the introduction an intelligent résumé of the old Viking's plan. Miss Jones, the author, is not altogether unknown to letters, being remembered doubtless by the readers of the ARGONAUT as the writer of many pretty verses that have from time to time appeared in these columns. The undertaking of publishing a book was somewhat ambitious; but that it is well done and deserving is perhaps a sufficient reward for the many obstacles encountered and finally overcome.

The proposition of the Constitution-cobblers in reference to railroads and transportation companies is simply a device to confiscate the property of all common carriers—in a word, to steal all the railroads, steamships, coast vessels, stage-coaches, and freight-wagons, and turn them over to three politicians to manage. Three commissioners are to be elected "who shall have the sole power to establish rates of charges for the transportation of passengers and freights by railroad and other transportation companies." This means confiscation, and nothing less. The result of such a law would compel all transportation companies either to buy two commissioners or to suspend business. The delegate who votes for such a provision in the organic law is either wanting in intelligence or integrity.

The house of Brewster & Co., carriage makers, of Broome Street, New York, is the recipient of distinguished honors from the Exposition Française for their exhibition of the best carriage work. Mr. Henry Brewster, senior member of the firm, is made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. The gold medal is also awarded the house, together with five special diplomas to the foremen of the different departments. The significance of this incident is in the important fact that an American house stands at the head of the world's workshops in the production of fine carriages.

RESULTS OF TUESDAY'S ELECTIONS.

An Austerlitz for the Republican party; a Waterloo for the Democracy.

A Congressional gain to the Republicans of six, leaving the House of Representatives to stand Democratic by thirteen majority.

An utter defeat to the Greenback party: a popular, a national declaration against "fiat" money.

A pronounced rebuke to Kearneyism, Communism, Agrarianism, incendiarism, ignorance, idleness, crime, and the insolence of foreign interference in American politics in Massachusetts.

A set back to demagoguery in the defeat of Butler.

A solid Democratic South provoking a solid Republican North.

Defeat of Tammany under the dictatorship of the Irishman Kelly in the City of New York, showing that honest men outnumber rogues even in that city.

The reelection of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling as United States Senator for New York.

The reelection of Senator Cameron from Pennsylvania to the United States Senate.

New Jersey and Connecticut go Republican.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Robeson elected to Congress from New Jersey.

Nevada Republican, electing John H. Kinkead to be Governor in place of honest old Broadhorns.

Hon. John P. Jones reelected United States Senator from Nevada.

Alexander H. Stevens returned to Congress from Georgia without opposition.

Cooper elected Mayor of New York city as Tilden's anti-Tammany candidate.

Wade Hampton reelected Governor of South Carolina.

Boston divides with San Francisco the shame of Kearneyism. It gave a majority for Butler.

Samuel Randal, of Pennsylvania, reelected to Congress, and will doubtless be elected Speaker.

Samuel Tilden, having captured the organization of his party in New York, will be its next candidate for Governor.

Democratic majority in the next Senate will be eight.

California will go Republican at the next election if the party is united. It will be united if the party fossils do not undertake to run the machine.

It is certain that the next President of the United States will be Republican.

It is probable that the next Presidential candidate of the Republican party will be General Grant.

At the Stairs.

"Come to the foot of the stairs, mamma,"
My coaxing darling said,
"And give us there our good-night kiss,
Before we go to bed."

To the warm nursery above,
Whence shone a mellow light,
The little bare feet clambering up,
The night-gowns fluttering while.

In the dark hall I stood and gazed,
Like Jacob when he dreamed:
Pure angels on their upward way
To me the children seemed.

Since then the little brood is less,
One pattering step I miss;
One fair, small face no more is raised,
To claim its good-night kiss.

Alas! the partings at the stairs
From those we fondly love!
Our household angels passing up
To the lighted rooms above!

"Prisoner, do you wish to say anything in your defense?"
"Nothing, your honor, except this—lemme off light; this is the eighth time I've been up before you. We're old coparceners, as it were."

"Cruel, cruel man," said the civilized person, "you eat your venerable pa."
"Ungrateful being," retorted the savage, "you let the worms eat yours."

They asked of the Miss X. which she preferred of the two brothers L.
She responded: "When I am with either of them I prefer the other."

Rich parvenu, who knows nothing of painting, to an artist—
"How shall I hang this picture?"
Artist—"I wouldn't hang it if I were you, but commute its sentence to solitary imprisonment for life."

DESERTED.

"What a glorious, all-satisfying country this Nevada desert would be if one were only all eyes, and had no need of food, drink, and shelter! Wouldn't it, Miss Dwyer? Do you know, I've no doubt that this is the true location of heaven. You see, the lack of water and vegetation would be no inconvenience to spirits, while the magnificent scenery and the cloudless sky would be just the thing to make them thrive."

"But what I can't get over," responded the young lady addressed, "is that these alkali plains, which have been described as so dreary and uninteresting, should prove to be in reality one of the most wonderfully impressive and beautiful regions in the world. What awful fibbers or what awful dull people they must have been whose descriptions have so misled the public! It is perfectly unaccountable. Here, I expected to doze all the way across the desert, while, in fact, I've grudged my eyes time enough to wink ever since I left my berth this morning."

"The trouble is," replied her companion, "persons in search of the picturesque, or with much eye for it, are rare travelers along this route. The people responsible for the descriptions you complain of are thrifty business men, with no idea that there can be any possible attraction in a country where crops can't be raised, timber cut, or ore dug up. For my part, I thank the Lord for the beautiful barrenness that has consecrated this great region to loneliness. Here there will always be a chance to get out of sight and sound of the swarming millions who have already left scarcely standing-room for a man in the East. I wouldn't give much for a country where there are no wildernesses left."

"But I really think it is rather hard to say in what the beauty of the desert consists," said Miss Dwyer. "It is so simple. I scribbled two pages of description in my notebook this morning, but when I read them over, and looked out of the window, I tore them up. I think the wonderfully fine, clear, brilliant air transfigures the landscape and makes it something that must be seen and can't be told. After seeing how this air makes the ugly sagebrush and the patches of alkali and brown earth a feast to the eye, one can understand how the light of heaven may make the ugliest faces beautiful."

The pretty talker is sitting next the window of palace-car No. 30 of the Central Pacific line, which has already been her flying home for two days. The gentleman who sits beside her professes to be sharing the view, but it is only fair I should tell the reader that under this pretense he is nefariously delighting in the rounded contour of his companion's half-averted face as she, in unfeigned engrossment, scans the panorama unrolled before them by the swift motion of the car. How sweet and fresh is the bright tint of her cheek against the ghastly white background of the alkali patches as they flit by! Still, it can't be said, he isn't enjoying the scenery, too, for surely there is no such Claude-Lorraine glass to reflect and enhance the beauty of a landscape as the face of a spirited girl.

With a profound sigh, summing up both her admiration and that despair of attaining the perfect insight and sympathy imagined and longed for which is always a part of intense appreciation of natural beauty, Miss Dwyer threw herself back in her seat and fixed her eyes on the car-ceiling with an expression as if she were looking at something at least as far away as the moon.

"I'm going to make a statue when I get home," she said—"a statue which will personify Nevada and represent the timeless, desolate, changeless, magnificent beauty, and the self-sufficient loneliness of the desert. I can see it in my mind's eye now. It will probably be the finest statue in the world."

"If you'd as lieve put your ideal into a painting I will give you a suggestion that will be original if nothing else," he observed.

"What is that?"

"Why, having in view these white alkali patches that chiefly characterize Nevada, paint her as a leper."

"That's horrid! You needn't talk to me any more," she exclaimed emphatically.

With this sort of chatter they had beguiled the time since leaving San Francisco the morning of the day before. Acquaintance are indeed made as rapidly on an overland train as on an ocean steamship, but theirs had dated from the preceding winter, during which they had often met in San Francisco. When Mr. Lombard heard that Miss Dwyer and Mrs. Eustis, her invalid sister, were going East in April, he discovered that he would have business to attend to in New York at about that time; and oddly enough—that is, if you choose to take that view of it—when the ladies came to go it turned out that Lombard had taken his ticket for the self-same train and identical sleeping-car. The result of which was that he had the privilege of handing Miss Dwyer in and out at the eating-stations, of bringing Mrs. Eustis her cup of tea in the car, and of sharing Miss Dwyer's seat and monopolizing her conversation when he had a mind to, which was most of the time. A bright and congenial companion has this advantage over a book, that he or she is an author whom you can make discourse on any subject you please, instead of being obliged to follow an arbitrary selection by another, as when you commune with the printed page.

By way of peace-offering for his blasphemy in calling the Nevada desert a leper, Lombard had embezzled a couple of chairs from the smoking-room and carried them to the rear platform of the car, which happened to be the last of the train, and invited Miss Dwyer to come thither and see the scenery. Whether she had wanted to pardon him or not, he knew very well that this was a temptation which she could not resist, for the rear platform was the best spot for observation on the entire train, unless it were the cow-catcher of the locomotive.

The April sun mingled with the frosty air like whisky with ice-water, producing an effect cool but exhilarating. As she sat in the door of the little passage leading to the platform she scarcely needed the shawl which he wrapped about her with absurdly exaggerated solicitude. One of the most unmistakable symptoms of the lover is the absorbing and superfluous care with which he adjusts the wraps about the object of his affections whether the weather be warm or cold; and as if he thought he could thus artificially warm her heart toward him. But Miss Dwyer did not appear vexed, pre-

tending indeed to be oblivious of everything else in admiration of the spectacle before her.

The country stretched flat and bare as a table for fifty miles on either side the track—a distance looking in the clear air not over one-fifth as great. On every side this great plain was circled by mountains, the reddish-brown sides of some of them bare to the summits, while others were robed in folds of glistening snow and looked like white curtains drawn part way up the sky. The whitey-gray of the alkali-patches, the brown of the dry earth, and the rusty green of the sagebrush filled the foreground, melting in the distance into a purple-gray. The wondrous dryness and clearness of the air lent to these modest tints a tone and dazzling brilliance that surprised the eye with a revelation of possibilities never before suspected in them. But the mountains were the greatest wonder. It was as if the skies, taking pity on their nakedness, had draped their majestic shoulders in imperial purple, while at this hour the westerling sun tipped their pinnacles with gilt. In the distance half a dozen sand-spouts, swiftly-moving white pillars, looking like desert genii with too much "tanglefoot" aboard, were careering about in every direction.

But, as Lombard pointed out the various features of the scene to his companion, I fear that his chief motive was less an admiration of Nature that sought sympathy than a selfish delight in making her eyes flash, seeing the color come and go in her cheeks, and hearing her charming unstudied exclamations of pleasure—a delight not unmingled with complacency in associating himself in her mind with emotions of delight and admiration. It is appalling, the extent to which spoony young people make the admiration of Nature in her grandest forms a mere sauce to their love-making. The roar of Niagara has been notoriously utilized as a cover to unlimited osculation, and Adolphus looks up at the sky-cleaving peak of Mont Blanc only to look down at Angelina's countenance with a more vivid appreciation of its superior attractions.

It was delicious, Lombard thought, sitting there with her on the rear platform, out of sight and sound of everybody. He had such a pleasant sense of proprietorship in her! How agreeable—flatteringly so, in fact—she had been all day! There was nothing like traveling together to make people intimate. It was clear that she understood his intentions very well: indeed, how could she help it? He had always said that a fellow had shown himself a bungler at love-making if he were not practically assured of the result before he came to the point of the declaration. The sensation of leaving everything else so rapidly behind, that people have when sitting on the rear platform of a train of cars, makes them feel, by force of contrast, nearer to each other and more identified. How pretty she looked sitting there in the door-way, her eyes bent so pensively on the track behind as the car-wheels so swiftly reeled it off! He had tucked her in comfortably. No cold could get to the sweet little girl, and none ever should so long as he lived to make her comfort his care.

One small gloved hand lay on her lap outside the shawl. What a jolly little hand it was! He reached out his own and took it; but, without even a moment's hesitation for him to extract a flattering inference from, she withdrew it. Perhaps something in his matter-of-course way displeased her.

To know when it is best to submit to a partial rebuff, rather than make a bad matter worse by trying to save one's pride, is a rare wisdom. Still, Lombard might have exercised it at another time. But there are days when the magnetisms are all wrong, and a person not ordinarily deficient in tact, having begun wrong, goes on blundering like a school-boy. Piqued at the sudden shock to the pleasant day-dream, in which he had fancied himself already virtually assured of this young lady—a day-dream which she was not really accountable for spoiling, since she had not been privy to it—what should he do but find expressions for his mingled vexation and wounded affection by reminding her of a previous occasion on which she had allowed him the liberty she now denied. Doubtless helping to account for this lack of tact was the idea that he should thus justify himself for so far presuming just now. Not, of course, that there really is any excuse for a young man's forgetting that the ladies have one advantage over Omniscience, in that not only are they privileged to remember what they please, but also to ignore what they see fit to forget.

"You have forgotten that evening at the California Theatre," was what this devoted youth said.

"I'm sure I don't know to what you refer, sir," she replied freezingly.

He was terrified at the distant accent of her voice. It appeared to come from somewhere beyond the fixed stars, and brought the chill of the interstellar spaces with it. He forgot in an instant all about his pique, vexation, and wounded pride, and was in a panic of anxiety to bring her back. In a moment more he knew that she would rise from her chair and remark that it was getting cold, and she must go in. If he allowed her to depart in that way he might lose her forever. He could think of but one way of convincing her instantaneously of his devotion; and so what should he do but take the most inopportune occasion in the entire course of their acquaintance to make his declaration. He was like a general whose plan of battle has been completely deranged by an utterly unexpected repulse in a preliminary movement, compelling him to hurry forward his last reserves in a desperate attempt to restore the battle.

"What have I done, Miss Dwyer? Don't you know that I love you? Won't you be my wife?"

"No, sir," she said flatly, her taste outraged and her sensibilities set on edge by the stupid, blundering, hammer-and-tongs onset from first to last he had made. She loved him, and had meant to accept him, but if she had loved him ten times as much she couldn't have helped refusing him just then, under those circumstances—not if she died for it. As she spoke she rose and disappeared within the car.

It is certainly to be hoped that the noise of the wheels, which out on the platform was considerable, prevented the recording angel from getting the full force of Lombard's ejaculation.

It is bad enough to be refused when the delicacy and respectfulness of the lady's manner make "No" sound so much like "Yes" that the rejected lover can almost persuade himself that his ears have deceived him. It is bad enough to be refused when she does it so timidly and shrinkingly and deprecatingly that it might be supposed she were the rejected party. It is bad enough to be refused when she expresses the hope that you will always be friends, and shows a dispo-

sition to make profuse amends in general agreeableness for the consummate favor which she is forced to decline you. Not to put too fine a point upon it, it is bad enough to be refused anyhow you can arrange the circumstances, but to be refused as Lombard had been, with a petulance as wounding to his dignity as was the refusal itself to his affections, is to take a bitter pill with an asafetida coating.

In the limp and demoralized condition in which he was left the only clear sentiment in his mind was that he did not want to meet her again just at present. So he sat for an hour or more longer out on the platform, and had become as thoroughly chilled without as he was within when at dusk the train stopped at a little three-house station for supper.

Then he went into one of the forward day-cars, not intending to return to the sleeping-car till Miss Dwyer should have retired. When the train reached Ogden the next morning, instead of going on East he would take the same train back to San Francisco, and that would be the end of his romance. His engagement in New York had been a myth, and with Miss Dwyer's "No, sir," the only business with the East that had brought him on this trip was at an end.

About an hour after leaving the supper-station the train suddenly stopped in the midst of the desert. Something about the engine had become disarranged which it would take some time to put right. Glad to improve an opportunity to stretch their legs, many of the passengers left the cars and were strolling about, curiously examining the sagebrush and the alkali, and admiring the ghostly plain as it spread, bare, level, and white as an ice-bound polar sea, to the feet of the far-off mountains.

Lombard had also left the car, and was walking about, his hands in his overcoat pockets, trying to clear his mind of the wreckage that obstructed its working; for Miss Dwyer's refusal had come upon him as a sudden squall that carries away the masts and sails of a vessel and transforms it in a moment from a gallant bounding ship to a mere hulk drifting in an entangled mass of debris. Of course she had a perfect right to suit herself about the kind of a man she took for a husband, but he certainly had not thought she was such an utter coquette. If ever a woman gave a man reason to think himself as good as engaged, she had given him that reason, and yet she refused him as coolly as she would have declined a second plate of soup. There must be some truth, after all, in the rant of the poets about the heartlessness and fickleness of women, although he had always been used to consider it the merest bosh. Suddenly he heard the train moving. He was perhaps fifty yards off, and, grumbling anathemas at the stupidity of the conductor, started to run for the last car. He was not quite desperate enough to fancy being left alone on the Nevada desert with night coming on. He would have caught the train without difficulty if his foot had not happened to catch in a tough clump of sage, throwing him violently to the ground. As he gathered himself up the train was a hundred yards off, and moving rapidly. To overtake it was out of the question.

"Stop! ho! stop!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. But there was no one on the rear platform to see him, and the closed windows and the rattle of the wheels were sufficient to render a much louder noise than he could make inaudible to the dozing passengers. And now the engineer pulled out the throttle-valve to make up for lost time, and the clatter of the train faded into a distant roar and its lights began to twinkle into indistinctness.

"Damnation!"

A voice fell like a falling star: "Gentlemen do not use profane language in ladies' company."

He first looked up in the air, as on the whole the likeliest quarter for a voice to come from in this desert, then around. Miss Dwyer, smiling with a somewhat constrained attempt at self-possession. Lombard was a good deal taken aback, but in his surprise he did not forget that this was the young lady who had refused him that afternoon.

"I beg your pardon," he replied with a stiff bow; "I did not suppose that there were any ladies within hearing."

"I got out of the car supposing there was plenty of time to get a specimen of sagebrush to carry home," she explained, "but when the cars started, although I was but a little way off, I could not regain the platform;" which, considering that she wore a tie-back of the then prevalent fashion, was not surprising.

"Indeed!" replied Lombard with the same formal manner.

"But won't the train come back for us?" she asked in a more anxious voice.

"That will depend on whether we are missed. Nobody will miss me. Mrs. Eustis, if she hasn't gone to bed, may miss you."

"But she has. She went to bed before I left the car, and is asleep by this time."

"That's unfortunate," was his brief reply as he lit a cigar and began to smoke and contemplate the stars.

His services, so far as he could do anything for her, she should, as a lady, command, but if she thought he was going to do the agreeable after what had happened a couple of hours ago, she was mightily mistaken.

There was a silence, and then she said, hesitatingly, "What are you going to do?"

He glanced at her. Her attitude and the troubled expression of her face as well as her voice indicated that the logic of the situation was overthrowing the jaunty self-possession which she had at first affected. The desert was staring her out of countenance. How his heart yearned toward her! If she had given him the right to take care of her, how he would comfort her! what prodigies would he be capable of to succor her! But this rising impulse of tenderness was turned to choking bitterness by the memory of that scornful "No, sir." So he replied, coldly, "I'm not in the habit of being left behind in deserts, and I don't know what is customary to do in such cases. I see nothing except to wait for the next train, which will come along some time within twenty-four hours."

There was another long silence, after which she said in a timid voice, "Hadin't we better walk to the next station?"

At the suggestion of walking he glanced at her close-fitting dress, and a sardonic grin slightly twitched the corners of his mouth as he dryly answered, "It is thirty miles one way and twenty the other to the first station."

Several minutes passed before she spoke again, and then she said, with an accent almost like that of a child in trouble and about to cry, "I'm cold."

The strong, unceasing wind, blowing from snowy mount-

ain-caverns across a plain on which there was not the slightest barrier of hill or tree to check its violence, was indeed bitterly cold, and Lombard himself felt chilled to the marrow of his bones. He took off his overcoat and offered it to her.

"No," said she, "you are as cold as I am."

"You will please take it," he replied, in a peremptory manner; and she took it.

"At this rate we shall freeze to death before midnight," he added as if in soliloquy. "I must see if I can't contrive some sort of a shelter with this sagebrush."

He began by tearing up a large number of bushes by the roots. Seeing what he was doing, Miss Dwyer was glad to warm her stiffened muscles by taking hold and helping; which she did with a vigor that shortly reduced her gloves to shreds and filled her fingers with scratches from the rough twigs. Lombard next chose an unusually high and thick clump of brush, and cleared a small space three feet across in the centre of it, scattering twigs on the uncovered earth to keep off its chill.

"Now, Miss Dwyer, if you will step inside this spot, I think I can build up the bushes around us so as to make a sort of booth which may save us from freezing."

She silently did as he directed and he proceeded to pile the brush which they had torn up on the tops of the bushes left standing around the spot where they were, thus making a circular wall about three feet high. Over the top he managed to draw together two or three bushes, and the improvised wigwam was complete.

The moonlight penetrated the loose roof sufficiently to reveal to each other the faces and figures of the two occupants as they sat in opposite corners as far apart as possible, she cold and miserable, he cold and sulky, and both silent. And, as if to mock him, the idea kept recurring to his mind how romantic and delightful, in spite of the cold and discomfort, the situation would be if she had only said Yes instead of No, that afternoon. People have odd notions sometimes, and it actually seemed to him that his vexation with her for destroying the pleasure of the present occasion was something quite apart and in addition to his main grievance against her. It might have been so jolly, and now she had spoiled it. He could have boxed her pretty little ears.

She wondered why he did not try to light a fire, but she wouldn't ask him another thing if she died. In point of fact, he knew the sagebrush would not burn. Suddenly the wind blew fiercer, then came a rushing sound, and the top and walls of the wigwam were whisked off like a flash, and they staggered to their feet, buffeted by the whirling bushes, a cloud of fine alkali-dust enveloped them, blinding their eyes, penetrating their ears and noses, and setting them gasping, sneezing, and coughing spasmodically. Then, like a puff of smoke, the suffocating storm was dissipated, and when they opened their smarting eyes there was nothing but the silent, glorious desolation of the ghostly desert around them, with the snow-peaks in the distance glittering beneath the moon. A sand-spout had struck them, that was all—one of the whirling dust-columns which they had admired all day from the car-windows.

Wretched enough before both for physical and sentimental reasons, this last experience quite demoralized Miss Dwyer, and she sat down and cried. Now, a few tears, regarded from a practical, middle-aged point of view, would not appear to have greatly complicated the situation, but they threw Lombard into a panic. If she was going to cry, something must be done. Whether anything could be done or not, something *must* be done.

"Don't leave me," she cried hysterically as he rushed off to reconnoitre the vicinity.

"I'll return presently," he called back.

But five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes passed, and he did not come back. Terror dried her tears, and her heart almost stopped beating. She had quite given him up for lost, and herself too, when with inexpressible relief she heard him call to her. She replied, and in a moment more he was at her side, breathless with running.

"I lost my bearings," he said. "If you had not have answered me I could not have found you."

"Don't leave me again," she sobbed, clinging to his arm. He put his arms round her and kissed her. It was mean, base, contemptible to take advantage of her agitation in that way, but she did not resist, and he did it again and again—I forbear to say how many times.

"Isn't it a perfectly beautiful night?" he exclaimed with a fine gush of enthusiasm.

"Isn't it exquisite?" she echoed, with a rush of sympathetic feeling.

"See those stars: they look as if they had just been polished," he cried.

"What a droll idea!" she exclaimed, gleefully. "But do you see that lovely mountain?"

Holding her with a firmer clasp, and speaking with what might be styled a fierce tenderness, he demanded, "What did you mean, miss, by refusing me this afternoon?"

"What did you go to at me so stupidly for? I had to refuse," she retorted, smilingly.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, sir; I meant to be all the time."

The contract having been properly sealed, Lombard said, with a countenance curiously divided between a tragical expression and a smile of fatuous complacency, "There was a clear case of poetical justice in your being left behind in the desert to-night. To see the lights of the train disappearing, leaving you alone in the midst of desolation, gave you a touch of my feeling on being rejected this afternoon. Of all leavings behind, there's none so miserable as the experience of a rejected lover."

"Poor fellow! so he shouldn't be left behind. He shall be conductor of the train," she said, with a bewitching laugh. His response was not verbal.

"How cold the wind is!" she said.

"Shall I build you another wigwam?"

"No: let us exercise a little. You whistle 'The Beautiful Blue Danube,' and we'll waltz. This desert is the biggest, jolliest ball-room floor that ever was, and I dare say we shall be the first to waltz on it since the creation of the world. That will be something to boast of when we get home. Come, let's dedicate the Great American Desert to Terpsichore."

They stepped out from among the ruins of their sagebrush booth upon a patch of hard bare earth close to the railroad track. Lombard puckered his lips and struck up the air,

and off they went with as much enthusiasm as if inspired by a first-class orchestra. Round and round, and to and fro, they swept until, laughing, flushed, and panting, they came to a stop.

It was then that they first perceived that they were not without a circle of appreciative spectators. Sitting like statues on their sniffling, pawing ponies, a dozen Piute Indians encircled them. Engrossed with the dance and with each other, they had not noticed them as they rode up, attracted from their route by this marvelous spectacle of a pale-faced squaw and a brave engaged in a solitary waltz in the midst of the desert.

At sight of the grim circle of centaurs around them Miss Dwyer would have fainted but for Lombard's firm hold.

"Pretend not to see them; keep on dancing," he hissed in her ear. He had no distinct plan in what he said, but spoke merely from an instinct of self-preservation, which told him that when they stopped the Indians would be upon them. But as she mechanically, and really more dead than alive, obeyed his direction and resumed the dance, and he in his excitement was treading on her feet at every step, the thought flashed upon him that there was a bare chance of escaping violence if they could keep the Indians interested without appearing to notice their presence. In successive whispers he communicated his idea to Miss Dwyer:

"Don't act as if you saw them at all, but do everything as if we were alone. That will puzzle them, and may make them think us supernatural beings, or perhaps crazy: Indians have great respect for crazy people. It's our only chance. We will stop dancing now and sing a while. Give them a burlesque of opera. I'll give you the cues and show you how. Don't be frightened. I don't believe they'll touch us so long as we act as if we didn't see them. Do you understand? Can you do your part?"

"I understand; I'll try," she whispered.

"Now," he said, and as they separated he threw his hat on the ground, and, assuming an extravagantly languishing attitude, burst forth in a most poignant burlesque of a love-lorn tenor's part, rolling his eyes, clasping his hands, striking his breast, and gyrating about. Miss Dwyer in the most approved operatic style. He had a fine voice, and knew a good deal of music; so that, barring a certain nervousness in the performer, the exhibition was really not bad. In his singing he had used a meaningless gibberish varied with the syllables of the scale, but he closed by singing the words, "Are you ready now? Go ahead, then."

With that she took it up, and rendered the *prima donna* quite as effectively, interjecting "The Last Rose of Summer" as an aria in a manner that would have been encored in San Francisco. He responded with a few staccato notes, and the scene ended by their rushing into each other's arms and waltzing down the stage with abandon.

The Indians sat motionless on their horses, not even exchanging comments among themselves. They were evidently too utterly astonished by the goings on before them to have any other sentiment as yet beyond pure amazement. Here were two richly-dressed pale-faces, such as only lived in cities, out in the middle of an uninhabitable desert, in the freezing midnight, having a variety and minstrel show all to themselves, and to make the exhibition the more unaccountable, without apparently seeing their auditors at all. Had they started up the show after being captured, Indian cunning would have recognized in it a device to save their lives, but the two had been at it before the party rode up—had, in fact, first attracted attention by their gyrations, which were visible for miles out on the moony plain.

Lombard, without ever letting his eyes rest a moment on the Indians so as to indicate that he saw them, had still managed, by looks askance and sweeping glances, to keep close watch upon their demeanor, and noted with prodigious relief that his wild scheme was succeeding better than he had dared to hope.

Without any break in the entertainment he communicated his reassurance to Miss Dwyer by singing, to the tune of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," the following original hymn:

"We're doing admir'ble—
They're heap much tickledee:
Only keep on."

To which she responded, to the lugubrious air of "John Brown's Body,"

"Oh, what do you s'pose they'll go for to do,
Oh, what do you s'pose they'll go for to do,
Oh, what do you s'pose they'll go for to do,
When we can sing no more?"

A thing may be ridiculous without being amusing, and neither of these two felt the least inclination to smile at each other's poetry. After duly joining in the chorus of "Glory, Hallelujah!" Lombard endeavored to cheer his companion by words adapted to the inspiring air of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." This was followed by a series of popular airs, with solos, duets, and choruses.

But this sort of thing could not go for ever. Lombard was becoming exhausted in voice and legs; and as for Miss Dwyer, he was expecting to see her drop from moment to moment. Indeed, to the air of "Way Down upon the Swanee River," she now began to sing,

"O dear! I can't bear up much longer:
I'm tired to death;
My voice's gone all to pie-ce-ce-ces,
My throat is very sore."

They must inevitably give out in a few minutes, and then he—and, terribly worse, she—would be at the mercy of these bestial savages, and this seeming farce would turn into most revolting tragedy. With this sickening conviction coming over him, Lombard cast a despairing look around the horizon to see if there were no help in their bitter extremity. Suddenly he burst forth, to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner":

"Oh, say can you see,
Far away to the east,
A bright star that doth grow
Momentarily brighter?
'Tis the far-flashing headlight
Of a railroad-train:
Ten minutes from now
We shall be safe and sound."

What they did in those ten minutes neither could tell afterward. The same idea was in both their minds—that unless the attention of the Indians could be held until the train arrived, its approach would only precipitate their own fate by impelling the savages to carry out whatever designs of mur-

der, insult, or capture they might have. Under the influence of the intense excitement of this critical interval it is to be feared that the performance degenerated from a high-toned concert and variety show into something very like a Howling-Dervish exhibition. But, at any rate, it answered its purpose until, after a period that seemed like a dozen eternities, the West-bound overland express with a tremendous roar and rattle drew up beside them, in response to the waving of Miss Dwyer's handkerchief and to Lombard's shouts.

Even had the Indians contemplated hostile intentions—which they were doubtless in a condition of too great general stupefaction to do—the alacrity with which the two performers clambered aboard the cars would probably have foiled their designs. But, as the train gathered headway once more, Lombard could not resist the temptation of venting his feelings by shaking his fist ferociously at the audience which he had been so conscientiously trying to please up to that moment. It was a gratification which had like to have cost him dear. There was a quick motion on the part of one of the Indians, and the conductor dragged Lombard within the car just as an arrow struck the door.

Mrs. Eustis had slept sweetly all night, and was awakened the next morning an hour before the train reached Ogden by the sleeping-car porter, who gave her a telegram which had overtaken the train at the last station. It read:

"Am safe and sound. Was left behind by your train last night, and picked up by West-bound express. Will join you at Ogden to-morrow morning. JENNIE DWYER."

Mrs. Eustis read the telegram through twice without getting the least idea from it. Then she leaned over and looked down into Jennie's berth. It had not been slept in. Then she began to understand. Heroically resisting a tendency to scream, she thus secured space for second thought, and being a shrewd woman of the world, ended by making up her mind to tell no one about the matter. Evidently Jennie had been having some decidedly unconventional experience, and the less publicity given to all such passages in young ladies' lives the better for their prospects. It so happened that in the bustle attending the approach to the terminus, and the prospective change of cars, every body was too busy to notice that any passengers were missing. At Ogden Mrs. Eustis left the train and went to a hotel. The following morning, a few minutes after the arrival of the Central Pacific train, Jennie Dwyer walked into her room, Lombard having stopped at the office to secure berths for the three to Omaha by the Union Pacific. After Jennie had given an outline account of her experiences, and Mrs. Eustis's equilibrium had been measurably restored by proper use of the smelling-salts, the latter lady remarked: "And so Mr. Lombard was alone with you there all night? It's very unfortunate that it should have happened so."

"Why, I was thinking it very fortunate," replied Jennie, with her most childish expression. "If Mr. Lombard had not been there, I should either have frozen to death, or by this time been celebrating my honeymoon as bride of a Piute chief."

"Nonsense, child! You know what I mean. People will talk; such unpleasant things will be said! I wouldn't have had it happen for anything. And when you were under my charge, too! Do hand me my salts."

"If people are going to say unpleasant things because I pass a night alone with Mr. Lombard," remarked Jennie, with a mischievous smile, "you must prepare yourself to hear a good deal said, my dear, for I presume this won't be the last time it will happen. We're engaged to be married."—*Edward Bellamy, in Lippincott for November.*

Mr. George C. Gorham, the secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, and the author of the voluntary contribution circular, has written a letter explaining why he has not caused the President's speech at St. Paul to be printed and circulated as a campaign document. "I read the President's speech carefully, and looked anxiously for some word expressing a preference for the Republican party over the Democratic party. Finding no such expression, I have not caused the speech to be printed. If the President can yet be induced to say that Republican success in the Congressional campaign is desirable, with or without his reasons, I will print a million copies, and furnish them gratuitously as supplements to every Republican paper in the land." It appears from this letter that Mr. Gorham decides at his pleasure what shall and what shall not be printed as a campaign document. The Republican Congressional campaign is conducted on the platform of honest money. Mr. Gorham, it is understood, holds what are called Greenback views, which are incompatible with the Republican platform. The Republican President makes a clear, concise, and admirable statement of Republican doctrine and achievement, and Mr. Gorham, who sends out his own Greenback speech to those who wish it, declines to print and circulate that of the President, because the President does not say that Republican success is desirable. If Mr. Gorham exceeds his authority in assuming to decide what shall be printed, he ought to be dismissed. If he does not exceed it, Republicans have the right to know why a gentleman who does not hold with the party upon the chief issue of the campaign is intrusted with the choice of documents to be printed and circulated. Meanwhile it is an edifying spectacle, that of the secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee insulting the Republican President because in an address upon public affairs to a vast throng of citizens of all parties he speaks as a patriotic American and not as a politician.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, November 10, 1898.

Oyster Soup.
Broiled Tahoe Trout.
Pigeon Pie. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Green Peas. Young Beets.
Roast Veal. Sweet Potatoes.
Celery Salad.
Ice Cream and Strawberries.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Apples, Bananas, and Grapes.

To COOK LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Have some cold boiled potatoes; slice, pepper, and salt them, and fry brown in butter. When browned have some finely chopped parsley; sprinkle and mix well among them. Some fry finely minced onions with the potatoes, which gives them a nice flavor.

In a St. Louis restaurant you can get very good raw oysters—and the same set of shells you ate out of last.

NOTICE.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } - - - - - Editors.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

Governor Stanford has broken the ice of a long silence in reference to railroad affairs. During all these years of railroad building—which have been years of angry discussion and jealous misrepresentations, of bitter personal vituperation, of newspaper controversies, of vexatious litigations, and of political contentions—the President of the Central Pacific Railroad has for the most part remained silent. The Dutch Flat swindle, so ably advocated by the *Alla*, and so generously condoned by permitting its editor to drive the golden spike; the long and bitter war of the Sacramento Union, which ended by its receiving its mortal wound; the Goat Island controversy, so eloquently championed by our Brother Pickering and both his journals, and so sweetly reconciled upon the Los Angeles trip, when the lamb lay down in the belly of the lion—these, and all the political questions at Washington, questions upon the solution of which hung the political lives and fortunes of senators, members of Congress, and the lesser official vermin that bite them, were allowed by President Stanford to pass, as though he was unmindful of their existence and of the men and motives that gave them prominence. He now communicates to the daily journals a well-matured paper embracing his views upon the question of corporations, their liability to legislative control, interference with fares and freights, with general reflections upon railroads, their relation to the owners and the community that has business with them. It is an able argument. It is an argument that will challenge the best reasoning of its opponents to answer. It is logical, free from passion, and its reasoning is based upon broad, general principles. "Civilization," says the Governor, "has its foundation in the rights of property and in the protection of individuals in the fruits of their industry. It is measured by the accumulation of the comforts, the elegancies, the luxuries, and the splendors of life, and by the intelligence of the people." These causes make a demand for labor, elevates it and makes it more valuable, and entitles it to the full protection of the law. Corporations are a modern invention, democratic in their character, may be made available by all classes of society, and are the means of defense afforded the poor man to resist the encroachments of the rich. It enables people of small means to combine, and thus by strength of numbers and coöperative association meet wealth upon equal terms. It is in fact a system of coöperation, enabling labor to compete with capital. The argument that State Legislatures have a right to control corporations because they create them is based upon a false theory. Corporations framed under general laws receive no special favors. The State does not create the corporation, nor provide it with property. It simply permits its citizens to form themselves into an association where they may aggregate their own property and their own labor as coöperative capital, giving to it the same, and no other, protection than it gives to individual wealth. The property of the corporation belongs to the individuals comprising it, as represented by their ownership of stock. The law gives a corporation some advantages over a partnership, limiting personal liabilities, etc., but it is, after all, liable to all the requirements that govern individuals, and its property is subject to all the provisions that concern the possessions of private persons. A wrong done to an association of men under a corporate title, or any act of legislation or judicial decision depriving the corporation of its property, is a wrong to each individual owner. If it were not for corporations thus enabling individuals to aggregate their capital and combine their labor, all great enterprises could and would be monopolized by the men alone who possess great wealth. All attacks upon corporations are attacks upon the coöperative principle and a blow at the interests of the poorer class. Legislation inimical to

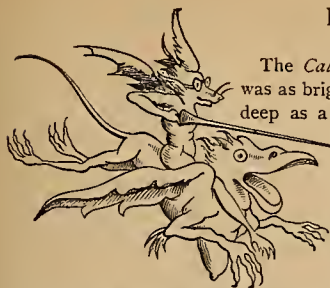
corporations is, in its result, only friendly to the men of large capital. There is a natural jealousy upon the part of the masses against the managers of great enterprises leading to demagogism, and because the multitude is in opposition to the few, those managers are in a degree defenseless against wrong. The attempt upon the part of the public, either through legislation or by commission, to regulate the business of any corporation, and especially that of a railroad company, amounts practically to confiscation. No one can intelligently interfere with the inner workings of a railroad company, especially with reference to fares and freights. They are necessarily ignorant of the question they are called upon to consider. This part of Governor Stanford's argument is made clear by a plain statement of facts and figures, which we have not space to reproduce; nor is it necessary. The impartial and intelligent business man needs no argument to convince him of the injustice and stupidity of any attempt, by commissions or others, by politicians, or any body else, to regulate the complicated workings involved in the detail of establishing fares and freights over such a road as the Central Pacific. Different grades, different lengths of road, a thousand questions involved in the weight and bulk of goods, whether a road is doing a large or limited business, whether it runs through a sparse or populous country, whether the trade is balanced by a nearly equal transport each way—all these, and a multitude of other considerations, are involved in "fixing" fares and freights, and the idea of wrenching this part of the "control" from the managers and directors of a railroad is only another and a milder form of expression for confiscation. It is our judgment that these things are better regulated by competition and by the interests of the company. The interest of a railroad company runs parallel with the interest of the community with which it does business. No company nor corporation is so safely entrenched in power, nor so rich, nor so formidable, that it dares to wage a war upon the people with whom it does business. A railroad finds its prosperity in the general development of the resources and industries of the country. "A principle which all railroads recognize, and which they are compelled to recognize, is that of competition, and this is largely illustrated in the competition of the overland railroad with water carriage from Europe and the Eastern States by the way of Cape Horn to San Francisco; also, in the competition for business from Asia to the Eastern States and Europe with the Suez Canal route. The whole State, and even the State of Nevada, enjoys the benefit of competitive rates from the East to San Francisco. A denial of the right of railroads to meet competition would be a practical denial to the people of California of the benefits enjoyed from the overland railroad. It would be a practical denial to the railroad, in connection with the steamship companies, to compete for the business of Japan, with its forty millions of inhabitants and largely increasing trade; a denial of competition for the business of China, of India, and of Australia, and the other countries of the Pacific, as it would also the business of Europe as it sought the port of San Francisco, or sought an overland and quick transit to Japan or any of the countries bordering upon the Pacific Ocean. Locally it would deny to Sacramento, Stockton, Marysville, San José, Los Angeles, and other points along the navigable streams, the benefit of the competing rates whereby, if they so choose, they can move their property by water in consequence of the competition of railroads for about one-third of what they could before there was railroad competition. The attempt to give to others than the owners of railroads the fixing of the rates of freights and fares is so far an infringement upon the ownership of this property, because control is ownership; but ownership or control, where the benefits that may be derived are not to be enjoyed by those controlling, means simply disaster, absolute waste and destruction of property, especially when it is possible that control may be exercised by parties whose interests are to be subserved by a disregard of the rights or the interests of those who are entitled to the advantages to be derived from the property. If the control of railroads is to be taken from those who build them, and who are entitled to the fruits of their industry as other individuals engaged in other callings are, then railroad-building must cease, or else the State itself must assume all the responsibilities of their construction and operation. There is one way," says the Governor, "in which the State can regulate railroads and reduce their rates, and only one, and that is by purchasing them. The attempt to take control of them in any other way is to be likened only to the covetousness of him who would by fraud or violence take the fruits of another's industry. It is an exercise of the law of might. An attack upon railroads, like attacks upon all other species of property, is an attack upon labor, and more particularly common labor, because the road, from the time the first pick or shovel is put into the ground until it is completed, equipped, and ready to be put into operation, represents only labor, and labor largely of the most common kind. After it is constructed and equipped it has no usefulness, no earning capacity, except labor, and in a large part common labor is applied to it. Its benefits, whether to those who use it, who ride upon it, who freight upon it, or those who may own it, are directly the results of labor. While labor enters so largely into its management, in its development of

the resources of the country, in its affording the means of transportation from remote distances, or the facilities it gives for the interchange of commodities, it is also creative of labor, of employment beyond that of any other labor-saving machine of the age. The railroad is peculiar in that, above all other property, it finds its own greatest prosperity in aiding the development of the industries and the resources of the country and its productions. No wise man will ever knowingly approve of any laws that absolutely or approximately prohibits its construction." This argument, as presented by Governor Stanford, is able and logical. We do not say that it is altogether unanswerable, but we do say it is not answered by the puerile and childish declaration that the owners of this railroad property have become rich, that they live in elegant mansions in town and city, and that they are generous in their indulgence of fast and blooded horses, and that they delight in the purchase of marble, pictures, and bronzes. All this is the argument of narrow-minded, mean, and jealous minds which have not the manliness to be honest, nor the sense to be fair. There may be moral considerations involved in the question of subsidies, legal controversies may grow up between the Government and the railroad company, or between foreign bondholders and the corporation, but they are not raised in this discussion, and are not fairly within the scope of the argument submitted by the President of the company in his communication to the public through the newspapers.

England is almost at war with the Ameer of Afghanistan, and is not free from the possibilities of a war with Russia that shall tax to the fullest extent the resources of her empire, and may involve an insurrection of her subjects in India. France, not yet recovered from the results of the German war, experimenting with a government republican in form, is called upon to watch against dynastic conspiracies, and to carefully preserve herself from the European complications. Russia keeps her armament in the field, and refuses the settlement of the Berlin Congress, threatens England's possessions in India, favors the cause of the Ameer, and proposes a renewal of the war with Turkey that may involve her with the leading powers of Europe. Turkey defeated, humiliated, her territory divided, her empire still invaded by hostile armies, with finances embarrassed, credit ruined, agitated by internal dissensions, is threatened with another great war, the objective point of which will be the Bosphorus and her capital of Constantinople. Germany is involved in serious domestic dangers through socialism, is at feud with the Church of Rome, is embarrassed financially, her Emperor has thrice escaped assassination. She fears that France will again give her battle for Alsace and Lorraine. Austria finds herself involved in a war as her part of the inheritance of the Russian-Turkish conflict. The two parts of the empire are not in political accord, and she trembles at the possibility of wars in which she may not be able to avoid taking part. The King of Spain has just escaped the bullet of the assassin. The Pope of Rome finds his resources from Peter's Pence on an alarming decrease. King Humbert, of Italy, has a crisis in his cabinet that threatens his kingdom with serious complications. The Khedive of Egypt is involved in the political troubles that surround Turkey. Denmark is disturbed by the revolt of the negroes in the Island of Santa Cruz. The King of Holland threatens to abdicate. The King of Greece was snubbed at Berlin. Our country is at peace with all the world. Our exports exceed our imports. Our tonnage and commerce are increasing. Our debt is decreasing. We are growing in population and wealth. Our crops of cotton, tobacco, grain, and wool annually increase. Our mineral resources multiply. We control the silver market of the world. We have no standing army, and no necessity for one. We may recall our ministers and plenipotentiaries from abroad, for we have no foreign complications. Let us all join in the Doxology.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, representing aristocratic thought in England, a journal "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," complains that Secretary Evarts has availed himself of this period of England's embarrassments and foreign complications to assume a somewhat arrogant and dictatorial tone in reference to the question of the fisheries. It is the British ox that is now being gored. It was the British Bull that demanded the return of Mason and Slidell—and in the most insolent manner. Then we were in trouble, waging a war for our national existence. It was from the shipyard of a member of the English Parliament that the *Alabama* went forth, with British sailors and armament, to destroy our commerce, and light up the oceans with our blazing ships. It was English sailors and English ships that ran our blockades. It was English capital that invested in cotton bonds. It was England that first recognized the belligerence of the Confederation. What is sauce for the American goose must be sauce for the British gander.

Wellock, the English shoemaking agitator, who has been less than one year in America, and who is gopher No. 2 of the sand-lot, has given the business away. "Pay me my agreed stipend of \$15 a week, or I will go to making shoes, at which business I can earn \$25 a week."



PRATTLE.

The *Call's* theatrical reporter was as bright as a board and as deep as a duck pond last Sunday, in speaking of Miss Clara Morris' "magnetic power," whatever that may happen to be. It is something, it appears, which "seems to thrill in every fibre of her system, and quiver in the dewy depths of her blue eyes." Now, what is the use of a knowledge of the principles and bases of dramatic art to one who can write with such lucidity and precision without them? It was that kind of criticism that was the making of Garrick.

From Garrick to Dr. Johnson—who can help making the transition? What a disconcerting touch the old intellectual giant had! Whatever he laid his pen upon was straightway resolved into its constituent elements; it fell apart like a ship deprived of its iron by the magnetic mountain of the Arabian tale. Moving amongst the tower-builders, he could disdain to criticise the work that was wholly bad, and, himself a tower-builder, he knew that none was wholly good; so he neither condemned without allowance nor praised without qualification. Of the Deity (for whom he had ever a great respect) he once came near expressing a judgment entirely favorable: "He is," said he, "infinitely good"—then added, with his customary moderation—"as far as the perfection of His nature will allow." But the censor of the *Bulletin* says of the performance of the play *Miss Multon*, at a local theatre, that it had not a fault.

It would be grand to have a Johnson's intellect, but how glorious to have a Johnson's opportunities! Fancy the old *Ursus arctos* of Letters caged in San Francisco and gravely preparing for posterity his *Lives of the Local Poets*! Imagine Pope, Congreve, or Prior conceiving an epigram, and then ransacking his mental directory of California notables for the name of some luckless worthy whom it will fit without dignifying! No, no, my brother literary gladiators; so long as we have no nobler antagonists than one another let us not repine that our swords are lath and our shields plaster; for these may be mistaken as the outward and visible signs of a useful calling.

Perusing Swift, the other day,
Despair and envy made me pray:
"Dear Lord, if it be right and fit,
Give me such formidable wit;
If not, bestow upon me, please,
Such formidable enemies."

When Ajax smote Thersites black
And blue upon the scurvy back
That bore an everlasting pest,
Methinks the rascal fared the best.

To Fate I'd rather give the odds,
And rail, a fool among the gods,
Than, drubbing any dunce that drools,
Prevail, a god among the fools.

The September number of *London Society*, I learn from the "social" columns of the *Call*, contains an "elegant ode" (elegant, tasty, and *recherché*, I suppose) to Farina, by Hector A. Stuart. "*London Society*," it is naively added, "is a very exclusive publication, patronized chiefly by the nobility." It has hitherto been usual to consider this certainly rather exclusive publication a kind of *limbus fatuorum*, or fools' paradise, wherein self-crowned idiots chatter immortal nonsense to the far future, unheeded and unheard of men; but Shon Shenkin of the *Call* has his own opinion as to that, and, as Omar Khayyam justly observes,

"He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows."

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;"
Who sings for nobles he should noble be.
There's no *non sequitur*, I think, in that.
And this is logic plain as a, b, c.
Now, Hector Stuart, you're a Scottish prince,
If right you fathom your descent—that fall
From grace; and since you have no peers, and since
You have no kind of nobleness at all,
"Twere better to sing little, lest you wince
When made by heartless critics to sing small.
And yet, my liege, I bid thee not despair—
Ambition conquers but one realm at once;
For European bays arrange thy hair—
Two continents, in time, shall crown thee Dunce!

What Mr. Stuart is to literature Mr. George M. Ciprico is to art; the one makes poetry ridiculous, the other the drama; but neither is satisfied with his fame, albeit each dictates the very terms in which it shall be bruited about by good-natured journalists. (This, however, is not true regarding that not inconsiderable portion of their renown which I confer upon them myself.) With them the distinction of genius is not enough: Stuart will have himself a prince, and Ciprico now flames out as a count! A New York dispatch asserts that he is heir to an immense estate left by Count Ciprico, who died intestate in New York some twenty years ago, and whose property was taken by the State. True, it is not stated that George is himself a count, but it is well known that Italian counts in this country are mostly barbers. How stupid of us all not to have guessed his rank!

There is one thing not easy to understand: it is stated that Mr. Ciprico has abandoned the stage, and is coming to California as an insurance agent, in the hope of earning money enough to "fight the case." What! the Great American Tragedian, who, "at the Surrey, sir," won such imperishable garlands, *leaving* the stage to earn money! Ah, well, you ought to be happy, George; you made no mark in the performance, but as the central figure in the tableau with which it concludes, brandishing your newly found patent of nobility in the lime-light, you shine at last with a splendor that dazzles!

You're like the distant mortar's shell,
That pitching from the heavens fell,
And none had marked the rover
Till it accomplished all its arc,
Then, bursting, set afire the dark,
And all, thank God, was over!

Well, well, my lad, we'll dub you "count;"
That title's but a small amount
For your retiring-pension.
To keep you from the stage away,
Lip-service we will gladly pay,
And call it art-subvention.

Every one, I should imagine, must be gratified that the case of Mrs. Bein (who chooses to call herself Miss Wilton) against the Sheriff and the Administrator of the late Alexander Austin's estate has been amicably arranged, without publicity being given to the letters in dispute. Still, it is to be regretted that there could not have been a decision on the point of law involved. If A writes to B, who dies before getting the letters, it is of some importance to A to whom those letters belong—particularly if B was of the other sex. From certain recent indications of heart-broken disappointment, I infer that in some quarters it is held that they belong to the newspapers.

Accused of trickery at cards, a fine
French Senator is driven to resign.
Of parliamentary justice wise the plan:
The rogue's expelled who cheats, at play, one man;
But he's absolved, who, cheating in debate,
Misdeals the truth and ruins half the State.

As to cheating at cards, by the way, there is perhaps more allowance made for it in this than in any other civilized country. What is thought of it in France is sufficiently shown by the expulsion of the Senator. Three or four years ago an English officer of high rank, who was not only the son of a peer but an intimate personal friend of the Prince of Wales, was summarily dismissed from the army for cheating at a game of whist in another country. Does the American laxity in this respect argue a lower morality? Hardly. Card-playing is not considered a very respectable "institution" here, and we are not concerned to preserve its purity. The gambling that is done in the best European society—not only in the club, but in the drawing-room—is no less than shocking to an American who loses.

The *London Truth* asserts and proves that the man who lives by cards, or even wins much oftener than he loses, is necessarily, by the law of probabilities, a swindler. It has often enough been observed, I suppose, that, at any rate, the men who have distinguished themselves as swindlers in business frequently play a remarkably good game of cards.

"Silks? Gol dern my skin, I should say so!
Why, pardner, you jest bet yer life
Ther's more uv 'em made in this place—sho!
Ther's more'n you could crowd on yer wife
Ef you was a Mormon! An' sat'n,
An' ribbins, an' velvets, an' sich—
Praps, now, you've read in yer Lat'n
'Bout Greasus, who struck it so rich.
Well, Greasus would be—so I guess, sir—
Raised out by a bet of the snips
Repersent'n' them furblyows—yes, sir,
Their value his pile would eclipse!"

The continuation of this interesting statement can be found in the official report on the manufactures of Crefeld, Germany, by Mr. Bret Harte, United States Commercial Agent in that city. The back of the document bears the following indorsement, in the writing of Mr. Evarts:

"This report is instructive in matter and noble in manner, but it is thought by the Secretary of State that in so far throwing over the traditions of the Department as to state the value of the goods manufactured in his district in poetic numbers and figures of rhetoric, instead of the numbers and figures commonly employed, Mr. Harte has perhaps not imparted the information asked for in his instructions with such definiteness and precision as might have been desired."

If this cold-blooded official criticism should ever hear of Mr. Harte it is believed that the insult will not overlook him. No doubt his situation will throw him up at once.

With what slovenly blind looseness some people write, knowing vaguely what they wish to say, then assuming that they have said it, but darkly unaware what they have implied. Here is an example. The *New York World* starts an employment office for servants—not, perhaps, so grand a development of journalism as Arctic and African exploration, but useful, no doubt, in its humbler way. The editor explains:—that henceforth "no good servant in New York need be out of a place, and no respectable household need be without a good servant." Yet if he were asked if the number of respectable households in New York, and the number of good servants, are, and henceforth will remain, exactly equal, he would promptly reply that the supposition is absurd. I know a veteran journalist who, relating the death

of a lady by drowning, added by the plainest implication that the body afterward leaped upon a sailor and dragged a boat out of him by the hair.

I once had, myself, the carelessness, in writing on "representative poets," to unmistakably imply that Mr. William D. Pollock was a goose, whereas the exact reverse was true—the goose was Mr. William D. Pollock. The error caused both Mr. Pollock and me considerable annoyance, but I am happy to say I have since embraced so many opportunities to correct it that Mr. Pollock is now satisfied to let the matter rest as it is.

Recorder Taylor fixed his sly
Sign manual on Danforth's eye:
"Witness my hand"—the stars revealed
The hand—"and seal"—the eye was sealed.
No man can see without his eyes,
No Supervisor supervise;
For "supervise" is "oversee"—
The blind can not; no more could he.
And so the business of the town
Instead of "looking up" looked down.
Resolving to resolve, the Board
Adjourned, convened again, and snored,
Discussed the question o'er their drinks
And (those who could) took forty winks.
But he, that stricken man, did take
But one long, lasting wink, awake,
Now, conscience pricking the Recorder,
He thought apologies in order,
And said: "O Board, upon my word,
I'm doosid sorry it occurred."
This, like the writing on the wall,
Brought Dan forth, and he stood up tall,
His face all radiant the while
With magnanimity's best smile,
His eye attempting in eclipse
To second the motion of his lips:
"No man shall out-acknowledge me—
By Jove, I'm sorrier than he!"

It is only fair to both the gentlemen mentioned in the foregoing verse to explain that it does not aspire to be an accurate statement of fact in any single particular. It is, indeed, a shining example of imaginative literature, designed to show how a poetic fancy moulds everything to its requirements. I deeply regret the necessity of this explanation, but perhaps it is more honorable to make it; and honor is itself almost as good as the lesser sort of poetry.

A certain friend of mine, by the way, who writes things, is commonly accused by those of whom he writes them of thinking himself a Titan among the pigmies. It can hardly be from vanity, for he frankly confesses that the happiest and most prosperous period of his life was passed where he felt himself a pigmy among the Titans. My friend used to write things in London.

"Why," says Brown to Smith, "do you invariably affix a six-cent stamp to your letters?" "My dear fellow, I once had the misfortune to cheat the Government out of a large sum of money. This is my way of making restitution." "But why do you not restore the whole lump, as conscience money?" "This is a bad world, Brown: the sentiments are not as lively as they used to be, and I never feel more than three cents' worth of remorse at a time. But my system of restitution on the installment plan keeps down the interest."

Here is a noble quatrain from the poem mentioned last week as the work of a convict in the State prison at San Quentin:

"The room is too small,
The bunks cling to the wall,
And one 'con' above another
Is compelled for to crawl."

The first line seems to be a reply to poor Col. Richard Realf, who in some verses in a recent issue of this paper declares: "Here's room for poets!" As to the convicts being compelled for to crawl above one another, the rhyming sort ought not to mind that very much, for that was their single occupation while free.

Fig trees are grown in Stockton. Why?
Because the temperature is high;
Men hop as fleas do,
The ground so hot. Dressmakers there,
Tailors who winter suits prepare,
And all who deal in things to wear,
Leave when the trees do.

President Hayes has dispatched to Bucharest an autograph letter, officially recognizing the independence of Roumania. The document was superscribed: "To Whom it May Concern;" and on learning from the messenger the nature of its contents the Roumanian Government promptly indorsed it: "Doesn't live here," and returned it to the bearer.

Nothing can ruffle the editor of the *San José Mercury*. His mind is like the liquid metal which takes its name from his journal: if it were freed heaven knows what vagaries it would be up to, but confined in the pot of his skull nothing can disturb the stoic immobility of its dead-level repose, and it would bear up a cannon ball. Writing of the training-ship *Jamestown*, this tranquil and philosophical observer says it is "a moral hell, where theimps wear blue uniforms and brass buttons, and for pure and unadulterated depravity and wickedness would put their traditional prototypes to the blush." I am no critic of style, but it seems to me that when a man writes with the calm, grand dignity of a hen fresh from the headman's block it is because he has the same luminous perception of the end to be accomplished, and of the best means to that end, that the hen has. B.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

Through the Ivory Gate.

I had a dream last night,
Dream of a friend that is dead;
He came with dawn's first light,
And stood beside my bed.

And as he there did stand,
With gesture fine and fair
He passed a wan white hand
Over my tumbled hair.

Saying: No friendship dieth
With death of any day;
No true friendship lyeth
Cold with lifeless clay.

Though our boyhood's play-time
Be gone with summer's breath,
No friendship fades with May-time,
No friendship dies with death.

Then answer I had made,
But that the rapture deep
Did hold me half afraid
To mar that rose of sleep.

So with closed eyes I lay,
Lord of the vision fair;
But when 'twas perfect day,
Only the day was there.

J. S., in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Translations from Heine.

"ICH WILL MEINE SEELE TAUCHEN."

I will steep my fainting spirit
In the lily's calyx pale;
The lily, in tones that stir it,
A song of my love shall exhale.

That song shall vibrate and shiver,
Like the ever-remembered kiss,
That from her lips on mine did quiver
In hours of divinest bliss.

"ES LIEGT DER HEISSE SOMMER."

'Tis summer, fiery summer
Upon thy cheeks divine;
'Tis winter, icy winter
To that little heart of thine.

'Twill not be so forever,
My own dear love that art;
On thy cheek it will be winter,
And summer in thy heart.

"SIE HABEN OIR VIEL ERZÄHLT."

They told thee much, much they invented,
The charges were many they made;
But that which my soul has tormented,
Well, that they have never said.

They made a great fuss, and their fretful
Complaints they envenomed with gall;
They called me base, heartless, ungrateful,
And you lent an ear to it all.

But the very worst thing, the most mulish,
Of that they knew nothing, not they;
The worst thing of all, and most foolish,
In my bosom was hidden away.

"WIR FÜHREN ALLEIN IM OUNKELN."

Alone through the dark we traveled
All night in the mail, and we
Were somehow drawn closely together,
As merry as well could be.

But when morning broke, we were startled,
For then we became aware
That Love had been traveling with us,
Without having paid the fare.

"ES FÄLLT EIN STERN HERUNTER."

A star is falling, falling,
From the radiant heights above;
That star, I see it falling,
It is the star of love.

Blossoms and leaves without number
Fall from the apple tree;
The tricky breezes take them,
And toy with them fast and free.

The swan on the mere is singing,
And to and fro he steers;
Faint grows his song and fainter,
He sinks and he disappears.

And now 'tis so still and dreary,
Nor leaf nor blossom remain;
The star into atoms is shivered,
And hushed is the swan's sad strain.

THEODORE MARTIN, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Ante Mortem.

How much would I care for it, could I know
That when I am under the grass or snow,
The raveled garment of life's brief day,
Folded, and quietly laid away;
The spirit let loose from mortal bars,
And somewhere away among the stars,
How much do you think it would matter then
What praise was lavished upon me, when,
Whatever might be its splot or store,
It neither could help nor harm me more?

If, while I was toiling, they had but thought
To stretch a finger, I would have caught
Gladly such aid to buoy me through
Some bitter duty I had to do:
Though when it was done, they said, maybe,
To others—they never said to me
The word of applause so craved, whose worth
Had been the supremest boon on earth
If granted me then: "We are proud to know
That one of our elites has triumphed so."

What use for the rope if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade's bugle-blast,
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need the spurring pean roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth in eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No! No!—if you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it while I am alive to hear!

MARGARET J. PRESTON, in *Sunday Magazine* for November.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

A True and Touching Story of Fatinitza.

"Sallie, who's that ugly-looking man down there?"

"Where?"

"End seat, first row of the dress circle."

"Blest if I know. Some old spoon, I s'pose."

The speakers were members of the *Fatinitza* chorus.
They each represented a voice and a movement.

Nothing more.

A soloist was busy, and they were free to whisper.

They were also free to stare at the audience.

More especially at everybody who was staring at them.

Everybody in this case was not numerous.

But the "old spoon" was one.

He was plain, without a doubt.

They were pretty, more especially the first speaker.

That is, they looked so—at a distance.

She was a sprightly maiden, whose paint and powder

covered the ravages of thirty hard winters.

But her legs were well preserved—in cotton.

She could not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee."

At least, not easily.

She was airily dressed in a material like gauze.

It was hot, and she had been singing.

She was evidently not accustomed to admiration.

She was indefinitely attracted to the "old spoon."

This was the third time she had appeared before an audi-

ence in the same place, in the same piece.

Every night the "old spoon" had occupied the same seat.

He was not a spoon.

He was more like a fork.

Every night his lorgnette had been fixed upon her.

There could be no doubt why he was there.

He came always for a short time and then departed.

Who could it be?

She knew she was old.

But evidently he did not.

And she did not tell anybody.

She had never been fortunate in drawing glances.

But that also was a secret of her own.

Her mouth had gradually become fixed in a broad grin

from long and vainly attempting to lure the unwary.

That was a fact; but this was a conquest.

She made inquiries, deftly and quietly.

She obtained a little clue; then a big clue.

Then the truth stood bare and unconcealed before her.

He was a broker—a stock-broker!—a Big Board broker!

Her heart bounded with joy and rapture. A broker!

Then a bouquet came, without any card.

Then another. And another. And yet another.

Could she not become acquainted with the man?

If he would only speak; if he would only write!

Her heart had spoken long ago.

That charm, "a broker," had opened it as "Open,

Sesame," opened Ali Baba's cave of old.

At last, memorable night! a note!

A little note, on a little sheet of paper, in a little envelope

sealed to his "little angel."

"Maiden, I have watched thee nightly,

And I think thou lovest me well."

"If you do, meet me at the stage door after the show, and we will sup

together. If yes, wear the rose from this bouquet. HENRY."

And the bouquet was tied to the little envelope.

The rose! With trembling hands she carefully took it out.

Her heart sunk with fear when a leaf fell from it. What

if it fell to pieces before the curtain went up?

What if he did not come? But her heart said he would.

Then a fear that he would not distinguish the rose.

Where should she put it?

If she had only thought to have that white bodice washed!

Would she pin it over the outline she called her bosom?

It might rub off in her movement on the stage.

Would she put it in her hair?

It might not be seen there; that was red.

She would wear it on her bosom.

She would gaze at him, and when he raised his lorgnette,

as he was sure to do, she would point to it.

The evening came; the house was full, an ocean of faces!

Red faces—bearded faces.

White faces—smooth faces.

Long faces—short faces.

She looked at the end seat of the first row of the dress cir-

cle. That was vacant.

He was not there!

False, false, false! She could have cried.

But the paint would not stand it.

She could not take her part in the chorus.

What made her smile return so suddenly?

What made a flush mount to places where the paint could

not hide it?

'Twas he, 'twas he! At last, at last!

He came, and stepping over the crowd that filled the aisle.

In the end seat of the first row of the dress circle.

His eye sought her out; his lorgnette was raised.

She pointed to the rose, and smiled.

He could not help seeing the smile she threw.

And he might see the rose.

He saw it! His lorgnette went down suddenly.

Then he stepped over the people and went out.

Happiness at last! At last happiness!

The broker was hers! Visions of diamonds, and carriages,

and horses, and dresses flashed before her.

She thought not of the piece. If the stage manager had

spoken to her she would have slapped his face. Was she

not to sup with a broker? At last the curtain fell. The

long agony was over. She looked very different when she

had laid aside her spangled dress, and donned her jacket

and hat.

She caressed the flower in her hand.

Melancholy fate! Julia insisted on going home with her.

They left the theatre together.

Outside stood a man. 'Twas he! Her heart gave a

bound as if it would burst. Then it bounded back again.

'Twas not he!

No sign, no sign of him. Could he have broken his own

engagement?

Pretending to have forgotten something she went back.

But no, he was not there!

'Twas no use waiting. He had broken his promise and

her heart.

She was angry. She did not cry. She swore she would

break his head if she ever got a chance.

And she went to bed, got up next morning, and went down

to the theatre.

"For Miss Smugg," said the box-keeper, as he came in with

a letter.

"Which Miss Smugg?" cried three or four voices.

"Miss Sallie Smugg." And she came tremblingly forward.

Something told her 'twas from the broker.

She retired into a corner to read it, while all the Smuggs

watched her enviously.

It was from the broker.

"I waited for you. You did not come. Why did you wear my rose

if you did not mean to keep the engagement? Write and make an ap-

pointment if you will accept the adoration of HENRY.

"Box 16451 P. O., San Francisco."

So he was not false!

"Oh, the luxury of being falsely accused."

She refused the adoration of a broker! Gracious heavens!

But she must be cautious. She must not be too eager.

So she wrote a little note:

"DEERE HENRY:—I didnt mean to deceive you. I loked for you;

but I didnt see you. I caried yur roas in my hand, so as you might

know me. Butt you wasnt ther so I went strate hoam with Julie. Ill

luka for you agan tonite. Hoppin yure quit well, as this leaves me att

present. Yure fond love, SALLIE SMUGG."

She sent this note to Henry, "Poastoffic Box 16451, City."

Once more the curtain rose on the play.

Once more the "old spoon" came in and sat in the end

seat of the first row of the dress-circle.

O bliss! O rapture!

He took out an envelope from his pocket, and pretended

to write something upon it.

Then he had received her note.

Again the curtain fell. Again she stole forth from the

theatre door to fly to his arms.

But his arms were not there.

He was not there.

Again that muffled figure by the lamp.

But he took no notice.

Again she waited, again she went back to the theatre, but

no Henry!

Now she was mad, indeed.

A second disappointment was too much.

She called him very bad names.

Then she went to bed again, again got up in the morning,

feeling angry, again went to rehearsal.

Again that box-keeper with a letter.

"For Miss Smugg."

"Which Miss Smugg?"

"Miss Sallie Smugg."

'Twas the broker's handwriting.

"SALLIE:—You are a fraud. You have sold me twice. To-night I

shall wait for you again. I will wear a light overcoat so that you may

know me. Don't disappoint me again, or there will be a row. HENRY."

Then she was angry.

She wrote another little note.

"HENRY:—Yure a fule, a wooden-headed fule. If yu cannt dis-

tinguish better than that yuid better get a pare of dubble binoclers an

wear a telescope. I loked fur yu agane. Yu didnt cum. If you cum

to-night, I'll forgiv yu; but if yu dont yu can go to thunnder. I kin get

plenty better fellers than yu. SALLIE."

"P. S.—I will wear a gray jacket."

And she sent it.

The evening came once more.

There was the "old spoon" in his accustomed place.

As he had done almost every night, he took a long look at

her and disappeared.

She was happy again. Her "broker" had seen her, and

to-night he would not fail her.

As the play was over, and the theatre door opened to give

her egress.

There he stood surely this time.

There was nobody about.

The gray jacket amalgamated with the light overcoat, while

a faint noise broke the silence, as of the enthusiastic meeting

of a small boy's palate with a toothsome gumbdrop.

"Henry!"

"Sallie!"

"At last!"

"At last!"

A pause.

"Stop a minute!"

"What's the matter, Henry?"

"I think there's some mistake."

"I think there is."

"You are not Sallie."

"You are not Henry."

And the light overcoat and the gray jacket parted company.

"You are not Henry?"

"I am; but you are not Sallie."

"I am."

"There's some mistake."

It was not her "broker."

What was to be done? She had made some curious blun-

der. This was not the "old spoon."

INTAGLIOS.

Life.

Grief should be the instruction of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth:
The tree of knowledge is not that of life. BYRON.

First Love.

Down under the hill, and there under the fir-tree
By the spring, and looking far out in the valley,
She stands as she stood in the glorious Olden,
Swinging her hat in her right hand devotedly;
The other hand toys with a honeysuckle
That has tiptoed up and is trying to kiss her.
Her dark hair is twining her neck and her temples
As tendrils some beautiful Balize marble.

"O eyes of lustre and love and passion!
O radiant face like the sea-shell tinted!
White cloud with the sunbeams tangled in it!"
I cried, as I stood in the dust beneath her,
And gazed on the goddess my boy-heart worshipp'd
With a love and a passion, a part of madness.

"Dreamer," she said, and a tinge of displeasure
Swept over her face that I should disturb her;
"All of the fair world is spread out before you;
Go down and possess it with love and devotion;
And heart ever tender and touching as woman's,
And life shall be fair as the first kiss of morning."
I turned down the pathway, was blinded no longer:
Another was coming, tall, manly, and bearded.

I built me a shrine in the innermost temple—
In the innermost rim of the heart's red centre—
And placed her therein, sole possessor and priestess,
And carved all her words on the walls of my temple.
They say that he woo'd her there under the fir-tree,
That he won her one eve, when the katydids mocked her.
He may have a maiden and call her Merinda;
But mine is the one that stands there forever,
Leisurely swinging her hat by the ribbons.

They say she is wedded. No, not my Merinda,
For mine stands forever there under the fir-tree
Gazing and swinging her hat by the ribbons.
They tell me her children reach up to my shoulder.
'Tis false. I did see her down under the fir-tree
When the stars were all busy a-weaving thin laces
Made red with their gold and the moon's yellow tresses,
Slow swinging her hat as in days of the Olden.

JOAQUIN MILLER, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Little Tyrant.

Let every sound be dead!
Baby sleeps.
The Emperor softly tread!
Baby sleeps.
Let Mozart's music stop!
Let Phidias' chisel drop!
Baby sleeps.
Demosthenes be dumb!
Our tyrant's hour has come!
Baby sleeps.

GEO. BIRSEY.

To The Rainbow.

O Iris! bringing balm for Summer's tears,
So lightly gliding down thy bridge of rose,
I know not why my spirit drinks repose
Soon as thy foot-fall the horizon nears.
Spell-bound I watch the crimson-shaded piers
As arch by arch the blooming pathway grows,
And where the richest flush of color glows
I trace thy trailing garlanded fears.
Have vanished; in one long and ardent gaze
Thy steps I follow down the heavenly slope.
Iris, be mine thy message! Let thy rays
Write out how I with destiny may cope.
Ah! spanned with light would be all coming days,
Could I but read thy oracle of hope.

FRANCES L. MACE, in *Lippincott's*.

An Autumn Picture.

Sky deep, intense, and wondrous blue,
With clouds that sail the heaven through,
And mountain slopes so broad and fair,
With here and there, amongst the green,
A maple or an ash-tree seen
In glowing color, bright and rare.
Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,
With cattle resting in the shade;
Far mountains touched with purple haze,
That like a veil of morning mist,
By gleams of golden sunlight kissed,
Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew
Since shining scythes did cut it through,
And corn-fields with their harvest fair,
And golden-rod upon the hill,
And purple asters blooming still,
And sunlight melted into air.

DORA READ GOODALE, in *Scribner*.

A White Camellia.

Imperial bloom, whose very curve we see
A lovely sculptural symmetry control,
Looking, in your pale, odorless apathy,
Like the one earthly flower that has no soul.
With all sweet radiance bathed in chill eclipse,
Pure shape of colorless majesty, you seem
The rose that Silence first laid on her lips,
Far back among the shadowy days of dream!
By such inviolate calmness you are girt,
I doubt, while wondering at the spell it weaves,
If even Decay's dark hand shall dare to hurt
The marble immobility of your leaves!
For never sunbeam yet had power to melt
This virginal coldness, absolute as though
Diana's awful chastity still dwelt
Regenerate amid your blossoming snow.

And while my silent reverie deepens notes
What arctic quietude in your blossom lies,
A wandering thought across my spirit floats,
Like a new bird along familiar skies.

White ghost, in centuries past has dread mischance,
Thus ruined your vivid warmth, your fragrant breath,
While making you, by merciless ordinance,
The first of living flowers that gazed on death!

EDGAR FAWCETT, in *Atlantic*.

The Three Wise Men.

Three wise old men were they, were they,
Who went to walk on a winter day.
One carried a club to dig for pickles;
One wore an ulster to keep off prickles;
The third, and he was the wisest one,
To kill the mosquitoes carried a gun.

"O dear!" cried one, "three wise women I see!
The only chance for our lives is to flee."
So they ran till they reached the great north pole,
And up in the stealthy way they stole;
But high at the top sat a Polar bear,
Which filled the three wise men with despair.

One used his club for a parachute;
One from the stock of his gun did shoot;
The third, in the ulster, fainted away,
And there he'd have lain to this very day,
If the three old women had not appeared,
And found them all more hurt than scared.

One fanned the ulster into life,
For which he gladly made her his wife;
One caught the club man on her ladder—
'Twas hard to tell which felt the madder;
And the third, before he had time to ask it,
Carried the sportsman off in her basket.

JOEL BRUSH, in *St. Nicholas*.

FASHION GOSSIP.

As Tiffany & Co. among jewelers, or Arnold, Constable & Co. among dry goods dealers, so is the firm of H. P. Wakelee & Co. among druggists and perfumers, and a visit to their well appointed establishment will furnish proof that this reputation is well earned. Among the many novelties introduced by this firm none have so rapidly assumed the highest position in popular estimation as the well known "Camelline," and this success is an illustration of what can be accomplished by patient exertion, directed by science and skill. A prominent physician of this city some time since called the attention of the firm to the great injury to health caused by the various preparations in use for the improvement of the complexion, nearly all of which contain large quantities of lead, mercury, and other active poisons. A series of careful and expensive experiments were at once instituted for the purpose of discovering a substitute for these objectionable compounds, and the success which has crowned their efforts will be appreciated when it is stated that "Camelline," as shown by chemical analysis, is not only free from the least trace of poisonous material, but is generally pronounced far superior to any article heretofore in use. The great desideratum of safety and efficiency is thus attained, and ladies will find in "Camelline" an article exactly adapted to their requirements. Another preparation which has met with great favor is the celebrated "Aureoline," manufactured by this house, identical in composition with that of Robare, of London, and surpassing that article on account of being freshly manufactured, thus presenting its peculiar properties in a more active and efficient condition. As our lady readers know, a few applications of Wakelee's "Aureoline" changes the hair to that sunny golden hue, the theme of poets and an object of admiration to all lovers of the beautiful. Among the endless variety of toilet soaps displayed by this firm one brand lately imported, in our estimation, stands preëminent. It is the "Savon Royal," from the manufactory of Eeckelaer, of Brussels, celebrated in Europe for its delicate perfume, the odor of the natural flower, and for all the qualities desired in soap for toilet use. Wakelee's Extra Cologne, although not new, demands attention, from the fact that connoisseurs in perfume claim that it equals in purity and permanence the famous colognes of Farina. Certain it is that many of the first families of San Francisco have for years used no other cologne, purchasing it by the gallon, while bottles of the various standard sizes in which it is sold are found upon the toilet tables of many of our city belles. Scarcely less popular are their satchel powders of varied perfumes, among which we noticed Musk, Jasmine, Violet, Heliotrope, and Jockey Club. Among the large stock of hair and tooth brushes from the well known Gosnell & Sons, and Prout & Hansart, of London, are to be seen some beautiful carved ivory brushes, mirrors, and toilet sets just imported from Paris. Another invoice will soon arrive, and we predict large sales of these elegant testimonials about holiday times. Although this house has long been noted for the success with which they cater to the refined tastes of their customers, by far the most important department of their business remains to be noted. We refer to their arrangements for the importation of pure drugs and chemicals direct from the leading manufacturers of the world, their extensive chemical laboratory for the manufacture of medicinal preparations, and the care used in dispensing upon physicians' prescriptions. Their books show that they have thus prepared since the establishment of their business over two million prescriptions, and we doubt whether there is another house in the United States which has a similar record. Like all old Californians, we have long known this firm, and we say to those among our readers who desire anything new, rare, and elegant in the way of toilet articles or perfumes, and those who appreciate absolute purity of material and skillful dispensing of medicines, to call upon H. P. Wakelee & Co.

Millinery.

Ladies' soft felt hats made with generous brims, turned up at either right or left side, while the opposite flares and drops low toward the back. The trimmings are mostly of black ostrich feathers for street wear, with loose cluster of roses. These hats are curved and bent to any angle that is believed to be becoming. One of the handsome and very picturesque hats, which is now much admired for opera or evening party, is in white felt, or in rich new velvets. Maroon velvet is made beautifully effective by a contrast of the new green called "endive." This shade appears in a satin piping on the edge of the brim, blending with the folded band of maroon velvet surrounding the crown. The whole is crowned with loose outside tips floating negligee over the hat. In color they partake of the same greenish-white shade above mentioned. The "Beef eater" hat is one of the novelties, appears in soft felt of all colors, trimmed in velvet and moss plush—in light shades for evening, with trimmings to match. We observed these latest styles at the millinery establishment of Mrs. E. T. Skidmore, 1114 Market Street, some of the latest being of the Madame Virot and Schneider modes, Paris.

When Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired:

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early spring, close of the Eastern war, and the state of the roads, and then asked:

"Say, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah, um!" said the gentleman, as he moved off. Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale, as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover.

"Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cows, and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight, and none to carry. Now where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a durned big cavity in these figgers to be filled with water!"

One-half of the world don't know how the other half live—and it is none of their business.—*Yonkers Gazette*. If this law were enforced, one-half the world would be out of business.

HOW TO FURNISH A HOME.

The Library.

The selection of a library being a matter that betrays the intellectual tastes and abilities of a man, we do not propose to select a library that will suit every one, but will offer a few suggestions to the purchaser of a library. Here a grand panorama of the intellectual achievements of the past are presented, and it requires some little care in selecting from the myriads of books a home library. We dropped into the establishment of A. Roman & Co., and looked over his magnificent collection of these treasures of the ages, and I concluded we would begin with "Fiction," being desirous of first pleasing the ladies, who, it is said, are passionately fond of this class of reading. We observed a very neat and pretty edition of Dickens' works, in thirty volumes, bound in half calf; also "Waverley," in twenty-five volumes, in the same style of binding, and Irving's works, an edition in twenty-eight volumes. We noted also Lord Lytton's novels, in half calf, green and gold, a very beautiful edition; also Thackeray's works. For travels, we concluded to suggest Hare, and Bayard Taylor, and "Through the Dark Continent," by Stanley (just issued); and in literature, Disraeli's works, in nine volumes, and Danforth's English Literature, Schiller, and Goethe, in half calf, blue and gold; also Taine's History of English Literature, and Hallam's History of English Literature, and the works of Burke. In history we would select Bancroft and Hildreth's histories of the United States, and Hume's and Macaulay's histories of England; also a very neat edition of Parkman's works, not forgetting Rollin, Plutarch, and Hallam. Then in poetry, we would of course select the best English and American poets; Byron, Moore, Shelly, Shakespeare, and Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Bryant. For Cyclopedias we would want the standard, Johnson's, Appleton's, Chamber's, and the "Britannica." These works above named for the library we found very elegantly bound, and at comparatively low prices. We had almost forgotten the Juveniles, which we found here in a choice selection, beautifully illustrated, and we also ran across some elegant gift volumes for the holidays. In purchasing a library we found that here was one of the places that purchasers should visit.

The extraordinary popularity of the "Domestic" sewing machine proves conclusively its success as one of the favorites of the home. Its almost noiseless motion and ease in running, added to its possession of all the later improvements, led many manufacturers to imitate some of its most valuable features, thereby acknowledging its superiority. The "Domestic" has been steadily improving until it has almost attained perfection. Among some of its most prominent later improvements may be mentioned the new combination fly-wheel, by which the bobbin may be wound, without running the machine, also the self-threading shuttle, and the self-setting needle.

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The surroundings of a home mould and develop the character, we are told by a distinguished writer. If this be so, then how important it is that those surroundings be elevating and ennobling in their effects. The forms of beauty continually impressed upon the mind develop a taste for the good, the true, and the beautiful. In this age of art culture the resources in this direction are almost exhausted. Steel engravings with oil paintings have long been popular. Etchings, with their effects in shading, are now reaching a high place among the works of art. A new process, called photogravure, has produced a new feature in art, and when adorning the walls of the parlor, library, or saloon, it adds much to the beauty of a home. We found at the establishment of E. Wolf & Co., under the Palace Hotel, some of the true specimens of art in paintings, engravings, etc. Among others in his choice selection of etchings we noticed one very fine work entitled "The Roman Emperor," by Alma Tadema. Also an elegant series of fifteen fine steel engravings for the library, by A. Liezen Mayer, one of the most celebrated of the modern German artists.

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The courts are beginning to take notice of the relations of an editor toward persons with whom he is brought into confidential relations. A Rochester newspaper man, who was called upon to testify as to the manner in which he obtained certain information published in his paper bearing on a case at issue in court, declined to answer, alleging that a disclosure by him of the name of his informant would seriously injure his business as the publisher of a newspaper, and that as the information had been imparted to him under the pledge of secrecy as to the informant, he was as privileged as a lawyer who has received disclosures from his client. The court took his view of the case.

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 7, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE.—I need hardly tell you that we devoted Monday night to "Clara Morris." So did a great many other people, for the house was full; and they put on their best bib and tucker to do honor to the occasion. There were quantities of white bonnets out, and a few rash creatures even ventured upon opera cloaks. In fact, there was quite a general realization that the coming of the emotional Clara was an event, and, you know, we women always signalize these things by putting on our war-paint. A few people, who had not found out that Miss Multon was East Lynne, were quite disgusted with themselves for having invested three dollars in the same old cry, but the actress herself was the attraction after all. I can not see where Miss Multon is any improvement on East Lynne, even if it is French. I don't believe I like the dignified "Miss Osborne" as well as the irascible "Miss Corney," nor "Mathilde" as well as pretty "Barbara Hare." I know that "Maurice de Latour" is a perfect Nowa Zenbla beside "Archibald Carlyle," and "Miss Multon's" sin is not so easily forgiven as that of "Isabel." Of course the French excel in the more delicate lines of character-drawing, and they have an incomparable gloss of finish. I waited with some curiosity to see how Miss Morris would make up as a middle-aged woman, but I found that she did nothing of the sort. It is true she wears a luxuriant crop of silver-gray hair, but there is so much of it that it suggests premature grayness. I really can not tell you whether her face was made up or not; in repose it looked fresh and blooming, but, at moments, it became completely transfigured—old, haggard, drawn, agonized. I never experienced so much uneasiness for a stranger in the whole course of my life. I had heard and read so much of Clara Morris' paroxysms of pain, and the signs were so real, that I did not know half the time whether it was Clara Morris or "Miss Multon" that was suffering. It was with inexpressible relief that I saw her called before the curtain after each act. What a peculiar way she has when thus called, of appearing with a face full of such unutterable sorrow that she might sit for the "Mater Dolorosa," and then breaking suddenly into a smile of such positive gladness that her eyes dance. My dear girl, that smile relieved me wonderfully. I dislike to be played upon like a harpsichord, but I am obliged to submit to it when I go to see Clara Morris. You will be surprised, therefore, when I tell you that through the first act and half the second I was the victim of disappointment. Miss Morris, for some strange reason, has chosen to affect in the earlier scenes that preternaturally quiet manner which Rose Eyttinge employs so much. She sank her voice to such a low pitch that we could not hear the spoken lines at all, and they must have had some difficulty in catching her words even upon the stage. She was nervous, gestureless, almost voiceless. I never conversed but once with this sort of woman, and she was a lunatic. It only took me five minutes to find out she was as mad as a March hare. Then the stillness seemed ominous. There is something catty about these ultra-quiet women, and I momentarily expected her to spring on me and throttle me. Miss Eyttinge's quiet never affected me, she was too transparently artificial; but I do not like to see a great genius like Clara Morris descend to such sharp contrasts to produce effect any more than I like to see her black her gums to make her teeth white. What an odious detail of the make-up is this same gum blacking. I wonder that so spirituelle a creature can use it, and she so dainty, too. She was a picture in her dress of that rare pure gray which is innocent of drab, so perfect a gray indeed as to seem a continuation of her abundant locks. She changed her dress later to a wine colored merino, and looked more entertaining than ever. I did not quite feel that we had Clara Morris back until she began to express the instinct of the mother in her interview with poor old "Mr. Behn," the tutor, which part Mr. Bradley played with a full appreciation of the old gentleman's uncomfortable position in the crater of a domestic volcano. From that moment to the end she was simply perfect. Her genius tends to the delineation of morbid passion, but it is superb. She has lost much of the old twang which used to offend the ear. I only caught it twice, and I think she caught it at precisely the same moment, for it disappeared in the next sentence each time. She has improved as all great ones do. The last act is an accumulation of agony, we piled upon woe, and about the most uncomfortable dramatic bit I ever sat through. I shall not soon forget her face bleached to deathly whiteness, nor her subtle knowledge of an invalid's fancies. Upon my word I felt as if I had the typhoid fever for about fifteen minutes, there was such an echo of old suffering in her peevish impatience, to be broken, unnatural voice, and that strange fancy of the fever-stricken, an irrelevant sentence coming into one's head and dining itself into one's brain with a hundred variations. It is simply wonderful, Madge. Go and see her. The stage was mounted very handsomely, and she was excellently well supported. Mr. Morrison as "de Latour" dusted his temples with the powder puff. This was his concession to middle age. I observe that a great many actors will consent to this temple lock of gray, but draw no wrinkle on their faces. Miss Corcoran played "Mathilde" in a succession of green dresses, the first arsenic green, the second Nile green, the last bottle green, or peacock green, or something in that line. It was a pretty steep undertaking for her, but she managed the situation very well. She will be an actress some day. The children were played by Miss Henriette Bascombe and Miss Ida Aubrey. Miss Bascombe has considerable unformed talent, which answers very well in a child's part like this, and she got a round of applause for her longest speech, which seemed to do the little girl a great deal of good. Why not? Who does not like to applaud. Miss Ida Aubrey is precocious. I need tell you no more

than that. I was glad to see "Joskyns Tubbs" Jennings back again, and almost felt as if that delightful little Maud Harrison might fly in at any moment. He made a very nice old doctor, with a crusty exterior, and a heart of gold. I am inclined to think him a little monotonous, but he has been good in everything that he has played in San Francisco. Miss Wilkes electrified us by breaking out in a stave or two of—

"My sweet Johanna that lives in Harlem Lane."

This for her is positively frisky. I should never have suspected her of singing anything more cheerful than "Stabat Mater." She has a quiet, pleasing manner, and is very nice if they cast her properly. I observed that many sought an antidote to Miss Multon by going to see Robinson Crusoe next night. Strange—is it not?—that Boston successes will not do here. *Hieratha* was a failure, and Robinson Crusoe is a hit. I must indulge for once in the womanly privilege of saying "I told you so." Miss Atherton is a pretty woman—I may say a beautiful woman—and she is a good burlesque actress, too. I wish you could see her in her suit of goat skin, with only a dash of color let in, in the shape of a red ring in her cap, and a set of red ribs in her white Japanese umbrella. I remember the cudgeling of brains Lydia Thompson had to conjure up this costume, and what a hit it was. The correspondents thought it sufficiently a triumph of art to send descriptions of it all over the country. To read them one would think that the little burlesque queen must have looked like a moving mountain of perpetual snow. But Miss Atherton does not look at all like that. She has a commanding carriage, and seems quite unincumbered. She sang a laughing song with Willie Edouin in very jolly style. I do not think she has much natural vivacity, but she has stage experience, and she has a look of Maggie Moore which, to us, makes her seem merry, whether or no. *A propos* of resemblances, they cast the full blaze of the calcium light on Miss Searle the other night while she was singing—singing exquisitely, too—and for a moment she was the picture of what Minnie Walton used to be in the glory of her beauty, when *Cherry and Fair Star* was running at the old California. Poor old house, it has seen some jolly times. They have been reviving the light of other days up there, in the shape of Frank Lawlor's "John Mellich," a remarkably fine piece of acting, which has failed to draw. It ought to have done better on its merits alone, but the impression was abroad that it was only put on as a makeshift until the arrival of Ada Cavendish, and makeshifts never draw. But to return to *Crusoe*. Little Bella Chapman put on a bewitching and much abbreviated set of skirts this week, and skipped about like a little humming bird, introduced a song and dance, a horrid e-log dance by the way, and added one of the funniest little baby winks to her little repertoire. She is vastly amusing to me. I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Rice has brought a very good burlesque troupe with him, and I think he thinks so, too, for he sat in front the other night and applauded vigorously. I never saw a man enjoy anything as he enjoyed his own show. Willie Edouin's man "Friday" is quite as remarkable a piece of acting as report made it. Burlesques always fizzle out toward the end, but in the first part there is more in "Friday" than can be taken in with a passing sense of amusement. His difficulties with the English language are very amusing and the witticisms very happy. Willie Edouin was always an athlete, of a particularly elastic kind, but he divides his laurels in this troupe. I never saw such an india-rubbery set of men in my life. They are all good dancers, and the trail of the "Lone Fisherman" is over them all. (Also I saw several yards of the *Evangeline* ball fringe.) Harry Dixey, whom I think I remember as the elastic policeman, has a particular genius for contorting himself. As for Lou Harrison, he made quite a hit as the bold buccaner and only needs a big voice, which may come with time. He is deeply imbued with the true spirit of burlesque, and accomplished a series of the most extraordinary exits and entrances. In fact Robinson Crusoe is a jolly burlesque; the music is well-selected, and there is not a weak one in the cast so far as the prominent parts are concerned. Why is it not always so? Little Oates and the *Little Duke* continue to attract at the Bush Street Theatre. They intended to replace it with *La Marjolaine*, but the public cried for more *Duke*, so they have been indulged. I doubt if they will permit it to be withdrawn even on Monday, for its music grows upon the fancy with constant hearing. Every one has caught fragments of it here and there, and whistle, hum, or pick it out on the piano, in the most distracted manner. It is really trying to pass a house in the piano quarter, for the strains of "Poor little man" float through every window with all its poor little accidental notes fearfully mangled, while some few have been bold enough to attempt "If you refuse my best demand," and are beating the martial measure of "To the camp." It is whispered that the music of *La Marjolaine* is even prettier. But I doubt it. There are rarely two such hits in a season. I will send you an arrangement of both operas as soon as they are issued, but the music dealers are very slow in getting them out. For the present adieu. Yours, BETSY B.

Railroad matters in the Western Addition are beginning to assume something like a tangible and practical shape. This portion of our city, by reason of its water view, perfection of drainage, freedom from dust, and health consequent upon pure air and good drainage, is the most desirable for residences of any part of the peninsula. For long years it has been cursed by a most vexatious railroad system, and has been retarded in its settlement and hindered in its prosperity. The building of the California Street Railroad has worked a miraculous change, and this part of the city is now beginning to feel the influence of a railroad well constructed, well managed, and run in sympathy with the people who support it. California Street, from Polk Street west, will be an avenue of Palaces. "California Heights," as this part of the town has been very properly named, will in time become the location of the most elegant residences of the city, and will contest with Nob Hill its claim to be considered as the aristocratic quarter. A new cable road is to be constructed out Montgomery Avenue, through Union Street, to the Presidio. California Street road is to be extended direct to the Ocean, thus opening up to residences another range of heights, called "Pacific Heights," overlooking the bay, ocean, and Golden Gate. When the Union Street road is built, and the Clay Street road extended—as it must eventually be—and the California Street road is run to the ocean beach, the Western addition will be the place for elegant homes.

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Hon. A. J. Bryant, Hon. Saml H. Dwinelle,
D. J. Staples, Jacob Shew,
Hall McAllister, J. P. H. Wentworth,
Wm. G. Badger, W. C. Randolph,
Henry M. Black, Dr. J. M. MacNulty,
Hon. Phil. Roach, Dr. R. Beverly Cole,
A. W. Von Schmidt, A. N. Towse,
Paul Morrill, A. W. Stott,
Geo. W. Granniss, Ed. Cahill,
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One of the most remarkable of books is a recently published work by Mr. J. Stanley Grimes, entitled *Mysteries of the Head and the Heart Explained*. There are, we take it, certain mysteries of the heart which can not be explained by the wisest head; and the head has also its mysteries, of which the explanation must be sought in the heart—and will be sought in vain. Nevertheless, some of the dark corners of each receive revealing beams of light in Mr. Grimes' book; the sources of feeling and thought, which, like those of the Nile, have been for ages hidden in deepest obscurity, being here traced and mapped with such surprising accuracy that the reader stands astonished at his own lack of penetration. The work is published by W. B. Keen & Co., of Chicago; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co., No. 3 Montgomery Street.

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Attention is called to an advertisement in another column of J. William Frazer, the famous New York professor of dancing, who intends to locate here instruct in the Terpsichorean art—making a speed of private lessons in round dancing, as preliminary to the accomplishment of graceful quadrilles—entirely new, novel, and sensible method. Frazer's circular.

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(CONTINUED FROM ELEVENTH PAGE.)

With Mantels, Ranges, Etc.

The marbled iron mantels so closely imitating the choicest foreign and American ancient and modern marbles have reached a perfection that can hardly be realized. In the imitation of agate, Egyptian, lapis lazuli, red and gray porphyry, and every species of marble is so close as to almost deceive the eye of an expert; the most difficult imitations of mahogany, pine, English, French, and American walnut, and various other woods, with veneering in French mahogany or California laurel, are, in a word, one of the wonders of the age. They are superior to the best qualities of slate and marble for mantelpieces, in hardness of finish, which makes them impervious to stains either of smoke, oils, or acids, and in their soft, rich color, which harmonizes more with the furniture. This new production has now become fashionable, and in furnishing a home one of the most durable ornaments. Open fire places are superseding the stove for the parlor, library, and salon in the city, and when adorned with these mantels finished with Black Spanish, nickel plate, and trimmed with gilt, bronze, or nickel trimmings, their elegance can only be known when seen. We observed these beautiful mantels at the large establishment of W. W. Montague & Co., Battery Street, where they may be obtained at rates much less than the cost of slate or marble, and in their elegance of design, quality of finish, and durability of polish, they will be found in every way superior. We noticed here also for those who desire to purchase stoves something elegant in tile finished parlor stoves with open grate front. These stoves are finished with tiling at the sides which are shaped into the most beautiful designs in flowers, vines, etc. We must not forget to mention the fine assortment in coal stoves we found here, all elegantly finished in Japan finish in various colors, with neat representations of flowers, fancy portraits, etc.; also, the polished steel fire irons for open fire places, nickel trimmed, with ornate heads tipping the handles, closely imitating gold. One of the important features, if not the most important, in furnishing the house is not to overlook the culinary department. The very latest improvements for cooking and baking must be looked after; and in looking over the magnificent assortment here presented we found that the "Van" wrought iron range supersedes all others in the perfection of its construction and elegance of finish. In this range the fire-place is surrounded on three sides with a water back, presenting a large heating surface for hot water, making this the most durable and economical range ever offered to the public. The shelf, with pipe passing through it, is very useful and convenient for placing the covers of the range or setting dishes on to keep warm. The broiling attachment to these ranges is superior to any ever offered for family use, and equal in every respect the broilers now in use in the best hotels and restaurants; they are arranged for charcoal fire, with smoke pipe attached to the main pipe to carry off all the smoke and odor from broiling meats. We noticed here, also, a new ware called the "Agate Iron Ware," which, in smoothness, lightness, and beauty of finish, and with its elegant tint inside and outside, has made it the favorite with all housekeepers. Every article almost in this department is represented in this beautiful ware. Elegantly mounted in nickel and silver the tea and coffee urns, etc., with their accompaniments, complete the furniture of the kitchen with that taste and elegance so pleasing to the eye of the housekeeper. The above leading firm in this department are supplying an immense demand for this ware in many of the most fashionable houses of San Francisco. W. W. Montague & Co. were the first to introduce this beautiful ware, and now make it one of their specialties.

Mosaic Tiling, Parquet Flooring, and Wood Carpeting

The nolla mosaic tiling are made in Valencia, Spain, and have been used for ages for floors in halls, vestibules, conservatories, bath-rooms, kitchens, laboratories, etc. These tile are considered by architects and builders far superior to any similar goods ever introduced into the homes of the Pacific Coast, on account of their richness in color, hardness, and smoothness of finish, and beauty of design. These tilings are used also for hearths, and are preferred to marble on account of their being completely proof against stains of all kinds. The hand-painted facing tile, for pilaster ornamentation of painted-pieces, are exceedingly handsome, being perfect imitations of all kinds of flowers, birds, and animals, all in rich colors. This kind of tile is also used in single and side brackets, trays, lamp stands, etc. Beautiful designs are also used for wainscoting some of our most fashionable houses. The inlaid or parquet flooring is manufactured from oak, walnut, cedar, and other contrasting colors of wood, and when laid upon the floor resembles the rich mosaic inlaid work so common in Germany, France and Italy, and without which no room is complete there. This elegant flooring is laid down in ornamental designs, to suit the taste of the most fastidious, as almost every mathematical design may be represented. It has a beautiful surface finish, susceptible of high polish, and is easily kept clean and in perfect order. A beautiful effect is produced by laying a parquet border only around a room, relieving the carpet by the contrast. The wood carpeting is the most suitable for a library, dining or sitting room. These floors and carpeting are insect proof, and so tight that dust cannot penetrate them. The dust may be as easily cleaned from them as a piece of furniture, the result being a floor much more elegant, durable, and cheaper than one covered by a wool carpet. Our most fashionable residences are adopting these features in furnishing a home. We found all the above nearest and most elegant designs in tiling, parquet flooring, etc., at the establishment of W. H. Mahony & Co., 409 California Street, in this city. All the new improvements in this department of house furnishing will be found at this establishment.

With Mirrors.

Rich carvings in walnut, with veneering in French walnut, make a very beautiful frame for dining-room or library mirror, while the more elegant castings for frames in gilt are the most appropriate for parlor and bed-room mirrors. The upper part of the mirror frames in gilt are now ornamented with beautiful representations of mythological characters; among others the head of Ceres adorns the centre, while on either side Cupid reclines—in perfect imitation of his coy reign over the hearts of men and maidens; the side uprights represent columns and also antique carvings. The plain gilt mirror frames are the relics of the crude art, in elaborate wall ornaments. The wonderful gilt castings in plaster of Paris, that are to be seen at the establishment of S. & G. Gump

& Co., 581 and 583 Market Street, perfectly imitating the most delicate flowers and statuary, can certainly be said to be executed in all the perfection of this peculiar art. The window cornices are now made of the same design to correspond with the mirrors of each room. Rich carvings in primavera wood, California laurel, etc., are here found in every variety. This style of mirror is especially adapted to the dining-room.

Furniture and Upholstery.

Being desirous of giving some further items to the readers of the ARGONAUT on furniture and upholstery, we called upon one of the leading firms in this department—F. S. Chadbourne & Co., 735 Market Street, and give the result of our visit in the following: In the latest and prevailing novelties in this department: In chamber furniture we found that the Queen Anne and Eastlake designs are the latest and most extensively used. The woods entering into these elegant designs are ash and walnut. Mahogany is to some extent now being revived. The Queen Anne design is embellished with French veneering and marqueterie and white holly. The large and heavy and massive furniture, in elegant French veneering, is still sought after; the Queen Anne and Eastlake designs are, however, the most fashionable. The mirrors for these designs are now made of French plate glass, very thick, with beveled edge, while the toilet drawers are lined with silk velvets. In upholstery for the chamber, Indian cashmere and French raw silks in delicate tints are now prevailing. Lambrequins of the pole cornice pattern are very neat and graceful. For the dining-room we have the large pedestaled extension tables of the Queen Anne design, with the feet and supports richly carved in antique designs. The sideboards are of the same style to match the tables. The upholstery of the dining-room is of Russia leather in various colors. The frame-work of the chairs and lounges are massive and heavy; the upholstery is studded with nickel plated nails; also the trimmings are nickel plated on all the pieces. The lambrequins are also in Russia leather to match the furniture, trimmed and studded with nickel plated nails. The cornices are made of plain walnut. The pieces for the parlor usually consist of a divan and its accompaniments, in odd designs, no two pieces being of the same pattern. The number of pieces are selected in accordance with the size of the room. The stuff overwork is now largely used, the frame being hid entirely from view. The materials used are satin damasks—plain satin to a limited extent—while the more elegant Persian and Indian patterns are considered the most fashionable—and raw silks trimmed with silk plushes. Each piece of furniture is entirely encircled with an Eastlake fringe matching the tints of the raw silks, and hanging to the floor. Ebonyed and gilt furniture frames are being largely used. The former is often inlaid with elegant French marqueterie and beautiful designs in gilt. The coverings for this furniture used are the materials above mentioned. Draperies are hung upon gilt cornices of the very latest modern and antique designs. In some cases the cornices enter into the construction of the building. Long curtains reaching entirely to the floor are now used, the material matching the furniture. We noticed a very elegant ebonyed corner what-not inlaid with French marqueterie, with desk in a beautiful design to match. Cabinets of every description, hall stands, etageres, and numerous other articles of furniture. The above designs we observed at the establishment of the above mentioned firm. Although but a short time has elapsed since this firm entered upon business in this city, yet an unexampled prosperity has followed their attempts to please their numerous patrons. By the liberal patronage of the public this establishment has made such rapid strides in business that it now compares favorably with any concern in this department. The Standard Theatre of this city has recently been refitted and upholstered by this firm. The elegant hangings to the boxes of this place of amusement add greatly to its adornments, and it is but justice to add that its elaborate finish has elicited much praise from the public.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Latest in Parisian Modes.

The very latest novelty in carriage costume is of black silk and velvet, the skirt is *en train*, and is trimmed knee deep with bands of velvet. The overskirt is short and looped *en bouffant*, trimmed on the lower edge with flounces of black and white lace, falling one over the other. The basque is tight-fitting, and neatly finished on the lower edge with a piping of satin. Long loops and ends with double-faced ribbon tipped at the point behind, and flounces of the two laces, perfect the length of the sleeves. This makes a very rich carriage costume, and we are informed by a lady just from Paris that this is the style among the *bon ton* of Paris. Another very beautiful dress for in-door toilet is that of the Princess robe style. It is made of plum colored velvet, trimmed with satin of the same shade, richly embroidered in Persian patterns of gold and steel. Another novelty in walking costumes, from Worth, Paris, is a very rich lemon brocade silk. The palette is made of cloth of the same shade, and is trimmed with a broad band of moss cloth of a darker shade descending almost to the bottom of the dress. The buttons are in a double row, descending in front and on the lapels at the back. The button has a raised centre of half-globe glass, disclosing beetles and various insects, each button representing a different species of insect. Another elegant walking costume of the Princess pattern is made of olive brown silk, with trimmings in silk and jet embroidery, representing peacocks' feathers. The above styles we found at the fashionable establishment of Mrs. Roemer, on the southeast corner of Kearny and Post Streets. This lady is now making up all the very latest of the Parisian modes for some of the most fashionable ladies of our city.

Coiffures.

The most graceful and becoming style of hair-dressing, to say the least, is desirable on the part of every lady; and one of the latest, and withal a graceful style is accomplished by waving the front in short, irregular curls, or laying the hair in graduated rings across the brow, and down upon the temples to the ears. At the back the mass of hair is taken up, and arranged in a natural coil and puffs, without any frizzed hair within, while a handsome comb appears at the top of the head in the centre. In making up this style of headdress when the hair is short, a large

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1114 Market St., between Mason and Taylor, under Graham House.

switch is necessary to make up the coil. The price of such a switch will range from \$12 to \$20, according to quality. Another very graceful style, tasteful and elegant, for ball or evening party has just appeared: The hair is parted in the centre in front, and waved on the sides, with a few ringlets or frizzes falling on the forehead. Two small puffs slant from the left to right, while parallel with the puffs a cable coil slants also from the left to the right, reaching to the nape of the neck. Back of the coil and puffs a comb appears (made of the lady's own hair) on the head, and is placed in the hair sideways. At the back, falling from the comb on the left side, a feather made out of human hair descends to the nape of the neck. To finish the head-dress a small hair bow is placed on the top of the head in the centre. This elegant and fashionable head-dress may be seen at the hair-dressing establishment of Shephard & Co., No. 8 Stockton Street, near Market. In fact, all the latest and most fashionable styles in hair-dressing may be seen and had at this establishment.

Latest in Gent's Tailoring.

Although there is a tendency in fashionable circles in America to adopt the prevailing styles in London, yet the peculiar American cut and finish has made a style that is distinctly and completely American. Both styles in tailoring parlance may possess the same name while they possess entirely different features. Durability as well as neatness and elegance of trimmings are features peculiarly American. The most fashionable style for this season for business suit is the double-breasted sack. All the garments close higher than those prevailing heretofore. The fine trade have adopted these styles, and they are consequently the most fashionable. The changes from one month to another are not very marked yet the gradual change in rolling the garments higher, and in reducing the width of the shoulders has made a very great change in the styles prevailing three years ago. The business suits are made now without exception of fancy checks, the shepherd's plaid pattern being the prevailing style in various colors; plain black and white, however, is the most in favor. The serge faced suiting of a dark mixture is made up into four-buttoned cutaways. The styles in London for winter overcoats, which to some extent will be the prevailing styles in fashionable circles in America, are the frock great coat, with the waist cut longer than last winter, while the skirt is cut shorter; also the single-breasted frock great coat, which is made up in goods with a bold diagonal line, also in plain melton in medium colors. The single-breasted Chesterfield has become a great favorite. This style of overcoat is equally effective in dark as in light colors. Small patterns or plain goods are best suited. All these latest styles are made up at the fashionable and long-established tailoring establishment of J. N. Tobin, Montgomery Street, where all the latest fashions are always to be found.

General Purchasing Agency.

I have established myself as a General Purchasing Agent, at No. 424 Montgomery Street, in this city. An experience of over twenty years in this line of business, during which time my transactions have extended into almost every department of trade, warrants me in the assertion that I can satisfy the requirements of the most fastidious. My aim will be to give the same consideration to the business of others as if it were my own. All orders for the purchase of goods, from the least valuable to the most expensive, will receive my careful and patient attention, not only in the selection, but also in packing, etc., and prompt forwarding to destination. I note some descriptions of merchandise, for the purchase of which I have special facilities, viz: hardware, mining tools and machinery, musical instruments, watches and jewelry, pianos, druggists' sundries, crockery, china and glassware, chromes and engravings, wines and liquors (foreign and domestic), perfumery of all kinds. Commissions for "Women's and Children's Articles," of every variety, will be superintended by a lady thoroughly conversant with their wants. Goods selected in the London, New York, and Paris markets at lowest prices. Commission purchases at satisfactory rates. Remittances may be sent by mail, by registered letter, postal order, or express, at convenience of sender. Attention is directed to advertisement in another column.

Refers by permission to Jas. C. Patrick, Esq., Jacob Underhill, Esq., Louis McLane, Esq., B. M. Hartshorne, Esq., Hon. S. H. Dwinelle, T. F. Tracy, Esq., Geo. C. Hickox, Esq., Hon. E. F. Beale.

Respectfully, L. T. ZANDER.

Novelties in Candies, etc.

Under the Baldwin one will notice a new candy establishment just opened, where will be found all the novelties in sweetmeats. The home-made candies, consisting of the caramel so popular among the young ladies, which many a young gent has found to the delight of his pocket, the delicious cream chocolate, and dainty French cream candies, are all here found in profusion. All the new flavors, those

which only the sweetmeat man knows how to produce, will here be seen and appreciated. We are perfectly satisfied that the readers of the ARGONAUT, who happen to pass the Baldwin, will be attracted by the inviting appearance of this new establishment, and will not fail to enter and examine the elegant array of tempting sweetmeats that are to be found here. The above-named establishment is a branch retail store of Mercer's factory, 518 Kearny Street; also a branch of which is found at 17 Powell Street. This factory has been celebrated for the superior qualities of the candies manufactured there.

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GILROY HOT SPRINGS.

SANTA CLARA CO., Aug. 27, 1878.
Virginia, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Minnesota, and New York abound in hot and cold mineral springs; but, if I am not mistaken, California presents more and better than them all. Our Paso Robles and Gilroy hot springs are as good for rheumatism, paralysis, gout, and cutaneous complaints as the famous hot springs of Arkansas. The cold soda and Vichy water of Santa Clara County are as palatable and as efficacious as the waters of Saratoga; the cold sulphur and other waters of Napa County may be compared to the Virginia and Kentucky Blue Lick and sulphur springs; the cold mineral waters of Sonoma, Plumas, and Colusa Counties are as good as the Bethesda waters of Minnesota or those at Iuka, Mississippi; while the hot springs of Sonoma, Napa, Plumas, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Diego, and Santa Barbara Counties are superior to any springs in the East, with the exception of those at Little Rock, Arkansas. A few days' sojourn at the Gilroy Hot Springs will convince anyone that this is one of the places among the many in California where the waters are of a high medicinal order, and where the pure mountain air is highly charged with ozone and healthfulness. These springs are situated in a detached spur of the Coast Range of mountains, about fifteen miles from Gilroy—which is upon the Southern Pacific Railroad, about eighty miles from San Francisco. The first part of the road takes you through one of the most lovely portions of Santa Clara Valley, after meandering through miles of orchard, farm and vineyard roads, you commence to ascend the foothills over a highway upon which a good team may trot all the way. The last three or four miles are through what is called Coyote Creek, which, while a little rough, is extremely delightful. The very last part of the road is through a miniature mountain valley called the Tachada de los Osos. The entire distance of fifteen miles may be compared to a panorama incomparably beautiful in its succession of scenic attractions—scenery so varied in its picturesque loveliness that each succeeding mile develops new charms and surprises. The latter seven miles is delightfully embowered with wide-spreading branches of the oak and the yucca, while a dash now and then, into and across a sparkling stream imparts additional zest to the drive. A sharp little incline from the creek, of about a quarter or a third of a mile, and you arrive at the springs, located on the western slope of the mountain, in the midst of a natural grove of oaks, sycamores, cypresses, pines, and firs. The springs are located about half way up between the bed of the creek and the summits of the highest range of foothills. The sides of these foothills are either wooded or patched with wild oats or other mountain grasses all the way up; and they serve as a sort of miniature Alps for those who love to recreate and perspire in their regular diurnal efforts to mount the tops. Once on the summit, and a magnificent landscape view is presented, taking in almost all of the Santa Clara Valley, the Bay of San Francisco, the Pacific Ocean, the city of Gilroy, and away down into the Pajaro and Salinas Valleys. There are several springs on the ranch; the main one, and the one which gives the place its importance, being 109 and 115 degrees in temperature, and composed of sulphur, magnesia, iron, alum, and a little arsenic—the iron predominating. The waters are used for both bathing and drinking, and are particularly efficacious in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, scrofula, general debility, and, say, general let-down. They are also remedial in cases of gout and chronic derangements of the liver, and produce temporary relief if not temporary cures. Consumption and kindred complaints receive no benefit whatever from the use of these waters in any way. This main spring pours forth a great volume continually, and only varies the number of degrees pre-ent above. The facilities for bathers are very complete. There are sixteen large bath rooms, provided with sprinklers of cool water. There is also a mud bath for the cure of rheumatism, scrofula, and other complaints. Then there are two plunge, or warming baths, respectively for ladies and gentlemen. In each of these is a cold shower, and connected with each plunge is a dressing apartment and a "sweat room." A large drinking fountain is erected over the main spring, which is only a few yards from the bath houses. This fountain is kept covered, so that no foreign substances can get into it at any time. The waters run from this fountain to the plunge and other bath houses. Near by are two cold sulphur springs, and six miles away is a natural soda spring, the waters of which, as they are dipped from the spring, sparkle and effervesce like Congress water. Pure cold water pushes down from the springs in the mountains, and is communicated to all portions of the premises. Many, if not most, of your readers will bear me out in the statement that at many of the springs in California even the proprietors are unable to give one satisfactory information as to the proper time and method of taking these mineral baths. Having visited most of the mineral springs in our State, and having met all kinds of people seeking relief from a whole catalogue of complaints, I have taken pains to gather information on this point, and am prepared to disseminate it *pro bono publico*. In the first place, persons visiting the Gilroy Hot Springs, and seeking relief from rheumatism, neuralgia, and cutaneous diseases, should, the first day, take a ten-minute bath in the forenoon and afternoon, an hour before meals, or two or three hours afterward. The next two days take fifteen-minute baths. Thereafter take your medicine with you, and take twenty-minute baths, then let the water out of the tub, place your blanket in the tub and get into it, cover yourself up, and stay from twenty minutes to half an hour; then dress slowly, with the door closed, until you get on your underclothes; then open the door, complete your dressing, and walk briskly to the fountain and drink one or two dipperfuls of the hot water; then exercise lightly until the effects of the bath disappear, and avoid all drafts. In from two weeks to two months, according to the character of the case, if you follow the above instructions, you will be well. You may eat, too, what is best before you, and drink as you would at home. For a person afflicted with gout I would recommend the above method of bath, with a daily mud bath for the foot affected, and that the "victim" diet himself somewhat, abstain from red wines and salads, and eat all the asparagus he can get, and use lime juice on all meats, and to squeeze one or two times into his whisky, cold tea, or soda water. A bad case of gout may be "knocked in the head" in a few weeks if the patient will follow the above directions. For general debility I would recommend a plunge bath of about ten minutes an hour before breakfast, and a tub bath of about fifteen minutes in the middle of the afternoon, and then a nap, and some good wine, and a good hearty dinner. To the obese person desirous of reducing himself, I

would recommend a plunge bath of fifteen minutes either before or after breakfast, to be followed by a cold shower; then a fifteen-minute tub bath in the middle of the afternoon, to be followed by a blanket, or sweat bath, for half an hour, as above described; then he should let all things containing starch and sugar alone, and drink soda and sulphur water; in two or three days the reduction will commence, and will go on for two or three, or more weeks. To the entirely healthy person, only in pursuit of recreation, and bathes from a standpoint of pleasure, I would recommend a plunge and a shower in the morning of about five minutes each, and a tub and a shower of about five minutes each in the afternoon—or either one and not the other. The ranch upon which these springs and grounds are located contains four hundred acres. The place is owned and kept by Messrs. Rook & Arick, whom, I must confess, thoroughly understand their business—at least so far as making their guests comfortable, and giving them a *quid pro quo* for the money they spend. The hotel is one of the completest and best to be found at any of our watering places or health resorts; it is handsomely furnished throughout, all the rooms containing stationary wash-basins and other modern improvements. There is a large parlor, with piano, etc., and a dining room which will seat over a hundred persons. Then there is another large two-story building with seventeen rooms, and nineteen cottages. There is a post-office, express and telegraph offices, a bar, and billiard-room, fountains, and shade trees, stables, and carriage and saddle horses. A daily stage is run between the springs and the railroad each way, and there are numerous delightful drives, people, although proprietors can accommodate 2000 people, although they have had at one time 249. The hotel rates are liberal and the baths are free. There are about fifty lookers after health and recreation here at the present time. The wives of both of the proprietors are pleasant and cultivated ladies, and they, also, do all in their power to make the patrons of the place thoroughly comfortable and at home. The place is not what is usually termed a fashionable resort, and one can be perfectly independent in regard to dress, and may gain health and strength, while both are often frittered away by dress and dissipation at gay and more stylish places. It is a delightful place to bathe and hunt and fish and sleep and dream and rest and forget the busy, whirling city, with all its work, worry, and disappointment. The fine mountain air and incomparable waters tone us up more than a whole pharmacy of cures, and we rejoice at its many attractions and its accessibility.

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Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 60 1/2 MARKET STREET, Room 15. Probate divorce, bankruptcy, and all other cases attended to.

REMOVAL.

S. B. WAKEFIELD & CO.

STOCK & EXCHANGE BROKERS,

Have removed from 314 Pine Street to

322 Pine St., cor. Leidesdorff, San Francisco.

REDINGTON'S
FLAVORING EXTRACTSARE THE PERFECTLY PURE
and highly concentrated Extracts of

FRESH FRUITS

Prepared with great care. They are put up in superior style, in a bottle holding twice as much as ordinary brands of Extracts.

Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so cheap. Wherever tested on THEIR MERITS, they have been adopted in preference to all others, and now are the

STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Of the Pacific coast. Dealers will find them to give better satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are respectfully requested to give them a trial.

REDINGTON & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

No. 427 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Agents for the sale of Wagons manufactured by BREWSTER & CO., New York,
W. D. ROGERS, Philadelphia,
C. S. CAFFEY, Camden, N. J.,
WOOD BROTHERS, New York,
H. KILLAM & CO., New Haven,
COOLING BROS., Wilmington

ALSO, AGENTS FOR

HARNESS MANUFACTURED BY WOOD GIBSON,
TOMPKINS & MANDEVILLE, AND
A. H. DUNSCOMB.

Also, a fine assortment of Robes, Blankets, Nets, Whips, etc.

MILLER & RICHARD,

SOLE MAKERS OF

EXTRA-HARD METAL
SCOTCH TYPE.

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR

THE CAMPBELL, HOE, AND PEERLESS
PRESSES.

No. 529 COMMERCIAL STREET.

And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

RUPTURE.

BUY NO TRUSS

Until you see what has been accomplished by DR. PIERCE'S late invention.

Call, or send for New Illustrated Book. Prices reduced.
MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS
CO., 609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS'
MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital \$200,000
Assets exceed 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 209 SANSOME ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THOS. FLINT, President. J. W. FOARD, Manager.
FERD. K. RULÉ Secretary.
I. G. GARDNER General Agent.

COMMERCIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIF.,
FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS \$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President.
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President.
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMP.

ny.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of December, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 30th day of December, 1878, to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-second day of October, 1878, an assessment (No. 56) of three dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the eighteenth day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
W. W. STEESON, Secretary.
Office—Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of October, 1878, an assessment (No. 16) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the third day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California and for the City and County of San Francisco.
FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P. NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to David P. Nelson, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file hereto, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
GEO. L. WOODS and JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

WAKELEE'S AUREOLINE

PRODUCES THE BEAUTIFUL Golden Hair so much admired. Superior to the imported article by reason of its freshness and the care used in its production.

PRICE, LARGE BOTTLES, \$2.
Manufactured by
H. P. WAKELEE & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
Corner Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco.

MUSIC BOXES

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND OF Standard Reputation, playing from one to over one hundred airs. The largest and best assortment in this city. **MUSICAL BOXES WITH CHANGEABLE CYLINDERS** always on hand. New and interesting styles constantly received. Call and examine our stock. **REPAIRING OF MUSICAL BOXES** thoroughly done in all their particulars.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,
120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Branch of House, 680 Broadway, New York.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

RE-OPENED.

HAYWARD WAREHOUSES
Are now receiving
GRAIN ON STORAGE.

THE PATRONAGE OF FARMERS
and others is respectfully solicited. Storage, one dollar per ton for the season. Advances and Insurance effected at the lowest rates.
Refer by permission to Chas. Webb Howard, President Spring Water Valley Company, Bray Bros., M. Waterman & Co., San Francisco; John Zelle, Hayward's; J. West Martin, President Union Savings Bank, Oakland.
R. H. BENNETT, Proprietor.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
SHIPPING

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Agents for the

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET LINES.
204 AND 206 CALIFORNIA ST. - San Francisco.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco

W. W. DODGE & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

THE VERTICAL FEED.

THE ONLY POSITIVE SUCCESS IN
all departments of sewing. Lightest running shuttle machine in the market. The NEW DAVIS VERTICAL FEED SEWING MACHINE, 130 Post Street.
MARK SHELTON.
P. S.—Howe, Florence, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Domestic, Weed, Willcox & Gibbs, for sale at \$10 each.

**RARE ENGRAVINGS
AND ETCHINGS,**
CHRISTMAS, 1878.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE COL-
lection of fine Engravings specially purchased in Italy for the Christmas trade. Nothing can be more appropriate for a holiday or wedding present than a fine Engraving, which is suitable for home decoration and at the same time rare. W. K. VICKERY would respectfully invite an inspection of his Engravings and their prices.
Please note address—22 Montgomery Street, opposite the Luck House.



COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. Stage connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.
P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and Way Stations.
Stage connection made with this train at SANTA CLARA for Pacific Congress Springs.

P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.
P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

6.30 SUNDAYS AN EXTRA TRAIN will leave for San Jose and Way Stations at 9.30 A. M. Returning, will leave San Jose at 6.00 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and other points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

Also, Excursion Tickets to Monterey—good from Saturday until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.
Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, and Yuma.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.
Commencing Monday, October 7th, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.30 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and Way Stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the GEYSERS.
Connections made at Fulton on the following morning with Fulton and Guerneville R. R. for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods.
(Arrive at San Francisco 10.35 A. M.)

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, Excursions, Steamer "James M. Donahue," connecting at Donahue with trains for Cloverdale and way stations.
RETURNING—Trains will leave Donahue at 4.40 P. M., and arrive at San Francisco at 6.55 P. M.

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.
ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
P. B. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY
—FOR—
JAPAN AND CHINA,
Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

November.....16 December.....17 January.....16
February.....18 March.....15 April.....16
May.....16

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.
For freight apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.
First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, November 23, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ, SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

B. S. STERETT, PRINTER
532 CLAY ST. SAN FRANCISCO

COMMENCING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1878, and until further notice, TRAINS AND BOATS WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE AT FERRY LANDING, MARKET STREET.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry), arriving at San Jose at 9.45 A. M. Connecting at Niles with train via Livermore, arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express.
(Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Falls (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.
(Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles.
(Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M.
(Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch.
(Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, SOUTHERN Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura, and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.
(Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson.
(Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M.
(Arrive San Francisco 7.30 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.
Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Melrose."

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1878, and until further notice, TRAINS AND BOATS WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE AT FERRY LANDING, MARKET STREET.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry), arriving at San Jose at 9.45 A. M. Connecting at Niles with train via Livermore, arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express.
(Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Falls (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.
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4.00 P. M., DAILY, SOUTHERN Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura, and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.
(Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson.
(Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

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4.30 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M.
(Arrive San Francisco 7.30 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.
Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Melrose."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

commencing at 12.35 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 7.30 A. M.
second day at 12.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards,
Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and
Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.
Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all
trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Melrose."

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,

31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.



MUSIC

KNABE PIANOS,

IRVING PIANOS, ROGERS' UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Prince Organs, Waters' Organs, Sheet Music.

BANCROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,
733 MARKET STREET.

PIANOS

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



JOE POHEIM
The Tailor,



203 Montgomery St. and 103 Third St., has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.
Suits to order from \$30
Pants to order from \$5
Overcoats to order from \$15

The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is at

JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery St. and 103 Third St.

Samples and Rules for Self-Measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

THOMAS H. HOLT,
NOTARY PUBLIC, No. 326 1/2 Montgomery Street. Residence, 1803 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 7, 1873.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 15 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, November 12, 1873. Transfer books closed on Saturday, November 9, 1873, at 12 o'clock M.
WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

GENUINE SALE.
NICOLL, THE TAILOR

HAVING TO MAKE ROOM FOR
the daily arrival of new styles of French, English, and Domestic Goods from his New York and London houses, will display a very large quantity of uncalled-for garments at greatly reduced prices, as follows:

Pants.....	from \$3 00
Suits.....	" 12 00
Overcoats.....	" 15 00
Vests.....	" 3 00
Coats.....	" 7 00

Gentlemen, before ordering anywhere, will do well to call and inspect our daily arrival of French, English, Scotch, and Domestic Goods.
No. 505 MONTGOMERY STREET.

ROSS'

MILLINERY EMPORIUM,
UNDER THE BALDWIN.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,
320 POST STREET,
San Francisco.

THE SPIRIT OF '78.

An Opportunity such as was never before offered to the San Francisco Public.

T. H. BOYD,

An Artist of rare ability, long known to the public as being connected with some of our most prominent Photographic Galleries, and latterly of the firm of Messrs. I. W. TABER & T. H. BOYD, noticing the wants of the people for first-class pictures at a reasonable price, has retained the elegant and commodious apartments,

NO. 26 MONTGOMERY STREET,

where he has every facility for doing work of a superior kind, and proposes to make his prices so moderate that none need have an excuse for having an inferior picture taken, either of themselves or their children. Never before were such full-length Cabinets—interior or rustic—taken for the low figure of five dollars per dozen; the popular Gray Tint Vignette Cabinets at six dollars per dozen; and the truly elegant Cameo Glacé—the favorite of all—usually costing ten and twelve dollars per dozen, at Boyd's will only cost you eight dollars. His card-size Photos, for the Cameo Glacé finish, will be four dollars per dozen, and the Gray Vignettes only three dollars.

His apartments are all that could be asked for—large, commodious, and first-class in every particular: every convenience, in fact, that tends to enhance the comforts of his patrons. His skylight is the largest in the city, thus giving him a volume of light to be controlled at his will, and so secure an effect in light and shade that can not be obtained with a smaller light. Every improvement of modern times that makes exposures shorter has been secured, so that pictures of children will now be taken so quickly that it is the exception if a superior picture is not obtained.

He also desires to specially call the attention of his old friends and patrons who have visited him at the Yosemite Gallery, that he has all the negatives of the Photographs taken in the Gallery, and can supply copies desired at very short notice and at the reduced prices.

Pay him a visit and judge for yourselves.

YOSEMITE ART GALLERY

No. 26 Montgomery St., near Sutter.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

HERRMANN'S



FALL STYLES

ARE NOW OUT AT

336 KEARNY STREET, BETWEEN BUSH AND PINE,
& 910 MARKET STREET, ABOVE STOCKTON.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE
for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. Entrance
south side of Court.
A. D. SHARON.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE
INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 66.—The monthly dividend for October will be paid on November 10th, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.
CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, November 3, 1873.

L. T. ZANDER,

No. 424 MONTGOMERY STREET,
between California and Sacramento, San Francisco.

COLLECTOR.

Rents, Bills, and Accounts collected, and prompt returns made.

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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Feuillet.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

"I thank you for this information," I said, "and if Madame Godfrey is really a dangerous companion you may be sure Cécile will break off all association with her; and now I will explain to you in a word what seems so inexplicable in the conduct of Monsieur d'Eblis. Monsieur d'Eblis has confidence in his wife; and allow me to assure you, never was confidence better placed. I know Cécile from her infancy; and, notwithstanding her giddy ways, with or without Madame Godfrey, I will guarantee that she is incapable of even an impure thought."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* yes, up to this time, certainly," replied the Prince. "All women are virtuous at first, but when they lead that kind of life bad thoughts come quickly, and bad actions more quickly still. It is strange, but it is true."

"Prince, those are but the souvenirs of your former life—souvenirs of the time when you questioned whether there were any honest women in the world."

"*Ma foi!* I think now just as I did then, that there are very few. Pardon me, and allow me to explain that I am speaking of those fast, independent women of the world, who never are at rest. Have some faith in my experience, Madame, which is considerable for its age. You have a daughter. Born of you, and educated by you, she could only grow up a virtuous woman. Notwithstanding that, I caution you against the weakness of ever allowing her to enter into those rounds of society, with all their temptations. And I am now going to say something about them which is horrible. We men have a maxim which has become an axiom; it is that, however virtuous a woman may have been, she ceases to be so after passing through the excitements of a carnival, or even (you will shudder) after a cotillion of three or four hours. Then a physiological phenomena takes place which I may merely suggest to you: It is no longer a woman we are holding in our arms, no longer a human, thinking, conscient being; she has become—how shall I express it?—a sensitive plant, ready to shrivel and wilt at the first touch. All that is then necessary to cause the bad action to succeed the bad thought is a simple opportunity. She is always a virtuous woman, only—she falls! It is useless to add—understand me well, Madame—that there are some who escape. And to return to your cousin: although she throws herself recklessly into the current, I am willing on your guarantee to believe that she will be found among them; but it will be an event to be spoken of in history."

I did not attach to these impertinent theories more importance than they deserved, but the words of the Prince, without leaving on my mind the slightest shadow as far as Cécile was concerned, did not the less confirm the opinion I had formed from my own observations as to the strange and perplexed condition of her home.

A circumstance which followed very closely upon my conversation with Monsieur de Viviane helped to enlighten me. Cécile and her husband dined with me one day. She was looking beautifully, and, dressed in a dazzling toilet, was going to a ball that evening with Madame Godfrey, who came for her at half-past nine. My grandmother, being somewhat indisposed, kept her room, so that my daughter and I were left alone with Monsieur d'Eblis. She ought to have been in bed, but like most children she had to be told several times before getting through with that important ceremony, and at the request of her guardian I had granted her a little delay. When Cécile had left, feeling a little embarrassed at this kind of *tête-à-tête* with Monsieur d'Eblis, I seated myself at the piano. Monsieur d'Eblis was on the sofa at the other end of the room. While playing I don't remember what melody of Chopin's, I heard him chatting in a low tone with my little daughter, whom he always made much of, and of whom he was very fond. After a few moments they became quiet. As I had a mirror before me, I looked into it and saw Monsieur d'Eblis with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands. A moment after my child crept very quietly to my side and pulled me gently by the hand. I leaned toward her without stopping, and heard her whisper:

"Mother, he is crying."

When my little child told me this, a sudden faintness, accompanied by something like intoxication, seemed to spread itself through my veins—through my very being. Such moments as these in a woman's life are formidable indeed. The door opened, they came for the child, I kissed her, she went and kissed Monsieur d'Eblis, and then left us.

I continued playing without daring to raise my eyes again to the mirror, and tried to collect my thoughts and take in what was passing. The sudden emotion of Monsieur d'Eblis, as seen by my daughter and myself after his wife had gone, left me in no doubt as to his being profoundly unhappy. Further than that I could discover nothing. But if I could not read his heart, I read too clearly my own, and what I discovered in so doing frightened me indeed. I could no longer deceive myself as to the nature of the interest which was urging me on to study with so much curiosity the secrets of Cécile's home. I loved her husband, and I loved him enough to wish for the breaking up of his home, and even to rejoice in the thought of it.

There have been thousands of occasions in this life in which I have found that it did not depend upon ourselves

whether we have or do not have wicked thoughts, but that it depends entirely upon ourselves whether we transform them into acts. I have also realized that the best, and perhaps the only, way of combating and conquering our bad passions is not to oppose them with abstract arguments about right, or conscience, or honor, but to act effectively against them, and in some way force the hand to do good while the heart wishes evil. My resolution taken, I wanted to carry it out without delay.

It necessitated, in the first place, a frank and complete explanation with Monsieur d'Eblis. This was a trial, the dangers of which I could not conceal from myself, although I was far from foreseeing how serious they really were to be. It seemed necessary to brave everything, and, in my enthusiasm, I felt certain of success. I all at once left the piano and advanced toward Monsieur d'Eblis, who pretended to be reading very attentively.

"I wish to speak with you," said I. "Let us go into the garden, if you please."

He looked at me with great astonishment, rose without replying, and followed me. Our hôtel of the Rue Saint Dominique has preserved by rare good fortune its parish garden, to which high walls, groups of gigantic plane trees, a spouting fountain, and an arched conservatory give the sweet and solemn look of a close in a Spanish monastery. There are two or three steps by which one enters it from the *salon* of the ground floor. Although we were in the middle of November, the evening was exceptionally beautiful and warm. We took a few steps in silence, and I hear now, and shall hear all my life, the peculiarity of that silence, disturbed only by the crackling of the dry leaves under our feet, and the murmur of the little *jet d'eau*.

At last, with all the courage which I could gather, I said: "Monsieur, you know to what a point I carry my love of order and horror of disorder. It is a passion, a mania, about which you often joke me, but which you at the same time excuse, do you not? Well, will you allow me to try to re-establish order in a home in which I am deeply interested?"

"In what home, Madame," said he, rather sternly, taking a place near me on the bench where I was sitting.

"In yours, to be sure. Don't doubt that I feel all the bearing of my indiscretion; but if my friendship for Cécile and for yourself is not sufficient to excuse it in your eyes, remember that you were willing to ask my advice before marrying Cécile, and that I recommended you to do so. You must now let me redeem the responsibility which I took at that time."

"But I do not reproach you for anything, Madame."

"And you are right. It would be very unjust to do so, for if you had followed the advice which I took the liberty of giving you—at your own request, however—you would both be happy now, whereas neither of you are so."

"Excuse me, Madame, but it seems to me that Cécile, at any rate, to whom I give entire liberty, ought to be perfectly happy."

"Cécile does not complain," said I, with some vivacity. "But to suppose that she can be perfectly happy when you live your way and she hers, when you neglect her, when you prove to her more and more that you care neither for her affection nor her reputation, is to suppose that she has neither heart, intelligence, nor honor, and I know she has all these."

"*Mon Dieu,* Madame," replied he, his voice trembling with emotion, "neither have I the habit of complaining; but really you force me to at present. Tell me, have you ever reflected upon the fate of a thoughtful man, fond of work and ambitious of the honor which it brings, who has dreamed of the joys which study must give in the calm and contemplative atmosphere of a home, and whom a wife drags with her day and night through all the noisy inanity and perpetual folly of a worldly life? It is all well enough for him to think that duty, and prudence even, command him to follow her, until at last he finds that his whole existence is being exhausted in it; that this foolish child takes him, degrades him, destroys his intellect, his future, his dignity, his life; and then, what can you expect, naturally his heart fails him, and he stops short, discouraged by everything and resigned to everything."

Surprised and almost alarmed at this violent outburst of a soul usually master of itself, I said more frankly:

"Come, let us see now. In all sincerity, have you faithfully made every possible effort to reform Cécile's tastes?"

After a long pause: "I have made none," said he, coldly.

"Then you are very guilty. I told you formerly, and I repeat it to-day with the same conviction and with the same certainty: Cécile was a spoiled child, but her faults were only upon the surface; she loved and respected you, and you had great influence over her, and there are no sacrifices that you might not have obtained from her."

"And by what right could I have demanded them?" asked he. "My conscience forbade it. What had I to give her in place of the pleasures that she sacrificed to me? One demands such sacrifices only from the woman whom one loves."

"Only from the woman whom one loves! *Grand Dieu!* Do you speak of Cécile? What? When you married Cécile you did not love her!"

"Never!" said he, with emphasis, and added, speaking very low and quickly: "Ah, I did not deceive her. God is my witness. I have deceived only myself and... you!"

At that word the whole truth came to me. In dismay I

arose, and a cry escaped me: "Ah, wretched man, what have you done!"

"I have done," answered he "that which you can understand better than any other person—I have sacrificed myself. Ah, Madame, I did not seek this interview. I would rather have avoided it, for it will undoubtedly separate us forever. Be it so. But since we have got so far... my heart must at last unburden itself... you must know all... Ah! let me finish... I speak, you see, with profound respect. Well, will you please recall what you must remember. When Roger revealed to me his fatal passion for you, when I saw that I must choose between you and him, that I could no longer love you without condemning him to despair—to suicide perhaps—I sacrificed myself, and then by a courageous effort which I thought might be successful, which I thought was sincere, I tried to place my love upon this child whom you loved, who was enveloped in light reflected from you, in your charms, in your tenderness. Yes, I thought I loved her, but it was you I loved in her. And if I knew that these words were to be the last I should ever utter in your presence, now, as then, it is you only, you only in all the world, whom I do love!"

I listened to this in a kind of stupor, my eyes looking into the darkness. All at once, at the bitter thought of my lost happiness, my tears flowed in spite of myself. He leaned forward and witnessed my emotion.

"You are weeping," said he. "Is it true? Is it possible? You also—you loved me? You have suffered as I have? Ah, *Dieu!* don't say it; don't let me think it, if you would not have me lose all the reason and all the honor which remain to me."

I placed my hand gently on his arm, and said: "It is not I, Monsieur, I hope, who will ever cause you to lose your reason or your honor; but I have loved you—I do love you still. If you are worthy of hearing such an avowal from an honest woman, I am about to know it. I cannot stifle the sentiments of my heart, but I can at least, and I expect that you will also, raise them high enough to purify them. We will not separate like two weak creatures who fear to become the playthings of their passions; but bravely preserve our mutual affection, give it a new character, and make it an almost sacred bond uniting us as accomplices for good. You know what task I contemplated before learning all the truth. I hold to it more than ever now. Help me loyally to accomplish it, help me to regain for you the heart of your wife. I promise you to help her regain yours. Will you? If you say yes, I shall esteem you so highly that I offer you my hand in token of it, and with entire confidence—otherwise, farewell!"

He reflected some seconds; then, without a word, he held out his hand. I arose immediately, and we entered the *salon* together.

"You will send Cécile to me to-morrow," said I. "I must begin to preach gently to her. I will not tell you to be kind to her, for you are too kind to her already. Scold her, on the contrary; she will be delighted, I am sure, to be scolded by you. It is indifference which ruffles us."

He bowed, took a few steps, and turning said: "*Mon Dieu!* I forgot. Do you know that I leave town to-morrow with my general, for a month or six weeks, on an inspection in the provinces? Isn't it annoying?"

"Perhaps not," said I; "for during her widowhood Cécile will be necessarily more at home, which will be a step in the right direction; and on your side you will have time for reflection. On your return you will know better whether you are really able to keep the engagement which you have just made, rather quickly and rather lightly, perhaps."

"No," answered he, in his sweet, strong voice, "not lightly. I understood you instantly. My life was gone; your friendship restores and saves it. What you propose is exalting, it is heroic—but you will carry me even to its heights on your wings. Adieu till our next meeting, and count upon me."

And then he left me. I passed a sleepless, but a happy night. I was satisfied with myself, for I had overcome a great temptation. If this should ever be read by a woman after having met in life a man whom she longed to press for one moment to her heart, even if she died for it, she will understand me.

Cécile came the next afternoon to say that her husband had left the same morning for Brittany.

"My dear," said she, "that cold man astonished me. He begged me to write him every day. Can you conceive of such an idea? I suppose, however, that he does not really think or care much about it, and it is well that it is so, for certainly I shall not write him every day."

"Why not?"

"Have I the time? It would be ridiculous. I will send him dispatches: 'Is all well with you? Me also. A thousand kisses.—CÉCILE.' That's quite enough."

"But tell me, Cécile, will you not remain at home a little more during the absence of your husband?"

"Remain at home? What do you expect me to do at home? And then what difference does it make? Whether my husband is present or whether he is absent amounts to about the same thing as far as I am concerned."

"I beg of you, Cécile, let us talk seriously for one moment."

"Yes, my angel."

"Are you not somewhat tired of the life you lead?"

"No, my treasure."

"Well, then, I shall begin to love you less."

She threw herself upon my neck: "That is not true."
I tried for sometime to lead her into a more serious and confidential way of talking, which she did not absolutely resist, but flew from one thing to another, evading me always with her nonsense. I saw that my undertaking was to be more difficult of accomplishment than I had at first supposed, and that the dear child had acquired a decided taste for her giddy mode of life. I still felt persuaded, however, that I could by persevering find some way to get hold of that brave heart of which I knew the essential virtues.

She was already defending herself with greater difficulty when the Prince de Viviane was announced, and was evidently glad to have a pretext for escaping from me. She arose, threw out some sarcastic remarks to the Prince, for she still owed him a grudge for what she called his stupidity—that is to say, his indifference to her—and left. As I accompanied her as far as the ante-chamber, she said, laughing:

"Ah, my pretty preacher, I am going to take my revenge. You reproach me, or would reproach me for my style of life, which is rather gay, I confess; but if you consulted my husband, I imagine that he would prefer to leave me to my round of amusements than to see me seated by the side of my fire four or five times a week in company with such a gentleman as you have there. What do you think?"

"What! Does Monsieur d'Elblis blame me for receiving the Prince?"

"Not precisely, but I really think that he is still jealous on his friend Roger's account, for he can not bear your Prince; and the truth is, my dear, that he comes pretty often, and I assure you people talk about it."

"Well, my dear," said I, "I will prove to you that I know how to profit by such good advice, and I hope that you will imitate my example."

"Yes, my love, I adore you," and away she went.

I rejoined the Prince while meditating on the malicious insinuation of Cécile. She had, however, only hastened a resolution already taken. The assiduities of the Prince had in fact become very marked for some time past, and began to annoy me. Nevertheless, while his wit amused me, his language never denoted anything but perfect respect for me, the amendment in his way of living continuing after his return to Paris; and as this amendment was somewhat my own work, I thought a great deal of it. It did not, therefore, enter my mind to dismiss him in a way that would wound him. I desired simply to remove from our relations with each other that appearance of too great intimacy which he tried more and more to give them. In the course of our conversation, he himself afforded me the opportunity which I was looking for, by asking if I would be at home that evening. "Yes," said I, laughing, "I shall be at home, but not to you."

"Why not to me?"

"Because your time is too valuable, my Prince, for me to abuse it to that extent."

"You have had enough of me?"

"I have not had enough of you, but I do not want too much," replied I in the same tone. "Come, you do not wish to compromise me, do you?"

"I beg your pardon," said he, gayly.

"Ah, so much the more reason, then. I have friendship for you, but I will be obliged to you if you will make yourself somewhat scarcer."

I was surprised at the serious expression which spread suddenly over his features.

"I must explain myself then," said he. "I wished to wait a little longer, but I see that the time has come. It is true that I have multiplied my visits without scruple, because my sentiments for you justified the indiscretion in my eyes. I have loved you, Madame, for some time past. Pardon me! I know perfectly well who I am speaking to. I know that such an avowal made to a woman like you has but one possible interpretation. To offer you my heart is to offer you my hand. You have made yourself mistress of my life. You have through your goodness made a new and a better man of me. Will you not be kind enough, charitable enough, to finish your good work? May I not hope that you will deign to become my wife?"

This unexpected proposal caused me surprise and annoyance rather than uneasiness. Wishing to spare the Prince the mortification of too sudden and absolute a refusal, I said to him, hesitating a little, that I was sincerely grateful for so marked an evidence of his esteem, but that he took me unawares—that I was unable to complain of so unexpected a proposal, as I had in some sort induced it in spite of myself, but that my mourning was still too recent to admit of my even discussing the matter, and I therefore begged him not to speak of it any more.

While he said he was willing to accept the longest delay that I could impose, he insisted with some warmth that he ought to obtain a less indefinite answer and one word of hope. As I could not honorably afford him that satisfaction, I found myself under the necessity of giving him a more decided refusal. I told him very positively, though in a polite manner, that I had firmly resolved to consecrate my life to my daughter and never to marry again.

He was grieved, doubtless, but above all it appeared to me that I could distinguish spite, vexation, and wounded pride in the face and voice of the Prince after I made him this formal declaration. I found, under the refined manners of the man of the world, a spoiled child, whose caprices were laws, and who could not resist breaking the playthings which were refused him. His pale, almost pallid face became painfully contracted, his lids moved convulsively, while wicked looks shot from his eyes at me. He said in broken accents that I would make a desperate and wicked man of him, that I would plunge him again into that mire from which he had come but to please me, that I could not at my time of life have serious intentions of remaining a widow, that I was doubtless looking for a better match; I would regret it some day, perhaps, and repent refusing him my hand; misfortune sometimes made people wicked; and many things of the same kind, which were in the worst taste possible. I realized with sadness the fact, that wherever vice has passed there remains a residue of mire at the bottom, and I was soon to realize it more fully.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

The wages of Ah Sin are seventy-five cents for a dozen pieces.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study
Writing letters, when I heard
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'sturbed."

"But I've tired of the kitty,
Want some ozer fing to do!
Writing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling; mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me wite letter—
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said: "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said: "Now, little letter,
Go away, and bear good news."
And I smiled, as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee:
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I've a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders,
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door:
"I've a letter, Mr. Postman!
Is there room for any more?"

"'Cause this letter's doin' to papa:
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered:
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozer office,
'Cause I must do as I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous figure there;
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

—L. M.

Temptation.

A mighty angel on the Jasper wall,
Sitting serene o'er sin and death's control,
Heard a great voice through the white spaces call—
"Haste to the succor of a tempted soul!"
He spread his pinions, and adown the night
Flew to that sombre room, where you and I
Stood, trying with faint lips and faces white
To say that sad, that awful word, "Good-bye!"

Without, the strong tides sobbed upon the shore,
Like some great soul convulsed with mortal pain;
The sea-wind shook the mournful sycamore
Upon the terrace, black with wintry rain.
Within the fire was dead, and, like a pall,
Silence and gloom hung over hall and stair;
The pictured faces on the carved wall
Frown down upon us in our deep despair.

"Cold is the way of duty—hard and cold,
And sweet is love," you murmured—"must we part?"
I felt your kisses in my hair's warm gold,
Weak—unresisting—I lay on your heart
Until the angel touched me. Then my eyes
Were opened, and I saw the pit below
Our falling feet—the Hell in Heaven's guise—
Joy's phantom semblance hiding deadly woe.

And ah! these coward lips grew strong to slay
My heart and yours. The dread word of farewell
I spake unflinching; I put away
The clasping hands that held me like a spell.
I buried deep—yea, out of mortal sight—
The love that was my life, and watched you go
Through the dark shadows of that bankrupt night—
The rest—my sad soul and the angel know!

Oh, friend, across the distance, lone and far,
Call not to me—I can not heed nor stay;
The feet that walked by duty's pale cold star
Will turn no more, nor falter on the way.
Then call me not. My weary eyes are wet,
But 'twixt us, keen and bright as at the door
Of the lost Eden, lo! a sword is set—
There stands the faithful angel evermore!

ETTA W. PIERCE.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

The Fable of the Two Sweet Singers.—How the Paternal Instinct works in Real Life.—The Glassware Man who overthrew the Decalogue.—Some dreadfully Sanguinary Stories touching the Butchering Business.—Miscellaneous and Assorted Horrors too Numerous to Mention.

One day there was a jackus a passin by a winder, and he herd a yung lady singin, and he stopped, the jackus did, and pintoed his ears strate a hed of his nose, you never seen sech ears, biggern he was his ownself! After the jackus had harked a wile he flopt his ears back til they tutched his tale, and then he stretcht out his kneck and let down his chin, and brade so friteffe that it broke all the windoes in the house! And wen it was all over it was mity stil in that house, I can tel you, jest like some boddly was ded.

But bime by the ole man he stuck his hed out the windo, and he sed to the jackus: "Mebby you dont like the music wich is made in this house."

Then the jackus he sed: "I dont know wether I ot to like it or not. I got a mity fine voice, but no ear."

Uncle Ned he says one time there was a mule wich moved away from the place were it lived, cos its master sold it to a other feller. But after a long time he bot it back, and wen it was brot home agin it see a jackus, and the mule it had never saw a jackous be fore. So it loked awile, the mule did, and then it sed: "My feelins tells me that feller is my little boy."

So the mule it went up to the jackus, and sed: "Little feller, dont you know me? Ime the ole man, yes, in deed, you see yure daddy be fore you, ded shure!" And then the mule it snoozled him with its nose, reel loving. But the jackus he roled his eys up sollom, like preachers eys, and didnt say nothing, but one time Billy, thats my brother, he spoke rite out loud in church.

The mule said a other time: "My son, wen you are grode up, and hav got childerns of yure own, yule understand how I knew you. Its the paternal instinct, wich specks to a fothers hart like the crack of a wip, yes, in deed, my boy, the paternal instinct is jest the biggest thing in this world!"

But the jackus it was the mules fother, and the biggest quodderped wich wocks the face of the erth is ephalents, but wales is the gratest wich plows the deep.

And now lle tel you a little story wich Mister Gipple tole me. Once there was a revivel of lidgion in the town were Mister Gipple kep a glas ware store, chiny and crockry, too, and evry boddly was a goin jest wild with good, no more swearin, and drinkin wisky, and fishin on Sundy, and steelin wotter mellons. One day there was a feller tendin store for Mister Gipple, and a mity good woman she cum in with a bible, and she loked at the feller out of her eyes, and then she sed: "Yung man, do you keep the divine comandments?"

The feller he was from Sacrymento and didnt kano wot them was, but he spoke out reel quick, and see: "Yes, mam, we do, but the boss was tryin to git em out of his way yesterday, and wile he was a settin em a side he broke evry one of em. But we have got sum better ones comin from San Francisco, you come in nex week."

A other time it was all Temprence, and the wimmen fokes was all crusaders, and one of em she went up to a man wich she seen was a stranger in town and she sed, the wuman did: "Mister, are you a Son of Temprence?"

The man he sed: "Ime a son of ole Jake Bartle, wich keeps the slotter house on the Marysvil road."

Then the wuman she sed: "Yes, yes, I kno, but are you a Good Templer?"

Then the man he sed agin: "No mom, I never worked at it a our in my life, but Ime a mity good hand at killin cafs." But I bet Mister Brily, the butcher, can beat him at that, yes, in deed!

One Sunday me and my mother was goin to church, and wen we was passin thru the grave yard we seen Mister Brily, dressed up reel slick, with his coat on, and not any aperrn. And there was a labm wich was cut onto a toobm stone, and I sed: "Wot a nice labm!"

But Mister Brily he sed: "You cant tel, Johnny, you cant tel. Labms is mity deceeven with their jacks on, fore you can see their buties they got to be gone over."

Then I ast Mister Brily wot "gone over" ment, and he said: "Wy, Johnny, you see, a animal is like the wimmin fokes, wich is only part meat, and the rest is close, but wen I have took my kanife and gone over a labm or a calef it aint got cnny more outside follswooddles, nor inside flapdoodles, and such humbuggin wanity, but is jest as God made it."

One time my father he was in a slotter house, and was mity intrested in wot he see, and ast lots of questens. And after a wile he seen a man settin out side on a box, a smokin, and my father he sed it was a fine day, but the man didnt say it wasnt.

Then my father he sed: "Do you blong about here?" And the man he only jest nodded, but didnt make no remarks.

After a wile my father he sed how menmy sheeps was kild a week, but the man he sed: "Dunno."

Then my father he ast: "Who kanifes em?" But the feller he only jest chuckt his thumb over his shoulder, tord a other man, and went on smokin.

Then my father he sed: "I spose its mity slow werk for to skin em?"

Wen my father had sed so the man jumpt up off the box like he was shot, and snappt his fingers loud like a gun, and sed: "Slø, he blue blasted, you wite handed galoot! Ime the dandy skinner of the Golden West, thats wot I am, and if any feller wants to try me on He skin all round him! lle skin any livin man for 20 dollars a side, and put up the munny!"

But my father he didnt want to be skun.

Snakes they skins their own seliefs evry year, and one time me and Uncle Ned we see a snake doin it, and we set reel stil and watcht, and wen the snake got it all off Uncle Ned he spoke up and sed to the snake: "So far so good, my fine feller, but how are you a goin to git yure innards out less you got a kanife?"

Saddles is made of pig skins, and the hoptode has got jolly big worts on hisn.

SAN RAFAEL, November 13, 1878.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

We recall no modern incident where the ludicrous and the pathetic are so blended as in the recent larceny of the mortal remains of A. T. Stewart. Only to think of it! Breaking into a cemetery, burglarizing vault, sarcophagus, and casket, to bear away "the poor handful of earth that lay mouldering there." "The offense is rank and smells to heaven." Was it some medical student, who thinks a rich man's anatomy different from a poor man's frame? Does he think perhaps that, hid away in some secret cavity of the corpus, in some hidden recess of bone, or brain, or nerve, or ligament, he will find the secret that led to the dead man's great wealth? Was it stolen by some necromancer, to conjure up the devil with? Was it taken away by some poor devil whom he had crushed in business, that he in turn might avenge the wrong by sending his bones to be ground for a fertilizer or for chicken feed? Was it untimely ripped from the womb of the grave by some mercenary idiot, who thinks the widow will pay and no questions asked? And now suppose it is brought back, who shall identify the body? And if it is not brought back, what becomes of that splendid memorial cathedral, with its chime of bells, and painted glass, and graceful spire, erected to pray through all coming time for the repose of the rich man's unquiet soul? If the police are at all efficient they ought to get upon the scent of this plunder, and bring these offenders to condign punishment. If it is true, as many good people believe, that the translated dead look down from their mansion in the skies, and see what is going on in this comical world of ours, what must have been the sensation of the departed Mr. Stewart when he saw the muffled body-snatchers, with dark lantern, iron bar, and jimmy, burst the cerements of his grave, and silently steal away with all that was mortal of him in a gunny sack or india-rubber bag. How he must have regretted that he was not *en rapport* with his friend Hilton, so that he might have table-tipped him by spiritual telegraph! "the deep damnation of his taking off." This stealing of dead men's bones will doubtless lead to cremation as a more satisfactory mode of disposing of the mortal remains. Instead of "dust to dust," it will be "ashes to ashes." If Stewart had been cremated, his ashes might have been so precipitated that they could have been worn by his bereaved widow in a mourning pin, or preserved in an ornamental urn upon her dressing table. They might even have been made into toilet soap. We would not indulge in these grim, sepulchral jokes over the dead body of a good or gracious man, who, after a life of usefulness, had been quietly inurned; we should wish him the repose he had fairly earned. But when a narrow-hearted, miserly, cold, and selfish rich man dies, we have so little sympathy with him that we confess to a little pleasure in knowing that his bones are liable to be disturbed, and some of his money is to be expended upon honest men in their search for his otherwise quite unimportant and worthless remains.

If we are wanting in respect for rich men dead, we fully compensate for it in our regard for rich men living. Somehow when the millionaire has thrown off his immortal part—to wit, his money—and gone to join the innumerable throng in that bourne where there is no wealth of houses or lands, of bonds or jewels, where only a single sixpence is required to pay the grim old ferryman that transports us all across the dark and fathomless stream, we have no respect for him. About the sordid, grasping, miserly rich man there are but two parts—his body and his money. His carcass lies rotting in its coffin, liable to be stolen and dragged off over boarding-house balconies and iron pickets to be made merchandise of. We can of course have but little concern for that. The money is left, and we must follow it and give our consideration to him who is its happy possessor. Soul? The dead money-grabbers have none while living, and we have never heard of any theological code that provided them one—ready-made—when they threw off the mortal coil. But rich men living! Ah! these command our admiration and our homage. To the rich man we bow in profoundest respect. To them we expose our weak spot. We take off our hat and make bare our bald head. We defer to their judgment. When they smile we smile. When they utter chunks of wisdom we bolt them and dip, as ducks gulping corn. There is a halo around the rich man's pocket that dazzles our vision with its brilliancy.

Speaking of rich men we learned yesterday that General Beale is the owner of one hundred and ninety-six thousand of the best and most fruitful acres in California. It is said that all the grants that gave this vast estate were forged—not that General Beale forged them, or had any knowledge concerning them—that they cost comparatively nothing; that a hundred-vara lot in San Francisco cost more than this vast domain. This property was acquired when the General was Surveyor-General of California, and it was him of whom President Lincoln made the joke that when he went out of office "he was monarch of all he had surveyed." This land is crossed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is used for a sheep pasture; it is doubtless taxed for less than one-tenth part of its value. None of it is cultivated. It is being held that time, future immigration, and the enterprise of other men may give it value. It has no church, nor school house, nor improved road upon it. It is a desert, unoccupied, and unused, except for the herds of its non-resident landlord. If it were taxed as other and not more valuable lands are taxed to the poor men who till them, it would bring a large revenue to the State. If it were owned in small farms and properly cultivated it would maintain a population of ten thousand souls; it would have doubled its present worth and given value to other lands; it would give occupation to railroads; it would contribute to the prosperity of San Francisco. Now it contributes nothing to the State, and only serves to enrich one man, and he, an absentee, spends his money beyond our borders. And yet the Constitutional Convention, now engaged in the preparation of an organic law, hesitate as to the propriety of doing anything in the direction of compelling these vast landed estates to be either divided or made to contribute their quota to the maintenance of a State government. At the same time this mob-fearing body of wisdom seriously propose to give over the absolute control of the Southern Pacific Railroad to three politicians elected by the people—who "shall have the sole control to fix the rates of freight and passage;" a railroad built

without subsidy through an unsettled part of the State, reaching out to the Rio Grande in Texas in order to grasp and bring to San Francisco the vast future trade of the great empire of Arizona and the valley of Mexico, and whose prospects of ultimate profit is in a distant future. This Southern Pacific Railroad enterprise is doing for our city, more than all the rich men, corporations, merchants, and business men of the State beside. It is extending the jurisdiction, the business, and commercial area of the city, to a great, productive, and unoccupied country. It is opening up to us a future business, the extent and value of which the unthinking city trader has no conception or appreciation of. It is giving us a grasp upon a valuable trade, and is inviting to our port a business that in the future will be of inestimable value. The Southern Pacific corporation has no subsidy, no lands, and is asking no aid, yet in San Francisco there is an ignorant, mean, and jealous prejudice against it difficult to understand. Half the press are continually denouncing it; all the politicians are making capital in abuse of it; a Constitutional Convention threatens to go to the voting masses with propositions to confiscate it; the sand-lot mob meet before the dwellings of its promoters, and with bonfires, blasphemy, and threats of personal violence seek to intimidate the men who are building it, and who are giving labor to honest workers. Such narrow-minded ignorance, such mean and jealous stupidity, we never saw before in any community. If this road is built to the Gulf of Mexico—which is its objective point—it will bring to our city all the trade of that great empire of undeveloped wealth. If the system of California railroads, now being carried out by Governor Stanford and his associates, is left to be developed, without needless interference, the Rocky Mountains will bound our commercial jurisdiction on the east, and it will bring to our port the splendid commerce of Asia and the islands of the Pacific. If the narrow-minded political newspaper and sand-lot bigots are permitted to arrest the development of this enterprise, the Sierra Nevada hills will bound our trade eastward, and we shall find ourselves, like Portugal, locked in between the ocean and the Sierra, with a limited trade and a limited political influence. It seems a pity that San Francisco can not produce one man who has breadth of statesmanship enough to recognize this fact, and boldness enough to give the fact utterance. It is shameful that the press is cowardly, mercenary, selfish, and stupid; that it is left to an "obscure literary paper of limited circulation" to announce what everyone ought to know; and the most absurd thing of all is the howling of the jackass mob at the only concern that gives labor and the only men who spend money generously. If the community—of course we mean that portion of it that is disinterested and intelligent—would consider this work that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company is now doing, and its relation to the future prosperity of San Francisco; would contemplate in all its bearings the effect of a new southern transcontinental road, owned and operated in the interest of this city, it would be convinced that it is the most important enterprise ever undertaken upon this coast. If Tom Scott could be permitted to accomplish the building of a road to San Diego, to be controlled by him in the interest of eastern capital, it would strike a most serious blow at San Francisco. Thanks to the enterprise of Governor Stanford and his associated railroad builders, this danger is now indefinitely postponed. The time will come when our citizens will understand and appreciate this contest for railroad supremacy; when they do, they will do justice to the railroad men of this coast and give them a credit well deserved, but now withheld, under the influence of demagoguery in politics, bigotry in journalism, jealousy in business circles, and ignorance among the masses.

If Harry Mighels is beaten for Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada, it serves him right. He is the editor of the *Carson Appeal*, and has been guilty of the unpardonable crime of speaking out in meeting. He has indulged the bad habit of expressing his own opinions, without reference to the mob that clamors and the crowd that crawls; and then when nominated he refused to bend the thrifty hinges of the pregnant knee that coin might follow fawning. He went upon the stump, and stood up and looked the *hoi polloi* in its dirty face, and said that if he had written any thing that he was sorry for he was glad of it, and in a spirit of Christian generosity was willing to accept any apology, and be forgiven for any offense that he had willfully perpetrated. Just how Daggett—another editor—succeeded in getting to Congress we do not know. He ought—in the logic of politics—to have been defeated. If he has been a fearless, honest, and intelligent journalist, we can not understand how he could have received the popular vote. It is a suspicious circumstance at least, and while we have respected Mr. Daggett for the possession of many admirable qualities as a newspaper man, we have a right to demand of him an explanation of his success; by what arts he wooed the fickle Desdemona, and won the love of Nevada's voters. This election in Nevada sets us a bad example. We have editors who as Lieutenant-Governor might grace the State Prison. We know of only two who would honor a seat in Congress.

The laboring man who proposed in the Constitutional Convention to disfranchise all who availed themselves of Chinese labor moves a sweeping reform. Not one Irishman, or German, or other foreigner would be entitled to vote. Every man who hires a Chinese servant, or drinks tea, or smokes cheap cigars, or eats Chinese rice, or walks on Chinese matting, or purchases fish, fruit, and vegetables from a Chinese peddler, or wears a shirt washed at a Chinese laundry, or eats vegetables raised in a China garden, or wheat harvested by Chinamen, or fruit gathered by them, or rides upon a railroad made in part and kept in repair by Chinese, would be eligible to exercise the privilege of the elective franchise.

We have an idea the Americans are as fond of military titles as the Europeans are of titles of nobility. A Jew boy baby was christened "Baron Nathan" when he grew up he had a baron's coronet engraved upon his cards, and so all his life passed as Baron Nathan. Our suggestion is this: let all the American boy babies be christened with military titles, and thus all the General Jones, Colonel Smiths, Major Browns, and Captain Robinsons, will be genuine.

FOAM.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them."
—Macbeth.

B. B., of Massachusetts, tastes the squintessence of defeat.

The Boston *Post* says Old Ocean never had a corn on his under-tow. This may be the current opinion, but some Bunyan should show how many feet a tidal wave can move.

The best scholar, and the only one who went through the four years' course in three, at the Newport, Rhode Island, High School, was a colored girl eighteen years of age. This raises a hue and cry.

Moody weighs 240 pounds. Poor lean sinners cannot keep the straight and narrow path at his 2:40 gait.

The Post-office Department has ruled that a husband has no control over his wife's letters. They are writefully hers. Woman's rights are not to be always left.

The British Royal Society, by delicate experiments with thermo-electric apparatus, find that mental work causes an increase of heat; even to attract a person's attention raises the temperature. How cool and comfortable the heads of some people must feel!

Pious young ladies in England distribute tracts in sealed and scented envelopes, through the mails or in person, to the delight of the young men receiving and opening them in secret. It is not stated how many per cent are attracted to Christianity.

Colonel Forney writes of his interview with Gambetta: "He said he had heard of Me and had read some of My writings." The congregation will now join in singing:

"That undivided tract
Known as 'Ye Nowhere Nigh,'
Situate skyward, over the left,
In Elizabeth Martin's eye."

Mortimer Collins, writing of the "Art and Accomplishment of Verse," advised students of rhythm to find new variations among French poets, and mentioned Victor Hugo's two hundred lines running in this style:

"Mon page, empris mon escarcelle
Selle
Mon cheval de Calatrava
Va!"

The popular legend of Gambrinus who turned into a beer-barrel, as told by Prof. John Fiske, might appear thus:

A LEGEND OF LAGER BEER AND BELLS.
Gambrinus—though it was his sweetheart's guilt,
Jilt!
Suspended violin, and violin
Din,
And rushed into the woods himself to hang.
Sprang
Upon a bough and even fastened cord.
Awed,
He sat with rope on neck and paused in thought,
Fraught
With doubt and scorn of all this melancholy
Folly.
And while his musings turned the air to blue
Hue,
There came a stranger tall in coat of green
(Scene!)
With most officious offer to assist—
"Whist!"
Said he, "Thou shalt attain a lofty niche,
Rich,
Shall see thy sweetheart with regret and thirst
Burst.
But I, in thirty years, thy soul the game
Claim.
Gambrinus signed the compact, for he held
(Yelled)
That thirty years were loag by pleasure blessed,
Guessed
The devil his soul in any case might
Blight!
By Satan's aid he planned the *carrillon*;
Won
The Teutons' hearts by not too tonic beer.
Sheer
Delight induced the emperor to proclaim
Same
"The Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, too."
Whew!
Now how Gambrinus eyed his old sweetheart,
Tart!
But keeping clear of whim—em did not cease,
Peace,
For thirty years beneath his belfry's chime,
Time
Was slain and borne away on lager-bier,
Here
He sat with burghers and with noblemen,
Then
There came a message most imp-ortunate
Straight
Was he to "come below ere midnight's prime
Chime."
But Flemish *schoppen* sent the imp to deep
Sleep,
From which he did not wake till next noon came.
Shame
Prevented a return to Hell, and thus,
Plus
An imp } infernal, lived Gambrinus on,
A nymph }
On,
A tranquil century or so, till he
(Spree!)
(Esprit?)
From mere ro-tun-dity swelled to a ton,
Tun!

Through the "Telegraph" people can, by placing a wire in the mouth, "receive immediately the full flavor" of a dainty dish miles distant connected with a powerful battery—like knowing a kind heart or a beautiful face only by rumor. Ribot says the universe, with its light, colors, forms, harmonies, and aesthetics, exists for us only as a sum of states of consciousness. Fancy the sum of the states of consciousness experienced at a banquet, being a FLAVOR and a cold wire on your tongue! This would be the biting Iron-y of Fête!

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 13, 1878.

AFTERMATH.



An elegant wedding was that of William H. Booth and Miss Katherine R. Trowbridge, celebrated at Trinity Church on Wednesday evening last. The bridegroom is well known in society circles as a gentleman of wealth, generous impulses, and superior business talent. He is not an "old citizen," having come to the Pacific direct from Louisville, Kentucky, not more than seven years ago. The bride has been in the city only five months, but during that time has made many friends by her many gentle and womanly qualities. The groomsmen were Edwin B. Booth, Louis B. Parrott, Edmund Trowbridge, and James A. Miller; the bridesmaids, Miss Edith Ogden, Miss Jennie Ogden, Miss Kate Ogden, and Miss Hattie Rice. The bride wore the loveliest of *gros de tour* dresses, made in the Marguerite de Valois style, with high collar, sleeves of *dentelles de Flandres*, and a wealth of the same filmy material distributed elsewhere in elegant profusion about the garment. The train was of fabulous length, and covered with sheeny waves of raveled silk. The veil, which was as soft and voluminous as a summer cloud, was edged with orange blossoms and little lilies of the valley. The bridal jewels were diamonds. The bridesmaids wore tarlatan draped over white silk, the costumes being uniform in make, and only distinguished by the colors of the flowers and ribbons worn as wedding-favors. The Church lent its highest dignity to the ceremonial, the Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, Bishop of California; the Right Reverend J. D. H. Wingfield, Rev. Dr. H. W. Beers, and Rev. Charles N. Spaulding participating. The bride and groom went smiling to the altar under the gaze of two thousand pairs of envious eyes. The blessing of heaven was invoked in a hymn sung to the sweetest melody in the opera of *Der Freischütz*. While the service was in progress a gentle melody was played by organ and violin, and when the knot was finally tied the wedding cortege paced gravely out of the church to the harmonious nuptial measures of Mendelssohn, which will continue to be played on similar occasions until some nobler bridal march is invented. There were flowers in graceful devices everywhere, in the chancel of the church, and in the parlors of the Palace Hotel, where the reception was held a little later—arches, bells, wreaths, stars, monograms, baskets, and bouquets, pure white contrasted with brilliant red. At the reception good society was well represented. Conspicuous among many extremely handsome toilets were those of the immediate friends of the bride and groom. Mrs. Howard, the bride's sister, wore a pale blue satin with Louis Quinze panniers over pale blue silk, panniers and sleeves puffed with gauze and bands of silk of the same delicate hue. Mrs. Jenks, mother of the bride, wore a brocaded silk of a shade of strawberry, opening over a gros grain of the same color. Miss Nellie Trowbridge was attired in a pale pink silk cut Princesse, covered with illusion caught up with bouquets and roses pompons. The dress of Mrs. James M. Barney, wife of the groom's chief business associate, was a rich black Princesse velvet with long train, bodice heart-shaped, covered in front and on the train with myriads of jets; the sleeves and neck trimmed with Venetian lace. Her principal ornament was a diamond cross that blazed like the Great Carbuncle. Miss Laura Belden wore a pink silk in wattleau style, covered with illusion and satin ribbons; Miss Louise, her sister, who made her social debut, a white gros grain train *directeur* covered with platings of white silk gauze. Mrs. A. N. Towne was observable for one of the handsomest costumes of the evening. There was a regal repast and dancing. The bridal gifts were of great cost and elegance. The entire arrangement of the wedding showed not only good taste, but a careful provision that prevented the haste, errors, and inconveniences incidental to complicated ceremonials and large gatherings. After the reception the happy couple went at once to the new and elegant home prepared for them at the corner of Fillmore and McAllister Streets.

A gentleman who signs himself "A Friend," writes to inquire what disposition to make of his knife and fork when he is at table in company and his appetite prompts him to ask for more. There are occasions, of course, when a diner-out may with propriety ask for more, but they are limited. For instance, he may be at a boarding house, where the fare is *lenten*, or he may be dining almost *en famille*, or he may be at table informally with two or three; in all these cases there are presumed to be only a few courses, and there may be a repetition of any one of them without physical injury or a violation of the rules of good-breeding. As the number of guests and courses increases, individual freedom is diminished. If there is a meal of a dozen courses, it would be manifestly improper for any person to ask for more of any one of them, unless he were familiarly acquainted with every guest. In such cases every one is expected to eat what is set before him, and permit his plate to be taken quietly away when the next course is served. In the case mentioned, when it is allowable to ask for more, usage is divided in regard to the disposition of the knife and fork. Sometimes it is left on the table, raised from the cloth by some convenient object, but oftener sent away with the plate. The last way is better than to have knife, fork, and spoon stacked upon a piece of bread like soldiers' muskets at parade. When sent away, a clean plate and knife and fork should always be returned.

It is altogether probable that what is called society will be soon "stirred from centre to circumference," by the details of a scandal that has been trying to assert itself now for two or three years. Time and again it has popped to the surface, to be instantly pulled back by the ears and crammed again into solitary confinement—but now the jailors are getting weary with constant watching, while the ghost of disgrace is as active as ever and bound to have its own way if it takes till the crack of somebody's doom. We know just enough of the whole plot to say that it is very interesting. Portions of it have been discussed at long and short lunch parties, and talked over in funeral carriages, and rolled a savory morsel under select and wicked wagging tongues. But welded together and made a connected whole reality whips romance right out of the road, and fact crowds fancy clear over the wall. Scandal is an unclean thing, but how society fondles it; what a welcome it has in nearly every household. So, if the mystery is not soon solved; if the daily press fail with the banner of a superior enterprise in its hand, we shall be obliged to publish the thing in cipher, and leave those who don't want to know anything about it to dig out the details.

Nous transcrivons purement et simplement l'anecdote, telle qu'on nous l'a racontée. Une de nos dames les plus distinguées, dans le cercle le plus brillant de la société, voulait essayer sa chance dans les dangereuses spéculations de la "Bourse," et naturellement, avant de prendre une résolution aussi importante, elle demanda timidement l'opinion de son mari. "Pas de stocks, ma chérie," répondit laconiquement le grave sénateur, dont le noble front fut jadis orné de la couronne ducal. Sur l'insistance de sa femme, le vieillard hocha sa vénérable tête, blanchie par l'âge et les soucis d'Etat, et prononça de nouveau comme un arrêt définitif, "non, pas de stocks, ma chérie." Notre charmante duchesse avait un peu d'argent; comme toutes les femmes elle se laissa tenter, et entraînée d'ailleurs par la tournure florissante du marché minier, elle se décida à aventurer sur les eaux du "Stock Exchange" le pain quotidien de la famille. Puis s'armant de courage, elle s'adressa à un "Bonanza King" et lui dit avec son plus malin sourire, "Placez cet argent pour moi." Le roi de la finance se garda bien de refuser, "d'ailleurs comment résister à une femme," surtout à une duchesse et fit gracieusement ce qu'on lui demandait. Les stocks du "North End Comstock" augmentèrent, les actions de la noble dame montèrent en conséquence, et le "Bonanza King" avec une magnanimité, à nulle autre seconde, dans l'histoire, lui envoya un chèque de \$75,000, comme résultat de l'opération. C'est, dans la soirée, alors que la dame trônait élégamment dans son salon, entourée d'un cercle nombreux et brillant d'invités, que le chèque arriva. Elle jeta un coup d'œil furtif sur la signature, sourit malicieusement et de l'air le plus tranquille et le plus satisfait du monde, elle cacha dans son sein le précieux billet. Bientôt les invités partirent et le duc et sa dame se retirèrent pour goûter un sommeil réparateur. C'est le moment qu'avait choisi la malicieuse duchesse pour informer son "lord et maître" du résultat heureux de l'opération financière. Il avait déjà enlevé son paletot, son gilet et ses bottes quand, tout en jouant, elle lui tendit le chèque et lui dit finement, "Comment trouvez-vous cela, mon cher." Le grave sénateur, assis sur le bord du lit, chercha ses lunettes à monture dorée, lut attentivement les chiffres, la signature cabalistique, puis regardant dessous ses lunettes avec un sourire sarcastique et affectueux tout à la fois, lui rendit le chèque, ôta son pantalon, et avec la plus respectueuse révérence, dit à la victorieuse duchesse: "Prenez-le, ma chère, il est à vous de droit, puissiez-vous le porter aussi gracieusement que vous l'avez gagné." Une pudique rougeur colora les joues de la modeste duchesse. Ils se mirent au lit. Le bonheur était peint sur leur visage. Ils furent heureux cette nuit-là; les rêves les plus doux et les plus agréables visitèrent leur sommeil.

Social life in Oakland has not recently been disquieted by many events of importance. Miss Harmon entertained the literary clubs last week with a supper, and dance afterward. Among the ladies present were Misses Houghton, Green, Sinton, Ward, Crane, Johnson, Eells, Raymond, Stanley, and Mrs. Wheaton, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. C. P. Eells, Mrs. Perine, Mrs. Havens, and Mrs. Rathbone. The chivalry of Oakland was represented by Messrs. Paxton, Johnson, Tuttle, Hamilton, Sinton, Houghton, Havens, Graham, Froelich, Pillsbury, and Perine.

A boarder at fashionable hotel, who is not consumptive, wishes to know whether one invalid in a badly-ventilated room has special privileges which four hundred healthy diners are bound to respect. Also whether it is permissible for the lady who wishes to display a well-rounded bust to arbitrarily regulate the little opening of the window through which a breath of the free air of heaven endeavors to reach and inflate the gasping lungs of robust manhood. Your putative invalid is your real despot; if feminine, more terrible than the terrible infant of tradition. We have no answer ready.

Bancroft & Co. have in preparation for the holidays a society volume to be called the *Elite Directory of San Francisco and Oakland*, a work intended to contain the names, address, and reception days of society people, and the membership and relative standing of fashionable clubs and social organizations. We have seen the general plan of the volume, and it is to be commended to the attention of society people as being something very desirable, and in good form and taste. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis all have their society crystallized in this shape, and the San Francisco work will be better than them all. As a private address and carriage directory the book will be invaluable, as a calling reference something very desirable, and as a segregation of our society people very interesting. Within a week or two circular notes will be addressed to heads of families, and if those receiving them will fill blanks and return at once to the publishers as directed they will materially assist in making the work complete and correct. It is intended to have the volume ready for New Year's and the calling season.

Customer (in quest of a particular brand of cigar)—Are those these?

Dealer (affably)—Yes, sir, these are those.

Kearney returns to us upon payment of \$400 in advance—cheap. The prodigal politician, having fed upon the Butler husks in Massachusetts, comes back to us lean, hungry, and repentant. The sand-lot will kill for him the fatted calf, and on Thanksgiving Day Tipperary, Kilkenny, Schleswig-Holstein, and the suburban precincts of Père le Chaise will turn out their warriors and statesmen to give him welcome home again. Then Wellock, and Carl Brown, and Bob Ferral, and Henry George, and Beerstecher, and O'Donnell, and the subsoil of the dirty Democracy, and all the native-born party demagogues, will wheel into line; Kearney will tongue-walloper them with vulgar and blasphemous slang, organize them with his shillalah, and the politicians of either party will stand in awe of a misnamed labor party.

As things look to-day with reference to the Constitutional Convention, there is about one chance in ten that the result will be indorsed by the vote of the people. There is an effort at legislation in detail that is calculated to defeat the whole scheme. It was a bad time to call such a body together; dry seasons, hard times, and labor agitations do not favor constitutional reforms. For this probably abortive effort—that will cost one million of dollars—we may thank the Democracy. There was no especial necessity of a new Constitution. It was not demanded by the people, and there is every probability that it will be repudiated when submitted for adoption. We have one consolation in the fact, that we have a good enough Constitution if we would legislate in the spirit of its provisions.

Governor Stanford says the railroads of this State pay \$500,000 annual taxes. The *Chronicle* questions the accuracy of the statement, and estimates that they should pay three times that amount if the value of the property was justly estimated. The *Chronicle* newspaper is—if we are correctly informed—valued by the assessor at less than ten thousand dollars. It is worth a quarter of a million of dollars, and the Messrs. De Young would not sell the journal for that price. The *Call* can not be purchased for even a larger amount. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars would not buy the *Alta California*. The same amount would be a fairly estimated value for the *Bulletin*. A million and a half of dollars would not purchase the journals of San Francisco, and they are not *all of them* assessed upon a valuation of \$50,000—not equal to the assessment upon one railroad building in this city. The ARGONAUT is assessed upon a valuation of six hundred dollars; it is worth twice as many thousands. Yet the entire press is complaining of unequal assessments. The *Chronicle* should pay twenty-five times the amount it does to support the government, and would then do nothing more in proportion than does the poor man with a homestead, or the laborer with his horse and dray. We constantly complain of the inequality of assessments. We know the rich avoid the payment of their just dues. We know they escape their duties to society, but in illustration of shirking taxes there is no class so conspicuous as the men who own newspapers.

The new book house of Billings, Harbourn & Co. places us under obligations for a whole library of new books, which we have no time to read, and no place to review. It is a great temptation to introduce to the ARGONAUT a department for the review of new works, and when we get just a little older, and a little richer, and increase the size of our paper by eight pages, and stitch and cut it, and put an initial picture page upon it, and make it what it ought to be, and what it is to be—the best, and brightest, and cleanest of weekly journals—we shall devote some columns to well-considered book reviews. Then we shall pay up our obligations to Bancroft & Co., Roman & Co., Billings, Harbourn & Co., and the leading publishers of the East. Among the books lying upon our table *New Greece*, by Lewis Sergeant, and published by Cassel, Pattee & Galpin, looks up appealingly to us from its clear print, fair paper, elegant maps, and beautiful binding, and almost moves us to fling away the pen and read. From Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, comes *The Addresses and Orations of Rufus Choate*, and *The Personal Reminiscences of R. B. Forbes*, a well-known merchant who came to California in 1845—a book full of narrative and incident that are valuable to all who are interested in our early history. An elegant book of poems by Whittier, *The Visions of Echarad*, and *Other Poems*, which must be of the highest merit because written by Whittier, and because printed by Houghton, Osgood & Co. *The White Horse of Woolton*, by Charles J. Foster, from Porter & Coates of Philadelphia. *The Studio Arts*, by Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson, and *Grammar Land, or Grammar in Fun*, both published by Henry Holt & Co. of New York. This last book we shall read simply to learn how anybody can get fun out of grammar. We never could, and we have resentful recollections of Lindley Murray that we shall be glad to have modified. *Eventide at Bethel*, by J. R. Macduff, M. D., author of *Mind and Words of Jesus*, *Footsteps of St. Paul*, etc. This book we shall not read for obvious reasons. The Reverend Doctor Macduff can not "lay on" any of this sort of literature with us; life is too short. We have no unkind feelings toward Robert Carter & Brothers, who print the book, for they have appropriately bound it in blue. The same publishing house issue *The Broken Wall of Jerusalem*. What it is all about we do not know; but we just looked through the broken gap, and guessed that as the title and table of contents was not in our line we would not read it until we see what Sam Williams, of the *Bulletin*, says about it. We sincerely hope Messrs. Billings, Harbourn & Co. will continue to send us nice books, and look to the future for their recompense, which, by the way, seems to be the Christian idea as the proper mode of compensating for good deeds. If rewards of conscience, deferred payments, and promises will pay for books we are willing to lay in a complete library.

Donn Piatt says that the Republican party is the organized rascality of the country; that the Democratic party is the organized ignorance of the country, and that the Nationals are "the fellows who don't like it."

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."



Sitting down to write about a concert that took place a week ago is, in some respects, not unlike the talking over of a dinner which, by virtue of some special quality, has lingered long enough in one's memory to provoke posthumous reflection or discussion. In both cases there is very apt to lurk somewhere among the unclassified senses—a subtle set they are, with their occasional tangling up of things until one is at a loss to know whether the almost impalpable impression is that of a flavor, an odor, or a note in some iridescent Chopinesque chord—a key note to which, as it were, one's entire impression of the event is attuned. Now it is the heavy, musky odor of a truffle (or is it its flavor?), now the bouquet of the Château Yquem (flavor, odor, and Chopin in one), and now the cadence of a voice, the far-off echo of a horn, or clinging sweetness of violin or cello tone that guides the uncertain memory through the labyrinth of confused and confusing recollections; or have we, perchance, brought away with us only the flavor of an ill-dressed salad, the worse one of an antipathetic neighbor, or the supreme misery of "sounds that were rude and harsh, and would not blend!" Be that as it may, I think that criticism a week after the event—be it of dinner or music—is likely to be far more just than the snap judgment of daily reporting possibly can, in that it is less apt to be influenced by either the glamour or annoyance of first impressions. One gets over many things in a week.

The Schmidt Quintet Concert, November 8th, second of the series, brought a programme of the composite order—neither fish nor flesh. There was just enough chamber music to be tantalizing without satisfying, and more than enough of the virtuosic-operatic style to be wearisome. The whole thing was a mistake, including the *débutante*. Miss Dietz, who was announced as a pupil of Mr. Carl Formes (the great basso accompanied her on the stage and sat there, seemingly in the capacity of prompter) proved to be in no sense ready for a *début*, and her performance would be scarcely entitled to notice were it not for the fact that the good nature (or ignorance) of some of my brethren of the daily press has induced them to say things that are likely to mislead the young lady and her friends, and I think that in such cases it is only common charity to point out the true state of affairs. Making due allowance, then, for the nervousness that is apt to attend a first appearance, and the effect that this nervousness necessarily has upon the quality of the voice, intonation, execution, etc., I am compelled to find either that Miss Dietz has very little voice, and that of a disagreeable quality, or that she has been very badly taught. From the pleasant manner in which she sang the *cantilène* of her little encore song I infer that the fault lies in her teaching, and this opinion is confirmed by the ambitious character of her selections, as well as the extremely stagey nature of all the points she aimed to make. They were invariably bad; forced, hard, unnatural, and very imperfect in execution. Most of them, indeed, could only be well done by a good singer of great routine, and I am forced to conclude that the advisers of this young lady are entirely ignorant of what good singing consists of, or they sadly underestimate the critical powers of a general audience. What Miss Dietz may be able to do when she shall have been taught how to produce her voice properly it is at present utterly impossible to say; but she has still everything to learn and much to unlearn. The other *début* was that of Mr. Henry Kopitz, who plays the flute delightfully. His tone and execution are both admirable, and he phrases like a good singer. Perhaps when he plays again he will remember that there are many better compositions for his instrument than those selected for last Friday night, and that Mr. Schmidt's audiences are entitled to the best. Mr. Clifford played Ernst's *Othello Fantaisie* with plenty of dash and spirit, and got most of the difficult passages out in very good form, but the playing it at all was a mistake. The piece is too much for him at present, and one should never undertake a solo-piece in public until it becomes easy—that is, until it is technically behind one. Miss Alice committed the same error in her selection of Chopin's *Ballade* in G minor. The composition is technically, as well as intellectually, beyond her present grasp. She struggled through it bravely enough, despite two very sore fingers, and played a few bits quite beautifully—notably the last page; but it was not Chopin. A Quartet of Mozart and the two middle movements of Saint-Saëns' Piano Quintet were the really musical numbers of the programme, and thoroughly enjoyable they were; especially the Quartet, which could hardly be played better, and made one long for more quartet and less solo playing. I refuse to believe that any audience prefers the *fade* "Fantaisies" by Ernst, Terschak, etc., to the better class of chamber music, especially when it is as well played as we get it at these concerts. But then, I don't understand the business side of concert giving, and Mr. Schmidt evidently does.

Writing from Paris, in 1851, Ferdinand Hiller speaks of "a young composer, Gounod, who formerly achieved the *prix de Rome* at the *Conservatoire*, but of whom but little has since been heard in public, who has just completed an opera, *Sappho*, for Madame Viardot-Garcia, of which much is expected." Since the date of Hiller's letter, this "young composer" has written many operas of which great anticipations went out into the world, to be realized only in a single instance, that of his *Faust*. His latest work, *Polyeucte*, which has just been performed after the most careful preparation and rehearsal, is reported from Paris to have made a *fiasco d'estime*—a new way of putting it—and this seems to have been the fate of them all. The *Reine de Saba* managed to

keep the stage for a year or two, probably on account of the magnificent decorations that had been prepared for it, and *Romeo and Juliet* gets an occasional performance. But of Gounod, the composer, the world knows only *Faust*. Nor is this strange. In this one opera he said all that he had to say; the rest is mere iteration. He found in "Faust" a subject peculiarly suited to his genius, which is, after all, not for the stage. With his purely subjective—introspective, say—treatment of harmonic and melodic material, he could not hope to find many, and may be considered very fortunate in having found the one. "Hamlet" might have fitted him; and it has always seemed to me to be a great pity that, if it had to be set to music at all (of course, it was an absurd idea), the text should not have fallen into his hands, instead of being given to Ambrose Thomas to be sugar-coated and wrapped up in tinsel and pink tissue paper.

I understand that Mr. W. S. Lyster, who is at present in Europe looking up recruits for what he hopes to make a very fine English Opera Company, is meeting with encouraging success. He expects to give a season in this city *en route* for Australia. Either Strakosch or Mapleson ought to be along in course of the winter; probably Strakosch. Mapleson's company is too expensive, I fancy.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave a concert at the Metropolitan Temple last Wednesday evening, assisted—as the programme stated—by a number of his pupils, and I can not but think that Mr. Mansfeldt did a very unwise thing. When one pays seventy-five cents for admission to a concert, one is entitled, firstly, to get what one pays for—that is, a performance of the pieces announced in the programme—and, secondly, to at least a respectable performance of them. Mr. Mansfeldt, with his pupils, gave neither the one nor the other. He announced "new concertos" by Liszt and Saint-Saëns; for the former he had four young ladies to bang away at the *Fugue* (Finale) from Schubert's *Fantaisie* in C, op. 15, while he made the horrible muddle more horrible by playing on the organ a portion of the orchestral accompaniment which Liszt has added to it; and of Saint-Saëns he gave no *concerto* at all, but a transcription of a *poème symphonique*, to which he also applied the organ without stint or sense. He announced the "Schubert-Liszt concerto" as "first time in California," whereas the piece has twice before been played here in public—once, in its original form, by a pupil of Mr. Oscar Weil, and since by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn. What was written down as a "Spring Song, by Rubenstein," turned out a trashy Italian duet; a violin obligato to a song by Kuecken resulted in some of the most uncouth fiddle scraping that ever was scraped before an audience. (That the scraper preferred the key of D to the original one of B flat was not altogether unreasonable). In other words, Mr. Mansfeldt took people's money, and gave them, not what he promised in his bills, but a very inferior article that he ought to have been ashamed to bring before the public under any circumstances. Pupils are scarcely legitimate objects of criticism; they do as well as they have been taught. But when a teacher trots out a batch of his *élèves* in an ambitious programme, and charges seventy-five cents to hear them, he should have something better to offer than Mr. Mansfeldt seems to; and when he anticipates that such an exhibition will bring an accession to his list of pupils, he exhibits a sublime confidence in the ignorance of the public that I can not find warranted even in San Francisco.

At the same hall, Mr. Gustave Hinrichs, on last Saturday afternoon, gave a *matinée d'invitation* with a number of young pupils, which I am the more gratified to mention as it formed the most perfect contrast to the pretentious affair of Wednesday evening. Here everything was modest and imbued with the right spirit; the programme was excellent, and the execution of it, mostly, surprisingly good. Some half dozen young ladies, from ten to about sixteen years of age, played the piano-forte part in trios and quartets of Haydn, Gade, and Beethoven; several difficult solo-pieces were very creditably performed, and one young lady—of about fourteen years, I should say—played Mozart's Concerto in D minor (first movement, cadenza of Reinecke), with quartet accompaniment, really very well indeed. Apart from the fact that Mr. Hinrichs' pupils play with commendable neatness and precision of touch and rhythm, it is very encouraging to find a teacher who devotes himself to the cultivation of a taste for good music, and has succeeded in making it enjoyed and understood, as it seemed to be by these young ladies.

The novelties for the next Quintet Concert are a Serenade by Hiller, a charming work; String quartet of Rubinstein, and *Suite* of pieces for violin, by Ries. These last are quite new and exceedingly beautiful. Mrs. Marriner-Campbell will be the vocalist.

Mr. Herold's Symphony this week was the "Miscellaneous," composed by Schubert-Beethoven-Mendelssohn; an *allegretto* symphony, let us say, in which the *tempo* moved along so placidly as to make the lively *Saltarello finale* very difficult of achievement. It is not easy after three continuous movements of jog-trot to work into a rattling *vivace*, and I was not surprised to hear this one go rather tamely. The Schubert movement was very nicely played, as was also the *allegretto* of Beethoven. In this the exact *tempo* was very happily found—rather a delicate thing to do—and the result was a charming effect of quiet humor. The performance of the Tannhäuser overture seemed to me the worst I have ever heard. Setting aside all other considerations, this overture is so much too difficult for our orchestra that the mere attempt to play it is nothing less than absurd. They get through it, to be sure, but they make it sound positively ugly. Now, the composition is not very beautiful (as music) at the best, and can only be made interesting by a masterly, virtuosic performance; it got a shocking bad performance, and was correspondingly hideous. Hauser's little "Cradle Song," arranged for the string band, was quite as badly done, probably because it is very easy and was not considered worth the trouble of study. But it is worth the trouble, as any good violinist could show Mr. Herold. I have heard amateurs play it, in its original form, infinitely better than it was done on Wednesday. The "Strauss Waltz" was a treat; I enjoyed it thoroughly. Hope we shall have more of them and less Wagner.

HEART HISTORIES.

We were talking of our mutual acquaintance, Penserosa. Said Psyche: "I watched her to-day as she sat by the desk, leaning her head on her hand, with such a pathetic, wistful look on her face. I thought of her lonely life, no one near her who loves her best, one dreary round of teaching day after day, and the question came to my mind: what has rendered her so solitary among others—what trouble has she borne? We see only a commonplace little woman, but we do not know what history she may have had. We see only the present; the past may have buried love, happiness, and joy that once came to her, giving enchantment to the common air. That quiet self-contained exterior may hide the ruins of a wasted life."

"You are right," said Madam Pansy, "for no woman reaches the age of twenty-five without a heart history."

"I never see a woman struggling along through life without thinking the same thing."

"Alas! how many are there who go through life lonely and unloved whose hearts are filled with grand capabilities of loving."

"How many are there who love blindly, passionately, and wake to find their idol but common clay!"

As they talked I thought of the old German song, "Schön Rohtraut." A page loved the king's daughter, and he often attended her as she rode in the forest.

They dismounted one day and sat side by side under a forest tree. Suddenly impelled by a love that he could not resist, he bent forward, and his soul settled in one long kiss on her laughing lips. As they rode home silently through the darkening shadows, he said:

"Wert thou made Empress to-morrow it matters not, for the thousand leaves of the forest know that I have kissed Schön Rohtraut's mouth."

All of us, sooner or later, kiss Schön Rohtraut's mouth; sooner or later Love will come to the heart, bringing either great pain or great joy.

Poor Penserosa! In the great Hereafter will what she has missed on earth be made up to her?

I know a woman who said, when a question affecting her whole future was placed before her for decision: "I'll be happy if only for a week, a day, an hour; let come what will, I shall have had my day."

Jean Paul says as surely as every mountain has its valley every heaven-stormer finds his hell. So I wonder if those who clutch happiness with such eagerness do not find that it turns to ashes in their grasp, or does the memory of that happiness, even when withdrawn, sanctify their lives and give enchantment to the commonest duties?

Watch that quiet, placid woman sitting yonder, with her child in her arms; once in a while a shadow crosses her face. Ah, if we could but read, what hopes and fears, what anguish and longing might that calm face reveal. We all wear masks, but sometimes they slip aside and reveal the worn face beneath.

Between the ages of twenty and thirty whatever happens in a woman's life makes a deep impression; younger, the mind is so elastic that it can throw off grief more readily; older, the feelings are dulled by what has gone before.

A heart trouble will leave then a scar never to be effaced. The wound may heal and be hidden so carefully that it can not be seen, yet at times the old sorrow wakes into life, and again the old agony has to be endured.

Nature writes the heart histories on the face so that he who is observant may read as he runs. There are lines so faint that they can not readily be perceived, nevertheless they are there, and although we do not recognize them, yet their presence lends an expression to the face that attracts our attention.

We all strive to mask our faces, and conceal whatever sorrow has imprinted, but I think if the mask were raised more often, and we could see the lines of care, trouble, and disappointment, we would be much kinder, much more gentle toward one another.

Cherry Ripe little thinks, as she walks up the street, with an abstracted air and a faint smile on her lips, that I know she is thinking of her trip to the mountains and her handsome fellow-traveler. The memory of the kiss on Schön Rohtraut's lips, you know, lent enchantment to the common air, and I have no doubt the page lived in Dreamland most of the time afterward. I tax Cherry Ripe with being in a world apart from us, and a blush and confused smile confirm my opinion. She is still living in Arcadia, and we know that in that happy land people are perfectly natural; there is no shadow on her face, but oh, if by some mischance the gate should be shut on her never to open again, then the story will be painted on her face with a brush so fine and a touch so delicate that only the gathering years will bring it out in full distinctness.

—J.

Bonbons.—French and Otherwise.

A female teacher threatens to keep an unruly boy fifteen minutes after school.

"I wish you'd make it half an hour," says the appreciative youth, "for you're the prettiest teacher in this town."

Madame A (piscatorially to young and eligible gentleman)—"How do you like my daughter's hands?"

"They are exquisitely shaped," he replies, "but I think their skin is rather dark."

"Oh! that is not true," exclaims the astonished mother; "they are not dark; they are only dirty."

Parson (sternly)—"How could you come to church to be married to a man in such a state as that?"

Bride (weeping)—"It wasn't my fault, sir. I never can get him to come when he's sober."

"I am a tramp," pleads he; and, pointing to his worn shoes, continues, pathetically, "this is my sole offense."

The judge, clerk, and officer all fainting, the prisoner escapes.

"Sandy, what is the state of religion in your town?"

"Bad, sir; very bad! There are no Christians except Davie and myself, and I have my doubts about Davie."

S. E.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A LUNATIC.

The Confederate force of General Early had gained the mastery in the Shenandoah Valley, and our demoralized battalions were falling back precipitately through Winchester.

Sheridan dashed upon the scene, and his presence, like a spell, checked the retreat and infused new courage into the disordered mass. Our battery reached knoll to the left of the pike, and unlimbered in front of a timbered slope, on the brow of which the Confederates had posted a heavy battery. The infantry line on our front was advancing splendidly, and I saw the gleaming crest of bayonets fall when the order came for a charge on the double-quick. * * *

Bright sunshine was streaming through the open curtain, and seemed to have awakened me from prolonged slumber. Slowly my scattered senses gathered from dim unconsciousness, and as thought assumed definite form the scene of the battle-field again flashed before me.

"What of the charge?" I inquired, anxiously, making a desperate effort to rise.

The sharp, unnatural tone of my own voice startled me, and my strength was unequal to rustle even the covering of my couch.

"Do not try to talk now, Charley; you will be stronger very soon." It was the voice of my wife. In a moment I realized that I was home, on the shores of the northern lake. I glanced through the window, and the waving branches associated with my thoughts of the battle scene were not there, but the snow lay heavily on the fields glistening in the sunshine. Many months must have passed away, a blank period in my existence.

As I recovered my strength and comprehension I learned the critical ordeal I had passed in surviving a severe wound that caused a fracture of the skull, and necessitated the operation of trepanning.

Still many months more elapsed before I was again abroad. The war was ended, and the people were rejoicing in the restoration of peace. I was tendered and accepted the old position I had resigned in response to the call to arms—teacher of mathematics in the academy of my native town.

The old routine of the position was familiar enough, but close attention to its duties shortly developed the fact that my nervous system had not recovered from the severe shock it had sustained, and my mental powers were impaired.

As nearly as I could define the effect produced, the injury seemed to have interrupted the harmonious action of the brain, and the right and left lobes appeared to operate independently, and take separate and distinct cognizance of emotions and sensations conveyed by the medium of the senses. Every thought seemed to have its duplicate, necessary to a complete impression. When I studied a single problem, and the solution occurred, immediately would follow the solution again, as if emanating from a second mind, acting in conjunction, but always a little slower in its perceptions. This derangement, vexatious and confusing at first, continued to increase as I devoted myself to mental labor, until finally I was compelled to abandon my position in the academy.

The necessity was indeed a hardship, as it left me without the means of sustenance. My brave and devoted wife bore up nobly under the affliction, and insisted that I should indulge the repose that my critical condition demanded. Meantime she turned the fine musical facilities acquired in better days to good account, and we continued to live comfortably for a time on the proceeds of her labor. Comfortably, did I say? No, it grieved me constantly to see her toil so arduously, with the double responsibility of household cares. And I knew that her assumed cheerfulness was the cover of painful solicitude she experienced on my behalf.

This anxiety did not favorably affect my derangement. It grew more marked and depressing. Vague fears haunted me by day, and harrowed the long, sleepless hours of night. The strange perception of a double intellect became so far defined that the senses were sympathetic. The sounds that reached my ear were repeated, as if by echo; taste and touch were fanciful and erratic, and at night weird, fantastic forms flitted before my eyes, and real objects assumed the semblance of what they were not, and drove me to the verge of delirium; while the effort constantly exerted to retain my reason only the more prostrated the mental powers.

Ultimately my malady reached a stage at which I seemed to realize both physical and mental double existence. At times I could distinctly see the form and features of my second self, directly confronting and gazing upon my more immediate self. And then my own voice addressed me, and we conversed together—myself and my second self—now condoling in common misery, and then in tantalizing and horrible imprecations.

The terrible delusion became unbearable and I felt that reason could not much longer retain command of the disordered faculties. It was a night when my mental agitation had reached a high degree. My wife had fallen asleep, overcome with constant care and watching. I was pacing the sitting room of our chamber, about the hour of midnight, as was my habit. Occasionally I reclined on a sofa, in the hope of catching a slight respite from the distress of my terrible hallucination; but it was for a moment only.

I lay down again on the sofa. My brain seemed whirling in a blaze of fire, and I sprang up stricken with madness. The horrible spectre stood before me and mocked me with a fiendish grin of derision. I grasped a heavy piece of furniture and dashed at it with the fury of a maniac. The spectre seemed palpable to the blow, and yielded. I saw it vanish in darkness that spread before me, and my tormenting second self was gone. I broke forth in frantic laughter, that returned in a hundred echoes around me, and I sank exhausted, unconscious to the floor.

The morning sun was shining in upon me when I awoke to returning consciousness. A cool perspiration oozed from my forehead. I rose on my elbow, and, for some moments, endeavored to recall my identity and the recollections of the night. Then a horrible conviction came upon me. Great heavens! It was she! It was my poor devoted wife—the reality of the form I had dashed down and destroyed in my frenzy!

Overwhelmed with remorse, I rushed wildly from the house and fled I knew not whither. The greater grief that had come upon me reanimated my mental power, and I became calm in despair; but I shrank cowardly from the desolation that my own hand had wrought.

It was some weeks after the dreadful night I have described

that I reached New York City without detection, a greater portion of the distance working as one of the crew of a canal boat. I wandered along the wharves of the metropolis, searching anxiously for some means of escaping the country, and longing even to flee the fellowship of civilized man. The opportunity was finally discovered in a ship about sailing around Cape Horn for the Pacific Coast, on board of which my services were accepted in a menial capacity.

I was soon safe from discovery and pursuit, and free upon the boundless waters—free as one could feel with the remorse of a hellish deed upon his soul, and the abandonment of all hope of a happy hour in life again.

I need not describe the experience of a long and tedious sea voyage, and the hardships and indignities put upon me in consequence of inefficiency and total ignorance of seaman's duties. To me it was of little account. But the change of life and scene, and the sea air, had a wonderful effect in repairing my mental and physical strength. It was on a bright September morning that I first spied the hazy shores of California, and in a day or two thereafter sauntered along the streets of San Francisco, alone in a new world, with only the companionship of bitter recollections.

As necessity required I sought employment, and managed to sustain myself, leading a listless, purposeless sort of life. But the monotony soon became oppressive, and the apprehension of ultimate discovery excited renewed anxiety. Frequently I fancied the recognition of a familiar countenance on the streets, that kept me in painful uncertainty.

The day came in which my worst fears were realized. The miserable wretch in whose house I was sojourning delivered me into the hands of justice. By what means he discovered my identity I could not determine; but I met my fate boldly; for remorse had so far embittered my existence that I disdained longer to struggle for its continuance.

"Gentlemen," I exclaimed, as the officers inclosed my wrists with iron shackles, "take your accursed reward! I am Charles Harden, the murderer, from —."

They dragged me to the prison, and the officers of the law came and questioned me. I told them all, and they transferred me to more secure confinement, lest I should escape again the retribution of crime.

Long I lingered in the solitude of a gloomy cell, awaiting the final decree of fate, until calm indifference succeeded despair, and gradually every emotion, even life itself, seemed to subside into a dream.

But a day came when my sensibilities seemed reanimating, like one emerging from a trance. Slowly my mind manifested activity, and in time I recalled my identity; then suddenly the recollection of my whole life flooded back upon me, and all the weight of its great burden of remorse again descended.

An old man, whose kindly countenance had become familiar to me as in a vision, appeared and sought to rally my despondency with words of hope and encouragement.

"You have had a long, bad spell, Harden," he remarked; "but you are coming around all right now, and will soon be out in the world again."

Then I was not in a prison, but an insane asylum. Thank heaven, my wretched guilt had not been discovered.

And then I learned from the old man the circumstances of my arrest as a lunatic, and the nature of my affliction. In the operation of trepanning at the hands of unskilled surgeons, a small splinter of the fractured skull had been left adhering in a position to irritate the membrane of the brain, and this trifling oversight had caused the insanity attended with such sad results, to blast the happiness of my life forever, and stamp my memory with the ignominy of murder.

The derangement had been effectively repaired by the skillful surgeon of the asylum, and my mind now rapidly recovered its original power. But what availed it, I reflected bitterly; and why had I been restored from peaceful lunacy to a consciousness to which death would be a relief.

One morning the old attendant of whom I have spoken interrupted my gloomy meditations with a countenance more than usually cheerful, that seemed to radiate the light of some hidden hope.

"Harden," he remarked, "you are growing vigorous again in both body and mind. I have a message for you that may excite you a little. Do you think you can stand an agreeable surprise?"

"Anything agreeable to bear would indeed be a surprise," I replied. "But, my dear friend, I fear the world could now hardly afford a message to me sufficiently pleasurable to inspire any appreciable excitement."

"Well, if you are confident to that extent, I will permit the bearer of the message to impart it directly to you."

The old man withdrew, and presently returned with a companion. A thrill, premonitory of some great surprise, startled me as I heard the approaching footsteps.

I raised my eyes. Great heavens! they met the old love-look of my wife, ready to advance into my arms.

The ardor with which I returned her embrace was assuring that my power of nerve was restored.

The last great hallucination was dispelled, and a ray of gladness burst in upon my heart, streaming through the dark cloud of despair that had hung over me those long and wretched years. I laughed and wept by turns. And then I drew the recovered treasure of my life more firmly to my breast, fearful I was still in a dream, that might vanish and leave me again in misery and despair.

"And how did you follow me here?" I demanded, when sufficiently collected to make the inquiry.

"There is your address," my wife replied, handing me an Eastern paper containing the following paragraph, copied from a San Francisco paper:

"FOR STOCKTON.—An unknown man was taken from a boarding house on Sansone Street yesterday, and brought before the Commissioners of Lunacy, and by them committed to the Asylum at Stockton. From what could be gathered from his incoherent talk, his name is Charles Harden, from New York city, and he imagines himself to have committed some serious crime. His insanity is caused by fracture of the skull, which had been imperfectly trepanned."

"And who was it that I struck down and killed?"

"Your own reflection in our pier-glass mirror, which was shattered to atoms the night you disappeared."

And so it was my own second self, and none other.

We remain in California, my wife and I, for its air is genial and its skies blue and bright; and if at times I recall the recollection of those long years of wretchedness and despair, it is that the contrast may only render the present more peaceful and happy.

R. B.—

AN INCIDENT OF OUR VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA.

"If we double Cape Horn, as we're in hopes for to do,
There's lots of sperm whale on the coast of Peru."

—Old Sea Song.

In looking over the journal I kept daily of the voyage of the *Mary Jane* around Cape Horn to San Francisco, in the winter of '49 and spring of '50, I wonder at the great importance we then attached to small matters. But for more than six months her narrow deck was all of a little world to nineteen of us. We were the most democratic-republican company that ever went in search of the Golden Fleece. We organized, bought the vessel, loaded her, and sailed her. Midshipman Easy could not have asked for more liberty than we voted to ourselves. All the officers, from captain to cook, and all the sailors were owners, and had an equal voice and vote as to what ports we should enter on the voyage, and even the question as to whether we should try the passage by the Straits of Magellan or Cape Horn was submitted to a vote of "all hands." Several of the crew had been captains and mates. About half were landmen. Notwithstanding this incongruous material, and the anomaly of the cook being an equal owner with the Captain, and the fore-castle having the power to out-vote the cabin, discipline was observed, and there was not, throughout the voyage, any serious trouble or difficulty. The nearest approach to a row was as we lay becalmed in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. As we neared Cape Horn it was found that the supply of fresh water was becoming short; so we entered Good Success Bay, in Terra del Fuego, on February 6, 1850, and filled twenty casks, intending to obtain an additional supply at Juan Fernandez. In trying to double Cape Horn we were forced down to latitude 60 degrees, and did not reach Crusoe's Island until March 6. The facilities here not being good, and the wind being fair, we concluded to run to the Gallapagos Islands, and there replenish our water casks. We arrived at Charles Island, one of the group, on the 21st March, but found it more difficult to obtain water than at Juan Fernandez. We however bought fresh beef, bananas, and other fruit, from the convicts, caught large quantities of fish, ran over to Albemarle Island, hunted tortoise, of which we caught more than fifty, made an examination of our supply of water, and concluded that, with average weather and wind, we could reach San Francisco before our supplies would be exhausted. By April 5 we had been forced by the wind on to the Mexican coast. It then left us, and we found the *Mary Jane* becalmed in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. For some days we endured the steady roll and flapping sails. The long swell then ceased; the sun poured on us his direct rays with more than tropical fervor; the sea became glassy, and seemed filled with insect and animal life.

"The very deep did rot; O Christ!

That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs

Upon the slimy sea."

On the 12th, Judge O'Brien, who was steward that week (he has since joined the pioneers on the other side of the river), reported that there was but half a cask of water remaining. As this would hold out but a few days, we were immediately put on an allowance of a quart a day. The calm still continued; the sun rose out of the ocean each morning a ball of fire; the sea became a mirror, and the reflected rays seemed more intense than those that beat down upon us. By the 19th the supply of water was nearly gone, and still the calm continued.

"Day after day, day after day

We stuck, nor breath nor motion,

As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean."

On the 23d the last of the water from the cask had been distributed. At the Gallapagos Islands we found a Marshpee Indian named Reed, from Sandwich, Massachusetts, who had been left sick from a whale ship at the convict settlement on Charles Island. He begged so imploringly to be taken to California that we gave him passage. When we were becoming short of water he stated that when a boy he had worked in a New England rum distillery, and thought he could devise a plan to distill fresh water from the ocean. His plans failed. We had, however, several of the crew who were accustomed to the use of tools, and full of inventive resources. Van Norden and Young, who had the reputation of having made an effective gun-lock from a cabin-door hinge and the blade of a broken case-knife, undertook to create a distilling apparatus. As their success was of vital importance I find my journal filled with the anxious details of their efforts. The cook's largest kettle, holding about ten gallons, was filled with salt water, the cover was luted on with a composition of wood ashes and dough, the nozzle of the cover was inserted into a gun-barrel, from which the breech had been removed. This gun-barrel led through the side of the galley, and then through a keg filled with cold water. Under the outer end of the gun-barrel was fastened a demijohn, in the mouth of which was inserted a funnel. A fire was kept up under the kettle; when the water boiled the steam passed through the gun-barrel, and when it came in contact with that part surrounded by the cold water in the keg it was condensed, and the fresh water trickled from the gun-barrel down through the funnel into the demijohn. It took several days to get this simple apparatus into practical operation, but when completed it answered the purpose. With the fire burning day and night it distilled five gallons a day, which gave two pints to each person. The calm continued until April 25th, so that in twenty days we had only moved thirty-two miles. The water was carefully guarded, and accurately measured to each person at eight bells in the morning. It became the standard of value by which all other things were measured. Spirits and tobacco had long before become the luxuries which money could not purchase. They yielded to the universal solvent, fresh water. When I read or think of what was done or said during that weary month I wonder at the thinness of the cloak of civilization that covers our original savage nature. Deprivation and hunger intensified selfishness in some. In others it created a disregard of a neighbor's rights. Others it made prudent, economical, and painstaking in preparing for a worse future. Those who liked liquor could now procure it with water. The use of the liquor but increased thirst. Some would stint and save from their allowance until they had accumulated a half dozen bottles; others would club together, make

tea or coffee, have a good time, and then go thirsty until the next allowance was served out. Some soon found that life could be supported on two pints a day, and made this answer, neither seeking to save, to borrow, or to lend. In three weeks we were divided into classes. We had wealthy aristocrats, a middle class, and the unprovided poor. The aristocrats were those who had stinted themselves to save and accumulate, those who, from some peculiarity of constitution, required less water than others and could thereby save, and those who had liquor and tobacco to part with for water. The middle class comprised those who used no liquor or tobacco but would not try to save, feeling that they could not live on less than the two pints daily. The poor composed those who could not resist having a good time, who would part with water for brandy, and those who would evaporate it in making tea and coffee and drink at one time more than was necessary because it had thus been made more palatable. At last, on the night of the 25th, a breeze sprang up, and, close hauled to the wind, we pointed her bowsprit away from the infernal caldron of the Gulf of Tehuantepec. But with sails close-hauled to the wind the fire in the galley stove burned badly, and not more than half the supply of water could be distilled. Next day our poor and middle classes suffered for their daily allowance. All day the wind continued in the same direction. Various plans were devised to improve the draft of the stove without practical success. Unless the wind changed, or the vessel altered her course, the supply of water would again be short the next day. The spirit of envy and jealousy was now aroused. Soon all those known not to have saved a supply of water were called to meet in the "dog watch" that evening, at the windlass. At this meeting eight were present, and various plans were proposed. A few urged that the Captain should be asked to change the course or "lay to," so that more water could be distilled; others argued that there was plenty of water, sufficient for all, if those who had it were made to divide it with those who were suffering; they contended that there was common danger of dying from thirst, and all alike should be made to share the danger; that each life was equally valuable, and that there should be no favored class; that water was a necessity of existence, and that no man had the right to control or monopolize the necessities of life, however obtained. We had as one of our number a sober, careful, prudent descendant of the Puritans named Dennis, who had stinted, economized, and saved, until he was wealthy in the possession of five pint bottles of water. At this meeting Dennis was denounced as being miserly and selfish, as a grasping monopolist, ungenerous and stingy, as the enemy of all those who were suffering, and it was proposed that this water should be taken from him and divided. Of course Dennis had not been invited to the meeting, neither had he been asked to relieve their necessities. I may add by way of parenthesis that Dennis is still living, the same prudent, sober, careful man; and now, after twenty-eight years, if water were sold at a dollar a bottle, he could, without using his credit, purchase more than half a million. If the improvident and unthrifty had been more numerous, we might have had our first serious difficulty, but no plan to despoil those who had saved and accumulated met the approval of all present at the meeting. The discussion continued until the watch was called which dissolved the assemblage, to meet again for definite action on the next night. At midnight the wind came around fair, and the *Mary Jane* was pointed for Cape St. Lucas. A roaring fire was made under the kettle, and the fresh water trickled into the demijohn in a shower of drops. The meeting was forgotten, and never again convened. We were on our course with a fresh breeze and all were happy, our only fear being that all the gold would be exhausted from the mines before we reached them. We entered the Golden Gate on the twenty-fifth of May, 1850, and cast anchor among a thousand sailless, idle vessels swinging listlessly with the tide. We sold vessel and cargo, divided the meagre proceeds and sought the mines. After twenty-eight years about half are left, scattered from Arizona to the Oregon line. The others "are with the saints, we trust." B. B. REDDING.

November 12, 1878.

The following legend is told concerning the introduction of lace-making in Flanders: A poverty-stricken but pious young girl was dying of love for a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night as she sat weeping at her sad fate a beautiful lady entered the cottage, and, without saying a word, placed on her knees a green cloth cushion, with its bobbins filled with fine thread which on autumn evenings float in the air, and which the people call "fils de la Vierge." The lady, though of romantic bearing, was a practical manufacturer. She sat down in silence, and with her nimble fingers taught the unhappy maiden how to make all sorts of patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached the maiden had learned her art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The price of lace soon made the poor girl rich. She married the man of her choice, and, surrounded by a large family, lived happy and rich, for she kept the secret to herself. One evening, when the little ones were playing round her knee by the fireside, and her husband sat fondly watching the happy group, the lady suddenly made her appearance among them. Her bearing was distant; she seemed stern and sad, and this time addressed her protégée in a trembling voice, "Here," she said, "you enjoy peace and abundance, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day the woman arose, and, going forth with a green cushion and its bobbins in her hands, went from cottage to cottage, offering to all who would be taught to instruct them in the art she had herself so miraculously learned. So they also became rich, and Belgium became famous for its manufacture.

The *Inter-Ocean* says: "Three young Chinamen are now studying law and will soon be admitted to the bar. Would it not make Denis Kearney 'rare' to have one of them prosecute him for his wash bill?" How absurd. Denis has no wash bills. He scorns them as the attributes of the "bald-headed, blue brimstone, bad smelling bondholders," who are likewise "lecherous, hell-born sons of damnation." While Conkling waves the bloody shirt Denis waves his dirty shirt, and a wash would ruin him.

TO A WOODPECKER.

O speckled sexton!
Pecking on the other side
Of lonely trees—
This one, the next one,
Rapping smartly; with a slide
Of ghostlike ease—
Eluding vision
Centred where you ought to be
And over are—
Prince of incision,
Rest thy surgeon's industry
And stop thy jar.

Thou fickle-fighted
Carpeteer of tall decay,
Another time
I'll be delighted
To point thee worms all day
In vellumed rhyme.

SACRAMENTO, November 5, 1878. JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Crows.

One day a crow,
Black as a sloe,
His breast foul thoughts enslaving,
Sat by a stream,
Where, in a beam,
A snow-white dove was laving.

"O dove elate!"
He cried with hate,
And shook with exultation—
"I'll make you black
As any hack
To my denomination!"

From out his breast
He plucked with zest
A plume, where he was sitting—
And fixed the thing
In the pure wing
Of the white dove, unwitting.

And then he flew
The valley through,
And out of grass and willows,
From fence and rock—
A graceless flock—
He called his dusky fellows.

Oh, rich the sight!
With shrill delight
They chatter all together:
"Good neighbors, see!
The white dove—she
Hath got a smutted feather!"

From out the woods
They drew the broods
Of doves, with their exclaiming;
Disturbed they stood,
Nor credence showed,
Nor spake aught to her shaming.

Loud screeched the crows,
The victim rose,
The wind dislodged the feather.
"We judged aright."
The dove is white,
The fair ones cooed together.

If true we live,
The good will give
Their confidence to cheer us;
When slanderers lie,
And hope would die,
Heaven's searching truth will clear us.

SAN RAFAEL, November 5. M. E. SUTHERLAND.

The Morning-Glory.

I planted, when a little child,
A morning-glory seed,
But when the first two leaves sprang up
I said: "Alas! a weed
Has come instead of my sweet flower!
These cloven, ill-shaped things
Are no more morning-glory leaves
Than my two arms are wings!"
And so for the mistaken seed
Childlike I grieved—till, lo!
The germ sent forth its truer life,
The leaf I'd learned to know.

Perhaps some lives that here have failed
Their truer selves may find
In the Glory of the Morning
That leaves this world behind.

PORTLAND, Oregon, November 10. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

To a Dream.

O'er mountains and seas away,
Across the semblance of a day,
Within the vagueness of a night,
In airy visions rapt, bedight,
Beyond a mortal's ken or sight,
You wander in the land of dreams
Lit by the iridescent beams
Which fall through banks of shade.

Why dost thou listen, heart? To hear
Those voices lost—are they yet dear?
Why mount beyond the clouded spires,
Charmed to thy fate by unseemly lyres,
To gaze unmoved on smouldering fires
Where rapt Ottilie has her seat,
And Darkness, Death, and Silence meet,
Whose colors never fade?

Return, O wanderer, return!
Seek rest within thy mortal urn.
Hast lost all love for it, or fears?
Why tempt the distance of those spheres,
Or woe that phantom cloud which nears
A path to mortal souls untrod—
That highway of the awful God,
Of Nothingness and Death?

Return, O wanderer! Rest thy pinions
Within thine own, thy fair dominions,
Else, caught upon thy lonesome way
By some foul visio'ning horn to slay,
Thou fall an unresisting prey,
And this, thy house, the fair domain,
Returns to dust and naught again
Like some forgotten wraith.

BERKELEY, October 21, 1878. FRANK R. STARR.

PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

Il faut croire au mariage comme à l'immortalité de l'âme.
—Baltac.

Je n'aime ni n'estime la tristesse, quoique le monde ait entrepris de l'honorer de faveur particulière. Ils en habillant la sagesse, la vertu, la conscience. Sot et vilain ornement.
—Montaigne.

L'expérience, c'est le nom que la plupart des hommes donnent à leurs folies et à leurs chagrins.—A. de Musset.

C'est une plaisante chose que la pensée dépende absolument de l'estomac, et que, malgré cela, les meilleurs estomacs ne soient pas les meilleurs penseurs.—Voltaire.

Les courtes absences animent l'amour, mais les longues le font mourir.—Mirabeau.

Se borner à parler sans cesse de son amour, pauvre moyen pour réussir! Si les discours flattent les femmes, les actions seules ont le pouvoir de les convaincre.—Ovide.

Le premier jour d'un aveu, l'on s'amuse,
Le second, on se plaint de l'importunité,
Le troisième, on écoute avec moins de fierté,
Le quatrième, en tremblant, on refuse,
Le cinquième, on se trouble, on résiste à demi,
Le sixième, en chemin, à regret, on s'arrête,
Le septième, l'on perd la tête,
Le huitième, tout est fini.

Une dame proposait à Chamfort de le marier avec une de ses amies. —Madame, répondit-il, il y a deux choses que j'ai toujours aimées à la folie, ce sont les femmes et le célibat. J'ai perdu la première passion, il faut que je conserve la seconde.

La contrainte est la mère des désirs.

Le mariage est quelquefois un licou qui attache l'homme et la femme au chagrin.—Erasme.

La chasteté est un trésor précieux que nous portons dans des vases d'argile.—L'éclésiaste.

Les femmes sont coquettes par état.—J. J. Rousseau.

Notre choix fait nos amitiés, mais c'est Dieu qui fait notre amour.—Mme. de Staël.

Un homme pieux disait: Si j'ignorais l'existence de Dieu, j'adorerais le soleil et les femmes.

Pourquoi donc ne vous mariez-vous pas, demandait-on à un célibataire endurci. —Le mariage, répondit-il, est une chose si sérieuse que ce n'est pas trop d'y penser toute sa vie.

On lisait à Rome l'inscription suivante sur le tombeau de deux époux: Arrête, passant, et vois la merveille! Un homme et sa femme qui ne se querellent pas.

LA MARCHANDE D'AMOURS.

—Venez, Monsieur, que je vous accommode,
Achetez-moi de ces oiseaux si doux
Qu'on nomme Amours. Voici l'amour jaloux,
L'amour timide. —Ils ont passé de mode.
—L'amour groodur. —Je le laisse aux époux.
—L'amour paisible. —Il n'est pas de mon âge.
—L'amour heureux. —Jour et nuit il s'endort.
Mais, dites-moi, n'auriez-vous pas en cage
L'amour constant? —De vieillesse il est mort.
—Sauve qui peut! Je prends l'amour volage.

En amour, ce sont moins les occasions qui nous manquent que nous qui les manquons.

L'oreille est le chemin du cœur, et le cœur l'est du reste.

Une dame qui avait montré beaucoup d'insensibilité envers un jeune homme qui lui avait offert ses hommages, ayant appris qu'il était allé les porter à une autre personne qui lui était inférieure de tous points, l'accueillit un jour avec des sarcasmes sur son bonheur de second ordre. —Madame, répondit-il, j'ai fini par m'apercevoir qu'il vaut mieux manger une pomme que de regarder toujours un ananas.

Aimer, c'est prier.

La prudence est l'hypocrisie de la pudeur.

L'amour est comme la rose que l'on cherche à cueillir en dépit des épines.

—Eh! bonjour mon ami, comment vous portez-vous?
—Très-bien, je vous remercie. —Et votre frère? —Il est marié depuis six semaines. —Marié! lui! oh, le pauvre garçon, moi qui l'avais laissé si bien portant!

Des zéphirs que l'oreille rappelle,
Je voulais chanter le retour;
Je vis Chloé... qu'elle était belle!
Je ne pus chanter que l'amour.
Je lui consacrai dès ce jour
Tous mes vœux, mes vœux et ma lyre.
C'est pour Chloé que je respire,
Je ne chante qu'elle et l'amour.—Horace.

Tout ou rien, c'est la devise de l'amour.

On ne saurait trop aimer qui nous aime. Deux amis se recontrent.—Eh bien! dit l'un à l'autre, marié depuis six mois, es-tu heureux en ménage! —Ah! ne m'en parle pas, quand j'épousai ma femme, je l'aimais tant que je l'aurais mangée! —Et maintenant? —Maintenant? je regrette de ne pas l'avoir fait.

An sermon, une femme parle très-haut à une de ses voisines assise à côté d'un monsieur qui sommeille. A la fin, le curé impatient l'interrompt ainsi: —Madame X., ne parlez donc pas si haut. Vous allez réveiller Monsieur Z. qui dort.

November 11, 1878.

L. G. J. DE L'INCO.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

The ARGONAUT contains of late but little politics. It is becoming to us a hateful theme. But the exercise of political duties and the formation of correct political opinions are responsibilities that no good citizen in a republican form of government has a right to shirk or attempt to evade. We have but limited respect for the citizen who boasts that he is "no politician;" meaning thereby that he takes no interest in political affairs. There is in this State—and the class is growing in every other—a large and intelligent body of independent voters who owe no allegiance to party, and do not hold themselves bound by any rules of party discipline. It is to this class that we belong. By education, by conviction—and perhaps, in presence of the formation of a "solid South," we may say, by birth—we are Republican. We believe the Republican party has been the party of patriotism; that the country owes to it the fact, that it was not divided by the war of the slaveholder's rebellion. We believe it holds in its organization more of the honesty and intelligence of the nation than the Democracy. We believe its rank and file are more largely comprised of native-born Americans, and we believe native-born Americans are superior as citizens to any class that immigrates to us from foreign lands. Every act of Mr. Lincoln, and every act of his administration—reviewing them now in the light of history—we approve. The acts of General Grant, as military chieftain and President, we approve. The shortcomings of his administration are errors resulting from his misplaced confidence in bad men, which we overlook as mistakes and not crimes. The present administration is simply weak. It is honest; and in this respect no one doubts that the President is a safer and more prudent chief magistrate than his Democratic opponent would have been if elected. The finances of our nation are being honestly and intelligently administered. We are sustaining our honor, maintaining our credit, and paying our debts. Our foreign affairs are being so managed that we are avoiding diplomatic complications and upholding our national dignity. So that we have very good reason to hope that we may consult our personal wishes, and do our duty, by giving our support in national politics to the Republican party, reserving to ourselves the privilege of withdrawing that support if in our judgment the party shall not deserve it.

In State matters we shall even to a greater degree depend upon our own personal judgment in governing our political course. Of the politics of California we are thoroughly well informed, and we know the men who are leaders of all parties. We know the motives that govern them; we know the party history, and the party intrigues, the personal scheming, wire-pulling, and devilry of all the cliques and combinations. We are well advised of just what is going on to-day in political circles, and we know that in the Republican organization there is a profound intrigue on foot to make for the Republican party very mean and contemptible nominations. Men are aspiring to be nominated as Governor, as members of Congress, and for places on the State ticket, who are utterly unworthy of public promotion; men who are of bad habits, who have sold themselves in public life, who are dishonest, and who would steal if they had the opportunity, and who get drunk and gamble. Our allegiance to the Republican party will not induce us to give these men, nor any one of them, our vote or our support. If they carry the convention by intrigue and combination we will bolt the ticket, and support the Democracy, provided it has for its nominees better men. This sentiment is abroad in this State; this feeling will govern the votes of thousands of intelligent Republicans. The rank and file of the party is honest, thinks for itself, and will not be dictated to by the political harlots and party drabs who make politics a business, live upon

party intrigue, and thrive upon the pickings and stealings of office. For ourselves and for the class we claim to represent, and do represent, we demand fair play, open dealing, an honest convention, and decent nominations. California is a Republican State, and has been for twenty years. The Republican party is always successful, by a large majority, when it conducts itself honestly and decently, and is always beaten when it follows cliques and gives itself over to intrigue and dirty work. The same spirit that revolted against it and sent it to defeat still exists; the same men that rebelled and overwhelmed it still live, and the same determination is resolutely maintained to submit to nothing that is not manly, and fair, and honest. It may be that the congressional vote of California will be the controlling one in event of throwing the Presidential election into the House of Representatives. The next election may be a very important one. Let no one, however, think that there can be any party issue so prominent that the independent branch of the Republican party in California will submit to anything but fair play. The ARGONAUT aspires to become the organ of honest politics in this city and in this State. It will be either that or nothing.

The Republicans of the North affect to be very much surprised, and to feel great indignation, that the South has become solidly Democratic. The fact is, doubtless, to be regretted as calculated to keep alive the sectional strife, and for an indefinite period to prolong the political controversy that now exists. It is perhaps also to be regretted because it is likely to bring about a solid Republican North, presenting the anomaly of a great people dividing, not upon questions of local interests or governmental policy, but upon prejudices growing out of the war and color prejudices between two races. Yet it is not surprising that this condition of things exists. The South is Democratic not from choice, nor because that is the party with which its people would naturally affiliate, but from circumstances. The South held negro slaves, believed in slavery, prospered by this institution; its welfare was bound up in it. The North antagonized that condition of things, and in time, the question having become a political one and a war having grown out of it, the Republican party became pledged to its extinction. The Democratic party, in a half-hearted and inefficient way, became the apologist of slavery, and thus the ally of the Southern people. The war ended with victory over the South, over slavery, and over the Democracy. It left an angry feeling against the political party that had wrought the annihilation of its peculiar institution that had cost the South so much of blood and treasure, and had so humiliated its pride. This feeling was deeply intensified by the great mistake of the Republican party: that great party blunder and political crime that, having justly enfranchised slaves, gave to ignorant blacks political privileges and made them the law-makers, the magistrates, and the executive officers of their former masters. The people of the South resented this as an insolent endeavor of the victors to put upon them a social indignity. This was natural; any one would have resented it. There is not a Northern man of honest mind that under like circumstances would not have felt the same way. If California should become embroiled in a war concerning the Chinese of this State, and the result should be our defeat, and to the Chinese should be given political privileges which, with a majority of numbers, would enable them to elect a Chinese Legislature, a Chinese Supreme Court, send a Chinaman to Congress, and place the administration of municipal law under the control of Chinamen, and the police star upon the breast of the Chinese, is it probable that we would meekly kiss the hand that smote us this political blow? And if from Washington there came a band of mercenary carpet-baggers to stir these heathen to the exercise of their rights that they might plunder the people, and grow rich by the loot of office, would we welcome them? If the Government should send soldiers and arms to enforce with bayonets and the show of power this tan-colored supremacy, is it likely we would patiently endure it with patriotic forbearance and Christian resignation? We take it that the Southern people are about an average sample of Americans, and that they have done, and are doing, and will continue to do, just about that which Northern men would do under like circumstances.

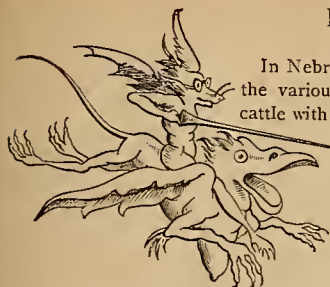
There is great irritation at the South; less now than ten years ago. The policy of President Hayes has worked well, and is still working well. The South is solidly Democratic, but we fancy that it is about as well for the whole country that it should be so, as that we should have a darky preacher in the Senate from Mississippi, a negro barber and blackleg from Louisiana, and a few members ranging in color from ebony black to pumpkin yellow in Congress. We do not perhaps estimate at its full value the voting privilege in the hands of the ignorant blacks, and are not perhaps as indignant as we ought to be at the intimidation that keeps the electoral urn out of the control of the mass of black ignorance that swarms in certain southern localities. We are not defending white, Democratic riots, nor whisky-drinking patriotism upon the part of that kind of chivalry that is proportionately brave as its opponents are black, unarmed, and defenseless. Perhaps we do not quite fully believe all the

stories of Southern violence that come to us by way of Washington about election times; nor quite credit the fresh blood clots that are added to the Republican party shirt just as it becomes necessary to elevate it as the party banner. We think, on the whole, considering the past history of our nation, and the relations borne by the South to the North, that the Southern people are doing very well; we believe in continuing to let them alone a little longer. The Democratic party can not live at the South as a united organization except by the pressure of Northern interference. When that ceases the party will go to pieces. Local dissensions will divide it, jealousies will grow up among party leaders, local questions will arise, and when the color prejudice has worn away the black vote will be solicited, and will be divided between contending factions. The people of the South are naturally anti-Democratic. In a few years there will be coming to Congress and to the Senate "independent" members, and they will on all general questions vote with the party of gentlemen, of patriots, of intelligence, of Americans, and thus strengthen the great national Republican party, in the preservation and building up of which is involved the best interests of all parts of the republic.

It is desirable that the next Presidential election should pass off with less of party and sectional feeling than was displayed at the last one. Our nation was never in greater danger than when, after election day had passed, the country stood in doubt as to who was rightfully chosen its President. It was a dark hour when the country, driven to the alternative of choosing between force and a peaceful compromise, was pausing in doubt between the two. The most desperate day of the rebellion was bright and hopeful in comparison with this most perilous and eventful hour. Happily the danger was passed by a very questionable settlement, with the result of which the South has never been satisfied, and the North has never been convinced was honest. Under the questionable conditions involved in securing his office, Mr. Hayes had no other alternative presented him than a peace policy toward the South. The withdrawal of troops, of Federal officials, of carpet-baggers, has always seemed to us both wise, just, and politic. To let the South alone, and leave the political and industrial relations between the races to adjust themselves, seemed to us to be the only honest course that could have been pursued. It has been successful. There is order reigning throughout the South; there is comparatively but little friction now between the races; affairs are adjusting themselves upon a rational and natural basis. Labor and capital are in harmony, land and labor are coming into friendly relations, and society is adjusting itself as it would never do if disturbed by Federal interference, the show of bayonets, or the exhibition of military power. It is true that within the past few weeks we have heard of Democratic white insolence at Republican meetings in South Carolina; we have been informed of intimidations in Louisiana, and the election returns seem to indicate that the negro had not been fairly dealt with politically. But we accept those stories as likely to be exaggerated and of suspicious authenticity. We shall expect them to fly thick and fast in the next Presidential election. This is the kind of political material that fires the party heart and makes possible a solid Republican North. If the Democratic party leaders were not beetle-headed lunatics—greedy, selfish, narrow-minded, jealous fools—there might be a possibility that out of all this party chaos there might come national order and safety. There are men in the Democratic party who, if called to the front, could achieve a Presidential victory, and one that would not be a national calamity. There are moderate men in the South whose councils would be patriotic, and whose administration of political affairs would be safe and honorable. Unfortunately for that party and the country, these men are not in party power and their counsels are not heeded. Quite another kind of men are at the party front. The leadership of the national Democratic party is in the hands of political criminals, ultra, impenitent, and fanatical rebels, foreign adventurers, desperate, dishonest, political party knaves.

Hence it is not improbable that the North—alarmed, fearful of misrule, of local dissensions, and of a possible renewal of the civil war; jealous of disturbing again the order and quiet that seems to have settled down upon the country; afraid of disturbing the progress and material prosperity that appears to have been again inaugurated; anxious lest this spark of communism, agrarianism, and social discontent should be fanned into a burning flame—should again call to the chief magistracy of the nation one who has demonstrated his capacity in civil administration and his chieftainship in more troublous times. This state of affairs alone could result in the nomination and reelection of Grant.

It is amusing to watch the wild waving of hands over the buzzing of the Chinese Bee in the journalistic bonnet. Seward, too, is a gadfly of uncomfortable dimensions, and, refusing to sip the cheap logic of the newspapers here, is being roundly and soundly abused for having a mind of his own, and presuming to take the broad instead of the narrow view of our much mixed Mongolian problem.



PRATTLE.

In Nebraska they are crossing the various breeds of barnyard cattle with the bison—or buffalo, as we all prefer to call it, on the principle that it is just as well to call a dog a cat as anything—and have already nearly succeeded in eliminating the “hump” from the newly produced creature, which, nevertheless, is very like a bison. This shows ye, statesmen, what might be done by man to correct the extravagance of nature in your case. In two or three generations your ears would be considerably reduced by judicious crossings with the jackass.

On the evening of All Saints' Day the cemetery at San Buenaventura was brilliantly illuminated, in accordance with an old Spanish custom. The dead who were living there were deeply touched by the compliment, and manifested their sense of it all they knew how: their liquids prattled more merrily along the water-pipes, and their gases, endowed with a new levity, possessed the atmosphere with a more eloquent emanation. Zymotic diseases are the language in which the dead address the living.

If Tennyson had not written we should still have had Mrs. Windle. It is better to have both, but it would be good to have either. It is from Mrs. Windle that I prefer to learn the story of Excalibur, which, it may be well enough to explain to the unlearned (people who have read the *Call* without profit), was a sword with “a winking hilt,” and “a blade of thrustful, deftful scope.” This extraordinary arm a maiden carries down to the bottom of the sea, and “divines its knight.”

“Then rears her alta-conch at morn,
Whose telephone he hears,
And comes as proud as purchased scorn,
And soft as pity's tears” —

Which, by the way, it would be charitable to shed right here; you will never find a person who better deserves them than this poor lady whom her friends lack either the sense to persuade or the power to restrain.

If there is no hell what follows? That the delights of heaven are by no means uniform, and range from the ecstatic down to the merely endurable. This is a necessity of human nature. Reader, it is not conceivable that you and I are to have in the next world no greater happiness than the editor of the *Call*, who never hesitates to use the editor's malevolent power of unbalancing a human intellect by a confirming nod. I am quite serious: every time that an editor accepts and prints literary matter of a worthless kind from an amateur writer he does its author an irreparable injury. In weak and intractable minds the rage for writing once kindled is inextinguishable; each gratification is a new incitement, and the luckless fool's ambition, which like the Lord's Prayer might once have been inscribed upon a nut-shell, grows by indulgence until the wall of a mad-house is too narrow for its display.

I knew a lady of good social position and considerable property who was devastated body and soul by getting a story about a boarding-house into a country newspaper. It fired her heart with literary ambition, and she married the editor. This miscreant no sooner got hold of her money than he used it to sell out his paper, and was compelled to become the Prime Minister of a hog ranch while she was still a comparatively young woman. The last time I saw the poor creature she had straws in her hair, and her hair in her eyes; and informing me that six times seven was a hole in the ground she inquired if I thought the class-leader of the ARGONAUT would accept an epicure on the Modoc war. Suggesting the superior poetic justice of an epicure on toast, I backed away.

With a view to somewhat lighten the labor of “committees on resolutions of respect,” the following are deferentially submitted as models. The introduction of rhymes, it is thought, will give a novel value to this kind of literature; as the note of the swan has an added charm when sung, although it kills the poor bird to sing it;

Whereas, kind Providence was willing
To take A. B. without a shilling—
Resolved, that his lamented death
Quite takes (as it took his) our breath.
Resolved, our sympathy we grant
To his wife's mother's cousin's aunt,
Resolved, his love and care surrounded
The Ancient Order that he founded.
Resolved, our loss is his great gain—
We'll ask his monthly dues in vain.
Resolved, the members of this Order
Wear handkerchiefs with a black border,
And at his funeral all weep.
Let none presume to fall asleep.

Constrained by future events to expound his policy and announce its successor, the President utters his understanding to the following effect: “I endeavored by doing my

whole duty to make the South Republican; the experiment, having failed, will be discontinued. It cost me the support of the most powerful men in the party, but for the defection and treason of these hell-born miscreants I feel no resentment. Henceforth I shall enforce the laws of the United States, even against those who break them, for I can better endure the unjust accusation of cherishing partisan antipathies than I can the sight of a Southern Democrat. The sun of the agricultural fair has forever set in the politics of this country; the régime of toast-and-psalmody is behind us. Let the drums beat, and if any man attempt to haul down the bloody shirt spot him on the snout!”

On Monday evening last, a man
From China, just arrived in San
Francisco, walking out with glee
To sate his queerness,
Perceived a monstrous, surging crowd
Denouncing some one with a loud
And terrible displeasure; so
He stood aside to see the show.
Next day, conversing with a John
Who'd long resided here, upon
The things he'd seen, he said: “My friend”—
They both spoke English; I contend
That Chinamen, when they're alone,
Speak any language but their own.
The reason—if you wish to learn it
Try theirs, you'll mighty soon discern it.
And so the stranger said: “My friend,
It was my pleasure to attend
An indignation meeting. Bless
My soul! they're bitter here, I guess,
On foreigners, and wish to throne
In pow'r their Yankee selves alone.
And it appears to me that they
Are cruelly severe on Bay.”
“On Bay?—severe on Bay?—who's he?”
“Why, Colonel Bay.” “Oh! Colonel Bee,
He calls it.” “But they called it Bay!”
“I daresay—that's their Yankee way.”

“Isn't it pretty near time for Governor Irwin's proclamation appointing a day of fasting and prayer in remembrance of the late lamented English grammar?”—*Evening Post*. The prayer could probably be managed, but as for the fasting, why, if all the men who knew and loved the deceased should meet at one table, there would not be enough of them to let alone the smallest beefsteak.

Speaking of the *Post*, I am reminded that in writing, the other day, of “Doppelkruz,” the musical critic of that journal, I rather broadly implied that he was a liar. In his article of last Saturday, “Doppelkruz” has the fairness to explain that he was misled into making an untrue statement, and I, therefore, withdraw my offensive remarks. This I do the more cheerfully because, although my respect for this gentleman's talent had made me covet him as an enemy (heaven knows my penury of enemies with brains), this revelation of his candor suggests the superior advantage of his favor. I have had some experience in intellectual hostilities, and of all antagonists the candid one is the one whom I least like to encounter.

Candor is not only a sign of power, it is an element; for, like the grace-thrust of the swordsman in the story, it is so captivating to the arbiters that even though bloodless it will win the crown unless met with a parry of equal charm. Candor can be overcome only by superior candor, and in him who has it not by nature the effort kills—his heart is broken in his body. Candor is the garrison's lime-light flooding their own defenses to encourage the assailants. It is that ominous message, “Sir, I am weak in cavalry, but let us engage.” It is the “Gentlemen of the Guard, fire first,” of Fontenoy—was it not? One's most contemptible enemies confess one's errors; it is the really formidable fellow who admits his own.

Bob Ingersoll's new lecture—“Some
Mistakes of Moses”—forth has come!
Wherever Moses, Bob, did make,
From lack of knowledge, a mistake,
God made as bad an error, quite,
In naming you to set it right.

A propos de rien, the Chicago *Journal* has discovered “a clashing of poetic thought”: Southey says: “All things are that seem;” but Longfellow says: “And things are not what they seem.” I don't remember the Southey dictum, but the Longfellow proposition happens to be one of three specified assertions which he forbids us to make. The *Journal* man has not only found a mare's nest, but appears to have been born in one.

The Secretary of State has promised Senator Sargent to obtain, if possible, the Chinese Ambassador's views on the question of Chinese immigration. He may spare himself the trouble, if he fears it will give him any; the Ambassador has already “defined his position” in the matter with something of oriental ingenuity, but with unmistakable meaning. A gentleman now in this city, Mr. Charles Arne Webster, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, informs me that he met His Excellency at the house of a friend of Mrs. Webster in Washington, and ventured (with some audacity, one would think) to ask him if he favored unrestricted immigration to this country from his own. The Ambassador without a moment's hesitation replied: “I come to Melica, fleely, alltime, much I like, hap good time. How I say: ‘One mo' Chinaman no come; Melicans no like. Heap go back, you sunnygun! Dam!”

Beginning at about this time every year, all the newspapers here and herabout publish with fatigueless persistence the information that in cooking fresh mushrooms they should be stirred with a silver spoon. If there are any murderous ones among them the forehanded spoon will promptly go into mourning. Well, it won't; the test is entirely worthless, and in families that put faith in it there will be worms'-meat and plenty of it. I feel, however, that I owe an apology to my editor for saving life on this page of the paper.

France, England, Portugal, renew
Their war on other's vices,
To make Dahomey's king eschew
His human sacrifices.

Lo! through the wrong the right arrives!
Of power when they've bereft him
He'll need and cherish the few lives
Their sabres will have left him.

“And so, Brown, the doctors did not quite know what ailed your father.” “No, but he was getting no better, and they decided on performing one of those dreadful surgical operations in which the patient's life depends upon the chance that they have correctly diagnosed his disease; it would either cure him or kill him instantly.” “Well?” “Well, they have just performed it.” “And was it successful?” “It was a perfect fiasco!”

The Rev. Mr. John W. Ricks,
He bigamied once too many
With Pepper (Miss Sally)
And Peckham (Miss Polly)
And got himself into a secular fix.
‘Twere better not bigamy any.

For Sally Pepper she peppered him well,
And Polly Peckham she pecked him,
Till his life was so hot
That he up'd and he got
Away to the House of Correction to dwell,
And bade the Corrector correct him.

In a poem which, from its severe restraint and its icily classical diction, I take to be Mr. Joaquin Miller's (though from its contemplative piety I might think it Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's), the bard beautifully apostrophizes Italy as the “Mother of Monks!” It is to be hoped the dear old lady is proud of her progeny; after Cæsar, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, and that litter—Petrarch, Dante, Tasso, and similar fry—the world had a right to expect that in mothering again she would make a supreme effort. I fancy I see her standing in attitude of benediction among her latest brood, passing her hands caressingly over their gleaming tonsures as if they were keys of an organ and she were executing upon them some glorious religious anthem. But away down under their blubber the juices of the fat rogues are dancing merry measures and their hearts footing it fealty to “The Devil's Dream.”

In point of historical fact, Italy is not the mother of monks; the monastic system was founded in the fourth century by Pachomius, an Egyptian. Owing to the obvious superiority of the cenobitic to the ascetic method of doing good, the system was so popular that before its founder (unfortunately) died Egypt had the advantage of 76,000 monks and 27,000 nuns, who lived in holy contemplation of their great toes, to the incalculable profit of humanity and civilization.

The monastic system, however, destroyed the stylistic, and for that it is difficult to forgive it. To sit for sequent years exalted atop of a pillar in all weather, with never a clean shirt nor a fair-minded meal, seems to me the most beautiful, as it is no doubt the most acceptable, form of Christian life and service. It is too nice for anything.

How I “made it in stocks” I explained to my dear:
“I'd a corner in ‘Julia’”—artlessly here
The lady corrected me ere I could warn her:
“You mean you had ‘Julia,’ sir, in a corner.”
Why should I have laughed? But I did, and, O my!
The thunder and lightning that fell from her eye!
But I cooled with this calm disavowal her blood:
“Small margins of fancy don't signify ‘mud.’”

A “good understanding” is now said to exist between the Emperors of Russia and Austria.

All monarchs are wise in the fancies of fools who have seen 'em;
Behold two crowned heads with but one understanding between 'em!

By the way it's a lucky thing for the rest of us that the good understandings between kings do not very much outlast those among thieves, whose alliances are dissolved by prosperity and adversity alike; for if successful they quarrel over the booty, and if caught inform on one another as witnesses for the State. Even when royal alliances have a religious basis it is not much better; when Philip of France and Richard of England set out to conquer the Holy Land it was stipulated in their treaty of friendship that they should meet with their armies at Messina. They did so and instantly fell to fighting! Had their good understanding continued many a brave lad who turned up his toes at Messina would have gone farther and fared—well, about the same.

Le Figaro, jocondest journal,
Declares the Chinese must go,
But adds, with a frankness infernal,
Whence, whither, and wherefore none know.

The Chinamen question, good neighbor,
Is simple as any can be:
How stop them from selling us labor,
And make them keep selling us tea?

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

Glamour.

Come out of doors, O mother, and see what a wonder is here;
Up through the snows of the mountain the flowers of spring appear.
Come out on the roof, O mother, and see how along the ravine
The glacier ice is covered with the springtime's leafy green!

There are no flowers, my daughter; 'tis only because thou art young
That blossoms from under the mountain-snows appear to thee to have
sprung.
There is no grass on the glacier; the blades do not even start;
But thou art in love, and the grass and flowers are springing in thy
heart.

—“Unwritten Literature of the Caucasus,” in Lippincott's.

Holiday.

Half-Greek adown the Highland glen
And singing to the open sky,
I passed beyond the ways of men
And found my vale in Arcady.

The bees were drowsy on the slope.
The air was wondrous sweet and still,
And all my heart beat high with hope
Of marvels on the Grecian hill.

The light cloak from my shoulder flew,
My bare brown limbs were light and free;
The lark, whose rapture thrilled me through,
Was but a singing bird to me;

For I was Greek in Hellas' prime,
And singing to the clear, bright air,
And Grecian bees were in the thyme
And the lost charm in all things fair.

Hills beyond hills from blue to gray
Faint to the misty highland sky,
But I have been an hour away
In my own vale of Arcady.

From tree to tree the whisper creeps,
“Look, sister, at the wayward man!
His are the eyes of one who sleeps
Within the vale Arcadian.”

“Hush, hush!” the pine-tree sighs, “and look.”
The lavrock peeps from heather sweet,
And headlong streams the highland brook
To break in laughter at my feet.

J. S., in Blackwood's Magazine.

Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme.

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt, heed not what each man says,
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O wonder-smith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all!
Build as thou wilt unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish, take thyself no shame—
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

T. B. ALDRICH.

“The Swelling Sea.”

[FROM THE DANISH.]

The birds of the North flew onward,
The lichen its odor shed;
The crescent moon was pale
As a water-lily dead—
Torn from its parent stem and floating
For weeks on its watery bed.

The northern light burned brightly—
The circle was broad and low;
The rays were like whirling pillars of fire,
With green and crimson glow.

The dying man lay in his hut—
“Oh, where shall we bury thee?
Shall we bury thee on the mountain,
Or under the swelling sea?”

“Shall we bury thee on the mountain,
In the eternal snow,
Where the spirits of the mist shall dance
While thou liest still below?”

“Or wilt thou be sunk in the sea—
The blue and swelling sea?
The birds of the tempest shall whirl above,
And the seals play merrily.”
He mournfully smiled, and whispered low,
“In the sea, the swelling sea.”

JANET FRASER.

Brahma.

[TRANSLATED FROM DSCHELALEDIN RUMI BY RITTER.]

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
“Rest here!” I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, “Roll on!”

I am the blush of the morning, and I am the evening breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas;

I am the net, the fowler, the bird, and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;

The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-wrung fear;

I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must, and wine,
The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fice;

I am the breath of the flute, I am the wind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, and the sea-pearl's lustre wao;

The rose, her poet oingtangle, the songs from his throat that rise,
Flint sparks, the taper, the moth that about it flies.

I am both Good and Evil; the deed and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, punishment;

I am what was, is, will be; creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end of all.

ÆSTHETIC NUPTIALS.

Sir Babington Ogle was an æsthetic young man, who wore his hair down his back and talked of the higher culture. He delighted in the finer kinds of modern blank verse, as blank of meaning as of rhythm, and turned up his eyeballs voluptuously before pictures of scraggy, cadaverous women, drawn, not from life, but apparently from death, in dissecting rooms. To dissent upon the Greeks (not those of to-day) and their beautiful religions, to have a consumptive wife dressed in sage-green, to lie on his back and wonder whether there was not an “Eighth Lamp” of architecture overlooked by Ruskin, and to comport himself generally like a gentleman in need of physic—such seemed to be Sir Babington's ideals of life.

He had published a small book of poems, which many mammas and their daughters pronounced quite too delightful; and he appeared to have become the centre of a coterie of enthusiastic young women who looked upon him with languishing adoration. Sir Babington, however, possessed £15,000 a year, and this makes a man cautious. He accepted female homage without repaying it in kind, just like a statue on a pedestal. Perhaps he had caught some fair æsthetic one yawning over his poems; perhaps he had discovered a hollow ring in the voices that chorused assent so glibly to everything he said. Anyhow, he was wont to complain of the false-heartedness of society, and he was as expert in keeping out of matrimonial traps as an old 'coon out of gunshot.

Sir Babington had a friend who did not admire the baronet's æstheticism, which he vulgarly called “bosh.” This fellow, one Jubb, whom Sir B. playfully styled the Ostrogoth, professed ideas of the most primitive Philistinism as to the duties of men with money. If he had had his way they would always have been looking after their estates, riding, killing game, and eating beef.

Jubb's temple of culture was the Agricultural Hall on a Show-day. As to women, his taste ran toward the fleshly school of Rubens, and he would parody Shakspeare, saying:

Let me have maids about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed girls and such as love to laugh,
You Culta has a lean and dismal look,
She sighs too much: such girls ain't weddable.

An old comradeship, dating from Eton Christ Church, allowed Jubb to speak out his mind candidly to Ogle—a privilege which he never let rust for want of using. So one day when the pair were conversing together about what the younger Dumas calls *l'éternel féminin*, the Ostrogoth elicited that the Baronet had the ambition of being “loved for himself,” like the Lord of Burleigh. “Oh, what next?” exclaimed matter-of-fact Jubb, whose face was like a full cheese. “Why, Babby [pet for Babington] just consider what manner of man you are, and ask yourself whether any woman with eyes and ears can fancy your gloomy phiz and pedantic jargon. Be content to take a girl who'll marry you for your money and fall to liking you afterward, when she has changed you into a new creature. I promise you she won't be long about it.”

“Povero!” muttered Babby, indulgently, as he blew a puff from a pink cigarette ceilingward, “you think all women are creatures of matter. You have never heard of the affinity of souls?”

“No; where can you buy it?” asked the Ostrogoth ironically.

“You can't find it in the mephitic atmosphere of a society where sordid calculations about money grow over men's and women's minds like the most inodorous kitchen-garden produce—onions, to wit—upon a fat soil,” answered Babby, elegantly. “Give me a girl who shall love me at sight, and be loved, owing to the mute contact of our hidden sympathies—a girl full of soul and yet uncorrupted by fashion, beautiful yet modest, poor but not greedy of pelf. . . .”

“Don't you wish you may get her?” grumbled Jubb.

“Oh, she exists somewhere,” ejaculated Sir Babington, half closing his eyes as if gazing into an ideal world. “She is my affinity, and we are fated to meet.”

“Well, I'll help you look for her if you like,” answered the Ostrogoth with an uncultured laugh; and he slapped the Baronet's thigh so smartly that the latter gave a jump and a yell. Then he walked out, repeating: “Affinities, onions, mute sympathies—why, the fellow is as cracked as a bell!”

In saying that he would help Babby to discover his “affinity,” the Ostrogoth was only joking, but as he wended his way through the streets a diabolical idea occurred to him of a sudden. Amongst his very miscellaneous acquaintance shone a young actress, “Miss Gildersleeve,” *née* Moggie Lightfoot. She was a pretty, light-hearted baggage, who had the merriest heart, and the finest appetite for diamonds, consols, champagne, and other such trifles. Quick-witted, too, she understood a wink as well as a nod, and never required to be told twice which way her interests lay. Jubb and she were old friends, and there was nothing in a small way which she would not do to gratify him.

Jubb called on Miss Gildersleeve and said: “Look here, Moggie, can you play at virtue, true love, and the rest of it, for three weeks or so—just long enough to net a fool, and cure him of his folly?”

“The game is hardly worth the candle,” replied Miss Gildersleeve. “One fool more or less won't hurt.”

“I'll make the game worth your while,” said the Ostrogoth.

“That's another thing,” answered Miss Moggie. “Unfold your plan.” And she proceeded to listen very attentively while the Ostrogoth explained that he wished his friend Babby to fall in love with her. He would contrive a meeting between them. She would have to play the part of an æsthetic orphan living on a small annuity, but taking lessons at South Kensington with a view to performing high jinks in the spheres of art. Babby must not suspect her of being mercenary or anything else that was prosy; she must study Ruskin, and try to look grave and forlorn. For this purpose it would be well that she should do Banting a little, seeing that she was growing a trifle plump.

“Let be,” said Moggie; “I can manage this matter without living on rusk. You say the man has fifteen thousand a year?”

“Yes, but that's no business of yours; for mind, this is only a joke.”

“Of course,” answered Moggie. “And be is a baronet?”

“Yes; but I say, Mog, no nonsense, you know,” said the

Ostrogoth, with a sudden misgiving. “Babby is an old chum of mine, and I don't want him to come to any harm. If you're thinking of becoming Lady Ogle, you're mistaken. Babby believes in ‘affinities,’ and I want to cure him once and for all, but nothing more.”

“All right,” said Moggie, and she winked. Her light hair was fluffed all over her forehead like a poodle's, and her blue eyes shone with a droll light, demure and mocking.

She looked at that moment a very knowing poodle; and when the Ostrogoth had departed she snapped her fingers after him; then she approached a cheval-glass and took a long and careful survey of herself.

A month after this Sir Babington Ogle had had his hair cut, and was wearing a proper-looking coat, hat, and gloves like the Philistines. Nobody had bidden him thus renounce the garments of high culture, but it is noticeable that when a man is in love he tries to look his best, and somehow drops into observance of the prevailing fashions, whether æsthetic or not. Sir Babington had fallen deeply in love with Miss Moggie Lightfoot, and he flattered himself that she believed him to be nothing more than a government clerk with £200 a year. As for her, he thought her a Miss Ida Beauregard, an artist of lovely talent, who would one day eclipse Burne-Jones, and who meanwhile had let her virgin heart catch fire at the flame of his looks and burning discourse.

How had they met? One day, as he strolled through Kensington Gardens, dreaming of rhymeless verses, colorless paintings, lifeless women, or what not, an æsthetically attired maiden (bronze-brown dress, etc.), passing by him with a drawing portfolio under her arms, had suddenly stumbled and fainted. Perhaps it was the heat; perhaps too æsthetic diet; anyhow, Sir Babington raised the fair sufferer in his arms, and leading her to a seat, chafed her hands, sprinkled her face with water, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing her recover consciousness, and beam gratitude on him through the softest pair of blue eyes ever set in a maiden's face. As a crowd had gathered to stare at the affecting scene, Sir Babington offered the fair one his arm, and conducted her out of the gardens to a cab; and there the interview ended for the day. But “Miss Beauregard” had given an address to her preserver, and the next day he called there to inquire how her health was faring.

From that time Sir Babington was as one caught by the ears. The deep change that had suddenly been effected in him was illustrated by the fact that twenty-four hours had not elapsed after his first visit before he had placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the hair-cutter. Three days afterward he had a new suit of clothes, and was waiting outside the South Kensington Museum at the hour when the pupils from the School of Art come out. The next day, and the next, and for three days after that he was waiting there again, till at length, some ten days having elapsed, his friend the “Ostrogoth,” noticing the alterations that had taken place in him, thought the time had come for having a joke at his expense.

Be sure the Ostrogoth had laughed in his sleeve to see how well Miss Moggie had played his cards; but, as we know, he did not want matters to be pushed too far. He only desired to explode the doctrine of affinities.

Alas, man proposes, but it is woman who disposes. When a man enters into partnership with a member of the other sex he must expect to her to look after the profits and keep them. It was a fine sunny morning when the Ostrogoth called at Sir Babington's chambers for the purpose of informing him of the hoax that had been played. He was in some trepidation from wondering how Babby would relish the revelation, but he trusted to check to carry him through.

Sir Babington's valet ushered him in at once, and there in Babby's study sat the Baronet and Moggie side by side. And Moggie had a white bonnet with orange-flower blossoms in it.

“Ah! here's my best friend,” cried Babby, rising radiant.

“Here, Jubb, let me introduce you to my wife!”

“What!” cried the Ostrogoth, feeling the room spin round him.

“Yes, we were married privately this morning,” said Babby, in triumph; “short engagements are best, are they not, Ida darling? Here, shake hands with my best friend, Jubb.”

“Happy to make your acquaintance,” said the new Lady Ogle, with a true bridal smile and blush.

The Ostrogoth, of course, kept his secret, and Miss Gildersleeve, *alias* Lightfoot, *alias* Beauregard, made Babby a capital wife.—*London Truth.*

In the bill of declaration of rights Dr. O'Donnell proposes to insert the following clause: “God created all men free and equal who are eligible to become American citizens.”

A large delegation of Chinese are preparing to emigrate to Ireland as the only country where the Irish are powerless to influence unfriendly legislation against them.

Distinguished Divine (to recent convert)—“We propose to baptize you by the Turkish bath method. It is really the only means to scrub your years of sin out of you!”

If electricity forms the aurora borealis, and is powerful enough to light up half a hemisphere, why may it not be utilized to light cities?

The pithy paragraph rightly thrown brings down Goliath.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, November 17, 1898.

Chicken Gumbo,
Boiled Barracouta, Genoese Sauce.
Lima Beans. Celery.
Beefsteak. Mashed Potatoes.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Jerusalem Artichoke Salad.
Charlotte Russe.

Fruit-bowl of Apples, Grapes, Pears, and Bananas.

HOW TO MAKE GENOISE SAUCE.—Put two ounces of butter in a small saucepan. Set it on the fire, and when melted mix in a tablespoon of flour; stir for a minute, add quarter of a carrot sliced; stir occasionally, and when nearly fried add a pint of broth, half a pint of claret wine, a small onion and a clove of garlic chopped, two cloves, a bay leaf, two stalks of parsley, one of thyme, salt, and pepper. Boil gently about one hour and three quarters, and strain. Put it again upon the fire with about half an ounce of butter. Boil gently about ten minutes and it is ready for use.

Trout served with Genoese sauce is considered a *recherche* dish.

INTAGLIOS.

Regret.

He offered a kiss in the morning—
I coldly turned away;
For an idle word that I overheard
Had rankled a night away.
I knew in truth it was nothing,
That he would have blushed to own,
That point and sting of the trifling thing
Grew out of my heart alone.

But a vexed, unquiet spirit
Weighs no matter bright,
And the sore smart of a jealous heart
Puts reason out of sight.
I let him go in the morning
Without the kiss he sought;
And the day was long, but I nursed my wrong
With many a bitter thought.

One bitter thought, God help me!
Did not enter my brain,
That kiss of mine, by word or sign,
Would bring me so much pain.
But as the evening shadows gathered
My heart began to beat,
With a quickened sense of its influence,
And I longed for his return.

Leaning against the window
That overlooked the street,
I strained my ear to hear
In the crowd of hurrying feet.
Far off in the dimmest distance,
I should have known it well;
But there came instead a muffled tread,
And the sharp alarm of the bell.

Some griefs, though deep and bitter,
Find at last their cure;
But some retain the old, old pain
As long as life endures.
I did not know in the morning
When I coldly turned away,
That I should miss and mourn that kiss
Down to my dying day.

A Song of Modern Love.

Give me that branch of lilac, dear,
Full of what sweet crushed fragrances!
Out of your breast, as if so near
It lay to where your breathing is
That it is perfumed with your breath!
I would be caught but what I am,
Your lover—just no less, no more.
I would not have the right to claim
One flower, and lose the right to implore;
With joys possessed, such sorrow entereth.

I take the flower pleaded for,
And it becomes my very own.
Where is its charm? Upon the floor
I strew the poor bruised blossoms down,
And he may gather them who will.
I touch your hand—let it go!
I kiss your lips—and turn aside,
And know that if it were not so,
Long, long ago our love had died:
God save your lord that I may love you still!
—London World.

Defiance.

Catch her and hold her if you can;
See, she defies you with her fan;
Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread
In threatening guise above your head.
Ah! why did you not start before
She reached the porch and closed the door?
Simpleton! will you never let go
That girls and time will not return!
Of each you should have made the most;
Once gone, they are forever lost.
In vain your knuckles knock your brow;
In vain will you remember how
Like a slim brook the gossamer maid
Sparkled, and ran into the shade.
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

My Lady's Crown.

She has not that rare beauty which the most
Of women have whom men consider fair,
Yet, fairest of all features, she can boast
A crown of rich, luxuriant yellow hair.
No miser, gloating o'er his glittering hoard,
Looks on his clinking coins with joy more rare,
Than gaze I on the wealth of beauty stored
Within my loved one's golden hair.
Dear lady of my earnest love, the years
Work changes in the spirit of men's dreams;
The fondest love oft drifts itself in tears,
Or seeks a solace in life's sordid schemes.
Be thy love mine, and wealth I e'er shall share
While gazing on thy glorious yellow hair.

For Love's Sake Only.

If thou canst love me let it be for naught,
Except for love's sake only. Do not say—
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
For these things, in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—
Since one may well forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby;
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love me on through love's eternity.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A Rough Guess.

Oh, what if the world were empty,
Would the bells toll all alone,
And the bats fit over the dancing-halls
To the owl's and north wind's moan?
Oh, how would the ghosts fright each other!
And the sun staring away,
And the flowers reach to the tree-tops,
And the fishes drink seas in a day!
Nay, men might be wholly missing
From the earth, and the many years
Would, no doubt, do much more business
Than when constantly during our tears.
ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

Sonnet.

Oft through the mazes of the Roman mart
And quaint Trastevere I have strolled alone,
And in Saint Peter's—miracle of stone—
Have felt the awe of God pervade my heart.
The stately city in its every part
Has to mine eyes its grand splendors shown;
Its loves, and pains, and sufferings I have known;
Its dizzy carnival, its peerless art!
The Vatican recalls delicious days,
And, with the flawless, mellow moon overhead,
Through august ruins I have wandered free;
But ah! I marvel at all, yet dare not praise—
On yonder green Campanian fields dead,
And what is Rome's magnificence to me?
F. S. SALTUS, in *Appleton's Journal*.

FASHION GOSSIP.

The bright, cool days of the autumn are turning ladies' thoughts in the direction of novelty hunting and shopping generally, and as a consequence both thoroughfairs and places of business are daily thronged with the fair sex, bound on their commercial errands. The vicinity of Post and Kearny Streets is particularly noticeable for its active and busy appearance, and the reason of the increased activity may be found in the fact that the newly opened dry goods store of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. is attracting every one's attention, and drawing crowds of curious and interested visitors. The opening of so immense a stock is a notable event. Its contents are too varied for us to give more than a superficial idea of them, but among the leading lines may be quoted the finest assortment of woollen dress goods in the city, which includes all the many varieties of serges, Pekinades, alpaca, cashmeres, camel's hair goods, merinos, and cloakings. In camel's hair fabrics is the "Schoolas" cloth, now more popular than the original make, and presenting a smooth, twilled surface, instead of the rough, hairy appearance of the former. This ranges from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per yard. The "Armada," a heavy worsted material, shot with brilliant threads of various colors on a twilled ground; the "Yenadize," a velvet brocade, in dark shades on a light groundwork; and the "Amer" cloths, another exceedingly elegant variety—all novelties—come at \$1.50 to \$2.50, and are the most serviceable, as well as the most beautiful goods ever offered in the market. Black cashmeres of excellent qualities may be had at from 50 cents up to \$3.00 a yard; and good camel's hair as low as the first-named price. Silks are another strong feature at this establishment. Bonnet, Ponson, Bellou, and all the leading French makes are represented, and a very fine make known as the "Orientale," at \$2.00 a yard, will rival any other \$3.00 silk now offered for sale. There is every variety of brocade, velvets, satins, and trimming silks in all colors, and an unusually full choice in light evening silks and satins. In ladies' hand-embroidered underwear great bargains are being offered, and there is already a great "run" on certain articles of ladies' toilets, as corsets, balmoral skirts, merino underwear, and hosiery. The "Sirene" is the special make of corsets presented at this store, and deserves especial mention for the perfection of its shape and the elegance of its make-up. It comes in several different prices, and is therefore attainable by almost any purse. The selection of the fancy goods portion of this stock has been a particularly happy one. The eye is greeted immediately on entering by rows of the newest fashions in rich colored neckties, bows, ribbons, and exquisite laces, such as all persons of taste most delight in, and there is a correspondingly choice selection in dainty linen neckwear. A satin brocade ribbon, in different widths and colors, is one of the notable garnitures of the season, and is here shown in several styles. The O'Connor & Moffatt glove bids fair to become a great success. It comes in three grades, and is made expressly for the firm, every pair being warranted by them. A really good glove, one that fits perfectly and will wear evenly, is a great desideratum, and persons who appreciate such real bargains are always on the lookout for them. It is safe to say that more people will find their "haven of rest" from ill-fitting, worthless hand coverings in this new make of glove than in any that has yet made its appearance. We must not leave the matter of strictly wearing apparel without enumerating the specially attractive white goods counter, where can be found the linens, lawns, shirtings, flannels, and other goods suitable for underwear, in great variety, and for prices that defy competition. Household comforts in the shape of blankets, spreads, toweling, and all kinds of nappy form a distinct feature, and one that for quality and quantity can not be too highly praised. In short, the lady of fashion, searching for the latest and most recherche of expensive adornments for her person; the careful housewife, for the necessities and luxuries of her home; the bride for her trousseau, and the mechanic's wife, carefully striving to practice the sweet virtue of domestic economy, and make her small store go to the greatest possible advantage; all these will find no surer place to succeed to their utmost satisfaction in suiting their various needs and desires than this charming store, now already on the high road to a settled and prosperous career.

For the Toilet.

Beauty is the fond wish of many a maiden. How to add to Nature's charms is one of the problems that every young lady is desirous of solving. The teeth are one of the cares that must not be overlooked. How to preserve them so that their charming beauties will heighten the powers of fascination is one of the problems, while the complexion must be soft and pure as Nature first bestows as one of her rarest gifts. When sunburn, tan, or freckles steal unawares upon the faces of our ladies, thereby marring their beauty, what shall be done? So many cosmetics have appeared containing poison, that leaves its traces in skin eruptions, that our young ladies become frightened at the direful effects of their toilet articles. At last we have it, says one—but only to find that the new article put upon the market aggravates instead of alleviating or emending the difficulty. Purity in toilet articles was at last solved by the chemists, and an article appeared possessing an excellence that made it one of the necessities as a toilet article. The horrid skin eruptions caused by using poisonous cosmetics must be cured; and when Dickey's Creme de Lis proved by its use that it positively cured the eruptions and beautified the complexion, that it removed freckles, sunburn, and tan from the face, then its presence on the toilet table became a necessity; and now every lady who desires a perfect toilet keeps this invaluable article among her toilet paraphernalia. The fact that this article has been sanctioned by the highest chemical and medical authorities, and that not only a large amount is now sold upon this coast, but that its sale extends to Mexico, the Eastern and Southern States, is a sufficient testimonial of its popularity as a cosmetic. Mr. Wenzell, pharmacist, corner Market and Stockton Streets, very kindly gave us the above information, and we are sure that the ladies who keep a perfect toilet will agree with us in the statements above made as to the qualities of the famous Creme de Lis, for what fashionable lady has not heard of this exquisite toilet article and tested its merits fully? Mr. Wenzell tells us that his sales of this favorite toilet article are very heavy, and that without exception it has given perfect satisfaction. The colognes manufactured here have been for some time very popular. The delicate Heliotrope—fragrant and delightful—the Overland Bouquet, Occidental Bouquet, each being elegant extractions from flowers; also, the Park Bouquet and Musk Rose, being combinations that contain some of the rarest aromas, are all elegant and exquisite additions to the toilet. The

cologne in the above and other flavors, among which we may also mention the Patchouli, are, with the Creme de Lis, necessities that every lady should have. We noted also an extensive assortment in sachet powders, elegantly perfumed here, with many other articles for the toilet. Besides the imported toilet goods extensively sold here, we found that Mr. Wenzell has systematically arranged a large Prescription Department that is complete, thereby making his establishment one of the most thoroughly equipped and reliable pharmacies on the coast. Prescriptions here are carefully put up, at the very lowest rates, and to the entire satisfaction of every customer.

Latest Styles in Boots and Shoes.

For ladies' walking shoe the "Neilson Tie" is still a favorite, appearing in bronze or French kid. For winter wear the cork-soled button boot in French kid and morocco vamp appears. For gents the button boot is made with cork soles for winter wear, with London toe, mostly in French kid. For party the London toe also appears, with patent leather front and French morocco tops. The Bellow-tongued Balmoral with cork soles has now become one of the specialties. For the opera a very neat button gaiter appears, with patent leather foxings and French kid tops. The seamless Oxford Tie, for dress shoe, appearing in French calf, is very neat, and is becoming quite a favorite. The Duke Alexis, cork sole, for winter wear, is made of French calf with French kid or morocco tops. The Napoleon boot, with grain top and French calf front, appears, with Scotch double soles. We observed all these styles at the establishment of John Utschig, 325 Bush Street. The very latest styles, more especially for gents, are here made to order. The ladies will here also find some of the latest novelties in this department made to order. We found here the hunting boot for sportsmen, made with New York toe, and in the most durable shape for winter sporting wear.

Fine Art.

As every one can not possess the original from the hands of the masters, the copy must be resorted to. Photogravure has supplied this want in art; and now the photographic aquatint on copper which leaves a pleasant dead surface in the print, combined with the photographic copying of detail, will reproduce as near as possible a faithful rendering of lights and darks in shading appearing in the original. This process has now brought the finest works of art within the reach of every one. We examined some of these fine reproductions of the masters at the establishment of E. Wolf & Co., under the Palace Hotel, and noted among others the "Lion's Bride," by G. Max. Also a pair of large pieces entitled "Going to the Festival," and "The Return." In the first the representation of the maid resting in confidence on the arm of her gay lover, both in anticipation of the pleasure before them, is very faithful, and elegantly executed. "The Return" represents the scene changed, the mate supports her lover who has parted so freely of wine that he finds it rather difficult to meander homeward. The look of mortification appears very plainly on the face of the maid, which is certainly sketched true to nature. Another piece, "Hunting on the Nile," by Hans Makert, is very finely rendered. In the foreground the swarthy Egyptian forms appear in a gondola laden with fowls, etc., and are in the act of hauling in the net. A crocodile has been caught, and is being dispatched by the spears of the hunters. The background represents Egyptian ladies on the shore shooting with the bow and arrow at the flying fowl overhead. The piece is spirited and would make a very unique ornamentation for the dining-room. We observed here also very rich engravings in water colors, by Fores, London, mostly equestrian sketches, also some elegant French etchings by Meissonier. Among others "The Flemish Smoker," "The Reader," and "The Flute Player; also, some very fine engravings of "Pompeian Life," by Coumans. We found here also a large collection from the French and German masters in cabinet size, also photographs by the Berlin Photographic Society of all the composers, authors, statesmen, and orators of the past and present.

Instead of bridesmaids, fashion in France now prescribes two tiny pages, who are chosen from the prettiest of the boy relatives of the bride or bridegroom. They are dressed in velvet of the bride's favorite color. At a recent wedding the tiny court dress worn was of sapphire velvet, with white silk stockings and velvet shoes with diamond buckles. A bouquet composed of a rosebud, an orange blossom, and a branch of myrtle is attached to the side. They perform the usual rôle of the bridesmaid, carry the bride's bouquet and gloves, and, in addition, meet her and assist her from and to the carriage steps.

The Emperor of China antedates all the potentates of the Old World in being able to confer the oldest decoration of history. This is the Yellow Tunic, made of yellow silk, and has on the back a dragon—the arms of the Chinese Empire—embroidered in gold and black silk. It is the most distinguished order in China, and is conferred only on extraordinary occasions. Only two Europeans have ever received it—the Englishman, Colonel Gordon, who rendered great service to the Chinese Government during the Taiping rebellion, and the French engineer, Giguel, who built a military arsenal in Northern China.

We love most things because they are lovable, we love them for their own sakes; all but a tooth—no man ever loved a tooth for its sake.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and attachable Flouncers: Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

This paper is printed with ink furnished by Chas. Eneu Johnson & Co., 509 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, and 59 Gold Street, New York.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

Gentlemen desirous of the neatness, elegance, and comfort of a perfect-fitting suit of clothes—business or dress—will, as a matter of satisfaction, do business with Burr & Fink, fashionable tailoring emporium, corner of Montgomery and Post Streets, over Hibernia Bank.

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 15, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I have but a bit of a budget for you this week. The theatres have been doing so well that they have not changed their bills excepting at the California. They have actually had the hardihood up there to bring out *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and several people with an hour or two on their hands have strolled in, doubtless to seek some quiet retreat where no one would be apt to look for them. It is only because of the non-arrival of Miss Cavendish that this tiresome old ducky has been resurrected once more, but I begin to fear his final burial time will never come. I suppose in the original he was a decent old body—as the country folks say—but he has come to be nothing but a peg to hang "Eva's" precocity on, or a central figure in a band of howling darkies, who kick and shout in imitation of the negro minstrels but give us nothing of primitive negro music. Yet I like to watch them. How instinctive it is with the creatures to show off. When I see one of them obtruding himself to the front of the line—as every blessed one does in his turn—the children's most opprobrious epithet "smarty" rises to my mind. But, after all, their delight in themselves is as harmless as it is thorough, and if an *Uncle Tom* revival can so easily make a few creatures happy perhaps it is just as well to keep on trotting the old gentleman out *ad infinitum*. They got up some very pretty scenery for the occasion; the plantation scene especially was exceedingly beautiful. Voegtlin, you know, has such a knack in striking foregrounds that the stage seemed twice its size and crowded at that. You remember, in Cleopatra's barge, how bewilderingly the painted figures and the real were combined, that it was only after the curtain had been rung up two or three times that we were able to distinguish between them. He uses the same effect in the plantation scene. That dear little Adams child, who made such a hit in the *Celebrated Case*, played "Eva." What an exceedingly elastic part this is. I have seen "Evas" of all ages from six to twenty-five and generally detest them quite heartily. But little Mand Adams, a microscopic dot of a creature, is as fresh and natural as a flower yet—and leaves out all the priggishness. It is a trying thing for a little baby like this to go through a long part. Jack yawned till I thought he would take in the whole stage, so we were obliged to leave at eleven, and the "apotheosis" had not yet come off. I am not quite sure that that is the term to use of apotheosis, but I am sure that it must have been pretty late before that little one got the apotheosis off her mind and was tucked in bed. I pity a child actress. Poor little forced plant. She can never sit in front and believe in all those wonderful things as happier children do, and ought to do, and how really horrible it is to play dead, and play drowned, and all sorts of things like that, and tumble off steamers on to a mattress, and be yanked up by an awkward supe, and passed around with a sublime disregard of bones and joints. Never mind. Perhaps she will be a great actress one day, and all these things will go into her reminiscences. Alice Kingsbury, the elfin star, who comes out periodically like the comets, played "Topsy." I have seen a great many pretty bad "Topsys." The worst I ever saw was the genuine negress who played it when "Uncle Tom" was galvanized into life at the Grand Opera House. The next worst I saw at the California last week. You will be surprised at me, for I would rather see Alice Kingsbury than Maggie Mitchell in "Fauchon," you know, but I do not want to see her over again in "Topsy." Her mirth is simply ghastly. Mr. Wells got himself up in rather an extraordinary way to play "St. Clair." That is to say, he had his hair frizzled to such a degree as to be entirely too suggestive for a gentleman living in his part of the country. Like Lewis Morrison, in *Miss Merton*, he indulged in the Montague touch—a powdered temple lock. I should not wonder if he came to be a very good actor some time. He is very neat and tasteful in dressing, has a nice appearance and a good voice. He used a good deal of tremolo as "St. Clair," also he wept profusely and frequently into a cardinal silk handkerchief. Joking apart, he played it almost better than it deserved, if it is fair to say such a thing, and he and "Eva" made quite an interesting pair. I could pardon them under the circumstances, as no one else made any attempt to do anything of the sort. Miss Cobb played the languid "Mrs. St. Clair" in a mildly scornful way. She was very fond of curling her lip. I used to think that a very fine expression in my romantic days, but I look upon it now simply as a theatrical license. Fancy a woman's lip curling up

into a ringlet when she felt scornful, when really all she does is to drop the corners down and look excessively disagreeable. Miss Cobb looked quite radiant in pink and white lace, and what a nice voice she will have when she has quite learned to use it. You asked me when they intend to get a leading man at the California. My dear girl, it must be the intention to carry on the institution without one, for Ada Cavendish is coming next week, and who is to support her? I am prepared to be delighted with the English actress. They say she is not pretty, but if lithographs are to be relied on, she has a throat like a swan, and nothing is prettier in woman than a round, white, well curved, well set throat. She is said also to have the enviable gift of magnetism, and a voice like silver bells. Better than all, she is credited with being the prettiest speaker of the English language on the stage. They may say what they like of foreign tongues, English is a rich, strong, beautiful language when it is purely spoken, as we hear it once or twice, or three times at most, in a lifetime. And when so spoken it is almost always on the stage. Barry Sullivan had some odious ways; he was so autocratic, so overbearing, so prone to hurl his inflections at you simply to give a new reading. But the language peeled out from his lips like the tuning of a clear bell. It was as beautiful to listen to as a song. I remember, too, a little woman who came to San Francisco, and played a brief but luckless engagement with her star husband, Herr Bandman. I do not recall a feature of her face, but I have never forgotten the tones of her voice. It was clear, sweet, and eminently lady-like, and her English the purest I have ever heard. Later we had Miss Fanny Morant in *The Danieffs*. You admired her more than I did, if I remember, for, although the words dropped from her lips like clear-cut diamonds, she had a student voice and a *brusquerie* of manner which destroyed the effect. When Mme. Modjeska was studying English she looked around in vain for models from whom to copy, and it was with considerable interest that she went the first time to see an actress who had been named to her as a representative of the American stage. The delicately attuned ear of the artist recognized even in the babel of a foreign language any particular grace or expression, and she had already selected from among the stock company those whose mode of speech pleased her most before she could say good morning in English herself. The fair Pole watched every word that fell from the lips of the representative American actress as if it were a pearl. After the first act she gazed with a sort of peevish wonder at the audience, who seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, but an attentive observer could easily see that Modjeska had not yet found her model. I heard her afterward plaintively ask one of her counselors, "Is it better that I should speak like this?"—whereupon she gave a remarkably clever imitation of the representative American. She intended it in all innocence, but that delicate exaggeration which one is apt to give in imitation made a caricature of it, and it was very funny indeed. The American lady has a fashion of prolonging her vowel sounds to an absurd degree; and when the Countess Bozenta lifted her voice and let the vowels roll like billiard-balls, as long as they would, there was a mock tragedy about it that would have cured the original very soon if she could have seen herself reproduced. I wonder, by the way, if Modjeska's English is improved with practice. I observe that the critics still mention her accent in their notes on *Frou-Frou*. Odd that she should make a success in that worn out little play, isn't it? I can not imagine a *Frou-Frou* without the Dunning drawl. Talking of English, what remarkable contortions of sound the beautiful Alice used to achieve. If Miss Cavendish has half the charm of speech they say she has, I could forgive her a mouth like Soldene's, and a nose which turns up till it doubles over. But the lithographs promise nothing so dreadful. She will open in *The New Magdalen*, in which she made a hit in New York, although, like a willful woman, she did not want to. I almost feared she might be wild enough to open in *Jane Shore*. Then we are to have that exceedingly unpleasant person, "Miss Gwilt," presented to us some time during the season. I remember that Miss Eleanor Carey made her first appearance as "Miss Gwilt." Miss Carey was a very pretty girl and rather a nice little actress, but I never admired anything in her so much as her sublime confidence in attempting "Miss Gwilt." I do not like Mr. Wilkie Collins' heroines. They are generally either fiends or lackadaisical dots, and "Miss Gwilt" is as pronounced a specimen of underground brimstone as I ever encountered in fiction. But then Wilkie Collins knows just about as much of women as we know of bachelor halls and clubs. Mercy Merrick is rather a clever sort of girl, but even she does not come well recommended to families. We are to have a surfeit of new things next week to compensate for this. In the first place, at the Bush Street Theatre, Alice Oates, who has recovered from the several degrees of fever with which she is said to have been threatened, is to give us another *chef d'œuvre* of Charles Lecocq, the author of *Le Petit Duc*, *Girofle-Girofla*, and *La Fille de Madame Angot*—the pretty, and breezy, and very naughty little opera, *La Marjolaine*. The libretto is very Frenchy and suggestive, and so positively broad in its language that "the Little Duke" has actually had to cut some of it out—ye gods!! But the music is said to be as catchy as the breath of love itself, and to waltz from the blushing beginning to its happy and fearful

end. I do not dare tell you the story of "Sweet Marjoram," the music must do that, for our language wants elasticity. In spirit and movement the opera comes very near *Girofle-Girofla*; so much so that it is classed as a companion piece by those who have heard it. Oates and Connell have strong parts, and there is enough for the others to do to make it interesting for the audience. So much for *La Marjolaine*. Then, too, we are to have *Jane Eyre*, with charming Clara Morris. It has never been my good fortune to see *Jane Eyre* played to my taste. For some reason the hero always seemed to me to be rather the "Rawjester" of Bret Harte than the "Rochester" of Charlotte Brontë. Somehow, when a leading man puts a smoking cap askew on his head, and growls and snaps and snarls at everything, I think always of that meaning line in the condensed novel, "He flung his bootjack at my head, and I knew he loved me." He is not a bit like the lordly "Rochester," with a ballet mistress in the past, an animated French doll in the school-room, and a lunatic in the attic, as pleasant adjuncts to his cheerful love-making. I have seen but two "Jane Eyres," Charlotte Thompson and Maggie Mitchell. It is high treason not to praise Maggie Mitchell in everything, but when she is naughty she always reminds me of a fractious youngster, and when she is good she is so goody good, and preaches so pedantically, that she seems like a nice little Sunday-school girl putting pennies in the box for the heathen. I hardly see where Clara Morris will find room for much acting in *Jane Eyre*. It does not seem enough for her, but I am quite sure that whatever she does will be a study and a delight, even if it be a painful delight, although there is nothing harrowing in the story. I wonder, how I wonder, that people do not write plays for her that will lift her acting to a higher plane. There should be a place for her somewhere between this French sentimentalism and the heavy tragedy of a "Medea" or a "Deborah." She should at least command the sympathies when she plays upon the emotions. They tell me she was charming as "Lady Elizabeth Freelove" on Saturday night. I think I should like her in comedy if that glad smile which breaks upon her expressive face now and then tells anything of the other side of her nature. I ought to have gone to the Grand Opera House to see the Chinese company to have something to tell you, you are always so anxious to hear something about the theatres, but there is really nothing very absorbing about a Chinese play, and somehow people do not go to the Grand Opera House any more. I would rather go again to hear *Le Petit Duc* or *Robinson Crusoe*. This last is having such a good time of it that they are prolonging the run indefinitely. Alice Atherton is very popular, and she looks very stunning in her beautiful costume. I have not heard of a burlesque doing so well since the wonderful days of *Ixion*. Wait till next week, and we shall see how *Jane Eyre*, *Mercy Merrick*, and *La Marjolaine* prosper.

Yours expectantly,

BETSY B.

There is a very choice bit of gossip afloat in theatrical and theatre-going circles regarding the domestic relations of Miss Clara Morris and her husband—a Mr. Harriott. The fire was lighted by an article recently published in the *New York Dramatic News*, purporting to be the gist of an interview between Miss Morris and an intimate female friend, in which the theatrical wife abuses and upbraids the husband, charging him with cruelty and meanness of every description and degree. As soon as the papers arrived from New York, it is stated that Harriott, the husband, went about to the news stands buying up every copy that money could tempt from dealers. This proved a master movement to keep the matter quiet, for no sooner was the bit of strategy known than regular subscribers were besieged, and their copies of the *Dramatic News* passed from hand to hand. Of course the subject-matter of the interview is denied by both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and the usual proclamation for a libel suit issued; but, notwithstanding contradictions, sides are being taken in the clubs and on the street where theatrical people and their affairs are generally talked about, and there is a great demand for the *Dramatic News*.

Mr. George R. Chipman, the treasurer of Baldwin's Theatre, advertises a benefit bill for next Sunday evening that can not fail to attract. Bishop and O'Neill appear in the fifth act of *Richard III.*, and Jennings, Rose Wood, and Lewis Morrison will all engage with novelties. An entertainment worth one's money and attention.

Mr. Geo. B. Rieman, who has for so long a time been the efficient private secretary of the photographic firm of Bradley & Rulofson, takes the active management on Monday next of the new photographic parlors of Taber & Co., over the Hibernia Bank. There is activity in the new firm.

When Miss Mary Anderson, says *Puck*, goes on the stage as "Juliet," she takes her chewing-gum out of her angelic mouth, and sticks it against the wing, to be finished when the scene is over. Therefore it is that she remarks to "Romeo": "Stay but a little; I will gum again."

A girl in Oil City, Pennsylvania, saw a decapitation trick in a pantomime, and was so frightened that she had spasms and died.

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Whereas the pupil who takes private lessons, one hour being the allotted time, has the benefit of an hour's instruction. During this time the pupil will accomplish more positive training than one month in a public dancing school, besides doing away with publicity and embarrassment of a new beginner. After a young lady, gentleman or child gains confidence in themselves and dances moderately well, then they can resort to the Ball Room in perfect confidence. It has been a rule among the profession, as fast as pupils become anything of a round dancer, to place the pupil with those who are unproficient, causing the pupil who is proficient to dance incorrectly, worry through and gain no headway. This is of no benefit to the advanced scholar. The beginners should not be allowed to dance, where they have not acquired a fair knowledge of the art, with those who have a correct motion. Hence private lessons gives the pupil the full benefit of correct Terpsichorean art, under professional guidance only. No awkwardness or embarrassment can come from strictly private lessons, and the pupil can not fail under such auspices. I have had large public classes and found dissatisfaction among many because more personal attention was not shown them. I came to the firm conclusion that the only proper method to pursue and give general satisfaction is as stated above. And I find it is the only method to pursue and be successful with pupils in a short space of time. Financially, a public school is, by far, more profitable to the Professor. But pupils will receive a more thorough course, actual attention, reasonable satisfaction by private instruction. But I have heard many say: "If we take private lessons in round dancing, how are we to acquire quadrilles?" (How many understand square dancing who are ignorant of round dancing?) My answer is: Quadrilles can be learned in a very few lessons. It being a second consideration, first become a good round dancer, then let quadrilles follow, and you will be more easy and graceful, attributing it all to your knowledge of waltzing. By close observation one can learn the figures in all square dancing at sight. If you undertake it, secure a good partner, who understands the figures, and after a few times of actual rehearsal, you are familiar with Quadrilles. Not so in round dancing, for that is an *art and study*, and requires time and practice to acquire it. All pupils under my instruction will have an opportunity to acquire all my novelties in square dancing when private parties are given, after they have become reasonable round dancers." This statement of the Professor is practical, sensible, and valuable. He evidently understands what he is talking about, and as to his capabilities as an instructor in the Terpsichorean Art the following communications abundantly testify:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., October 28, 1878.
We, the undersigned, are personally acquainted with Mr. J. William Frazer, and can recommend him to the public as a gentleman of highly cultivated ability and worthy of the patronage of those who may wish his services.

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Office of G. F. Child, agent for Steinway & Son's Pianos and M. Gray's Sheet Music, 911 Washington Street, Oakland, Cal., October 28, 1878.

Having been a former resident of Dayton, Ohio, I take great pleasure in stating that I am personally acquainted with a large number of Mr. Frazer's private pupils of that city. They comprised the sons and daughters of the wealthiest and most highly cultivated people, and I am aware of the fact that no teacher of dancing ever came to Dayton who gave such universal satisfaction.

Respectfully, G. F. CHILD.

OAKLAND, November 12, 1878.
I can cheerfully and willingly recommend Professor Frazer as a scientific and successful teacher in the art of dancing. His methods are entirely new and his manner is calculated to inspire confidence.

W. H. O'BRIEN,
Drill Master at California Military Academy.

CALIFORNIA MILITARY ACADEMY,
OAKLAND, CAL., November 7, 1878.
We the undersigned, cadets at the above Academy, being under the personal instruction in Round Dancing of the skillful master of the art, Mr. J. William Frazer, and having taken only our second lesson, pronounce him beyond a doubt a teacher of great science. His manner of instruction is very simple and to the point.

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Mr. Frazer will occupy as a dancing academy the large and spacious apartments over M. Gray's new store on Post Street as soon as they are properly furnished, which will be in ten days or so. One room will be elegantly fitted up as a reception parlor, with which the practice and instruction room will be in direct communication. The terms of tuition are \$25 for twenty lessons, under the contract system—that is, an agreement that the pupil shall acquire the art in that number of lessons, or continue free of charge if a longer time is required to become a reasonably proficient dancer. There is, however, a ten-lesson system for \$15, which the Professor recommends to those who learn rapidly. If ten lessons are not sufficient the additional \$10 will secure the remaining ten lessons, which the Professor guarantees will finish the pupil. To those who exact excessive attention and instruction the terms will be \$3 per hour, with the privilege of segregating such pupils eventually into sets of practice fours as may be deemed desirable. For additional information, rules, and regulations of the new academy, testimonial letters from the East, and particulars of the contract or private tuition system, it would be well to obtain one of Mr. Frazer's circulars, which can be had by addressing care of M. Gray, 217 Post Street, or 7 Cameron Block, Oakland. Office hours from 11 to 1.

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All Around the House. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher....1 50
His Heart's Desire.....1 50
Thirty Years at Sea. By Shippen.....1 50
Europeans. By H. James, Jr.....1 50
Recollections of Writers. By Clarke.....1 75
Heir of Charlton. By Fleming.....1 50
Drift from Two Shores. By Bret Hartley.....1 25
Primer of Design. By Barry.....1 25
Margarethe. By Mrs. A. L. Wister.....1 50
Flower Painting. By Putnam.....75
Macloed of Dare. By Black. Cloth, \$1 50; paper..60

Just received, an elegant assortment of Russia Leather Goods, Stationery, etc.

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A. ROMAN & CO.,
11 Montgomery Street,
Lick House Block, San Francisco.

CANNEL COAL.

A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF GRATE
COAL for sale by
MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,
14 Post Street, and 718 Sansome Street.

JOE POHEIM

The Tailor,



203 Montgomery St. and 103
Third Street, under the Russ
House, near Bush Street, has
just received a large assortment
of the latest style goods.
Suits to order from.....\$20
Pants to order from.....5
Overcoats to order from.....15

THE leading question is
where the best goods can be
found at the lowest prices. The
answer is at

JOE POHEIM,

203 Montgomery St. and 103
Third St.
Samples and Rules for Self-
Measurement sent free to any
address. Fit guaranteed.

MME. B. ZEITSKA'S
FRENCH, GERMAN, AND ENGLISH
INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG LADIES,
922 POST ST., BETWEEN HYDE
and Larkin.
KINDERGARTEN connected with the Institute.
The next term will commence October 2d.
A limited number of Boarding Pupils received.
MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Office No. 12 Nevada Block.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Nos. 2, 3, and 4 SHERMAN'S BUILDING,
Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco
(P. O. Box 707.)

ROSS'
MILLINERY EMPORIUM,
UNDER THE BALDWIN.

BEST KOHLER & CHASE
SAN FRANCISCO
& OAKLAND.

THE MOTHER'S ADVICE.

My girl, you must not fall in love,
With virtue or with wit;
Unless there's rank or money too,
To gild the pill a bit.
Wit's but a frothy thing at best,
And virtue stale becomes—
Stick to the solid pudding, Jane,
And marry for the plums!

Nor let good looks beguile your heart
To throw itself away;
What after all's a handsome face?
Till wrinkles up some day.
Gray hairs will show, eyes will grow dull,
When man's cold winter comes—
Stick to the solid pudding, Jane,
And marry for the plums!

Don't ever let me hear you say
A word of "mutual flame";
That's not the way to win the trick
In matrimony's game.
Besides, such flame, though hot at first,
Soon dim and quenched becomes;
Stick to the solid pudding, Jane,
And marry for the plums!

Love's very well, for wanton bards,
Your Ovids, Mops, and such,
For a girl that's well brought up,
Tis an indecent thing.
I never loved your father, child,
Just ask him; here he comes—
Stick to the solid pudding, Jane,
And marry for the plums!

I know a youthful face has charms
For girls just fresh from school,
But oh! I hope no child of mine
Will be so great a fool!
Young men are often wild and gay,
Old age discreet becomes—
Stick to the solid pudding, Jane,
And marry for the plums!

'Tis very well for vulgar folks,
To talk of hearts and darts;
But girls like you should be above
Such sentimental parts.
A knock 't is that man so rich—
Though he has toothless gums;
Stick to the solid pudding, Jane,
And marry for the plums!

Just move that ringlet, love, and as
You sit, take care to showe
That pretty foot; blush—if you can—
That's it! you're perfect so!
I'll leave you to receive the beau:
Here old Sam Liquorish comes—
Stick to the solid pudding, Jane,
And marry for the plums!

The Profane Owl—A Fable.

A certain Profane Owl who sat up late o' Nights,
And kept a large Collection of Straws for the Purpose
of ascertaining the Direction of the Wind, was asked
by the Fox whether his Party could not gain Possession
of the Public Treasury.

"Your Question," said the Profane Owl, winking
his left Eye, "reminds me of the Horse who said that
he could trot a Mile in a Minute if it were not that
the Distance was too great for the Time. I see only
one Reason why you can not succeed."

"What is that?" said the Fox.
"The other Party has too Tam many Vets," re-
plied the Owl.

MORAL.—The Census should be taken after the
Process of Incubation has been completed. A Fox
who wagers 4 to 3 against a foregone Conclusion is
apt to lose his Friends' Money.

My flapjack! 'tis of thee—
That agrees with me—
Of thee I sing!
Thou that with pork are fried,
Then butter on one side
With ample syrup thick applied—
Thou luscious thing!

Oh! savory morsel mine!
What taste is like to thine,
Well buttered one?
I love to watch thee fry,
To see the cook test thee on high,
And stick thee with a fork to try
If thou art done!

An Expensive Breakfast.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion about one
of Cleopatra's breakfasts. It was the most costly
breakfast that has ever been served to a single human
being. I will, therefore, tell what I know about it.
After having partaken of Cleopatra's necklace, Mark
Antony determined to devise the costliest breakfast
ever given. After several days of gastronomical
meditations, not having found what he was looking
for, he summoned his cook to his presence, and told
him that if he could get up a dainty breakfast for a
lady, which should be composed of as few and as
small dishes as possible, and, at the same time, be
most costly, he would reward him accordingly.
Several weeks afterward the cook entered Mark An-
tony's study and told him that he was ready to serve
the dainty breakfast asked of him, and that it was
composed of one olive only. At the appointed hour
the cook entered the dining-room, followed by one
hundred men carrying the olive (in its artificial en-
velope) on their shoulders. They deposited it on a
table, and fifty carvers were set to work on it.
After several hours of hard work, the triumphant
cook placed the olive before the Egyptian queen, who
looked at it with amazement, still with perfect de-
light. The olive had been prepared in the following
way: After having been stoned, it was stuffed with
a rich custard, then put inside of a boned canary,
which was used to stuff an ortolan. The latter was
placed inside of a boned oriole, which was used to
stuff a thrush, which thrush stuffed a boned lark. A
boned snipe was stuffed with the lark and placed in-
side of a robin, which was used to stuff a plover, and
which latter bird filled a quail, which was then placed
inside of a pigeon. The pigeon filled a woodcock,
the woodcock a partridge, the latter a grouse, the
grouse a pheasant, the pheasant a chicken, the chick-
en a guinea fowl, which was placed inside of a goose;
the goose filled a turkey, the turkey a swan, the latter
an ostrich, which was used to stuff a sheep; the
sheep a calf, the calf an antelope, the latter a pig,
the pig a deer, the deer a bear, the bear a heifer, the
latter an elk, the elk an ox, the ox a hippopotamus,
the latter an elephant. The olive was then roasted in
its envelope, which envelope was thrown away, and
the olive only was saved.

One reason why more people did not go into the
Ark is, that Noah neglected to advertise in the daily
papers. There is a great moral lesson contained in
this fact.

MODJESKA'S NEW WARDROBE.

The following is a description of Madame Mod-
jeska's toilet in *Frou-Frou*: Her first appearance is
in a riding habit of black cloth, with black beaver
hat, gloves, and riding whip. The next costume is a
combination of white silk and white moire antique,
made with low basque, short sleeves, and full train.
The moire, in two broad revers at the sides and front
of the skirt, is finished by ruffling, which also orna-
ments the neck and sleeves. A bow of blue and
white ribbon, with very long ends, is pendent from the
right shoulder, and a collar of blue ribbon, with
bouquet of forget-me-nots at the throat, and another
on the left side of the corsage, completes the cos-
tume. A third striking toilet is a morning dress of
white embroidered Canton crepe, bordered with heavy
fringe; scarf draped across the left shoulder and
partial sacque; high neck and short sleeves. This
costume, which throughout is in *neglige* style, is
highly artistic in effect. Madame Modjeska next ap-
pears in a superb dinner toilet of Nile green satin,
elaborately draped, and combined with white illusion
embroidered with pink roses. The corsage is low,
with elbow sleeves and long white kid gloves, and
here she assumes a diamond necklace and earrings
of surpassing richness. A cloak of crimson satin,
lined with white, is thrown over her shoulders. A
fifth toilet is a home dress of mauve brocade and blue
satin, made princess, with flowing train of the
brocade, low square neck, elbow sleeves, a blue satin
vest laced across, and simulated satin petticoat. The
next succeeding costume is a demi-toilet of cream-
colored cashmere combined with wood-colored silk,
made high neck, long sleeves, and vest laced across
with wood-colored silk cord. The costume worn in
the last (dying) scene is a close-fitting black cash-
mere, with black lace scarf thrown over her head.

A Scale-y Story.

"A major" loved a maiden so,
His warlike heart was soft as "Do."

He oft would kneel to her and say,
"You are, of light, my only 'Re."

"Ah! if but kinder you would be,
And sometimes sweetly smile on 'Mi."

"You are my life, my guiding star,
I love thee o'er, I love thee 'Fa."

"My passion I can not control;
You are the idol of my 'Sol'."

The maiden said: "Fie! ask papa.
How can you go on thus? Oh, 'La!'"

The major rose from bended knee,
And went her father for to "Si."

The father thought no match was finer,
This "major" once had been "a minor."

They married soon, and after that
Dwelt in ten rooms all on "one flat."

So happy ends the little tale,
For they live on the grandest scale.

—Fox Humana.

Gossip About Books and Authors.

Two new volumes are promised by Tennyson.

Gerald Massey, the poet, was born in a mud hut.

Algernon Charles Swinburne is heir to a baronetcy
and drinks more than a fish.

A new work by Jules Verne, entitled *Dick Sands*,
the *Boy Captain*, will soon be published.

Henry W. Longfellow is seventy-one years old, and
wears well the dignity of the gentlemen and the poet.

Whittier is seventy years old, and a most quaint
and kindly person. He uses, habitually, the Quaker
"thee" and "thou."

The Macmillans have just published a volume of
Matthew Arnold's poems. Mr. Arnold has been
called "the poet of delight."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of the "One Horse
Shay," has been elected an honorary member of the
Carriage Builders' Association.

R. H. Stoddard, whose productions in poetry and
biography are as valuable as they are charming, writes
with his left hand, his right being paralyzed.

Alexander Dumas, Jr., has a very small library, a
single book-case containing all his books. They in-
clude Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Mo-
liere, and a very few others. Before all stands the
Bible, which is the book that Dumas studies the deep-
est, and reads with the greatest pleasure.

Jew d'Espirt.

The Israelites used a separate plate
For all fresh, and fowl, and fishes;
And though they enjoyed all the food they ate,
'Twas certainly in Jew dishes.

A man met a Burlington boy walking toward town
on the Agency road eating an apple. "How many
apples have you?" asked the man. "One-half as
many apples as I have eaten, added to twice as many
as I am going to eat, less five that a beggar boy took
away from me, divided by two-thirds of the number
I dropped in the orchard when I saw the dog, plus
six which I ate on the orchard fence before the man
saw me, will equal one-fifth of all that I tried to get?"
How many apples did he have?

Oh, give us a month with the rollicksome R
That bringeth the yellowwone yan;
That wafeth the breeze of the brine from afar,
And beareth the oyster and clam.
Ye yeoman that yawl for the yarrowing yam,
Ye oysters that oysters provide,
Ye clammers that claw for the clammy-some clam,
May blessing thy business be!

One of the newest London fashions is a revival of
the old long Chesterfield man's coat for women's
wear. It may be worn with a skirt of the same ma-
terial or another, according to fancy. It has pockets
at the waist, and simulated ones at the back.

The Parisiennes wear their short costumes much
shorter than New York women do, and have in addi-
tion a fashion for looping them up directly in the back,
showing about two inches of the white or colored peti-
ticoat.

The latest fancy in stockings is for white polka
dots in silk embroidery on black silk feet and legs,
while the toes, heels, and upper half of the leg of the
stocking are white.

L. T. ZANDER,

No. 424 MONTGOMERY STREET,
between California and Sacramento, San Francisco.
COLLECTOR.

Rents, Bills, and Accounts collected, and prompt returns
made.

ZANDER'S PURCHASING AGENCY.

Orders for the purchase and shipment to the interior of
goods of every description executed with promptness and
care, at a small commission over cost.

GEO. W. PRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

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Air Compressors,
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Marine Stationary and Portable Boilers
Baby Hoist, complete.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE,

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Blake's Rock Breakers,
Smelting Furnaces,
Quicksilver Pumps,
Chlorodizing Furnaces,
Coraish Pumps,
Steam Pumps.

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workmanship, and furnished at lower rates than by Eastern
manufacturers.

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FOX & KELLOGG,

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AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-
chant Street, Room 16. Probate divorce, bank-
ruptcy, and all other cases attended to.

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FLAVORING EXTRACTS

ARE THE PERFECTLY PURE
and highly concentrated Extracts of

FRESH FRUITS

Prepared with great care. They are put up in superior
style, in a bottle holding twice as much as ordinary
brands of Extracts.

Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so
cheap.

Wherever tested on THEIR MERITS, they have been
adopted in preference to all others, and now are the

STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Of the Pacific coast. Dealers will find them to give better
satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are
respectfully requested to give them a trial.

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IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

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Agents for the sale of Wagons manufactured by
BREWSTER & CO., New York,
W. D. ROGERS, Philadelphia,
C. S. CAFFREY, Camden, N. J.,
WOOD BROTHERS, New York,
H. KILLAM & CO., New Haven,
COOLING BROS., Wilmington

ALSO, AGENTS FOR

HARNESS MANUFACTURED BY WOOD GIBSON,
TOMPKINS & MANDEVILLE, AND
A. H. DUNSCOMBE.

Also, a fine assortment of Robes, Blankets, Nets, Whips, etc.

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SOLE MAKERS OF

EXTRA-HARD METAL
SCOTCH TYPE.

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PRESSES.

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And 203 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

RUPTURE.

BUY NO TRUSS

Until you see what has been accom-
plished by DR. PIERCE'S late in-
vention.

Call, or send for New Illustrated
Book. Prices reduced.
MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS
CO., 609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

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Assets exceed..... 326,000

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FRED. K. RULBSecretary.

I. G. GARDNER.....General Agent.

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FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPA-

ny.—Location of principal place of business, San
Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the 5th day of November, 1878, an as-
sessment (No. 34) of one dollar per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the 10th day of December, 1878, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is
made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 9th day of
December, 1878, to pay delinquent assessment, together
with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street,
San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the twenty-second day of October, 1878, an as-
sessment (No. 56) of three dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the twenty-seventh day of November, 1878, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless
payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY,
the eighteenth day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE

INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPA-
NY.—Dividend No. 66.—The monthly dividend for October
will be paid on November 10th, at their office, Nos. 218 and
220 Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

San Francisco, November 5, 1878.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Fran-
cisco, Cal., Nov. 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors of the above named company, held this day, Divi-
dend No. 15 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on
Tuesday, November 12, 1878. Transfer books closed on
Saturday, November 9, 1878, at 12 o'clock M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P.
NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
David P. Nelson, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out
of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now exist-
ing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk,
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

SEAL. GEO. L. WOODS AND JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorneys for
Plaintiff.

BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

The Berkeley Gymnasium (a preparatory school to the University)—a first-class boarding-school establishment in the interests of higher education, and in opposition to the cramming system of the small colleges and military academies of the State. The next term will commence July 24th. Examination of candidates for admission July 22d and 23d. By request, instructions have been provided during the summer months for students preparing for the August examinations at the University. For catalogue or particulars, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, PRINCIPAL,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

NOTE.—We desire to call special attention to the organization of our Grammar Department, separate from the Academic, and solicit the patronage of parents and guardians of small boys.

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P. S.—Howe, Florence, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Domestic, Weed, Willcox & Gibbs, for sale at \$20 each.

RARE ENGRAVINGS
AND ETCHINGS,
CHRISTMAS, 1878.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE COLLECTION of fine Engravings specially purchased in Italy for the Christmas trade. Nothing can be more appropriate for a holiday or wedding present than a fine Engraving, which is suitable for home decoration and at the same time rare. W. K. VICKERY would respectfully invite an inspection of his Engravings and their prices. Please note address—22 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.



COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. Stage connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and Way Stations. Stage connection made with this train at SANTA CLARA for Pacific Congress Springs.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SUNDAYS AN EXTRA TRAIN will leave for San Jose and Way Stations at 9.30 A. M. Returning, will leave San Jose at 6.00 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and other points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following Monday, inclusive. Also, Excursion Tickets to Monterey—good from Saturday until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, and YUMA.

SAN FRANCISCO AND
NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, October 7th, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the GEYSERS.

Connections made at Fulton on the following morning with Fulton and Guerneville R. R. for Korbelt, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10.35 A. M.)

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, Excursions, Steamer "James M. Donahue," connecting at Donahue with trains for Cloverdale and way stations. RETURNING—Trains will leave Donahue at 4.40 P. M., and arrive at San Francisco at 6.55 P. M.

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.

ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai,

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.
November.....16 December.....17 January.....16
February.....18 March.....15 April.....16
May.....16

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street. For freight apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU,
November 25, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents,
Corner First and Brannan Streets.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ, SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.



C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1878, and until further notice,

TRAINS AND BOATS

WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Stages excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. (Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER TRAIN (via Oakland Ferry), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Bureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (via OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 0.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, SOUTHERN Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento to passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train for Los Angeles, second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Melrose."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To Female.		To East Oakland.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		To Del Norte Street.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
B 6.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	B 7.00	7.00	B 6.10	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.30	7.30	8.10	8.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	B 9.00	8.00	7.30	8.00	10.00	8.30	8.30	8.30	9.10	9.10
7.30	1.30	9.00	9.00	B 10.00	9.00	8.00	9.00	10.30	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.30	9.30
8.00	2.00	9.30	9.30	B 11.00	10.00	8.30	10.00	11.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.30	10.30
8.30	3.00	10.00	10.00	B 5.00	10.30	9.00	10.30	11.30	11.00	11.30	11.30	11.00	11.00
9.00	3.30	12.00	12.00		11.30	9.30	11.30			11.30	11.30	11.30	11.30
9.30	4.00	P. M.	P. M.		12.00	10.00	12.00			12.00	12.00	12.00	12.00
10.00	4.30	1.30	1.30			10.30				12.30	12.30	12.30	12.30
10.30	5.00	2.00	2.00			11.00				1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
11.00	5.30	2.30	2.30			11.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
11.30	6.00	3.00	3.00			12.00				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
12.00	6.30	3.30	3.30			12.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.00	4.00	4.00			1.00				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.30	B 7.00	7.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.00	B 8.10	8.10			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.30	B 9.00	9.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.00	B 10.00	10.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.30	B 11.00	11.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.00	B 12.00	12.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.30	B 1.00	1.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	11.00	B 1.30	1.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	11.30	B 2.00	2.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	12.00	B 2.30	2.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	12.30	B 3.00	3.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	1.00	B 3.30	3.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	1.30	B 4.00	4.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	2.00	B 4.30	4.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	2.30	B 5.00	5.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	3.00	B 5.30	5.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	3.30	B 6.00	6.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	4.00	B 6.30	6.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	4.30	B 7.00	7.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	5.00	B 7.30	7.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	5.30	B 8.00	8.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	6.00	B 8.30	8.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	6.30	B 9.00	9.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.00	B 9.30	9.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.30	B 10.00	10.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.00	B 10.30	10.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.30	B 11.00	11.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.00	B 11.30	11.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.30	B 12.00	12.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.00	B 12.30	12.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.30	B 1.00	1.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	11.00	B 1.30	1.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	11.30	B 2.00	2.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	12.00	B 2.30	2.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	12.30	B 3.00	3.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	1.00	B 3.30	3.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	1.30	B 4.00	4.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	2.00	B 4.30	4.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	2.30	B 5.00	5.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	3.00	B 5.30	5.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	3.30	B 6.00	6.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	4.00	B 6.30	6.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	4.30	B 7.00	7.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	5.00	B 7.30	7.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	5.30	B 8.00	8.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	6.00	B 8.30	8.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	6.30	B 9.00	9.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.00	B 9.30	9.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.30	B 10.00	10.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.00	B 10.30	10.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.30	B 11.00	11.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.00	B 11.30	11.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.30	B 12.00	12.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.00	B 12.30	12.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.30	B 1.00	1.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	11.00	B 1.30	1.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	11.30	B 2.00	2.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	12.00	B 2.30	2.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	12.30	B 3.00	3.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	1.00	B 3.30	3.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	1.30	B 4.00	4.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	2.00	B 4.30	4.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	2.30	B 5.00	5.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	3.00	B 5.30	5.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	3.30	B 6.00	6.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	4.00	B 6.30	6.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	4.30	B 7.00	7.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	5.00	B 7.30	7.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	5.30	B 8.00	8.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	6.00	B 8.30	8.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	6.30	B 9.00	9.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.00	B 9.30	9.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.30	B 10.00	10.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.00	B 10.30	10.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.30	B 11.00	11.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.00	B 11.30	11.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.30	B 12.00	12.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.00	B 12.30	12.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.30	B 1.00	1.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	11.00	B 1.30	1.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	11.30	B 2.00	2.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	12.00	B 2.30	2.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	12.30	B 3.00	3.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	1.00	B 3.30	3.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	1.30	B 4.00	4.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	2.00	B 4.30	4.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	2.30	B 5.00	5.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	3.00	B 5.30	5.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	3.30	B 6.00	6.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	4.00	B 6.30	6.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	4.30	B 7.00	7.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	5.00	B 7.30	7.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	5.30	B 8.00	8.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	6.00	B 8.30	8.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	6.30	B 9.00	9.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.00	B 9.30	9.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	7.30	B 10.00	10.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.00	B 10.30	10.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	8.30	B 11.00	11.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.00	B 11.30	11.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	9.30	B 12.00	12.00			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.00	B 12.30	12.30			1.30				1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
.....	10.30	B 1.00	1.00										

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Messrs. O. F. WILLEY & CO., 427 Montgomery St., are Sole Agents in California.

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REMOVAL.

I. W. TABER

The leading Photographer of this city, has just occupied his new and handsome parlors over the HIBERNIA BANK, CORNER MARKET AND MONTGOMERY STREETS. Entrance on Montgomery Street. Elevator connected with building.

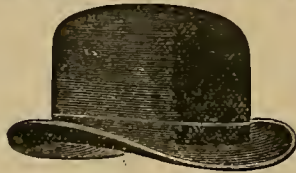
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THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.*

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Feuillet.

BY JAMES C. WARD.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

At last, feeling that he was wanting in respect to me and to himself, he begged my pardon, excused himself, tried to turn his frenzy into a joke, and left me on pleasant terms enough, begging me, in spite of all that had happened, not to withdraw my friendship from him. I promised—but to myself I promised the contrary. From never having had much confidence in him, I now had none at all.

Five or six days passed, when, astonished at not seeing Cécile again, who was unaccustomed to leave such intervals between her visits, I determined to go to her house, but without much hope of meeting her, for she lunched every day with one or another of her friends. I found her, however, but in company with the Prince de Viviane, who was seated in front of her at the side of the fire. On seeing him there, a painful sensation, a wringing of the heart, took possession of me. I knew that up to that time the Prince had never set foot in her house, and that she had complained bitterly of it. This change of habit annoyed me, and my annoyance was not lessened when I understood, from some allusions which escaped them, that this visit had been preceded by another a few days before, and what was more, that they were to meet in the evening at Madame Godfrey's, where they were both to dine. I could not help establishing some connection between these strange circumstances and the equivocal and almost threatening words which the Prince had left me for *adieux*. He knew my sisterly love for Cécile. Had he formed this plan for the purpose of at least disturbing me in offering my dearest friend attentions which I no longer wanted from him? Had he determined to reach my heart through hers, and revenge himself upon me through her? Disgraceful and detestable as such a design was, I was not so inexperienced in life as to ignore the fact that the soul of a libertine was capable of conceiving it. This man, it is true, in offering to marry me had appeared to give proof of sincere and honest feelings, but as I was handsome he saw no other way of getting possession of my person.

I waited impatiently for his departure, and was scarcely alone with Cécile before I was on my knees to her. Kissing her hands, I said:

"Do let me speak to you, will you?"

"Speak, golden mouth! But speak quickly, for I must dress. You know I dine out."

"Will you give me a very great pleasure, my dear? Don't dress. Send an excuse to this Madame Godfrey, of whom not much good is said, and come and dine with your old, old friend."

"Ah, there you go again," said Cécile, laughing, but with a certain amount of frankness. "We might as well clear this matter up at once. I am willing. What do you reproach me with positively? Am I behaving badly? Come, now, can you believe that? No, you do not believe it. You know that I am now just what I always have been—a little creature with quicksilver in her veins, who loves the movement, the excitement, the gayety, the compliments, the dance, and all the tra-la-la of life; but yet an honest little creature who does no harm, who is devoted to her friends, and who is faithful to her husband. What more do you want?"

"My dear child, I do not blame you for loving pleasure, but I do blame you for loving that alone. You had once, allow me to remind you, a more serious and a truer conception of life. In our young girl talks, we imagined something better than this incessant dissipation, this intoxication in which alone you delight at present. We gave a place, and a large place, in our future existence to more intimate, more choice, and more worthy pleasures. *Mon Dieu!* you do nothing wrong, it is true; but you do nothing good—you do nothing, for example, to elevate your tastes, your sentiments, your ideas; you are developing only in the direction of your faults, and then, believe me, this continual levity in your carriage and language is not without danger in the long run. For all the serious things of life bind, enchain themselves together; honesty and virtue are serious things, and have need of something serious on which to lean. They fade away in the uncertainty and frivolity of an existence which is all outside. They lose in it, little by little, that consistency and solidity which are essential to them, and without which they have not the strength necessary to govern our passions. It is thus that a woman finds herself disarmed before the slightest temptation, the least seduction. And now let me beseech you, my dear child, to pause on the brink of this precipice; and allow me to add that the absence of your husband furnishes you with an excellent opportunity, and even imposes it as a duty."

She listened, alas! with a sort of impatient absence of mind, beating the carpet with her little foot.

"Well, suppose it is so," replied she. "It is possible there may be some truth in your sermon. I will think it over; but as for this evening, I promised Madame Godfrey solemnly, and go I must."

"I pray you not to."

"But come, now, why this insistence? Why do you hold so particularly to my not going this evening to Madame God-

frey's? Come, be frank. It is on account of the Prince de Viviane, whom you were put out to find at my house?"

"*Mon Dieu!* perhaps it is so," said I.

"Ah, well, that is amusing at any rate. It appears, then, that you would reserve him exclusively to yourself?"

"I reserve him so little that I have refused his heart and his hand, both of which he offered me five days ago. If I betray this secret, it is because I feel myself obliged to put you on your guard against a man whom I believe to be infinitely dangerous. I shall be easy now, for, supposing he contemplates making love to you, as he seems disposed to, you will be prepared as to the sincerity of the sentiments he will express to you. I know your delicacy of feeling and your pride, and I know what reception a rejected lover may expect from you when daring to ask you to console him."

She rose up before me, her eyes flashing fire.

"I don't believe you," cried she; "I don't believe a word you have told me. Acknowledge the truth—you are jealous—that's it."

"Cécile, can it be you who are talking to me?"

"Yes, it is me, and I say you are jealous. What! For two years you have been in the habit of seeing the Prince *tête-à-tête* every day, or nearly so, and it is all right and proper; but because he comes to my house twice by accident, all is lost. Come, now, you are jealous, *mon Dieu!* Well, don't be uneasy. I will send you back your Prince. I don't want him."

"Ah, my poor child, whence comes that tone? Do you realize that you are offending me?"

"On the contrary, it is you who have been offending me for the past hour; and indeed you always are offending me by treating me as though I were a child without any sense or a woman without any honor. Come, good evening! Let me dress myself."

Half dazed with surprise and grief, my eyes sought hers, but in vain. She avoided my look, and I walked toward the door.

"Charlotte," said she, "come, let me take your hand."

"No," said I, "you do not deserve it," and I left her.

I went home with an aching heart. In the first moment of my grief it seemed as though everything was giving way about me, everything leaving me. I was parting from the dearest friendship of my life, and at the same time I was losing that immense interest connected with it, and on which I had counted to give occupation and peace to my heart. I found in consequence of Cécile's obstinacy that it would be impossible for me to fulfill the engagement I had made with her husband. How could I ask him henceforth for his co-operation and good will in a reconciliation toward which his wife refused to lend herself? How inform him of this sad truth? How could I even see him again?

Upon reflection, however, my agitation became quieted little by little, for I said to myself that it was impossible that Cécile was entirely transformed and hardened to such a degree as to have become a person absolutely different from her former self. I remembered that she had before this had these attacks of ill-humor and anger with me, which she had always regretted, and that her excellent heart soon gained the upper hand. I hoped that it might be so now, and that she would come to me the next day confused and repentant.

But I was not destined to pass the next day in Paris. I received early in the morning from Madame Hemery, the housekeeper of Madame de Louvercy, a letter which informed me that my mother-in-law was very ill, and wished to see me and her little granddaughter. I forgot every other trouble, and left for Louvercy with my daughter.

My mother-in-law had a violent attack of bronchitis, which from the first presented symptoms alarming to her physician; but the pain was soon relieved, and eight days after our arrival she was out of danger. I had a great mind to return to Paris, but that seemed impossible, as it was already December, and it was understood that each year I was to bring my daughter to her grandmother's to spend the holidays, from which we were separated by only a short interval, so I had no excuse for curtailing my sojourn.

About that time there came a letter from Cécile which relieved me of a portion of my anxiety, but still left enough to trouble me, and pretty seriously, too. Here is her letter, which a little later was to play an important part in a very sorrowful event:

CECILE D'EBLIS TO CHARLOTTE DE LOUVERCY.

"MY WELL BELOVED CHARLOTTE!—I have been running to your house ever since Monday like a crazy creature. The news of your departure frightened me, and I was obliged to return to my home with a mountain pressing down upon my heart. Oh, *ma chérie*, say that we have not quarreled. When you refused to give me your hand the other evening, it seemed as though my good angel had abandoned me, and that I was falling to—I don't know where. Oh, my Charlotte, I did not believe one word of the base things I said to you. I beg your pardon upon my knees. You have a thousand times reason to blame my miserable course of life; but the cause of all is that I am unhappy, frightfully unhappy. My husband is an excellent man, full of merit and honor, but he has one terrible fault—he does not love me. For a long time I have been aware of it, almost from the first, and that is what kills me. He does not maltreat me. *Grand Dieu*, no. He is kind to me, but with a kindness that chills me. He does not love me. Well, what can a woman do who

knows that? There is but one remedy—not to think, not to reflect, but hanging bells on her head and bells on her heels, try to drown herself in their noise; and even that does not always suffice. There are moments when my heart fails me, when my head loses itself entirely, when I feel almost on the point of doing something desperate, of committing a last and irreparable folly. You can see whether I have need of your love. As for myself, I adore you! CECILE."

This letter frightened me, not only on account of the disordered state of mind with which it was stamped, but above all because of the strange insistence with which Cécile for the first time complained of the wrongs of her husband, of which before that she had appeared so little sensible. One would say that she had been searching for grievances, so as to create or prepare excuses for herself, and had suddenly discovered them.

I answered her the same day in a long letter. I tried to calm her excitement by assuring her, first, of my tender friendship for her, one moment ruffled, but not the less remaining entire and unalterable; then I tried to prove to her that her husband had sinned toward her only in the excess of his kindness; that she could not seriously reproach him for not having abandoned his work, his career, and his future, to take part in all the pleasures of his wife; that she would have been the first to blame him, and even to suffer in her pride for his doing so; that in justice it would be more natural for her to be sorry for her want of affection, since he had made many sacrifices for her and she had made none for him; that perhaps—that certainly, even—in the secret recesses of his heart Monsieur d'Eblis had reproached himself for all that she had reproached him with; that it depended entirely upon herself to melt the ice that had formed between them; and that I had reason to believe the smallest effort on her part to get nearer to her husband again would be received by him with unbounded gratitude; that, finally, I had promised myself to try and put an end to the unfortunate misunderstanding between them, and if she would but aid me a little, the new year, which she was soon to begin, would see happiness again settling at her fireside at the same time that she settled down there herself. I ended by saying that her husband had begged her before his departure to write to him almost every day, and I entreated her to respond to this request with less levity than she had at first shown, as it certainly was not a mark of indifference.

Somewhat reassured after having sent the letter, I was still more so upon receiving a few days after from Cécile a rather short note, in which she seemed to show considerable calmness and wisdom. She thanked me very affectionately, and said that I was right and that she had spoiled her own happiness; but she had decided to repair every wrong. She awaited the return of her husband with impatience to commence an immediate reform; but nevertheless she added she awaited him with trembling, because her attachment for him had always been mingled with a little fear.

This language, though in singular contrast with the tone of her preceding letter, seemed to me to be natural and true, and knowing that Monsieur d'Eblis was to return to Paris the following week I felt freed from all the painful apprehensions I had brought with me to Louvercy.

On the evening of the 17th of December, Madame de Louvercy, my daughter, and I were just finishing dinner, when we thought we heard the sound of bells and the cracking of a whip in the avenue. We all three listened with surprise, for we were living very retired. With the exception of the curé and the doctor who came during the day we received no one, and we were still farther from expecting the visit of a stranger, because the weather was extremely cold. It was freezing very fast; snow, which had been falling since the day before, covered our woods, and seemed to separate us from the rest of the world. One becomes very inquisitive in the country. My daughter ran to the window.

"It is a carriage," cried she. "I see the lights which keep coming and coming."

I arose also, passed my handkerchief over the glass to remove the frost from it, and perceived in fact the dark form of a carriage which stood out from the background of snow, and came on slowly toward the château along the side of the frozen pond. Apart from the feeble tinkling of the bells no noise was heard, the wheels sliding rather than rolling over the thick white carpet which covered the ground.

My mother-in-law and I were looking inquiringly at each other, when the door suddenly opened, and we could not suppress a cry of surprise on seeing Cécile enter. She came towards us in her blunt and rapid way, kissed her aunt and then me, laughing in a nervous manner.

"I wished to surprise you," said she. "My husband wrote me that he could not return for eight days, and I took a notion to pass the eight days with you, and here I am—only I came near remaining on the road in the snow-storm. We were more than three hours in coming from the station. I am chilled. I shiver all over with the cold."

In fact, she was shivering in all her members. I was struck at the same time by her paleness, and the changed look which her features bore, but I attributed this to the cold and the discomfort which came with it.

While her aunt gently scolded her for her folly, and at the same time thanked her for her kindness in coming, I made her sit down before the fire, and then gave orders to have dinner brought for her. But she would eat nothing. She said she had dined at Mantes. Then she began

late with a feverish volubility the incidents of her trip, the trouble she had had to find a carriage at the station, the fright of her maid in the midst of the woods covered with snow. She stopped at times, and remained with her eyes fixed on something before her. Then she hastily took up her recital again, and with it her childlike laugh. About nine o'clock Madame de Louvercy, who was still suffering a little, begged to be excused, and went up to her room.

"You will do well," said I to Cécile, "to go and rest also. You look very tired. We will talk to-morrow at our ease."

"No, no," said she; "I am rested. Let's go to your room. We can talk there better than in the *salon*."

My room was the same which I had occupied six years before, during my first visit to Louvercy, in the tower of the château. I preferred it to any other because of the recollections which it brought me. Besides it joined the one my grandmother had used, into which I had put my daughter. Cécile and I went to it, preceded by Madame Hémery, the housekeeper, who carried a candle. She stirred up the fire and left us. Hardly had she disappeared before Cécile threw her hat upon the bed, and went quickly to shut the double door, which had been left half open; then returning to me with an unnatural step, she fixed her eyes on mine with a frightfully wandering expression, placed her two hands on my shoulders, and speaking in a low, dull tone, which I shall never forget, she said:

"Charlotte, I am ruined."

A deathlike chill passed through my veins.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said I, in a whisper, "what do you mean?"

"It is the truth," replied she, in the same tone, "I am ruined."

For some moments I was entirely overcome, without being able to move or to speak; then questioning her with a look:

"The Prince?" said I.

She moved her head sadly in sign of affirmation.

"You are his mistress?" asked I, lower still.

"I have been his mistress.... yes.... yesterday.... on leaving the ball.... how? why?... I do not know!.... I gave myself.... for no reason.... without any passion.... without any desire.... without any excuse.... like any miserable woman of the town."

I saw her totter, and sustained her and aided her to get to a sofa, on which she sank down. I fell on my knees before her, and with my head in my hands I burst into tears. At the end of a moment I felt her hand passing gently over my hair.

"Good Charlotte," murmured she, "do you weep for me? Ah, I had been virtuous up to that time, I assure you. And to think that I never more can be so.... never.... that I have that mark on my brow.... that shame in my heart, for the rest of my life! Can it be true? Is it possible? Great God, what an awakening! Ah, if they knew.... if they only knew!"

"Oh, my poor child!" said I, kissing her hands. She withdrew them.

"No, no," said she, "I beseech you! I am no longer worthy of that. I have become horrible to myself. Ah, my God, have pity on me! Make me crazy, I beseech you!" and she convulsively joined her suppliant hands.

"And now," cried she, raising herself suddenly, "what am I to do? For I lied just now when I told you that my husband was not to return for eight days. He comes to-morrow. To-morrow! Do you hear? That is why I ran away—that is why I came to throw myself into your arms, to ask you what I must do. I can not see him again—I can not. He was so kind to me—so kind! And he is so honest, he is!"

"*Ma chérie*, you must see him again," said I through my tears.

"What, can you wish it? It is impossible—unless I tell him all. Yes, I want to tell him all, whatever may happen afterward. Let him kill me, or let him forgive me, I shall at least be delivered. Is it not so? I must confess. Do you advise me to?"

I said nothing.

"Then," said she, standing up, "there is nothing left me but to die."

I forced her gently to sit down again, and I sat beside her.

"Be calm. Let us be calm, my Cécile, I beseech you. Let me think—reflect. It is all so sudden—so confusing. Let us see. You ask me if you ought to confess your fault to your husband. *Mon dieu!* I hardly dare say no—for after all it is a good thing to do, and yet I scarcely think it is wise. In the first place, these are offenses which men rarely forgive, and besides he would revenge himself, your husband would. You would name no one, I know that well enough. But he would inform himself. It would be difficult to keep the truth from him, and you can foresee what would happen then. Finally, *ma chérie*, even in putting aside that danger, even supposing a pardon, I think that confessing your fault would be to hazard—yes, even to lose certainly—the little happiness that might still be hoped for between you."

"What happiness, *grand Dieu!* can I hope for, or give to him, with the secret of this crime between us?"

"As for the fault," replied I, "you alone would know of it, and alone would suffer from it. It seems to me that it would almost aggravate it to cause your husband to share in its grief and shame, and it is something of an expiation for you to keep all its bitterness to yourself."

"I could not," said she, in a whisper, shaking her head dejectedly.

Her beautiful hair, all undone, covered her shoulders and partly hid her forehead and her face. Her arms hung lifeless by her sides, and her eyes were looking into vacancy with a gaze fearful to behold. It was so heart-rending an image of absolute despair that anything seemed right which would raise her courage a little.

"*Ma chérie*," said I, pressing her to my heart, "you thought that you were not beloved—that is what has been the cause of your ruin. I do not wish to extenuate your fault, which has been great, but you are nevertheless not without excuse—at least, you thought so."

"Excuse!" exclaimed she, bitterly. "I had not the shadow of one."

"Remember, you wrote me not long ago that it was the indifference and neglect of your husband which drove you to this irregular and giddy life. Do you remember?"

"I was lying," said she, in a gloomy tone. "You knew it well. It was I who was discouraging my husband. It was I who was neglecting him. I preferred my stupid pleasures to

his affection, to happiness, and to honor. That is the truth. You yourself predicted where it would lead me. No, I have no excuse—not one."

"Well, notwithstanding all that has happened, we must not despair. Let us see. Shall I tell you what I would do if I were at the same time guilty and repentant as you are? Shall I tell you to what sentiment, to what hope, I should cling?"

"Tell me."

"Listen: I would pass the rest of my life trying to repair my fault by conduct entirely opposite to that which rendered me so guilty and so miserable. I would confine myself to my simple duties, as I would were I in a cloister. I would make myself beloved and blessed by the one whom in one weak moment I had had the misfortune to wrong. I would deny myself anything to please him, I would live only to consecrate and devote myself to him, and do for him finally what a nun does for her God. And then I assure you that a day would come in which I could feel almost consoled and pardoned."

Her eyes brightened, and she kissed me.

"I think you will save me," said she. "Yes, it seems to me as though that might be possible. Only I can no longer think—my head is no longer right. So, then, you really think I may look upon him again?"

"Certainly you may, and you ought to do so."

She regarded me with the look of a frightened child, adding: "And kiss him?"

I made a sign that she might.

"Then," replied she, "I must leave for Paris to-morrow, for he will be at home at four o'clock."

"Yes, you must do so, *ma chérie*. You must be there at the moment of his return. I will take you myself to the station for the nine o'clock train."

And so it was arranged. We were to imagine that a dispatch came from Monsieur d'Eblis to explain this sudden departure to Madame de Louvercy. I waited upon Cécile to her room. I helped her to undress, and I did not leave her until I had seen her in bed. Entirely exhausted by so great an excitement, she seemed at last more calm and about to go to sleep. I kissed her again, and went myself to seek a few moments of repose, but I did not find them.

A little after seven o'clock the next morning, when it was scarcely light, I arose and went to Cécile's apartment. I knocked at her chamber door, but no one answered. I went in. Two candles were almost burnt out on her mantelpiece. I went to the bed; it was empty. Very much surprised, I cast a rapid look around me. All her yesterday's toilet—her dress, her fur cloak, her hat—were here and there on the pieces of furniture where we had left them. In one corner of the chamber her trunk was opened, and the trays turned upside down. I had noticed in it the evening before, not without some surprise, a light ball dress of mauve colored silk, which Cécile told me that her maid Julia had put in the trunk by mistake. The dress was no longer there. It seemed as though I was almost losing my senses, and a vague feeling of terror crept over me. I was about to ring or call, when my eyes fell upon a letter placed so it would be seen on the marble mantelpiece between the two lighted candles. I seized it; it was addressed to me, and I recognized Cécile's handwriting. On opening it, this is what I read:

"My dearly beloved Charlotte, positively I can not bear to see him again. Notwithstanding my faults, I am yet too honest for that. I am about to die, *ma pauvre chérie*. Forgive me for the pain I am giving you. I think that God, after all, will receive me with kindness because He sees how much I suffer. I loved life so dearly, but there is no other way, you see. I had already thought of it last night as I came from the station to the château. All along the road, when I saw the deep snow over the country, I said to myself that I wished I was lying in it and asleep forever. That is the death which I have chosen. I have read, I don't know where, that one does not suffer much, and that after the first shock is passed one sleeps quietly. I hope it will be so with me. You know where to find me, *ma chérie*. You remember I told you once that I wished to be buried there? I don't believe that is possible, but I wish at least to die there. It was there that he told me that he loved me—there that he asked me to be his wife. Alas! yes, I was very willing—for I loved him dearly, and I was very proud of his love, which I have not known how to keep. Tell him all. I desire you, I beseech you, to do it. Tell him of my crime, of my infamy; but tell him also of my repentance, won't you? It was you he should have loved, it was you he should have chosen. I always thought so. You alone were worthy of him. How I wish he would see it now! It is my last wish. You are both free, and then, if you owe me your happiness at last, you might have more pity, you might both of you forgive more sincerely your poor little dead one."

"THY CECILE."

This letter has often been bathed with my tears, but it was not at that moment. I was beside myself; neither thought, nor voice, nor tears were left me. All at once the idea that each moment lost might prove irreparable brought me to my senses. I ran to my room. I called one of my servants, Jean, my husband's old soldier, who had remained in my service and in whom I had great confidence. I told him in a few words that I had to go into the park, and that I wished him to accompany me. He was evidently struck with the change in my voice and the expression of my features, but he did not say anything. I got ready and he was ready in an instant, and we left the château by the stable door so as not to attract attention.

I had, however, to confide to this man all that I dared tell about the frightful truth. I commenced, therefore, as we walked along this explanation which I had hastily prepared: Madame d'Eblis, I said, had retired the night before in a feverish condition, the consequence of the fatigue of the journey through the snow. In her agitation she told me, as though dreaming some very strange things—that her head was burning, that she wanted to go out, to go into the park, to sleep in the snow. Unfortunately I had not attached much importance to these feverish words, particularly on seeing her go soundly to sleep; but this morning when I went to see how she was, I had not found her in her room, and I had satisfied myself she was not in the château. Other indications also led me to fear that her fever had increased during the night, and that in a delirious condition she had

tried to realize her unfortunate reveries; that at first we would look for her traces near that retired portion of the park called the Hermitage. I supposed in her wanderings she could not help going in that direction, because the Hermitage had always been a favorite spot in her walks. Finally, that I had notified no one but myself, because I wished to spare Madame de Louvercy any share in my anxieties while there remained to me the least glimmer of hope.

Jean, after his first exclamation of surprise, had an idea which had not occurred to me. He retraced his steps quickly as far as the lodge, and sent the *concierge* to look up the family physician. Then we recommenced our walk which the depth of the snow rendered very difficult and very slow (which I was not sorry for). Several roads leading from the château to the Hermitage crossing each other, we took the shortest. On it the snow presented an even and undisturbed surface; no one had passed over it. A little hope entered my heart; but on the turn of the first avenue, Jean who was ahead of me stopped suddenly, uttering a cry. I ran forward, and saw with feelings of inexpressible anguish the tracks of two little feet, of two narrow, well-made shoes, which alone disturbed the surface of the pure white field. We looked sorrowfully at each other.

"Come, let us go on quickly," said I, in a low tone, and we hastened our steps still more. Following for a long time, alas! these tracks, in the midst of the frightful silence of the woods, under the gray sky, hanging so low and looking so gloomy on that sad winter morning, they led us almost out of the park; then they turned suddenly and were lost in the path which traverses the coppice, and which ends a few steps from the Hermitage.

"Madame is right," said Jean, in a whisper; "she is there."

He saw that I stopped and was tottering. He begged me to lean on his arm; but I could not do that, the path was too narrow for us two. I passed before him and went forward. Yes, in fact, she was there!

I have described elsewhere in these pages this glade of the Hermitage, its exceptional and poetic solitude, its groups of very old trees placed here and there apart from each other, its little arched fountain, its air of profound retirement. She was there! At the egress of the path my first look discovered her, and yet one could scarcely perceive her. She was lying there in her pale colored dress and laces, the head a little raised and leaning against one of the large beech trees which shaded the fountain. A little snow had fallen during the night, which had covered her with a kind of gauze. I remember, also, that from time to time light flakes became detached from the branches over her head, and floated gently down upon her.

I threw myself down beside her. "Cécile! Cécile!" cried I. I knelt, I took and pressed her cold hand, colder even than the snow. Nothing.... the heart no longer beat.... her color had become bluish.... she was dead!

Ah, poor, dear child! It was then that my tears came back again.

And yet I could not believe it. In spite of the sad attestations of my companion, I hoped still. Remembering that the distance was short from the park limits to the huts of the charcoal burners, I told Jean to try to carry her to them. We might be able to warm her there and cause her to revive. The brave man, who wept like a child, took her up rigid as she was in his arms, and we directed our steps, I following him, to the huts. What a walk! What a scene! The desolate look of the country about us—the beautiful dead body in its ball dress, assumed, I always thought, from a strange, coquetish feeling, and a desire to have her death in harmony with her life, and also, without doubt, that her last look might remain with us more touching, more graceful, and more worthy of our pity.

While the inhabitants of the hut came round about her to assist me, I begged Jean to run to the château and bring the doctor, who ought to have arrived. But of what use is it to give these heart-rending details? The doctor came only to confirm the awful truth. Two hours later they bore her to the château.

I repeated to my mother-in-law the explanation which I had given to Jean, removing all idea of voluntary suicide. Cécile had had an attack of fever and delirium, she had gone out unconsciously in the middle of the night, the cold had seized upon her and killed her. The feverish condition in which they had seen her the night before lent to this explanation a great appearance of truth.

At noon a dispatch was sent to Monsieur d'Eblis, asking him to come immediately, as his wife was seriously ill. He arrived the same evening. Madame de Louvercy and I received him. As soon as he saw us he understood that all was over, and wished to be left alone with the body of poor Cécile. For a long while we could hear him sobbing bitterly by its side.

The day after, Cécile reposed forever in the little cemetery of Louvercy, not far from the grave she once entered alive.

Monsieur d'Eblis remained with us during the week. We saw but little of him. He was most of the time either shut up in his room or making long, solitary excursions in the park. He was much absorbed, very gloomy, and very silent. He never questioned me. He seemed to receive without any hesitation and without suspicion the account I gave him in explanation of the death of his wife, which I repeated to him with such details as were necessary to make it appear more probable.

One month later, some days after my return to Paris, about the middle of January, he came to see me. After a few words of little importance, and somewhat incoherent, he arose, approached me, and, placing a finger on my hand, said: "Come, Madame, why did she kill herself?"

This took me by surprise, and yet I was able to answer him without difficulty: "What! Cécile did not kill herself."

"You are hiding it from me," said he; "you are hiding it from all the world; but I am sure that she did kill herself."

"You must be better informed than I am, then," said I; "and that is impossible, as I was there and you were not."

"Pardon me," said he, "but I know that all the details you have given me as to the circumstances preceding this accident are imaginary. For instance, you have singularly exaggerated the condition in which you left Cécile the evening before. Julie, her maid, went into her room just after you went out of it, and she found her sad, preoccupied, but very calm. She went in a second time, a little after midnight, be-

cause she heard some noise there. Cécile had arisen, and had put on her dressing gown. She told the girl that she was well, but, not being able to sleep, she was going to write to kill time until she felt sleepy. She appeared to have been weeping, and was very pale, but completely mistress of her senses, of her will, of her words. There was no appearance of that delirium which could have driven her, according to your account, to an act of folly. So you have deceived me. Oh, you have done it for some excellent reason, I am sure; but at any rate she has killed herself. Why? Can you tell me?"

"Once more," replied I, with as much firmness as I could command, "I know nothing of the kind."

"So you will not—you can not—tell me, the cause of her suicide?"

"If there has been a suicide, I am ignorant of the cause."

"You are not in the habit of prevaricating, my poor woman."

Very well. Again pardon me. I will not urge you any more. I know enough as it is. She killed herself on the eve of my return, before having seen me again, so as not to see me again. If this is so, she did well."

How shall I describe what was passing in my mind, in my heart, in my conscience, during this terrible inquest? It never entered my mind to make so bad a use of the last feverish words of Cécile as to betray her secret with them; but when her husband, in spite of me, in spite of all the efforts I had made to hide it, had divined that secret, what course of conduct should I pursue? I could not absolutely decide to denounce and disgrace the friend who had confided in me; and, besides, I said to myself that I ought by all possible means to spare Monsieur d'Eblis the resentment, the bitterness, the degradation of one of those outrages so insupportable to a man of honor. I preferred to pierce his heart with a wound which was clean at least, rather than humiliate it—fill it, perhaps, with more grief, but at any rate with no shame. And, finally, if I allowed him to believe in Cécile's guilt, he could not help looking for her accomplice immediately and engaging him in a deadly quarrel.

"Well, sir," said I, resolutely, "since you wish it—yes, she did kill herself. Why? I think I do know why, and you shall know also."

I opened the little bureau in my boudoir, and took from it the letter which Cécile had sent me from Paris after our quarrel, and a very few days before the fatal event. In this letter, which I have transcribed in full a few pages before this, she tried, you will remember, to excuse her wrong doings on account of those of her husband. She complained in the strongest terms of not being beloved by him, and with an appearance of great sincerity, which, however, was so only in appearance, as she acknowledged to me afterward. She said she was very unfortunate, tired of her life and its dissipation, and ended by this cruelly equivocal phrase: "There are moments when my heart fails me, when my head loses itself entirely, when I feel almost on the point of doing something desperate, of committing a last and irreparable folly."

I held out the letter to Monsieur d'Eblis. He looked at the date and then read it; and while he read, the contraction of his features was such that I almost regretted what I had done. When he reached the end, his arms dropped by his sides, and, raising his eyes (which were sunken and troubled) to mine:

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmured he, "is it possible?"

I wiped my wet cheeks without replying. He read again that unfortunate letter. Not wishing to have any doubts enter his mind, I finished convincing him by saying that Cécile had passed the evening which preceded the catastrophe in reiterating that she had come to the end of her strength, that she had run away from Paris the evening before his return, as she was not able to bear the thought of beginning life again near him, and under the weight of his disapprobation and contempt. I added that I made use of every argument and all my tenderness in order to quiet her, and too easily I thought I had succeeded, seeing that after all the misfortune had come upon us.

"Then," cried he, his voice choking him, "it is I who killed her!"

He sank into a chair, and remained for a long time with his head in his hands, the tears trickling down between them. I suffered terribly on seeing him in this condition, but knowing only the choice between two evils, I felt persuaded that I had spared him the more bitter of the two. It was already night and quite late. Monsieur d'Eblis, somewhat recovered from his first emotions, arose, thanked me in a soft, affectionate tone of voice for having told him the truth, hard as it was for him to bear, and left me.

It is two months to-day since this scene took place between us. During the following night—yes, during all the days and nights since then—I have asked myself if it might not be followed by consequences which I had not foreseen, and still less wished I acknowledge. I will explain myself here with the utmost sincerity. The first impression made upon me by the death of Cécile had been clear of any afterthought. It was a blow which confounded me, which plunged me into the very depths of despair; and I may not be believed when I say that after time had commenced its tranquilizing work the thought never entered my mind that a union with Monsieur d'Eblis had become possible. Cécile's last note, her final farewell, ought to have been sufficient to remind me of it. We were both free, and both innocent of the sad events which made us free. I did not feel in my conscience, nor could I conceive that there was in his, any obstacle which could hereafter be raised between us to separate two hearts bound together for so long a time by the sincerest affection.

However, from the day in which for the purpose of removing Monsieur d'Eblis suspicions I had given him Cécile's letter, and on which he thought himself guilty of her suicide, I asked myself if I had not put into the conscience of that honest man scruples of which I might become the victim. Would not his generous and sensitive soul think, after my piously false revelation, that an expiation, a reparation was due to her who was no more? I can not, however, desire that, and yet unfortunately many things tend to make me believe that it is possible: Monsieur d'Eblis' extreme reserve of manner toward me, the rarity of his visits, his continued and increasing dejection. This is the sad and formidable trial which I am undergoing, or which threatens me. It is at this crisis that I had the idea, that I indeed felt the necessity, of recalling frankly and without reservation all the events of my life from the day of my marriage. I then

again took up my diary. I have told it all, confided everything to it, so as to be able afterward to seek in it an inspiration for my future conduct. Well, in all truth, I can find nothing there, neither an act, nor a sentiment, nor a thought, which might restrict the liberty which God has rendered me—nothing which can prevent my accepting the happiness which I dreamt of formerly, which for so long a time has been refused, and which at last seems permitted me.

But he? Ah! I hope still that his manner, his silence, may be explained by the excessive grief which I felt it my duty to afflict him with, by his mourning still so recent, by the propriety which commands it. Yes, I hope so; but if, after all, I am deceiving myself! If the falsehood that I risked to save Cécile's honor, and to protect his, should rise up between us and alone separate us! Then what is to be done? I dare not think of it.

Eight days later, March 20, 1878.—Nothing is wanting which could add to the severity of my trial. It is complete, relentless.

Monsieur d'Eblis came in this evening just after I had put my child to bed. He wished to see me alone, and I received him in my boudoir. Hardly was he seated when he said:

"Madame, I am about to take leave of you. I am going away."

"Going away!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I have obtained the position of Second Military Attaché to Russia. I go to-morrow evening, and I beg permission to come to-morrow morning and take leave of my little ward, whom I do not wish to awaken this evening."

For some moments I was unable to utter an intelligible word. He continued, in a low tone. "Heretofore we have understood each other so well, that we will understand each other now, I am sure. When you revealed to me the true cause of Cécile's suicide, I understood immediately, knowing you so well, what duty you imposed upon me. I understood that you commanded me to love and respect in death her whom I had so misunderstood while living. That is what you wish, is it not? I obey you. But for it to have any weight, I must leave this place and go away from you."

I did not answer. He arose and said:

"Adieu, then! I have loved you very much. I may say that I have loved you more than honor even, for you will think meanly of me to hear that when it seemed as though I had discovered that Cécile had injured me, and had killed herself to end her remorse, frightful as was the thought, my miserable heart admitted it even with a secret joy, because it separated me from her and gave me back to you again."

While he uttered these words, the unhappy man looked at me inquiringly, with an expression in which doubt and anguish seemed to mingle. I remained silent. He pressed my hand and left me.

And now let me see. Can I let him go away? Is it possible? Had I ought to? Can I? O my God! tell me. I have loved him so dearly! Ah, my God! I do love him so very much! And now shall I let him exile himself, and go to his death perhaps, when with one single word I can keep him forever by my side? He will believe me if I tell him the truth; besides, I have Cécile's last letter—the confession of her fault, written with her own hand. She herself has given me permission—she has even recommended me to give it to her husband.

Ah! it is but just after all, and we two have sacrificed ourselves for so long a time! Happiness awaits us. Nothing separates us from it but an excessive, an unhealthy, a truly foolish scruple. No, I will not let him go! I am decided as to that.

I was up all night thinking it over. All night I saw again the dear little friend of my childhood on her bed of snow, and I have sworn to do for her that which I should have wished her to do for me—protect her good name to the very end, and, even at the expense of my own happiness, even at the expense of my life, defend her honor at all hazards, and leave my poor little dead one pure and white in the memory of all. Sleep in peace, *ma chérie!* Only God and I know your fault!

I have just burned her mournful note, the only proof, and have written to Monsieur d'Eblis begging him to spare me his last farewell. I shall never see him again. I am alone, alone forever. But you remain to me, my daughter. I write these last lines by the side of your cradle. I hope some day, my child, to place these pages among your wedding presents. They will, may be, make you love your poor, romantic mother. You will learn, perhaps, that passion and romance are rendered good for us sometimes with God's assistance—that they elevate our hearts and teach us the higher duties, the greater sacrifices, and the purer joys of life. I weep, it is true, while telling you so; but, believe me, there are tears which even angels might covet.

An Oakland cat was in the cellar of its home, and seeing a crab went up to examine it. A moment later the cat was helping the crab up stairs at a rate of a mile a minute. To a crab such a rate of speed must have been a luxury.

"I never knew a fashionable woman who did not think more of a fool than of an upright, sensible man," says Talmage. And everybody knows he is a favorite with the ladies.

Two lovers in New Orleans were struck with yellow fever at the same time. They both recovered and were married, after which they both relapsed and died.

An able man shows his spirit by gentleness and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.—*Chesterfield.*

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character. The ideal saint of the young moralist is cut from sappy timber.

True prosperity builds up the soul rather than pocket-books.

The vigorous idea keeps warm though wrapped in few words.

Faith that asks no questions kills the soul and stifles the intellect.

A MYTH OF MAIDENHOOD.

There was a maiden in a moonlight tower,
Silent, and all about was still;
The wind went creeping down the hill,
While she was watching, hour by hour,
A little budding flower.

Of Gothic windows, carved, mossed, and quaint,
In the gray wall were only three;
Under one slept the pale and wave-haired sea,
Hushed to a low, bewildering plaint,
Sad as a lover faint.

The second to the still, eternal snow
Of far-off mountain ranges turned;
On the dark fir and drooping cedars burned
The full moon, with its motion slow
And soft, enraptured glow.

The third looked on wild violets in a vale,
Hiding their lips beneath the grass,
While the light with searching ripples pass,
And the stars faintly flush and pale
The olive's smoky mail.

Low crept the winds, with wondrous love and power,
Through the still dusk and vibrant air,
The sweetness of the moving earth to bear,
As she sat, watching, hour by hour,
That slow unfolding flower.

She saw the sea's vague lapse and misty bar
Where the sky bent its shadowy wings;
She saw the pines, as immemorial kings,
Loom on their throne-lands cool and far
Against the evening star.

Each hidden purple violet breathed to her
Its worship without word or shape;
So stood of old, on his Egyptian cape,
With golden sandal-wood and precious myrrh,
Some Isis worshiper.

Nor useless any trembling song went by
From blossoms filled with drowsy bees,
Or midnight voices of wind-harried seas,
Which burden, as a human cry,
Wide earth and wider sky.

Old books she had wherein with deathless love
All hero deeds shine forth as stars;
From dying nations, fratricidal wars,
Her spirit, as the olive-seeking dove,
Over waste fields did move.

And she was carving, every happy night,
A statue tall and wise and fair,
Timing her tasks to moonlit beats of air,
And throbbing stars, and restless might
Of the wave's rare delight.

And often thus a universal moan
Shook still at that sleepless tower,
Moving her chisel with mysterious power,
Where she had shined herself alone
With that awakening stone.

Then swung her cresset lamp in circles slow,
The while, with close and eager thought,
Her purest dream, her white ideal, was wrought—
The sun-god, on his bended bow,
Had no diviner glow.

For this she garnered every transient gleam
From the revealing heart of earth;
So ever, fed by love, and hope, and mirth,
Pure, simple, passionless, supreme,
Rose that fair maiden's dream.

NILES, November, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

"Love's Young Dream."

They sat together 'neath the shady bowers,
The rustling leaves alone the silence broke,
They whiled away the summer's golden hours—
They knew not how, for neither spoke.

The gentle zephyrs stole so softly through
The fragrant flowers to kiss her blushing cheek;
The rapturous moments all too quickly flew,
They live in bliss, but neither cared to speak.

She on his manly bosom rests her head,
He toying with her golden tresses as they fall;
Love speaks, though not a single word is said—
The kiss and rapt embraces tell it all.

No whispered word of fondest love
Floats on the summer breeze. No voice is heard
The rustling leaves and babbling brook above
But humming bee and happy mated bird.

What to them is all mankind beside?
What to them the pains of worldly care?
The joys in store when she shall be his bride
Fills up brimful the blissful measure there.

The lovely spot to both was sacred made,
And cherished ever for each other's sake,
Where long they lingered 'neath the fragrant shade
And dreamed of love, but neither spake.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 20, 1878.

PHILMORE.

At the Gate.

We said good-bye: your little hand
A moment lay in mine alone.
That moment spanned a far-off land
Where gracious skies were always blue,
Where trusting hearts were always true,
And melody had perfect tone.

We said good-bye: your lips and mine
Met once and parted—only once.
It was not chance nor yet design—
Somehow it happened—and 'tis sweet
To think again our lips may meet,
And I—shall not be such a dunce.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 20, 1878.

Our actions are like the terminations of verses, which we rhyme as we please.—*Rochevoucauld.*

Last words of a lady who was hugged to death: "Do not weep for me. I die happy."



A Chat about Folk at the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11, 1878.

Californians have always taken so prominent a part in the social as well as political life of the nation's capital, that I think a few paragraphs about those best known here may be of interest to the ARGONAUT's readers, and especially to those who, although no longer with us, are most kindly remembered in our city. Not a few here would join me in wishing that ex-Senator Stewart's wife and his daughter were not so perfectly content in San Francisco that they find no time to spend in Washington, where their many lovable qualities were always highly appreciated. Mrs. Hooker was an especial favorite of mine, and I have rarely seen a young girl who so admirably combined domestic traits with the accomplishments and personal attractions which made her so popular in every ball room in which she appeared.

Our city residents, although our population is of a nature that each winter witnesses a marked change of character in our social drama, have the excellent characteristic of rarely forgetting old friends; and although a score of years has passed since Dr. Gwin's family were the acknowledged social leaders here, their names are still mentioned frequently, and their entertainments, especially Mrs. Gwin's fancy ball, are yet rated among the most illustrious social events our gay capital city has ever known.

The return of Associate-Justice Field, of the Supreme Court, gave a full bench to the highest judicial body in the land, and now his handsome wife, who has been shopping in New York, has come to reside over their beautiful home on Capitol Hill, fronting on the picturesque eastern half of the Capitol grounds, and commanding a view not only of the entire eastern front of the building, but overlooking a large portion of the city. California may fairly claim to have as a representative among the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court, the youngest and prettiest.

Postmaster-General Key and family, on their return hither, could not speak too warmly in praise of what they enjoyed on the Pacific Slope, and the hospitality shown them in your generous land. Mrs. Key and her elder daughter have now gone to Tennessee to visit the younger children, who are at Mr. Key's residence near Chattanooga. The elder daughter, who was with her parents and sister in California, will make her *début* in society here this winter. She has been highly educated, and is a modest, sensible girl.

Mrs. Manier, of San Francisco, has been spending a few weeks here, and will probably remain some time longer. Mr. Manier is now visiting New York, and their daughter has gone to a Wesleyan Institute in Tennessee.

Senator Sharon's return is anticipated with pleasure, and it is hoped that the rumor that his daughter will accompany him is true.

The news telegraphed that Senator Jones was secure of reelection was most acceptable here where he and his winning young wife are generally esteemed. They had a charming coterie in their home on Capitol Hill last winter, when his sister and niece, and two of Mrs. Jones' agreeable young friends from Cincinnati, aided the hostess in making their Monday evening receptions delightful.

The marriage of Miss Brown, of this city, a younger sister of Mrs. Morton, of San Francisco, is soon to take place at her parents' residence, just beyond the city limits, at Mount Pleasant. Every year a member of that family marries.

Clara Morris once gave me an enthusiastic account of her triumphs in your city, and I thought her ambition had received a greater stimulus there than any where else. The enthusiasm of her San Francisco audiences inspired her. I have felt decidedly for her physical sufferings, which I have witnessed too often not to know are at times excruciating. When she was here a year ago I was with her behind the scenes, when her pain was so great that she was forced to have a physician in attendance to administer morphine hyperdermically between the acts of *Miss Mutton*. Knowing that even her iron will must ultimately give way under the strain of physical anguish and nervous excitement, I said to her one day during the engagement she played here, in October, 1877: "Why do you not take a year of rest?" She answered: "I have a reason for continuing to act in spite of my health, but what it is I will not tell even my best friends until the time comes. If it is told after I am dead, people will say: 'What a good woman she was;' but if known while I am alive, they will say: 'What a fool she was.' There is just that difference which death makes in the estimate of one's motives."

On Thursday of this week a grand-daughter of Edward Everett, Miss Charlotte Everett Wise, is to marry Colonel Archibald Hopkins, chief clerk of the United States Court of Claims. The late Lieutenant Wise, the father of the bride-elect, was the author of *Los Gringos*.

Colonel Harry Thornton, of San Francisco, who has been here attending to business in which two of your greatest mining corporations are involved, has gone to New York to spend a week, but will, on his return, make an argument before the Secretary of the Interior. His niece, the wife of Lieutenant Commander Watson, went to Frankfort, Kentucky, to visit her husband's relatives, when he set sail on his vessel—the *Wyoming*—for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

MISS GRUNDY.

Now that, in defiance of the Monroe doctrine, royalty, in the person of the Princess Louise, has obtained a foothold on this continent, and the court will be established in Canada's capital, there will naturally occur amongst society people a certain nervousness as to the matter of court etiquette. For that anybody who is anybody will consent to remain un-"presented" is not for a moment to be supposed. We shall all go to see the new Governor-General (who is also a Marquis) and the new Governess-General (who has the advantage of being a Princess), and we must needs know how to behave ourselves when in their august presence. It will not do to go in the wrong kind of clothes at the right time of day, nor in the right kind at the wrong time. We must know how to shake hands with the Marquis, and whether to shake hands with the Princess; where to set our rubber over-shoes and hang our hats. Those of us who are women must know how nearly to let their dresses come off—whether they are to slip down to the waist and drag a proportionate length on the floor, or fall to the ankles and be all train. Then there are various rites and ceremonies of introduction, a code of bows, a complicated system of smiles, to be mastered. What kind of visiting cards are we to use in calling on a Princess, and are we to double down all four corners? These are matters of serious importance, worthy of attentive consideration prefaced with prayer. In this emergency, as in all others, the people look to the press for guidance, and they shall not supplicate in vain. The ARGONAUT does not propose to help them out any (we are profoundly accomplished in all these matters—were brought up in a court, though some called it an alley), but space is valuable and we beg to merely direct inquiring minds to the New York *Herald* for particulars. That enterprising journal has secured from the Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty the Queen of England a compendium of the rules and regulations which govern conduct in cases of "presentation at court." By careful study of this authentic manual almost any one may hope to acquire such a deportment as will insure him the cordial welcome of not being kicked out; the rules are adapted to the capacity of even the least intelligent curbstone broker or his female—our millionaire operators of the Big Board can master them at a glance. It is very gratifying that Lord Beaconsfield's partiality to royalty and its belongings has enabled free-born American citizens, by merely crossing the Canadian border, to enjoy all the advantages of European travel.

Une aventure assez plaisante eut lieu, dernièrement, à San Francisco, dans un des hôtels le plus à la mode, je dirai même, l'hôtel le plus grandiose de la ville. Le jeune homme était beau et distingué, à la tournure élégante et cavalière. Elle, au contraire, était d'un âge douteux; elle avait déjà passé le méridien de la vie, et était, ce qu'on nomme vulgairement "sur le retour." Cinquante hivers au moins avaient blanchi sa tête, et elle portait fièrement et noblement le poids d'un demi-siècle de vertu. Jamais de sa vie, elle n'avait eu une "liaison amoureuse." Bref, c'était un modèle parfait, et l'on pouvait admirer en elle l'image vivante de la pudeur. Les femmes d'une beauté contestable qui ont passé un certain âge, atteignent trop vite et, à regret bien souvent, ce degré de perfection. Notre vénérable dame s'était retirée paisiblement dans sa chambre où n'avaient jamais pu pénétrer les traits de Cupidon, et après avoir pudiquement ramené sur sa couche les draperies protectrices de sa vertu, elle se laissait aller aux douceurs du sommeil. Notre galant jeune homme s'était, lui aussi, retiré de bonne heure, laissant selon la coutume de l'hôtel, ses bottes à la porte de sa chambre. C'est alors que la catastrophe arriva. Un méchant farceur porta les cothurnes de notre nouveau Paris devant la porte de notre antique Hélène, et là, pendant toute la soirée, ces bottes accusatrices se dressaient et semblaient profaner la pureté bien connue de l'endroit. Le garçon d'hôtel les nettoya, et elles persistèrent avec une effronterie éclatante à rester devant le seuil où dormaient paisiblement la vertu et la bonté. Le lendemain, c'était la fable de tout l'hôtel; la plaisanterie circula d'étage en étage, et sur tous les visages, on pouvait remarquer un petit sourire moqueur. Quand la trop confiante dame, après avoir achevé sa toilette matinale, se préparait à descendre à son déjeuner, elle aperçut les bottes. Jugez de son étonnement et de sa colère! Elle comprit immédiatement la noirceur de la plaisanterie; la rougeur de l'indignation et de la vertu outragée empourpra son visage. Elle alla droit au jeune homme et lui dit, les larmes aux yeux: "Je n'aime pas une pareille plaisanterie, c'est mal, indigne d'un gentilhomme, c'est cruel et peu généreux." "Mademoiselle," répondit timidement le jeune homme, "je compatis à votre infortune, vous êtes fâchée, et certes, vous en avez le droit, je comprends votre juste indignation, mais grand Dieu! imaginez-vous quelle doit être la mienne!"

If *matinées* were abolished in San Francisco a large number of cultivated and agreeable women of good social position would never, or seldom, see a play. Every observant person who has lived long in San Francisco, and had his attention called to the matter, must have noticed—and we hope deplored—the growing indisposition on the part of our young men to take ladies to the theatre. They like well enough to go themselves, the good young men, but they find "women a nuisance, you know." Many of them, if ever seen at the theatres in company with ladies, are obviously doing duty in the capacity of son, brother, or city cousin; they look bored, and they go out between the acts. Of course as there is a reason for everything there is a reason for this. Our young man is of a peculiar kind of young man; he differs in many particulars from the Eastern variety of his species. The one particular which concerns the matter of this our present complaint is that he has less affection for "the girls." Whether this is owing to the enervating climate, or whether the greater variety and picturesqueness of the vices in San Francisco, as compared with other cities, bewilder him and weaken his affection by dispersing it amongst many alluring wickednesses, of which Youngwomankind is only one, we need not here inquire. As we do not intend to prescribe a remedy we are not concerned to ascertain the seat of the disease. It is sufficient to know that our young unmarried men do not adequately admire our young unmarried women; no young unmarried men could—it takes us experienced oldsters to manage a just and sufficient recognition of these divine creatures' merits. Not caring for the ladies, the young men steadfastly decline to ruin themselves in theatre-tickets and carriage hire for their advantage; for it must be remembered that a pocket already

nearly depleted by billiards, wines, cigars, club-debts, and such-like necessities, is prone to economize in luxuries. And so it happens that to our young women the *matinée* is a blessing—they can attend it without an escort and snap their slender fingers at the thrifty young males who stare at them for nothing as they emerge. We have intimated that we would not suggest a remedy for this unpleasant state of things, so we won't; but it may be that if our young women would make the act of taking them to the theatre less costly to the poor fellows who have so many other expenses to meet, it would be unnecessary to import better and fresher young men from the East.

Bonbons.—French and Otherwise.

The surgeon-in-chief sent for one of his junior assistants, who, hastening to his superior's presence, found him just sitting down to a superb roast fowl and a delicious pâté.

"Ah, Smith," cries the chief, "have you breakfasted yet?"

"No, doctor," replies the assistant, radiantly.

"Then go and get your breakfast and come back; you will have lots of time."

M. de Carneran, presiding magistrate of the Parliament of Trevaux, was an honest and capable man, but of so lively a temper that he could not brook the slightest contradiction. Once upon a time he had to lecture before a village audience on—"of all things—"Moderation." He began:

"Gentlemen, moderation—shut the door, there's too much draught!—Gentlemen, moderation is one—will you be so good as to shut that door?—Gentlemen, moderation is one of the greatest virtues—hi, there; ——— it all to ———, are you going to shut that ——— door; ——— you?"

X. is reading his new play to the actors who are to present it, and fears that they may not see as clearly as he does the fine points and systematic developments of his characters.

"I read very indifferently," he says, apologetically, "and I fear that, perhaps, I do not set before you my creations in all their breadth, proportion, light, and shade."

"Oh, no," cries the star, with warmth, "I have fully entered into, and become permeated with, the spirit of my rôle. Why," she continues, enthusiastically, "I can already see my costume for the first act before me."

"Well, I will take it, though it is rather dear; pay you half cash, and owe you the rest. That do?"

"It will."

To the course of time the creditor, thinking the bill has run about long enough, calls upon the purchaser.

"Me dear boy," says the purchaser, "you ain't living up to your contract. If I were to pay you the rest I wouldn't owe it to you, and the understanding was that I should owe it to you."

A policeman captures a pickpocket with his hand in a gentleman's pocket.

"*Je vous ai mort aux droits!*" he cries—"I have got you dead to rights."

"I wasn't going to take this gentleman's pocket-book, s'help me."

"But you had it in your hand."

"I was at putting it back. I was only practising so as to keep my hand in for the Exposition, when I shall be too patriotic to employ my skill upon anybody except foreigners. *Vive la France!*"

He had arrived much later than he was due at his friend's suburban residence, and so set himself about making apologies.

"You see, it wasn't my fault. As there was no traveler to go by it, the train did not start. Besides, I had missed it. But for that there would have been a passenger and it would have started."

A Provençal and Norman were discussing the relative merits of oil and butter. Each had exhausted all the arguments that could be adduced for his side, when the Provençal cried triumphantly:

"Let's see you anoint a king with butter!"

A *beau sabreur* who was perhaps waiting for his inheritance addressed a little rustic who was hoo-hooing on a heap of stones. "What is the matter, my lad?" quoth the kindly dragoon. "Ou-ou-ou!" wept the child. "Feyther be dead." "Poor little cove," sympathized the kindly giant; "here is a shilling for you; and if only your father had been mine I would have given you half a crown!"

Elegy in an Irish country churchyard. Sorrowing "widow-man" has just erected the invariable draped urn in memory of the late *placens uxore*; to him critical old lady, having duly inspected the same: "An iligant monyement, so it is, sor; as nate a patterned water jug as iver I see, and a claim white towel reposin' peaceful-like on the top av it. Well, well, it's herself was the orderly woman, the heavens be her bed!"

An old lady was being examined as a witness. To almost every question asked, the counsel on the opposite side would jump up and say, "I object as irrelevant, immaterial, and incompetent." This appeared to annoy the old lady, who seemed inclined to make a personal matter of it. Finally the interrogatory was put, "Did you see those men in that field on that day?" "Maybe what I saw wouldn't be evidence," was her answer, "because I saw them through glasses. I am old and wear spectacles."

An art critic, going into a gallery in a state of mild inebriation to criticise some pictures, sees himself in a glass, and taking out his note-book, writes as follows: "First room; head of a drunkard, no signature; has a great deal of character; red nose remarkably truthful. Must be a portrait from life; think I've seen that face somewhere."

"Tim," said the parson severely, "suppose that the Lord should call you just as an oath was on your lips?" "I shouldn't go," said Tim.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."



With regard to this matter of musical criticism, I want to say just a word. For a week past I have been literally bombarded with questions—written and verbal—as to why I have attacked Mr. Mayer; why I have been so hard on Mr. Heyman; why I have found fault with some of the performances of Mr. Herold's orchestra, etc. A lady says: "Why, I thought that Miss Schmidt was a personal friend of yours, and that you considered her very talented; why, then, do you (for I know it is you) pitch into her playing of the Chopin Ballade?" Why, my dear madam, it is precisely because I consider Miss Schmidt to be a very talented young lady that I think it of great importance that when she commits a serious error it should be pointed out to her—that if she blunders she should be made aware of it, kindly but firmly; in other words, that she should have the helping hand of honest, intelligent criticism, and such criticism, if any, shall she have from me. When I was invited by the proprietors of this paper to write for them upon musical subjects, I assumed that in calling upon one possessed of some experience and accurate knowledge in these matters, and placing the department unreservedly in his hands, it was their intention that it should become a vital, living thing, rising above the level of mere routine reporting, and unfettered by considerations of any sort excepting only those of truth and fair dealing. This assumption I based upon the well-known character of the paper, and upon this assumption I have written. I have endeavored—and hope that I always shall—to deal fairly with whatever has come before me, and have known neither friend nor foe. But it is difficult in criticism of any kind to be always sparing of the feelings of those whose performances are under consideration. These feelings lie so near the surface, and the skin is apt (especially with musical people) to be so very tender, that it is oftentimes only a matter of the merest accidental collision—the lightest touch, perchance—that causes the abrasion. Then, straightway, a howl! Let me say that I am somewhat familiar with this *sforzando furioso* that goes up from the throats of wronged sopranos, ill-used violinists, and outraged pianists, and that it does not produce the slightest effect upon me. I have done my own howling in my day—been criticised, and did not like it. But I came, in time, to recognize the truth of much of it, and hope I benefited by it. And when I hear the plaintive wailings of the unfortunates and their friends, it troubles me no more than do the yells of the naughty boy afflict the surgeon who is cutting a splinter out of his hand. To be sure, one must know somewhat of anatomy in order to cut wisely and so as to be really helpful; one must know how to avoid arteries and nerves, and what is the proper application to heal the wound afterward. But then, if one is quite certain that the splinter is there, and that it ought to come out, there should be no hesitancy, no trembling, no uncertain use of the lancet. It is just in this certainty that the whole matter lies. This business of musical criticism has long been in the hands of reporters, who, lacking the technical knowledge necessary for real criticism, have mostly—and very wisely—glossed over matters in general terms; praising much, and forbearing to censure lest they might do so unjustly—not always forbearing, indeed, nor always exercising the best judgment in glossing over matters. But it may be said that the more critical of them have in the main shot so wide of the mark that the absurdity of their shooting at all was speedily recognized; they did but little harm. The harm that has been done may be attributed mostly to the species that I call "musical toadies," the hangers-on of certain cliques and coteries, with friends to serve and cronies to praise; the small natures with room in them for petty malice and feline spite; the little, scribbling musicians of the press. It is these who have lifted into notoriety the small fry that has for a long time past kept the musical status of this city at so low a level; one had but to *pousser* a bit—to flatter the *soi-disant* critic—in order to be favorably noticed, howsoever bad or trivial a performance might be. I shall not attempt any defense of any criticism that I have written or may write in the future. Those of my readers who are at all familiar with the subject must admit that I know whereof I speak, and that my praise, as well as my censure, has been in the main correct. I am aware that it is the custom to speak of musicians as a jealous set. This, however, does not concern me. I know that no written or spoken word of mine is prompted by any such feeling, and can trust to the future for an indorsement of every word that I write. Nor shall personal considerations find any place in my work. I can heartily respect and admire Mr. Herold, and yet take umbrage at certain faults in his orchestra; I can continue my very pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Mayer, and yet consider it my duty to point out the unworthy and trivial manner in which he conducts the music of his church. I may have a great personal dislike for an artist, and yet respect and admire his work. I love good music, and despite the bad, and so long as these columns remain in my charge they shall be devoted only to the encouragement of what is worthy in music, and to the condemnation of what is trivial and unworthy, wherever I may find it.

Regarding Herr "Doppelkreuz" of the *Post*, I as a musician can not afford to have any controversy with a man who writes musical puffs for candy.

A concert given by, or for, Miss Cecilia Adler, at Pacific Hall, on last Monday evening, presented some curious features. Let me mention the pleasant ones first. They consisted of the singing by Mr. Jacob Müller of the baritone part of "La ci darem," which was in many respects an agreeable surprise—the voice appearing fresher and the manner

much more artistic than when last I heard him—and a song by Proch, which was excellently sung by Miss Leonore Simons. This young lady has a mezzo-soprano voice of fine timbre and good compass. She does not always sing well, but seems to be trying to. I fancy, however, that she is following false gods—bad models. Mr. Joseph Rekel also accompanied on the piano-forte with good taste and nice discretion. The task of playing the accompaniments through a long and varied programme is one of much greater difficulty than is generally imagined, and a thankless one at that. (Since Mr. Herold's piano-forte days we have not had a really good resident accompanist; Miss Alice Schmidt occasionally does a nice thing in that direction, but she is rather exclusive, and rarely plays except for her brothers.) Of the little concert-giver—she seems to be about twelve years old—one may say that she has certainly a nice voice, of rather agreeable quality and considerable power. But why this little child, immature in voice, and only in the very alphabet of her musical education—if musical it be at all—should be permitted or encouraged to sing in public is incomprehensible. I dare say she has some talent. She sings the music correctly and pretty well in tune; but she sings like the merest child after all, and as such it appears to me that her proper place is not in the concert-room, but at her studies. I should be sorry to think that she sang by the advice of her teacher, Madame Fabbri, although that lady's appearance at the concert implied her consent, at least. Surely Madame Fabbri's experience as a singer must make her aware that her little pupil has still everything to learn, and that she will require a great deal of careful training before she is fit to sing in public; and it can certainly not be considered a wise or healthy beginning of the education of a young child to bring it before a promiscuous audience, to be flattered and applauded for its unripe and crude efforts. The guardians of this little girl are evidently pursuing a wrong course with her—one which, if persisted in, is more than likely to bring about a result quite the reverse of what they anticipate. The residue of the concert was mere rubbish.

Said a well known singing-master to me the other day: "After all, there is no branch of music-teaching in which there is so much barefaced humbug and swindling practiced as in ours. I know something of most of the singing-teachers in this city, and I don't believe there are more than a round half dozen out of the whole lot of them—over a hundred—who know, or have ever really tried to know, anything about the voice. The most of them trade upon the ignorance and vanity of their victims; their only capital is impudence and the ability to flatter." I know a little about this matter myself, and my friend's statement of the case is undoubtedly quite correct. I do not know that San Francisco is much worse off in this respect than most cities of its size, but in one respect it is most unfortunate. Considerably removed from the great routes of travel, and isolated, as it were, it forms a species of *cul-de-sac* into which are tumbled all sorts of wrecked and broken-down opera singers, some of whom have drifted in on the wave that has sent them—with failing voice and powers—constantly further and further from the centres of art; others remaining as the flotsam and jetsam of opera companies stranded on our somewhat dangerous shores; and still others, humbugs *à la* *maison*, as the Germans would say. Not one in a hundred of them knows even how to sing, much less how to teach. Every community is full of people with "voices"—often enough without—who imagine that with their voice and their talent they have but to go through a short course of *solfeggio* to be ready at once to undertake the most difficult rôles of the Grand Opera; people who have been praised by ignorant friends, and perhaps, after some public appearance, flattered by equally ignorant newspaper critics; the stuff, in other words, of which dupes are made. These unfortunates are taken in hand by the so-called artists, who, after assuring them that they have remarkable voices and wonderful capabilities, proceed to prepare them for a great career by plunging them into the most ambitious parts before they have any idea of forming or sustaining a tone. The sopranos are started with *Norma* or *Lucia*, the tenors never think of anything more modest than *Raoul* or *Stradella*, and the contraltos straightway fall to a critical examination of their figures in order to prepare for a *début* as *Orsini*—or, should there perchance remain any lingering preference for skirts, as *Rosina*. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the victims are never taught to sing at all. They are simply *coached* in a few *arias* and *scenas*; they are flattered and used as bait. When enough of them are ready for it, and a sufficient acquaintance established in social circles to work off a goodly number of tickets, a concert is announced. Then the music-sharps of the press are assiduously cultivated, the pupils sell tickets (often buy, and give them away to friends—*claqueurs*) and the concert—in which Miss Blank sings the *Casta Diva*, and Mr. Blanker *Mafari*, with enormous effect—takes place. We all know the sequel. Everybody is praised as the coming baritone, tenor, or what not, and more pupils (dupes) are secured. Or, perchance, it is an opera that is performed. This pleases the dupes more than a concert, for they have costumes, footlights, an orchestra, etc., and can say afterward: "When I sang *Leonore*," or "When I wore that lovely dress as the *Queen of the Night*!" All this can be fitly characterized by only one word; it is a swindle. I do not refer to the mere money that is literally stolen from the pockets of the pupils and their friends—that is a small matter; but to the broken and ruined voices, the blasted hopes, the misdirected work, the false and unworthy ambitions, that result from this chicanery and *charlatanerie*. We have had *débuts* in plenty during the past ten years; where is there to be found a single desirable result from the hands of one of these teachers I have described? Where is there to be heard a pupil of such as these who retains any freshness or charm of voice, or who has learned to sing any of the simple and beautiful songs that should form the basis of our home music? They teach nothing of singing, nothing of music. They merely foster the taste for the flash and glitter of what is, after all, to music what the scenic drama is to literature. They do nothing but harm, absolutely nothing, to those who come under their influence, and had I the making of the "code" I would have a law subjecting every proposed singing teacher to the most rigid examination, and it should be felony to teach without a diploma and license.

S. E.

BOOK REVIEWS.

We have received *The Outlines of Ontological Science*, by Henry N. Day. This is an invaluable work. It is full of most wonderful, abstruse, logical, and metaphysical learning. It discourses of philosophical psychology, theology, and cosmology; it treats of the province, the nature, the gradations, the stages, the limitations, the forms of knowledge; of personal dependence, spontaneity, and autonomy; of vital force and cosmical phenomena; of pantheism, hylozoism, theism, and of primary dualism. The theories of Descartes are explained, and those of Hegel and Ulrici refuted. It is the best book that Billings, Harbourn & Co. have ever sent us; the publishers, Putnam & Son, can now retire on their laurels, and go out of business. The work is so far beyond our comprehension that we know it must be most valuable for its learning. It ought to be at once supplied to John Swett and Professor Knowlton, for the girls' high schools. If translated into the German it would make a splendid text book for Professor Herbst's Cosmopolitan School. Every poor child in the city should be furnished with a copy.

John Allen was a young gentleman resident of Michigan, attending the agricultural college at Lansing. He was called home by the death of his father, and found it necessary with his brother Will to work the farm for the support of his mother and the family. He found seventeen old-fashioned bee-hives with swarms of the common black bee upon the place. He ascertained that with an investment of \$50, and an expenditure of \$19.70, there had been a net gain \$156 in one year. Taking these figures for data he made the following table as a calculation of the increase and profit for five years, beginning with five hives, and calculating an increase of three swarms from each old one. Thus the old one and the three new ones would give four swarms in the fall for each one had in the spring:

Hives.		Value.	
5 × 4 =	20	5 × \$10 =	\$ 50
20 × 4 =	80	20 × 10 =	200
80 × 4 =	320	80 × 10 =	800
320 × 4 =	1,280	320 × 10 =	3,200
1,280 × 4 =	5,120	1,280 × 10 =	12,800

And so John Allen went to bee-raising. He commenced with thirty-seven swarms, and in one season cleared a net profit of \$3,776.72. How he did it is narrated most pleasantly in his book entitled *The Blessed Bees*, for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co. All this was done in Michigan; cold, bleak, desolate Michigan. California is the bee State of America; so we commend its perusal to everybody who raises bees, who wishes to raise bees, and who is fond of good, choice honey on hot biscuits and buckwheat cakes.

From Henry Holt & Co. we are in receipt of a volume of their Leisure Hour Series, entitled *The First Violin*, by Jessie Fothergill. As we do not play the fiddle, and have no leisure hours, we have given the book to the fiddler that our musical critic so cruelly excoriated a few days since. We do not intend, as a rule, to give books and other presents to all who fall under the lash of our criticism; there are not books enough to go around. There is another reason why we do not favor this work on violins. We have had a quarrel with a fiddler, and he got the best of the affair by becoming its historian.

The ARGONAUT, ambitious to become the vehicle of thought, invites thinking and writing men to contribute occasionally to its columns. General Thomas H. Williams promises us an article upon "Swamp Land Reclamation;" General H. M. Naglee, of San José, a paper upon "California Wines and Brandies;" B. B. Redding will give us an article upon the "Thermal Belt;" "Irrigation of Desert Lands" is in preparation by a gentleman thoroughly and practically conversant with the subject; Dr. Stebbins encourages us with the hope of a paper upon "Education;" and Governor Stanford with a full and complete article upon "Railroad Management." We feel that we have a right to ask of men who think, that they help to educate and guide the unthinking masses. Only one man in one hundred is capable of giving direction to popular sentiment; and if these inspired few shall so immerse themselves in business or pleasure as to neglect this duty it is not surprising that the world goes wrong. We respectfully submit that a journal like ours is a better medium for the discussion of serious questions, and for the utterance of well-matured and deliberate opinions, than the daily, newsy, commercial press. Our coast of the Pacific has many important questions peculiar to itself, and understood only by men who live here. Weekly journals in England rank foremost. Scientific and literary men are prominent contributors. Such statesmen as Gladstone are not unmindful of their duty to the public, and are not indifferent to the opportunity afforded them for giving publicity to their opinions. We could name, upon this coast, a hundred intelligent gentlemen, each one of whom has some speciality of occupation, or particular direction of thought, upon which he could write, with but little effort, an interesting and instructive paper. We meet these gentlemen; we bore them to write. They promise; they forget; they are too busy, and some of the very best minds are too modest to write over their own signatures. The result is that the direction of popular thought is left to the professional newspaper writer, or to the Bohemian who contributes for pay, or to the political orator who is as selfish as he is ambitious. Oratory has lost its persuasiveness; the profession of the law no longer directs opinion; the pulpit has but small audience of thinking men; the stage makes no effort to instruct—so that the moulding and direction of public opinion is left to the press. The daily press is devoted to news, to sensations, to partisan interest, to local prejudice; is a slave to its counting room. It is either non-committal or combative. It is either silent or aggressive. It is indifferent or partisan. It is rarely judicial, and never disinterested. We do not claim that the ARGONAUT is what it ought to be; but we declare our willingness to make it what it might be if its directors had the cooperation of those intelligent minds who could and should aid in moulding and directing thought upon the Pacific Coast.

When your Englishman attempts a stroke of enterprise in business look out. One has bought the famous captive balloon of Paris. But he did not secure the tackle, and will be no ascents—only a balloon on the ground to

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

Visions in the South.

I.
Her human heart was given,
False heart for a ruby true;
Her eyes were made of heaven,
And sold for the sapphire's blue.

False opal is on the finger
Where loving lips had kissed,
Where loving eyes did linger
Collar of amethyst.

The old jewel-monger chuckles
At the gift of my lord the earl,
And he bows to the diamond buckles
And the Gargantua pearl.

But her place the poet passes
With a sigh for love astray,
And he turns from her opera-glasses,
To the farce that the players play.

II.
My lady's the lily of ladyhood,
And when she has passed the stair,
The trebled scent of a spring-tide wood
Is sweet on the troubled air.

For her be vagrant verse of mine,
But a wedding of hope and laud;
And, wheresoever she hap to dine,
A seat at her host's right hand.

For her be dozen-of-button gloves,
And dozens of sweet champagne,
But never the least of all the loves
Will come at her call again.

III.
'Tis May, my love, on the Southern sea,
And night comes softly on,
And the moon shines fair as never to me
A moon of the Northland shone.

And oh! but my soul is beating, love,
With a passionate thought of thee,
And my lips of themselves repeating, love,
The name that is dear to me.

O moon, in the mantle of ragged cloud
That ridest the Northern night,
Breathe low to my love in her London crowd
Of the South and its dear delight.

Breathe low to my love how the Southern moon
Leans down to the passionate sea;
Breathe low to my love how the South winds swoon
On the breast of the passionate sea.

—J. S., in *Blackwood's*.

"Drifting Down."—A Thames Barcarolle.

Drifting down in the gray-green twilight,
O, the scent of the new-mown hay!
Soft dip the oars in the mystic shly light,
O, the charm of the dying day!
While fading flecks of bright opalescence
But faintly dapple a saffron sky,
The stream flows on with superb quiescence,
The breeze is hushed to the softest sigh.
Drifting down in the sweet still weather,
O, the fragrance of fair July!
Love, my love, when we drift together,
O, how fleetly the moments fly!

Drifting down on the dear old river,
O, the music that interweaves!
The ripples run and the sedges shiver,
O, the song of the lazy leaves!
And far-off sounds—for the oight so clear is—
Awake the echoes of by-gone times;
The muffled roar of the distant weir is
Cheered by the clang of the Marlow chimes.
Drifting down in the cloudless weather,
O, how short is the summer day!
Love, my love, when we drift together,
O, how quickly we drift away!

Drifting down as the night advances,
O, the calm of the star-lit skies!
Eye-lids droop o'er the half-shy glances,
O, the light in those blue-gray eyes!
A winsome maiden is sweetly singing
A dreamy song in a minor key;
Her clear low voice and its tones are bringing
A mingled melody back to me.
Drifting down, in the clear calm weather,
O, how sweet is the maiden's song!
Love, my love, when we drift together,
O, how quickly we drift along. —*London World*.

The Cricket on the Hearth.

[IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.]

In the evening I sit near my poker and togs,
And I dream in the firelight's glow,
And sometimes I quaver forgotten songs
That I listened to long ago.
Thee out of the cinders there cometh a chirp
Like an echoing, answering cry—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

For my cricket has learnt, I am sure of it quite,
That this earth is a silly, strange place,
And perhaps he's been beaten and hurt in the fight,
And perhaps he's been passed in the race.
But I know he has found it far better to sing
Than to talk of ill-luck and to sigh—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

Perhaps he has loved and perhaps he has lost,
And perhaps he is weary and weak,
And tired of life's torrent so turbid and tost,
And disposed to be mournful and meek.
Yet still I believe that he thinks it is best
To sing, and let troubles float by—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

A Flower in a Book.

A withered flower shall raise
A ghost of vanished days;
From crumbled leaves a rose,
All fragrant soul'd, shall rise
Within the heart and eyes
Of one who, dreaming, knows
The dust that was a rose!

J. J. PIATT, in *Atlantic*.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

A most extraordinary people are the sons of Erin. The do so fly into a perturbation at the slightest of provocations. When George Gorham was once asked at Platt's Hall which he liked best, the Irishman or the negro, he wittily replied: "Show me the Irishman and show me the negro, and I will answer the question." All those Irishmen in San Francisco who lack intelligence, and whose minds are not ballasted by good sense—we mean the ignorant, political, agitating, sand-lot Irish, with a sprinkling of native-born American dolts and demagogues—are metaphorically up in arms against Colonel Bee for an indiscreet remark comparing the Irish unfavorably with the Chinese. Now Colonel Bee is the paid attorney of the Chinese; to chant their virtues and sing their praise is his duty, for this he is retained. The Chinese are his clients; they are arrayed at the bar for American opinion, charged with the most heinous of crimes; the counts of the indictment are: (1) That they are destroying our civilization; (2) that they threaten by the rivalry of their cheap labor to drive our working population to starvation and death; (3) that they threaten to overrun our country and themselves by force of numbers, usurp our land, and reduce us and our civilization to the lower standard of theirs.

To all this Colonel Bee pleads not guilty, and in defense of his clients he proclaims their virtues, and portrays in glowing colors all their admirable qualities. In the enthusiasm of his advocacy he says: "The Chinese are better than the Irish." In this Colonel Bee is clearly wrong; first, because the Chinese are not better than the Irish; and second, because this question is not the one at issue. He pleads for them that they are under the protection of a national treaty; that they are here by virtue of law, and entitled to protection from violence through considerations of humanity. The Colonel does just what all lawyers do in defense of their clients. There is an Irishman now under indictment for murder, and when his lawyer comes to plead his case before the jury he will grow eloquent in delineating his many virtues, in arguing the impossibility of his crime, and in the recital of all the better acts of his life; he will grow pathetic in his appeal to the sympathies of the jury; he will exert all the ingenuity of his subtle mind to extricate his client from his peril, and appeal to court and jury for a verdict of "not guilty." Now, Colonel Bee is doing the same for his clients, and while there is no Irishman in the land who would not applaud the criminal advocate for his earnest defense of the prisoner charged with crime, we ask how can they blame the Chinese advocate that he is also zealous in defense of his criminals—even indiscreet in the cause his clients? This sand-lot business, where an ignorant mob of foreigners are endeavoring to regulate the government of the country that has been indiscreet enough to adopt them, has seemed to us all along as a very absurd proceeding. But when it undertakes to interfere with private and professional utterances, it becomes disgusting to the last degree.

Now, if I were an Irishman, and anybody should say that anybody else was better than I, I would not go dancing down to the sand-lots among the fleas and William Wellocks and Carl Brownes to assert the dignity of my nationality. I would not, in passionate, cheap, and wordy resolution, nor in angry, vituperative, vulgar speech, thus attempt to vindicate the character of my race or the superiority of the blood that coursed my veins. Certainly I would not do this if I were of Irish birth. The Green Island, that maintained the inviolability of its soil when Danish pirates and Roman legions conquered and subdued the larger islands of Britain; the land that justly boasts that it was once the seat of European learning; the land that claims with pride the noble names of so many men of intelligence, patriotism, and eloquence—is belittled by its unworthy sons, who talk of hanging men who may happen, honestly or otherwise, to think that the mug of the low Irish is not the highest type of national beauty, or that his intelligence, sobriety, and industry do not exceed all the virtues of all the world beside.

There are people in America—a great many at the East, some in California, and now and then one in San Francisco—who resent these sand-hill protests of naturalized and unnaturalized foreigners as unbecoming, and as impudent and meddlesome interference in matters that ought not to be turned over to their exclusive control. Colonel Bee is one of that class; and, while we do not justify the Chinese advocate for making odious comparisons between his clients and the countryman of Brian Boru, we do suggest that it would be more dignified, modest, and becoming if these people would be less noisy, less jealous, and less clamorous over the invasion of this country by an alien race—if they would remember that only a short time ago they came to the country candidates for citizenship and suppliants for the national protection.

Now for the third time a public meeting of Irish citizens has been called upon to protest against this invidious comparison of themselves with the Chinese. We wonder it has not occurred to Bob Ferrall, Harry George, and other intelligent and enlightened Irish citizens, that this too frequent and always angry protest might not disclose a sensitiveness on their part, and indicate that they were not quite confident that Colonel Bee's charge had not in it some grains of truth. Under a similar charge would Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans rush to the sand-lot, and, with noisy declamation and passionate gesticulation, argue the question of their equality in intellect and morals with the Chinese? The truth is, the Chinese are the superiors of all of us in very many particulars, and the sooner we recognize the fact the sooner will we be able to cope with them in this struggle for a continent. We have always underrated the Chinese, and thus armed them with double power. To regard the Mongolian as an inferior race is a great mistake. On one occasion, a great many years ago, the Hon. Eugene Casserly, at a public meeting—called for a discussion of the Chinese question—said, in substance, that they "were a dangerous immigration, because of their superior skill in many departments of labor; because of their patient industry and their habits of economy." He pointed to the stone structure known as "Parrott's" building, at the northwest corner of California

and Montgomery Streets, to illustrate their skill as mechanics. The stones of this structure were cut, fitted and marked at the quarries in China, and sent here ready for erection. The Chinese are more industrious workers than any other of the lower class of foreigners who come to this country. They will work more hours; they are to a less degree eye-servants; they are more cleanly in their personal habits. As domestic servants, they are more faithful and more honest. They are more temperate, and out of their indulgences grow fewer quarrels and less disturbance of the public peace. They are more economical; they are better workers in all those trades that require delicate manipulation of the fingers: this makes them dangerous competitors to laborers who have families to support, and especially to those of idle and dissipated habits.

Their superior people are the superiors of our superior classes in many respects. As merchants, they have been tried in a fair competition and rivalry with commercial houses of the largest capital and the largest experience, and the result has been that after half a century of endeavor in China, English and American merchants have for the most part given up the struggle. In the city of San Francisco there is to-day no single house doing a respectable Chinese trade. C. Adolphe Low & Co., Macondray & Co., and others, who once had a large intercourse with China, now find themselves playing a very inferior second to the Chinese merchants. The Chinese have abundant capital of their own, do their own importing and banking, and, except in exchange, have no necessity for the aid of any outside capital.

In several important branches of mechanical industry they now take the lead, and it is not improbable that if all social, political, and business restrictions were withdrawn, that with their skill, industry, cheap labor, economical habits, large capital, and we presume low interest, they would become formidable rivals in many leading branches of manufacture; and we see no good reason why they would not become competitors in all. Allow them to buy land, and give to their property and to themselves the protection of the law, and there is a presumption that it would not be a long time before they became the only agriculturists, fruit growers, and wine producers of this State.

They are better farmers than the Dutch or Scotch, better gardeners than the Italians, better orchardists than the Americans, better vine-growers than the French. In fishing they have no equals. In mining, they have devised schemes for working river beds that Yankee ingenuity never conceived. In point of statesmanship, the final competitive trial is yet to come off. In the Burlingame treaty they obtained the better of us, and we now await the contest at Washington, between the Chinese Embassy and our Department of State, with a well-grounded apprehension that Chinese statecraft and subtlety will achieve a triumph over the proud Saxon.

Just so long as our people indulge themselves in the vain delusion of their superiority of race, and rely upon it, they will find that they are working at great disadvantage. This question of the conflict of races between the Eastern and the Western; between Christian civilization and heathenism; between Confucian philosophy and the religion of Christ; whether the redundant and over-crowded population of Asia shall overflow upon this western and sparsely settled coast, is one for national consideration. It must be met by the thinkers and statesmen of the country, and must be settled after all upon the narrow grounds of self-interest and national policy. From its consideration must be discarded all sentimentalism, and all the nonsense of the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," of America being the "asylum of the oppressed," and the "refuge of all fleeing from tyranny." All this balderdash of bigots and demagogues must be ignored. This question will never be properly considered as long as the low and ignorant of other nationalities are permitted to make of it a party question for their own political advancement. Intelligent men resent this sand-lot business as impertinence. This howl that "the Chinese must go" comes back from the East a broken echo. It is not a question between domestic servants, to weigh the merits of Biddy or John; if it were, Biddy would stand with her hands on her hips outside the kitchen door. It is not a question confined to daily laborers and menial servants, but it involves considerations touching the financial, commercial, and industrial future of America. It is not to be determined by ward politicians and flannel-mouthed orators, but by statesmen in our national councils. It is not to be influenced by the prayers that come from between the nose and chin of sanctimonious Chinese missionaries, but addresses itself to that intelligent religious sentiment that regards patriotism and love of country as an element of Christian civilization.

P.

The color of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric the girl's tresses are golden or auburn. If the old man's wallet is lean we hear the daughter spoken of as only "that red-headed gal."

A Maine wife put her husband up at auction, and no one bid. Then she put up an old billy goat, and the animal brought \$4.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Thanksgiving, November 28, 1878.

Eastern Oysters.
Ox Tail Soup.
Stewed Terrapin.
Veal Cutlets Fried. Potato Croquette.
Asparagus. Green Peas.
Fillet of Beef, with Mushrooms.
Roman Punch.
Roast Boned Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.
Water-cress Salad.
Mince and Pumpkin Pies.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Figs, Pears, and Grapes.
Almonds, Walnuts, Raisins, and Prunes. Coffee.

TO FRY VEAL CUTLETS.—Procure your cutlets half an inch thick; coat them with the yolk of eggs well beaten; dip them in bread crumbs and grated lemon peel. Put some fresh lard in the pan, and when boiling put in the cutlets. When they are well cooked take them out and keep them hot; dredge into the pan a little flour; pour in a little water; add salt, pepper, and mushroom catsup to taste. Cook quickly until a light brown. Arrange the cutlets in a circle around the dish, pour the gravy in the centre, garnish with fancy cut carrots and parsley, and serve hot.

TO MAKE ROMAN PUNCH.—See Vol. I, No. 26.

PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

A, B, C, D, MATRIMONIAL.

D'après Balzac, on se marie par :
Ambition—Cela est bien connu.
Bonté—Pour arracher une fille à la tyrannie de sa famille.
Colère—Pour déshériter des collatéraux.
Dédain—D'une maîtresse infidèle.
Ennui—De la délicieuse vie de garçon.
Folie—C'en est toujours une.
Gageure—C'est le cas de lord Byron.
Honneur—Comme George Dandin.
Intérêt—C'est presque toujours ainsi.
Jeunesse—Au sortir du collège, en étourdi.
Laideur— Craignant de manquer de femme.
Machiavélisme—Pour hériter promptement d'une vieille femme.
Nécessité—Pour donner un état à notre fils.
Obligation—La demoiselle ayant été faible.
Passion—Pour s'en guérir plus sûrement.
Querelle—Pour finir un procès.
Reconnaissance—C'est donner plus qu'on a reçu.
Sagesse—Cela arrive encore aux doctrinaires.
Testament—Quand un oncle mort vous grève son héritage d'une fille.
Usage—A l'imitation de ses aïeux.
Vieillesse—Pour faire une fin.
X—Terme de l'inconnu.
Yatidi—Heure de se coucher chez les Turcs, et qui en signifie tous les besoins.
Zèle—Comme le duc de Saint-Aignan qui ne voulait pas commettre de péchés.

Corneille disait du duc de Richelieu : Il m'a trop fait de bien pour en dire du mal. Il m'a trop fait de mal pour en dire du bien.

Badinez avec la vie, elle n'est bonne qu'à cela.—*Voltaire.*

Un grand obstacle au bonheur, c'est de s'attendre à un trop grand bonheur.—*Fontenelle.*

La bonté est une vertu, mais ce n'est pas toujours par vertu qu'une femme a de certaines bontés pour quelqu'un.—*E. Jouy.*

Les amants ont dans leur langage une foule de mots dont chaque syllabe est une caresse.—*Rocheperdre.*

Un rien est de grande importance,
Un rien produit de grands effets.
Et amour, et guerre, en procès,
Un rien fait pencher la balance.
Un rien nous pousse auprès des grands,
Un rien nous fait aimer des belles,
Un rien excite nos talents,
Un rien dérange nos cervelles.
D'un rien de plus, d'un rien de moins,
Dépend le succès de nos soins.
Un rien flatte, quand on espère,
Un rien trouble, lorsque l'on craint.
Amour, ton feu ne dure guère,
Un rien l'allume, un rien l'éteint.

L'amour fait passer le temps ; le temps fait passer l'amour.

Pour être heureux, il faut ne s'inquiéter ni des *comment* ni des *pourquoi* de la vie.

En amour, un geste, un sourire, un coup d'œil, un baiser, un soupir, tiennent lieu de langage.

—Madame, je vous aime, je vous aime de toutes les forces de mon cœur, disait un amant passionné à une dame. —Et qu'aimez-vous en moi, Monsieur ? —Votre vertu, Madame. —Alors, pourquoi vous efforcez-vous tous les jours à me faire perdre ce que vous aimez tant ?

Alphonse Karr ayant engagé un jardinier l'envoya sur sa propriété et lui donna pour habitation un charmant pavillon, au milieu d'un parc plein d'oiseaux chanteurs. Quelques jours après, le jardinier lui écrivit : Monsieur, je ne puis dormir dans votre parc, les rossignols *hurle*nt tout la nuit.

Monsieur R., membre du *Bohemian Club* de San Francisco, m'exprima un jour cette pensée pleine de justesse : C'est quelquefois par vertu qu'on est libertin.

Les lettres d'amour sont l'aliment de l'amour.

Les femmes, les chats et les oiseaux sont les êtres qui perdent le plus de temps à leur toilette.

Il est des douleurs dont les remèdes sont inconnus, et pour lesquelles la nature n'a point produit de baume.—*Balzac.*

Un écrivain se trouvant dans un salon fut prié de donner, en peu de mots, son opinion sur les femmes. —Mesdames, dit-il au bout d'un moment de réflexion,

Vous savez mieux plaire et séduire,
Vous savez mieux aimer que nous,
Vous avez un parler plus doux,
Vous avez un plus doux sourire ;
Mais, pour compléter votre empire
Et nous mettre, en tout, après vous,
Mesdames, il me faut bien le dire,
Vous savez mieux tromper que nous.

Une jeune fille de seize ans se laisse aimer, une femme de trente ans se fait aimer.—*A. Ricard.*

Quand un objet fait résistance,
L'anglais, fier et vaillant, s'en offense,
L'italien est désolé,
L'espagnol est inconsolable,
L'allemand se console à table,
Le Français est tout consolé.

Mais que fais-tu donc, Marie ? Voilà plus d'une heure que tu perds devant ton miroir ! disait une dame à sa fille, charmante personne de dix-sept ans.—Ce que je fais, maman ? répondit la jeune coquette, j'admire ton plus bel ouvrage !

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 17, 1878. L. G. J. DE FINOD.

THE TWO MUSES.

My fire burnt low—at intervals
Struggling for life it flared and sank,
And shapeless shadows on the walls
Towered up, and into corners sank.
The black brand crackled, bent, and broke,
And through the soot the eager spark
Worried like busy worldly folk,
And burrowing died in dirt and dark.
In the dead silence loud the clock
Remorseless ticked each second's flight—
Heart-beats of Time, with quiet shock
Driving Life on to Death and Night.
Well, let Life go ! My weary heart
Is sick of things that only seem ;
Love is a sham, and so is Art,
And Faith the ghost of Hope's vain dream.
A curse is on this world of ours,
Where Faith, Love, Art, are all a lie ;
Beneath the curse the spirit cowers,
And their best gifts the gods deny.
As thus I mused in desperate mood
I raised my eyes, and, faintly seen
In the dim light, a figure stood,
With prayerful face and vesture mean.
Her eyes were shy with half alarm,
Wan were her cheeks, and pale her hue,
And o'er her breast her white bared arm
With modest grace her drapery drew.
"Who art thou, and what dost thou here ?
Speak, can I help thee ?" Then, "Alas !"
She said, "how own the name I bear—
So fallen, so changed from what I was.
"Once in the far and golden time,
When Freedom wore its fairest hues,
When glorious Greece was in its prime,
They called me by the name of Muse.
"My feet from worldly soil were free ;
The Furies lent to me their rods ;
My praise was Immortality,
My home—the temple of the gods.
"All for my favors sought. To none
I gave them but the true and tried,
Heroic, godlike men alone,
Whose Life by Faith was purified.
"Now in the public mart my strings
For every want I fain must strum,
And hide beneath a shawl my wings,
And slog when I were better dumb.
"Must smile to hide my heart's despair,
Must starve, or cringe to greed and lust ;
Of all who hear me—oh, how rare
The few whom I can love and trust !
"How many mock my decent dress ;
Their thoughts are low, their works are base ;
They shock me with their vile caress,
Until ashamed I hide my face.
"Fallen so low, I stretch to thee
My hands, and cry, Oh ! are there none
To lift me, save me, honor me,
As once in Greece in ages gone ?
"No one of all the venial throng
That take my name upon their lips,
To shield me from the shame and wrong
That shadow me in such eclipse ?
"No one above this sordid mart,
With godlike spirit shrined in man,
Who with pure soul will worship Art,
Not woo her like a courtesan ?
"Not pandering to the world's low taste,
With skill to tempt and to degrade ;
Not like a broker, greed-debased,
Who makes of Art a vulgar trade ?"
"Yes, one at last, though weak and poor,"
I cried, "I pledge this heart of mine,
Content to labor, wait, endure,
To win at last one smile of thine."
What sudden change ! An aureole glowed
That radiant face—a Grecian dress,
With pale and perfect draperies, robed
Her pure and stately loveliness.
Serene she smiled, and at her feet
Prostrate I fell, and bowed my head,
And silence came as calm and sweet
As silence to the peaceful dead.
Then suddenly a laugh pierced through
My ears—I raised my eyes—the Muse
Had vanished ; in her stead a new,
Suave figure stood—in high-heeled shoes.
A creature like a biscuit rare,
Painted and dyed—hair, eyes, and face—
Tight-laced—her back and bosom bare—
All chiffons, jewels, silk, and lace.
With head thrown back and glance askant,
She laughed, and leered, and beckoned me.
"Great God !" I cried, "what dost thou want ?
And who art thou ? and where is she ?"
"She ? Who ? My queer old sister ? Oh !
Dear solemn prude, pray who can tell ?
Gone back to Greece, I hope. You know
That here she's quite impossible.
"Poor thing, I pity her ; but then
She's such—so tiresome, too,
And dresses so—and bores the men
About the Beautiful and Fine.
"She had a grand success a while
In Athens, when the world was young ;
But here, we've changed in dress and style,
And she's old, nervous, and unstrung.
"And so take care ; you're young, *mon cher*,
And just beginning in your art ;
Don't be imposed upon by her,
But trust me if you want a start."
With that she finger-tipped a kiss,
Laughed, pirouetted on her toe,
Kicked out her train, and, with a hiss
Of rustling silks, turned round to go.
"Now, don't forget—don't be a fool ;
I count upon you ! Well—good-bye,
Sundays, you know—cards, dancing, pool,
And everything that's *chic* and sly !
"Stop, here's my card—I'd quite forgot."
With that she vanished, and I read :
"Madame la Muse—née la Cocotte,
Rue de Parnasse"—and went to bed.—*Blackwood's.*

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

How they Live in an English Country House.

OCTOBER 2, 1878.

Away from the stir and bustle of the great city, right in the heart of Blankshire, where the air is fresh and cheering, the trees still clothed in their many tints of green, varied with autumn reds and yellows, where life seems idyllic, with shepherds and dairy-maids, and each copse and wood might be the haunt of nymphs and fairies, dryads and hamadryads !

We are at Saint Runwold's Priory ; not an ecclesiastical house, as its name would imply, but a comfortable mansion with all modern appliances of ease and refinement, and with nothing left of the old monkish establishment save the refectory, which, with its dark oaken wainscot and open rafted roof, does duty as the entrance hall to the more modern dwelling. This is the home of the Walronds, and has been in their possession since the time of Henry VIII.

It is from Saint Runwold's that I now write this letter, but how can I describe the charm of the place and all belonging to it. The house is on an eminence, with a terraced front, and gardens sloping to a rapid trout stream ; beyond there are park and blue hills, and around there is again park with noble oak trees, but resplendent in beeches, graceful with their silvery sides, and magnificent in their towering foliage. There are dells where the dappled deer are herding, and the bracken seems alive with four-footed game ; you hear the cry of the peacock, and far-off through the trees, you see the displayed plumage of some amorous male, glinting in the sunlight.

At this season here the days all pass in much the same manner. Breakfast is at half-past eight, when all meet. Some have been up for hours, rambling on foot, riding, sauntering about the garden, or at the home farm ; but at the stated time they are expected to assemble, and laggards are not waited for. Cutlets, grilled trout, fried soles, kippered herring, deviled kidneys, home-cured bacon deliciously broiled, and new-laid eggs are on the table, *hot*, whilst on the side-board are to be found a cold magnificent ham, a boiled round of beef, game and chicken pie. Tea and coffee, with hot milk or rich cream, are dispensed by the ladies, and if any one desires to quench his thirst with a tankard of home-brewed, he has the opportunity of doing so. This meal is made delightful by its perfect ease and self-help. The conversation is light and cheerful, about what one has seen or expects to see ; sometimes a letter just received gives a story of some one known to most of those present, and is told with facetious addenda by the narrator. There certainly is not much strain on the intellect, for has not every one there a hard but enjoyable day's work before them.

The great feature in the programme is the meet of the hounds—not the grand pack, but the puppies, who are to be blooded after the chase of some fox cubs, whose whereabouts are well known to the keepers. All the ladies who like may attend the meet, for there will be pony carriages for those who do not ride. The squire will be there cheering and directing, and to see him and his hearty ways is of itself a sight worth some trouble to obtain. But the music of the puppies, as it breaks forth when, led by one or two old hounds, they first come upon the scent of their future quarry ! How jubilant ! How clanging ! Now shrill with expectation, now deep and dissonant with fearful anger. The fox cub has got away, and the little pack stream out, soon however to return, for the puny victim dares not go far from home. Anon the voice of the huntsman is heard to sound the fatal "who-oo," and the youngsters are tearing to pieces the carcass of their quest. But all of the breakfast party are not here, some have gone to the woods to shoot pheasants, and others—lovers of the gentle sport—have taken their rod and basket, and are away up the stream, to the haunts which the trout love best. There are scarcely any left at home. All are out in the sun, getting health, and good looks, and cheerfulness.

Seven is the hour for dinner ; evening dress is the rigid rule, and the ladies' toilets are works of art worthy of Mayfair or Belgravia. There is an excellent dinner, superb wine, and a flow of talk, which is general round the table. This as it does not last long is not unpleasant.

After dinner there is the billiard room and cigars for gentlemen, just to give the ladies time to settle in the drawing-room, and then all meet again, and enjoy music, or a rubber, and sometimes the chairs and tables are put on one side and the young people dance.

I have now told you how a day passes in an English country house. I can truly say for myself, that coming from the unrest of a new country, there is a delight in the even but energetic flow of life in these happy English homes, which far from disqualifying a man for noble endeavor, stimulates him to do bravely and unselfishly the work he has before him.

To be one of a great people, striving and struggling to lay broad and deep the foundations of a nation which shall have a grand and glorious future, is what a man may well be proud of, but this pride will be chastened and purified by the knowledge that amidst defective institutions, and undeveloped social laws, there are enfolded states of being where the human heart blossoms and flowers with a beauty, which, in the midst of our sterner endeavor, we must strive to preserve for the ages yet to come.

There have been many men who left behind them that which hundreds of years have not worn out. The earth has Socrates and Plato to this day. We are indebted to the past. We stand in the greatness of the ages that are gone, rather than in that of our own. But of how many of us shall it be said that, being dead, we yet speak ?—*Beecher.*

A little girl recently testified innocently to the life of drudgery experienced by the average "queen of the household" who does her own work. Somebody asked the child if her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," she said, "she is so tall for me to see the back of her head, and she never sits down."

If the girls don't quit wearing these abominable wide belts squeezing will soon be one of the lost arts. No man of delicate feelings likes to embrace a leather trunk, even if there is a woman in it.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY,
FRED. M. SOMERS,

Editors.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

Why this quarrel should exist between the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the public we do not at all understand, nor why the owners and managers of the railroad should not be the most popular men in the community. Is it the fault of the public or of the directors? Or is it the result of misunderstanding? Is it true that the corporation is oppressive, tyrannical, and unjust? Or is it true that the people are jealous and fault-finding—unappreciative of the benefits and unmindful of the advantages that have followed the construction of the transcontinental road? Has the press been honest in discussing this question, or has it been prejudiced, one-sided, and dishonest? How does it happen that politicians find it necessary to ride as a hobby this anti-railroad prejudice? How does it occur that even the labor class, to whom it has furnished an immense amount of employment, are not upon friendly terms with it? We recall to mind the early agitation of the transcontinental railroad; we remember the railroad meeting once at old Musical Hall that transformed itself into an overland wagon road and mail route meeting—this being of possible accomplishment, while the rail and steam-car were regarded as something for the next generation. We remember the pony express as an achievement of which we were vastly proud. We recall the enthusiasm at the passage of the railroad bill, and that the earliest opposition arose because it was feared the parties were not in earnest, that the road across the Sierra was impossible, and that the whole scheme was only to result in aid of the Dutch Flat wagon road. We do not disregard the fact that State, county, and national subsidies have been granted the company. San Francisco gave \$600,000, which it has been repaid a hundred times; Sacramento gave \$250,000, that it has had returned ten-fold to its treasury; Placer County gave something, all of which, principal, interest, and napkin, has been returned to it. The General Government has given to it generous subsidies, and no national money has been better expended than in aid of this great national and transcontinental highway. Maine and Florida may complain of the amount, but it ill-becomes California to do so.

When this road received its charter San Francisco had less than a hundred thousand population; now it has three hundred thousand. Then it had less than a hundred million of taxable wealth; now it has three hundred millions. Then San Francisco was an experiment; now it is a great, fixed, promising commercial emporium. Then the Asiatic commerce had not chosen its route; now the oriental trade is pouring its volume through our port. Then there were no foreign banks of importance upon our coast; now we are becoming one of the great centres of exchange. Then the north was a wilderness and the south a desert; now Redding northward and Los Angeles southward are suburbs of our city. Then Arizona was an undiscovered country; now it is one of the treasure boxes of the continent and a most inviting field for enterprise. Then Nevada was a land of sage-brush and scoria; now it is the Aladdin's lamp, the cave of Monte Cristo, the valley of diamonds of Sindbad the Sailor. Then lands in the San Joaquin were unattractive, worthless deserts; now they are valuable, growing day by day more valuable as the railroad gives them facilities for developing their inexhaustible resources. Then the *Chronicle* was a theatrical thumb programme of gratuitous circulation; now it is an enterprising journal of wide circulation. Then the agitators of the sand-lots were at home in their native bogs; Kearney was fishing or wrecking off the coast of Ireland, Wellock was cobbling in London; now they are aspiring to become the leaders of a great national party, are forming an organic law for California, and are ambitious to work reforms and fix fares and freights for the railroads that brought them to the country.

The railroad has done everything for this coast. Its touch worked magic; it brought us population and wealth; it gave us commercial and political recognition; it gave value to every homestead lot and commercial building in our city, and if it has impaired values anywhere, or worked injury to any part of the coast, we do not know it. The men who conceived it, who worked its accomplishment, who carried it so far on its way, and who, with all their energy and all their resources, are still pressing forward in the construction of other roads, are decent citizens; they are of reputable social position; they are honorable in their business relations; and hence we ask whether all this prejudice, passion, and resentful feeling may not be the result of misconception, or of lack of reflection, or because it has been excited, stirred up, and hounded on by a selfish, cowardly, and mercenary press and ambitious political demagogues? With the railroad we have no relations; with its owners, no personal friendships; and there is no umbilical cord between us and its treasury. We never received a dollar from it, except what has been fairly earned by a part column of advertisement; but we have a sense of right, of fair play, of decency, and we have an all-absorbing interest in California and in San Francisco. With the welfare and prosperity of the State and city we are deeply identified; and we know this, that just to the extent and limit of this railroad system will extend the commercial jurisdiction of our city of San Francisco. Every merchant knows that the trade of the city extends eastward just so far as the Central Road was built. All along the route to Ogden our commercial empire is written by empty boxes, kegs, and bottles, scattered along the route; beyond Ogden every indication of trade points to Chicago, St. Louis, and the East. The race of construction between the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroads was a competition for trade; it was a race for business empire; it was a conflict between the East and the West for commercial and business jurisdiction. It would have added millions to our merchants' wealth if another hundred miles had been constructed by the Central Pacific people. The East has stolen the trade of the valley of the Great Salt Lake that justly and properly belongs to us.

The same conflict is now going on southward between Tom Scott and the Southern Pacific corporation. The contest is now for the trade of Southern California, New Mexico, Arizona, the Mexican States of Chihuahua, Sonora, and the great valley of Mexico. It is a splendid prize for which these athletes in the railroad ring are contending. If Stanford and company succeed, all this trade comes to our port, enriches our people, stimulates our industries, and builds up San Francisco to become one of the greatest and richest of the commercial emporiums of the world. If Tom Scott succeeds, he will steal away our trade, and leave our port, in comparison with what it ought to be, an embarcadero for hides and tallow. While this contest is going on, while these railroad wrestlers are straining every nerve and putting forth every exertion for the prize of victory, our editors, politicians, and sand-lot orators are anxious to arrest this work, stop the progress of railroad construction, and are prepared to throw up their thumbs in exultation at the defeat of an enterprise upon which is hanging the future greatness and prosperity of our city, and in the success of which every business man, property owner, mechanic, and laborer is deeply interested. A Constitutional Convention, supposed to represent the higher intelligence of the State, deliberates whether it will not put an iron band around the throat of this southern railroad enterprise, and give the chain into the hands of three party politicians to have authority over it. We know the technical lawyer's argument that gives to the sovereign political power the right to control corporations; we will not here either dispute or discuss it, but content ourselves with declaring that such a step would be most unwise and most impolitic. Let us build our railroads before we persecute the men that own them. Let us secure this road to the Rio Grande and to the Gulf of Mexico before we steal it. We commend this view of the railroad question to Mr. Estee and the other party politicians, who would ride into office upon this false and malicious misrepresentation of an enterprise that underlies the prosperity of both our city and State.

We are not especially interested in the question whether the company is performing its obligations to the Government—transporting troops and mails and paying interest on its bonds. Let the company and the Government settle this controversy between them. It is undoubtedly true that the railroad company has received an enormous grant of lands. It is also true that the building of the road has given them value and made them available; that the purchaser can better afford to pay \$2.50 or \$5 per acre with a road, than without a road to have the lands for nothing. The railroad company is selling as fast as it can, because it is for the interest of the corporation to have people, farms, and villages along its line rather than unoccupied lands. Its business is to transport passengers and convey freight, and not to bold property for a speculative rise that would never come. It is a mean and narrow jealousy that voices the complaint that the road is making money and the stockholders are getting rich. We believe this is true; and we are quite sure there is no editor

so unselfish, no politician so patriotic, and no sand-lot agitator so disinterested, that he would not be willing to grow rich in the same way. The fact is—and it is a redeeming feature and an argument in favor of the policy of letting these people alone and calling off the political and newspaper dogs—that all the money being earned by the Central Pacific Railroad, California Pacific Railroad, California and Oregon Railroad, the Napa Valley Railroad, the Sacramento Valley Railroad, San Francisco and San José Railroad, the steamship company, Oakland Ferry Company, Contract and Finance Company, and every other branch of the business, is being used in the construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is being pushed ahead in anticipation of trade; it is reaching out for it even in advance of population; it is stretching out its tentacles for a commerce that is growing. There may be other parts of this State that have a right to complain of unjust discrimination. It may be that there are other localities that have been injured and harshly dealt with, but the merchants and citizens of San Francisco have no cause for dissatisfaction.

In order to appreciate what the road has done for the entire State, let us reflect upon our isolated condition before we had it. A long and perilous steamship journey over two oceans, and the hazards of crossing an unhealthy tropical Isthmus; a tedious stage ride across the continent; a mountain trade of mules and oxen drawing ponderous prairie schooners; passengers in stage-coach and mud-wagons at fearful prices; six dollars to Sacramento; two hours to Oakland; corners in merchandise till it came around the Horn or over the Isthmus; twenty-two days from San Francisco to New York, with Panama fever thrown in. Let us conceive a conflict between the railroad managers and the proposed commissioners: a dead conflict and lock-out, the engines rolled into the roundhouse, the fires put out, the cars switched off upon side tracks, the trade, business, and passenger traffic of the entire State asked to stand still till a suit at law should determine whether the railroads should be run by the men who built and own them, or by the commissioners proposed by this Constitutional Convention. Then our business community would appreciate the value of this system of railroads now centering in San Francisco. They might, also, get a better idea of the *Chronicle's* angry vituperation, the sand-lot's ignorant and noisy abuse, and the politician's selfish and mischievous demagoguery.

General John F. Miller and the Hon. John F. Swift, of San Francisco, are being discussed as candidates of the Republican party of California for Governor. John H. Jewett, of Marysville, is also mentioned in connection with the office. Mr. Swift has been seeking recreation and health during the summer in the mountains of Switzerland. General Miller has been seeking fame in the Constitutional Convention, and John H. Jewett has been minding his own (banking) business at home. Estee, also in earnest search of the gubernatorial seat, has been seeking reputation at the cannon's mouth; he has fired himself off against the railroad in the Convention. George Evans has taken to the political highway—is driving his own team, gathering up passengers for inside seats, and blowing his own horn. His horn is a locomotive steam whistle. Horace Davis is standing around conspicuous corners, so that if the gubernatorial office should ever be driven to the necessity of seeking the man it may have no difficulty in finding him. Modesty prevents us from naming the best man for the office, and it is unnecessary. He could not be nominated, and if he were could not be elected, and if he were elected would never be available for any other position. The next Governor of California will be a Republican, and the State will send to Congress four Republican members.

Mr. George C. Gorham is in San Francisco for his health, for recreation, to visit his boys, to spend his vacation, to regain strength for his arduous duties as Secretary of the Senate. We are assured, in confidence, by his most intimate friends, that he is taking no part in California politics, that he will not interfere, and that he is not engaged in putting up a party deal. We are quite confident that Mr. Gorham's mission to this coast at this time is not political, and that he is not endeavoring to manage party affairs. Mr. Gorham is conscious that his day of power has gone by. He has no adherents outside the Federal offices; he has not friends enough in California to form a base-ball club. La Grange, Shannon, Carr, Page, and Tom Rogers are but the ragged remnants of a once proud following, no longer formidable and no longer worthy of even watching. The Gorham scare is over. We had it once ourselves; but having fought the substance we do not propose to fight the shadow. We are not afraid of ghosts, and we propose to whistle our way through this political graveyard without fear of raising anything worse than a bad smell from the graves of his dead and buried party friends.

Mr. Page's political enemies authorize us to withdraw his name as a candidate for Governor, and to announce that he is a candidate for renomination to Congress at the earnest request of his three friends. The Hon. Alexander Campbell will perhaps make his congressional candidacy a warm one.

AFTERMATH.

Before the next issue of our paper the statesman, patriot, and orator whom Ireland has loaned to America that he may reform her republican institutions, will be back to his adopted sod. Our streets will be ablaze with enthusiasm to receive this eminent opponent of property, government, and God. After his victorious achievements in cis-Alpine Massachusetts, he comes back clothed in a blue Roman toga. His triumphal chariot is a Pullman palace car; in his pockets barbaric spoils of golden twenties, sent him by the toilers of San Francisco. His queen, his heirs apparent, and a prince of the royal blood accompany him. As he marches through our streets surrounded with a torrent of brown shillalahs and a sea of upturned mugs, with bummers, politicians, and lecherous, bloated bond-holders bound captive at his chariot wheels, he will proclaim the purpose of his coming, namely: "To astonish the Eastern people," "to obtain power on the Pacific slope," "to punish his enemies for wrongs done him," to make the city of San Francisco pay him \$50,000, "to reconstruct the Constitution," and "to take the law-making power into his own hands," leaving only one conundrum to be solved: Which is crazier, the crazy fanatic who leads, or the ignorant mob that follows?

The stock market opened on Monday morning, the Comstock Lode having a value of \$80,000,000. Tuesday afternoon, at the 2½ o'clock call, its value was \$48,000,000—a decline of \$32,000,000, or forty per cent. The half of \$32,000,000 represents very nearly all the money in circulation in California. This is simple, unadulterated gambling; every dollar that somebody lost, somebody won. The men and women who are in this stock deal are simply gamblers; they are entitled to no sympathy; and those people who go around with scornful countenances, or in angry denunciation that they have been inveigled into stocks and ruined, ought to have the fire engines play on them. There are two classes of persons playing at this game of stocks—knaves and fools. Our sympathies are entirely with the knaves.

"Thus, in England neither the Tory nor the Whig parties have a clear record on the tariff question," quoth the *Bulletin* in one of three nearly consecutive ungrammatical sentences. There is no Whig party in English politics; there is in English politics no tariff question. Our well-informed contemporary means the Liberal party—called "Whig" by neither itself nor its opponents; and by "the tariff question," if he does not mean the question of protective duties he does not mean anything. As to that, we fancy the "record" of each party in England is tolerably clear. The English subject who advocates "protection to home industries" may have almost anybody for his first audience; but he will assuredly have Her Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy for his second.

Clearly, our contemporary must have fallen asleep some thirty-five years ago, during the agitation in England for repeal of the Corn Laws, and has only just waked. He supposes the contest to be still going on—Whig and Tory fighting one another on "the tariff question," as viciously as ever.

Whatever may be the merits of Protection as a political dogma, it will have to be admitted that the proselyting measures of its latter day apostles are not always as moral as they might be. In the American edition of *Chambers' Encyclopedia* the article on Protection, if there was one, has been cut out, and this charming bit substituted by the American editor: "PROTECTION—PROTECTIVE DUTY, in Political Economy, terms applied to a practice found necessary in the United States of discouraging, by heavy duties and otherwise, the importation of foreign goods, it having been proved that such a practice increases the prosperity of the country at large." Turning to the article "Free Trade," we find its key note struck as follows: "A dogma of modern growth, industriously taught by British manufacturers and their commercial agents." These are neat things, truly, to appear in what purports to be, and no doubt by arrangement with the original publishers was required to be, an American reprint of a British work! It is, we suppose, hardly necessary to add that this edition is published in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; but whether its publishers, Messrs. Lippincott & Co., are interested in iron works we are not informed.

That good little man, Johnny Skae, and his amiable friends, having formed a charitable syndicate for eleemosynary purposes, gave to the widows, orphans, and adult imbeciles of our community Sierra Nevada at \$260 per share. They are now (Wednesday) kindly taking it back at \$70 per share. This is the benevolent organization that was instituted to give all persons an opportunity to get a slice of the new bonanza, and (unlike the grasping monopolists who control the Nevada Bank) to distribute the new discovery, and keep it from being gobbled up by the greedy dynasty of Bonanza kings.

Certain skinless persons appear to have been disturbed by recent touches of our musical critic's playful finger; they have been so shrinking into themselves that there is precious little left of them but voice, and if they go on contracting

their sensitive tissues they may hope to soon attain to the enviable because unassailable condition of the "bodiless nymph," Echo, who can't be scratched, yet is able to talk back when reviled. It is true these victims of our fury have not as yet "sung out" in their own natural tones; they have been piping through the goosequills of their friends in the newspapers. But although the hand is the hand of Esau, the voice is unmistakably the voice of Jacob. We presume our musical critic can take care of himself in this controversy; we mention the matter here only to base upon it a little preachment, not for the profit of either the supersensitive musicians or their superserviceable champions—heaven forbid!—but for the advantage of local art and letters.

Our local artists and journalists forget that San Francisco now contains more than a quarter of a million of inhabitants; they do not understand that if they elect to remain provincial this community does not. Time was, when everybody knew everybody, and criticism was necessarily a mere expression of personal likes and dislikes, having nothing in the world to do with merit. It is the same now, but no longer necessarily. The honest and intelligent censor who has the interests of art or letters always clearly in mind, and who does not believe that the best way to serve his friends is to "butter" them, will be as warmly hated as heretofore, but he can be no longer silenced. He needs no longer fear the combined malevolence of the little souls of the mutual admirationists, who, having never felt any but "personal motives" themselves, can understand nothing else in others—who construe all censure as attack, all praise as puffing a friend. With these creatures, "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" is the guiding principle and rule of literary conduct; they recognize no higher and better one in others, nor believe in the possibility of its existence. These bats and owls of our provincial darkness blink, flutter, squeak, and hoot prodigiously in the dawn of a better era, but, like the "moon-eyed leper," they have got to "go," and they may as well make up their minds to it. It ought not to take very long to make up such small parcels, either.

That he is a good fellow; that he is a personal friend; that he is poor and has a sore toe; that his no shirt proves him a self-made genius; that he is a fair judge of whisky; that he may hit back—these are pretty reasons for withholding censure from an actor, musician, writer, lecturer, preacher, who is thought to have done bad work! Bah! Is there no better way to serve a friend than to encourage him in his folly?—no surer way of founding a local art and literature than by disgusting the efficient worker by crowning him and the incapable with the same cheap laurels? Where every gawk and looby can show you half a hundred of the "complimentary press notices" which his conceit mistakes for fame, pray what incentive has the man of sense? The crown is polluted by the grease of brainless brows; to proffer it is to insult him. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you men who write puffs of work no whit better than your own!

If there is one kind of writer we detest with a higher and more holy detestation than another it is your "genial" one—the rogue who has no word of censure for anything or anybody. Oh, he is *such* a fraud!—fair and smiling without, but full of rancor and dead men's bones within. The fellow whom everybody thinks he likes, and who appears to like everybody in return, is the basest hypocrite in all this world. He will swallow down his grievances as if they were fish-balls, but do you think he digests them? What does his heart do with the bitterness which that organ necessarily and naturally secretes if none of it ever slips from his tongue or runs off his pen? Your gentle humorist "whose wit never wounds;" your amiable critic who "loves to dwell upon what is excellent;" your cheery, sunny-tempered censor who begs you to consider your nose pulled, with such a suave and captivating manner that it is quite a disappointment that he does not pull it—away with them to the headman's block! Their consideration for the feelings of others—their studious abstention from offending—it is the noonday virtue of the literary harlot, the platform temperance of the talking teetotaler, who goes home and fuddles himself into a horrible example with the kerosene from his bed-chamber lamp.

The *Alta*, discussing the late convulsion of the stock market, with a magnanimity that ever distinguishes that highly intelligent journal, very generously defends the bonanza firm from the charge of robbing those mythical widows and orphans who are so feelingly brought forward by the press whenever its proprietors have lost money in stock gambling, and says: "We can hardly accept the conclusion that its members are so selfish, so avaricious, that the mite of the widow, the crust of the orphan, the milk of the infant, is coveted by them." We agree with the *Alta*. We are quite confident that if the Nevada Bank vaults were opened there would not be found in them the mite of a widow, the crust of an orphan, or a baby's milk bottle. It is quite possible that there might turn up a sixty thousand-dollar mortgage on a printing office. We know there are plenty of women in the stock business, fat and rosy widows, lean and scrawny ones,

divorcées, ancient maidens, sharp visaged wives, all scratching like hens in a barn-yard, offering mites for points. We know plenty of orphans, worthy, bald-headed, copper-lined old gamblers, but they never deal in crusts; and the ordinary stock infant is a sharp boy with his teeth cut, who has discarded the milk-bottle for the whisky cocktail, lo, these many years.

It is amusing to observe how keenly sympathetic the press becomes when there is a break in stocks. It assumes at once the attitude of the metaphorical pig under the gate, and squeals for the whole community. If people do not want to lose their money in gambling, let them refrain. If they gamble and lose, let them dry up. This nuisance of railing at those who win is as meanly contemptible as it is absurdly comical. This thing has now been going on for twenty years, and the man or woman, widow, wife or maid, orphan or infant, parent, guardian or trustee, lawyer, merchant, mechanic, miner, or laborer, who indulges himself or herself in the vice of stock gambling, must take the consequences. To squeal is cowardly. There is no element of sympathy in this business; every man for himself—*saute qui peut*—when the crash comes, and the devil take the hindmost.

We should dearly love to know what is passing in the mind of a man engaged, for the moment, in sending off to this paper a literary contribution, accompanied by a private note asking its acceptance by the editor, to whom, in neither the article nor the note, does he disclose his name. It seems to us that this person's notions of civility have so bewildering a perversion, and his caution so colossal a development, that he must be an insult and a terror to himself.

A writer in an Eastern journal assures us that we can keep the "crow's-feet" from the eyes of our daughters until they (the daughters) are past middle age by merely compelling them to sleep on their backs. It kills a girl to sleep habitually on her back, but between having "crow's-feet" and being "crow's-meat" no girl of sense would hesitate a moment from any caws.

An Alabama judge of election was deliberately destroying a half-bushel of negro Republican votes. A Northern man remonstrated: "Have you not sworn to preserve the purity of the ballot-box?" "Yes, and I am throwing out the impurities."

"The ARGONAUT, we observe, purloins a good deal of matter from the *Courier* and then calls names."—*Boston Courier*. True, we took for many months some three or four columns weekly of your matter without credit. But we always took it a week or two before you got it, dear. Then calling you "the monumental thief of American journalism"—which you really are—we ceased our depredations.

A Cincinnati paper, too, complains that we do not "credit funny paragraphs." This is a true bill; we do not—we are only concerned to make it apparent that they are not ours. The man who writes "funny" paragraphs for fame, or the newspaper that prints them for glory, has no rights that we feel bound to respect; and if we do anything to trifle with the feelings of the one or impair the circulation of the other we are pleased to know it.

The Theosophists, having cremated the body of Baron Palm, have consigned his ashes to the sea. This would seem, in this utilitarian age, to be a very great waste of material. If the Baron's body had been consigned to the sea before burning it would have furnished fish food.

We do not believe that it is possible for "General Evans, of Tuolumne," or, as he is perhaps better known, "Senator Evans, of San Joaquin," or, to come down to his simple appellation, "George Evans, of Stockton," to be either nominated as the Republican party candidate for Governor, or in event of nomination, to be elected. His political backing is strong, but his candidacy would give the party a severe wrench.

The literary woman who has written and published every kind of book mentioned in the catalogue of the Mercantile Library, and made a fortune enabling her to fill the columns of the *Post* for consecutive weeks at the Colonel's own prices, is very sure to end by malignantly sending us a poem as long as her leg, with the threat that if we don't publish it she will send it elsewhere. There is nothing so merciless as disappointed literary ambition.

"One can not visit San Rafael for a night without being struck with the vast superiority of the gas which is produced in that charming resort."—*Bulletin*. Why, there is no gas in San Rafael—not a cubic foot, so help us! Down near the railway station a saloon-keeper has rigged up, and keeps going, the head-light of an old locomotive engine, and it really has quite a brilliant local effect. But if the *Bulletin* man, when on the boat going up to San Rafael the other evening, had stuck to his Napa soda, as advised, he could never have mistaken that lonely luminary for a double row of gas lamps, with other rows intersecting them at right angles. No, there is no gas in San Rafael.

COLUSA NICK.

My hero is not a myth. He is neither a "Starbottle" nor a "Hawkhurst," nor a "fighting Tarantula from Tuolumne." On the contrary he is a veritable personage living to-day in the town of Colusa, in this State, and is known to nearly every man, woman, and child in Yuba, Sutter, and Colusa Counties. All through that section of country his drolleries, funny sayings, and witticisms are as familiar as household words, and it is an even chance that any man selected at random from among a crowd of the older residents would regale you with one of Nick's jokes in the course of a half hour's conversation, or employ it to point the moral of an argument. Nick is *sui generis*.

In my California experience, which has brought me in contact with as many original and humorous characters as it is the average lot of ordinary mortals to meet, I have never seen his like. His humor, though sometimes coarse, is bright and crisp, and always flows without seeming effort, popping and sparkling with the effervescence of champagne when occasion prompts the discharge of the metaphorical cork.

His jokes and witty sayings are not laboriously cudeged from an unwilling brain in the quiet of a sanctum, written, rewritten, and studiously embellished, but they burst spontaneously, and oftentimes when least expected, from the confines of an inexhaustible fund of humor, and upon the slightest provocation.

And his fun bears no sting of malice. Hit where it may, the victim never thinks of taking offense. To "get mad" over one of Nick's shafts of wit would be the height of folly, for the exhibition of the wound inflicted would provoke an avalanche of ridicule from a non-sympathizing community that would completely overwhelm the complaining party and speedily convince him that it were better to have suffered the pain in silence than have sought such relief. And Nick is thoroughly impartial in the distribution of his favors, but sends his pointed arrows wherever the humor suggests, regardless of politics, creed, nationality, color, or "previous condition of servitude."

Nick is a Pioneer—an Argonaut of '49. Arriving in Marysville in the early dawn of her prosperity, his open-hearted and open-handed ways, his proclivity for fun, and his quaint and original sayings soon made him exceedingly popular. No convivial party was complete without him. Those who missed the cracking of one his jokes listened eagerly to its repetition by others, and if the after relation were imperfect it was only necessary to disclose the name of the author to secure its acceptance and hearty approval.

One of his first practical jokes is well, and by some sadly, remembered to this day. A citizen, whom we will call Brother Randolph, fancied that a neighbor was appropriating his chickens, and confidentially communicated his suspicions to Nick.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Nick, taking him cautiously aside; "you go home and gather in your chickens, and then tie a piece of red yarn on the left wing of every one of them. Tie it under the feathers where it won't be seen, and then when you see a chicken which you think is yours, you can easily prove property if it has your mark on it!"

The idea struck Brother R. as a capital one, and he acted promptly upon it. But in the meantime Nick had not been idle. Procuring a wholesale supply of red yarn, he spent that night among the Marysville hen-roosts, and few chickens there were in town next day that did not bear Brother R.'s private mark.

The joke soon bore fruit. Brother R. not only claimed his own, but his neighbors', and, in fact, everybody's chickens. The best citizens of Marysville were accused of stealing his fowl. Chicken coops were invaded with search-warrants, criminal prosecutions were instituted, actions were commenced in Justice's courts for the recovery of the feathered property, suits for slander were threatened, the lawyers reaped a rich harvest of small fees, and the town was kept in a hubbub until the chicken complication was finally settled. And when it leaked out that the whole thing was "one of Nick's jokes," those who had been the maddest were perforce compelled to laugh loudest and treat oftentimes to turn the tide of ridicule that threatened to overwhelm them.

Nick was never addicted to partisan politics. Being a Virginian his natural leanings are toward the Democracy; but it has always been his pleasure and his boast that he "don't care for party, but works for his friends." In 1852 he was porter and salesman with the house of John C. Fall & Co.—then doing the largest business of any concern in Northern California. Mr. Fall became a candidate for the State Senate, and Nick was of course active in his behalf. On the morning of the election Mr. Fall handed him the key to his safe and said:

"Nick, I am very anxious to win this fight. You will find about \$500 in the safe. Take it and spend it among the boys where you think it will do the most good."

Nick was very active that day. Wine flowed like water, "the boys" were flush and happy, and the noisy indications were all favorable to the election of Mr. Fall. Late in the afternoon, and just before the closing of the polls, the latter stepped into the Magnolia Saloon, and there was Nick holding forth to a crowd, flourishing aloft in his right hand a bundle of ballots, and, in tones inspired by a free indulgence in wine, offering to bet on Fall's election.

"Do you think I've won, Nick?" asked Mr. Fall.

"Won? Why, of course you've won! No doubt of it. Dead sure as four aces," responded Nick.

"What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Fall.

"Why, I've plotted a hundred and twenty-four of them fellers into the ballot box this afternoon," said Nick, triumphantly shaking his tickets.

"Let me see them," said Mr. Fall.

Nick handed him a ballot; he gave it a single glance, and his countenance fell.

"My God, Nick, you've beaten me!" he exclaimed, and it was true. Some cunning fellow of the opposition had taken advantage of Nick's hilarity and substituted for the genuine ballots bearing Mr. Fall's name bogus ones, on which the name of James E. Stebbins, his opponent, had been substituted, and John C. Fall missed being a California Senator by five votes.

There is but one well authenticated instance of Nick having ever again taken part in a political contest, and that was

on an occasion, some years since, when W. T. Ellis, a present prominent merchant of Marysville, was a candidate for the office of City Treasurer. On election day, so the story goes, he quietly slipped a twenty-dollar piece into Nick's hand and informed him that he would be glad of his assistance, which was promptly tendered. During the day the candidate visited the polling places, but saw nothing of Nick, and finally went to Nick's house, where he found him lying on the lounge, smoking and reading the paper, utterly unmindful of the political contests waging without.

"Why," said Mr. E., in surprise, "I thought you were going to work for me!"

"I have," coolly responded Nick.

"But I gave you twenty dollars to spend for me," said Mr. E.

"That's so," replied Nick. "I spent a dollar of it among the boys, and it took the other nineteen to convince me."

It might be inferred from this anecdote that Nick's political conscience was somewhat elastic, but it is probable that he preferred exposing his character to that suspicion rather than lose so good an opportunity for perpetrating a joke.

Another illustration in point: When Hon. James A. Johnson, our present Lieutenant-Governor, returned home after his second term in Congress, he desired to take the stage from Colusa to Marysville, but there was a slight obstacle in the way. Governor, then Congressman, Johnson has always been too honest a man to profit pecuniarily from his official positions, and on this occasion lacked sufficient money with which to purchase a ticket by the stage, and was compelled to borrow it. Nick heard of the matter, and when next he met Johnson said to him, with great seriousness:

"Doc,"—the Governor is popularly known as Doc. Johnson in the Third Congressional District.—"Doc, I've always been your friend; I worked for you both times when you was elected to Congress, but this lets me out. I'm ashamed of you, Doc, I'm ashamed of you."

"What's the matter, Nick?" asked Johnson.

"Doc, I thought you was a statesman. I thought you had a little sense; but I've come to the conclusion that you're a d—d fool!"

"Why, Nick, that's pretty hard talk. What in the world do you mean?" asked Johnson.

"Well," said Nick, "here you've been two terms in Congress, and have to borrow a little ticky two dollars and a half to buy a stage ticket. Now, I ain't no statesman, but you just bet your life if I'd been four years in Congress I'd have owned a quarter section of the Northern Pacific Railroad."

Some years since Nick left Marysville, and took up his abode in Colusa, where he opened a saloon which he now keeps, and his relation of his early experience in his new home was exceedingly interesting and amusing. I will endeavor to tell his story as nearly as possible in his own style:

"When I went to Colusa," said Nick, "I wanted to get the trade of them loped-eared Missourians, so I went down to the bay, and I laid in a stock of the best whisky that had ever been seen in that town. But, don't you know, them six-toed Missourians would come in and take a horn of that whisky, and turn up their noses, and they wouldn't come back again. I tried to find out the reason, and one day one of 'em told me. 'Why,' said he, 'it's too powerful weak!' Then I sent down and got a lot of Barbary Coast tanglefoot. That suited 'em better, but they said it didn't take a good hold. Then I mixed up some benzine and sulphuric acid, and they said it was pretty good, but it wouldn't stay by a feller. So at last I went to work and made up a decoction of poison oak and buckeye, and called it the 'Sheep-Herders' Delight.' You oughter seen them huskies go for it. One drink of it would set a feller to turnin' flip-flaps. A peddler come into the place one day and took two drinks of it, and managed to get away. About two hours afterwards he came back and said he'd been robbed of his pack. I knew the effects of the 'Sheep-Herders' Delight,' so I went out and hunted around, and found his pack where he had hid it in the bushes and forgot all about it. I tell you it's a mighty popular drink over there."

During the War of the Rebellion Colusa was a very hot-bed of treason, its inhabitants being mostly from Arkansas, Missouri, and the Southwestern States. Shortly after the commencement of hostilities, Nick, who was an unswerving and earnest Union man, determined to celebrate the Fourth of July.

"There was one American in the town besides me," said Nick. "Well, we went and got an old anvil, and we took her down on the bank of the Sacramento River and loaded her up, and about daylight we commenced banging away. We'd fired about a dozen salutes, and just as day was breaking we saw half a dozen things in the river that looked like ducks coming towards us. In a little while they reached the bank where we were, and we saw that they were a lot of Missourians, with their clothes tied to their heads and rifles in their hands swimming the river. When they reached the shore the head man, a big husky more than six feet high, climbed up the bank, and planking the butt of his rifle on the levee, sung out:

"I say, stranger, *what's the war?*"

But this happened, if it happened at all, in the comparatively early days of Colusa, which has since become more cosmopolitan in her population and now boasts of all the concomitants of civilization and refinement. She has good public schools and churches and an excellent town and county government. Most of the Southwestern people are Campbellites, and they have erected a neat little church in the town for their peculiar worship.

Nick, for some reason, became a great admirer of "Brother Porter," the pastor, and lost no opportunity in sounding his praises. One Sunday he took a friend to his favorite church, and, after the services were over and they were walking quietly home, his friend broke the silence by remarking:

"Nick, that's a nice little church and a good preacher, but it's a new thing to me to see a congregation stand up when the minister prays. They always kneel in my church."

"Why," exclaimed Nick, "you don't s'pose Brother Porter would let them huskies kneel in that new church, do you?"

"And why not?" asked his friend.

"Because if he did," responded Nick, "John Boggs, Frank Goad, Bill Harrington, Doc Glenn, and all them money-lenders would snake out their pencils in prayer-time and figure up their interest money on the backs of them new pews."

Coming down on the Sacramento boat soon after, I was

heartily glad to meet Nick as a fellow-passenger. His droll sayings and funny stories soon transformed a tedious journey to a pleasure-trip.

"And how is Brother Porter's church getting on?" I asked.

"It's all right now," said he; "but it had a mighty close call a while ago, and—*you—hear—me!*"

"How so?" I inquired.

"Well," said Nick, "you see ther was one o' them cussed Missourians come to town with a jackass, and bought a lot right alongside the church, and every time that jackass would squeal the whole congregation would run out doors. For a little while 'twas a question whether the church or the jackass would have to move, but Brother Porter he jest threw hisself and rassled with the Lord, and *you bet that jack-ass had to go.*"

Up to a very recent date most of the light freight destined for Colusa was taken there on the tops of the stages from Marysville. On one occasion a Colusa undertaker was the consignee of several burial caskets, which loaded on the top of the stage gave it a decidedly funeral appearance, and attracted the attention of an old lady passenger on the back seat. Nick was her *vis-à-vis*, and her extreme nervousness soon excited his interest and curiosity.

The old lady finally spoke to Nick in tremulous tones:

"Are those—those—*corpses*, on the top of the stage?"

"Oh, no, marm," replied he. "They're only empty coffins."

Both relapsed into silence for a few minutes, when the old lady asked: "Why do they carry them on the *passenger* coach?"

At this moment the spirit of mischief took possession of Nick. His eyes twinkled, and his sympathies for the elderly female's nervous sensibilities vanished in the provocation for a practical joke.

"You've never been to Colusa, have you, madam?" he asked, confidently and mysteriously.

"N—n—no, sir!" she stammered.

"Well, yer see, it's very dangerous going up and down, and around these mountain curves, and so they take them coffins along for the passengers in case of accident," said Nick softly.

"To—to—to send the bodies to Colusa?" she inquired.

"Oh, no!" said Nick. "They bury 'em right alongside the road. 'Twouldn't be any use to take 'em to Colusa after they was dead, you know. *They wouldn't enjoy their visit!*"

The old lady buried her face in her handkerchief, and when, with a sigh of relief, she alighted from the stage at the end of her journey, she was utterly ignorant of the fact that the entire distance traveled had been across a vast plain.

One more of Nick's jokes, which will be best appreciated in San Francisco, and I will close. Your readers doubtless all remember the Pioneer celebration of 1875, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union; how the '49ers congregated here from all parts of the State, and were *not* received by their metropolitan brethren; how they couldn't get any lunch at Woodward's Gardens; how mad they got therat; how the balloon collapsed, and Tommy Newcomb got his arm broken; and how the failure of the celebration was made entirely disastrous through the mismanagement of the excursion around the harbor on the steamship *Great Republic*. Nick was one of the pilgrims, and came as a member, or guest, of the Society of Pioneers of Colusa.

The morning after the trip around the Bay I met Nick on Montgomery Street, and as the affair was the general subject of adverse criticism I was curious to see what he would say about it.

"Well, Nick," I said, "I suppose you went on the excursion. How did you enjoy it?"

"Yes," replied he, "I went, and had a bully time. I just rung in with the Cap'n, and had all the boned turkey and champagne I wanted." And after a pause he added: "But a lot of our party from Colusa made a mistake and didn't go."

"What mistake did they make?" I asked.

"Well, you see," said Nick, "a lot o' them six-toed, loped-eared Missourians had come across the plains in bull teams, and never seen a steamship, and they mistook the Long Bridge for the *Great Republic*, and thought that a pile-driver was the smoke-stack, and I'm d—d if them huskies didn't stand on that bridge all day long waitin' for 'em to cast off the lines."

I have presented these few jokes as samples culled from a seemingly inexhaustible stock that increases as the days go by, for Nick, although fairly advanced in years, has lost none of that keen sense of humor and love of fun that have made his name famous where he has lived. Kind-hearted, open-handed, chivalrous, and brave, he is a fair specimen of a large class of Pioneer Californians who are rapidly yielding to the inexorable march of old Father Time, and who are erroneously supposed to have lived only in the creations of romantic brains.

FRANK W. GROSS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1878.

There is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime, which is the cause of the former, always dwells on great objects and terrible; the latter on small ones and pleasing; we submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us; in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered into compliance.—*Burke*.

The end of the honeymoon. Young bride (much hurt)—"Edwin, you have been whistling and singing all day, and it is our last day, too! Anyone would think you were glad to get back to town again."

Young husband—"So I am. (Happy thought occurs to him here.) With you, pet—with you, of course."

As the lion's foot carries in its velvety surface hidden claws that can rend you, so does nature carry concealed beneath its fair surface a vengeance, a hell that will torture or slay you for every violation of their required duties.—*Chas. Ellis*.

Every event that man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.—*Holmes*.

INTAGLIOS.

A Legend of the Forget-me-not.

When Psyche lost her Lord, the Lord of Love,
Weeping alone she wandered
Listless by every well-known field and grove,
And on her lost Love pondered.

Lastly, by Lethe's stream her footsteps strayed;
And "Oh!" she said, in sighing,
"That I might dip, and my past life be made
Like dreams with daylight dying!"

The big tears from her blue eyes raining down,
Fell on earth's pitying bosom;
Sudden there sprang amid the sedges brown,
Blue as her eyes, a blossom.

And o'er her head soft rustling sweet and low,
As though some bird's wing fluttered,
In those love tones whose loss was all her woe,
"Forget me not!" was uttered.

No more, no sight, no touch; these words alone;
And "Ah!" she cried, "forget thee?"
Nay, but half Love in our glad life was known;
Half Love is to regret thee.

"Forget thee? Nay, these flowers my tears begot
Shall be to me a token
Of Love; they shall be called Forget-me-not,
The name to cheer me spoken."

So well, sweet river-flowers, we welcome you,
Earth with faint sadness scenting—
Born of the tears from Psyche's eyes of blue,
For her lost Love lamenting.

Snares.

Bright were the threads the lady wrought,
And bright the web she wove, and spun,
While the gay balls, upon the floor,
The little cat harried, one by one,
And in their gold and purple play
Saw only feints of flying prey.

Around the lady suitors pressed,
This pale with pride, and with pride;
These watched the flashing of her hand,
And those the fair face, violet-eyed;
One sang, one sued, one sighed, and each
Hung on the honey of her speech.

And as I saw the lady's smile,
Now here, now there, indulgence shed
Glances beneath a drooping lid,
Tremor of lip, and bend of head,
To me the little cat's bounding play
Had counterpart of nobler prey!

Analogy.

The maples in the forest glow;
On the lawn the Fall flowers blaze;
The landscape has a purple haze;
My heart is filled with warmth and glow,
Like living coals the red leaves burn:
They fall—then turns the red to rust;
They crumble, like the coals, to dust,
Warm heart, must thou to ashes turn?

Harvest Languor.

Who has not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a grassy floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reapen furrow, sound asleep,
Drowned with the fumes of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And, sometimes, like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

KEATS.

Fading Flowers.

Her yellow stars the jasmine drops
In mellowed masses, one by one;
The hollyhocks fall off their tops,
The lotus-blossoms all white fall sun;
From brazen sunflowers, orb and fringe,
The burning burnish dials and dies;
Sad Autumn sets a sullen tinge
Upon the scornful peonies.
Ah! well a day!
Life leaves us so.
Love dare not stay;
Sweet things decay.

OWEN MEREDITH.

No More.

How did Love sleep? The sweet moon sailed
In robes of dusky gold last night,
Untid our tender glory faded
Before the ruddy dawn of light;
Love lay enshrined in bridal bowers,
And kissed the sweets that come and go
From far-off fields—from all the flowers
That blow.

How did Love wake? The early beams
Had pierced the rose-leaf where he slept,
And rising from his perfumed dreams,
Into the dewy world he leapt,
Singing, soared upward into light—
"For day is but a little pain,
And then 'tis night, with soft delight,
Again!"

So Love returned when twilight fell,
And found his flyers dying—dead;
The queenly rose he loved so well
Lay in his arms with drooping head.
"Ah, Love!" she cries; "thy kisses burn;
But Death has wooed my lips before;
If Love once flies—he may return
No more!"

LAUNCE LEE, in *Hood's Comic Annual* for 1879.

Autumn's Last Rosary.

The squirrel glows over his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garner with ripe grain,
And honey-bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tuneful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love-rosary;
While all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hushed mind's mysterious far-away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, gray upon the gray. Hoon.

The Deceiver.

O wanton wind, I'm watching you,
As o'er the world you wander—
I saw you steal that silver dew
From those dear daisies yonder.

A lily queened the river's bank;
Yet in your arms you caught her—
You bowed her head until she drank
Her shadow in the water.

Then singing loud you laughed and leapt
Along the lolling meadow:
But there the lovely lily slept
Forever with her shadow.

W. I. STRINGHAM.

SHAKSPEARE AND ROYALTY.

Scarcely two centuries ago the "plain people," as Mr. Lincoln used to call them, were not considered by the ruling classes of any consequence whatever. In other times they were thought fit only to build monster castles, and useless walls, and worthless pyramids; and when these monuments to folly and superstition were completed the human machines that built them were thrown aside with the broken tools and the scaffolding, or they were sent to be annihilated in war; to be slaughtered like so many cattle in bloody conflicts—conflicts the cause of which they did not know, the justice or injustice of which they were kept too ignorant to understand. Therefore, when we think of the times in which he lived, it is not strange that Shakspeare takes royalty or the titled nobility for all his characters, with few exceptions—the exceptions being his witches, eccentrics, madmen, and fools. Not a single representative of the middle classes of thrifty, intelligent, independent people, such as abound in this age, finds a place in the plays of Shakspeare, and for the good reason that there were no such classes in the days of which he wrote. In those times every man was either connected with a reigning family or he was a vassal and dependent; there were few, if any, "well-to-do people" in those ages, outside of the nobility.

Shakspeare's plays, with all the richness of sentiment, "sweet as damask roses," and wonderful many-sided genius displayed in them, have, I think, educated many to believe that kings and princes are usually great men. The wise sayings and sparkling epigrams the immortal poet puts into the mouth of nearly every royal character are delightful reading. Yet many people—especially in Europe—get to associating Shakspeare's speeches as the real emanations of the royal personages who utter them. Of course none of the Henrys, nor Richard, nor Lear, nor Hamlet, ever was capable of originating any part of the golden or witty words the great bard makes them utter, or of acting as he makes them act. It is not improbable that in reality Richard III. was something such a man as the late Mr. Vasquez. Possibly he was a little better educated, but he was like Vasquez—a low and vulgar murderer. Hamlet, if the truth was known, was, quite likely, about such a character as our Emperor Norton—his only distinction being that outside of being born a prince, he assumes to be crazy. Whether he was or not, one or two facts was all that Shakspeare required to evolve out of them a great drama.

That these plays, abounding in sweetness and light as they do, have nevertheless kept back Republican institutions in Europe, and retarded freedom in many places, there can be little doubt. They have done this by the impression they convey to the ordinary reader, that there is a divinity that "doth hedge a king." Now if any proof were required to show the absurdity of the statement that there is a particle of divinity about a king, it is only necessary to quote Thomas Jefferson, who, when a foreign minister ninety years ago, visited every important court in Europe. Mr. Jefferson's fame and mission were such that he was allowed to meet personally all the illustrious emperors, and kings, and queens of that period. And after he had made the grand tour he wrote home to his daughter, that, taking them as a lot, and considering their early advantages, they were the stupidest men and women he had found in all his travels. Not one of them was capable of writing a readable public document, nor even an intelligent letter. He said there was always behind every throne a power that ruled it absolutely. The speeches of every sovereign he met were always written by some minister or secretary. The battles they were supposed to have fought were invariably planned by some one else. Then the author of the Declaration of Independence described, one by one, the personal habits and eccentricities of the royal highnesses he had seen. His descriptions are both amusing and painful; amusing when they show how ridiculously a king can act, and painful when they narrate his often indecent conduct. If the crowned heads of Europe have personally grown in grace, or scholarship, or statesmanship since then, the fact is yet to be ascertained.

There is not to-day, with two exceptions, a reigning monarch who has natural or acquired ability enough to make an efficient viceroy of a thriving church. One of the exceptions I make is Dom Pedro II., of Brazil, by far the ablest sovereign living, yet Dom Pedro has capacity enough to qualify him for an average county judge—no more. He is more erratic than brilliant. And yet there are those who talk about our adopting some figure-head of a king one of these days, so as to make of ours a "strong government."

There is just one other type of kingly prerogative which I will mention now, and that is the extremely religious one. Like him of whom Spencer wrote three hundred years ago:

"And on his heart a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever he adored."

It is no attack upon vital Christianity to say that kings who have been religious bigots, have frequently become the most cruel and bloodthirsty in all history. EDWARD CURTIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1878.

It ought not to be forgotten that the famous music house of Kohler & Chase is now at 137 and 139 Post Street. The new store is large, commodious and well lighted. Messrs. Kohler & Chase are agents for the "Decker Bros.," the "Emerson," and the "Fischer Upright" pianos, and the celebrated Mason & Hamlin organs. They have also the largest and finest stock of band instruments in the city. Their Oakland house is at the corner of Washington and Ninth Streets. It would be superfluous to add anything to this information in the way of commendation; the firm of Kohler & Chase is to music in San Francisco what Mr. John Murray used to be to English literature.

BEFORE.

Gayly the candidate
Seeketh the bar,
Where thirty citizens
Throng from afar.
Singing "In search of thee
Hither we come;
Candidate, candidate,
Set up the rum."

AFTER.

Hark, 'tis the candidate
Hastening home;
Vainly the citizens,
Seeking him, roam.
"Light is my pocketbook,
Lighter my vote;
Citizens, no you don't,
Not if I know."

FASHION GOSSIP.

Ladies' Dress and Fancy Goods.

As the winter season approaches the ladies are desirous of making their purchases in the most satisfactory manner. Fashion naturally leads in this as in every other department in which the ladies are interested, and a few suggestions presented in the way of items we feel assured the fashionable readers of the ARGONAUT will kindly receive. Where to purchase all the novelties in winter goods being an item in this direction we beg leave to submit the following as the result of our visit to one of the leading fashionable houses in the city. We found, upon entering the establishment of Doane & Henshelwood, corner Montgomery and Post Streets, that they have been and are now making extensive sales of ladies' dress goods in plain black and broadened silks and armures; also, colored silks, bonnet cloths, and plain black as well as all the winter colors in velvets. We found here an extensive assortment of ladies' dress goods in the morning department, embracing drap d'Alma, Henrietta cloth, cashmeres, French mohairs, and the camel's hair goods; we found the favorite shades to be the dark or navy blue, dark green, various brown shades, plum color, and garnet—the latter being the new shade in camel's hair goods. The Scotch plaids are now assuming some popularity, and are being selected for young ladies' street suits. Mr. Doane informs us that he has just received all the high grade novelties in silk mixed wool goods; also, some of the latest novelties in bourettes, invisible plaids, etc. We found here also an extensive assortment of ivory portmonnaies, card cases, match safes, fancy work boxes, etc., and the very latest designs in French, German, and Japanese fans. In ladies' lingerie, embroidered silk and satin ties, Breton lace bows and Chantilla lace bows may be classed among the specialties. Among the novelties in lingerie we noticed a very delicate gold braid interwoven with black lace and plaited white ruffles. In ladies' handkerchiefs we noticed embroidered handkerchiefs in unique and elegant designs; also, the embroidered initial, the latter being classed as novelties. These handkerchiefs are a specialty, and are made to order. The embroidery is in cotton, and in fast colors. The Harris seamless kid glove is now quite a favorite, and may be found here in an extensive assortment. All the latest shadings in ladies' and children's silk and cotton hose may here be obtained, also the celebrated Cartwright & Warner make of underwear for ladies and misses, also ladies' union suits. In table linen, the very best make may here be found, embracing the justly celebrated John S. Brown & Son's make, of Belfast. The table-cloths and napkins to match, made of the best Irish linen, may be obtained here at prices that are exceedingly low. For damp and rainy weather the gossamer waterproof sold at this establishment now fills a want long felt by ladies who have experienced the unpleasant sensation produced by our damp atmosphere while on the streets shopping. These waterproofs are very light and entirely proof from rain and dampness. Gossamer coats for gents may here also be found. This firm was the first to introduce these goods and their immense sales of this class of goods indicates the appreciation of the public in their enterprise in this direction. We would call the attention of the gents also to a very choice assortment in cigar cases and pocket-books, etc., in Russia leather to be found at this establishment.

Velvet Frames, Albums, Etc.

Photographs are now being framed in frames that give them a place among mantel and cabinet ornaments. Velvet and fire gilt frames for cabinet or card photographs are considered the most appropriate, although carved frames are to some extent favorably looked upon as appropriate for this class of pictures. One of the neatest of cabinet ornaments is the velvet album standing on easels. The trimmings of the velvet frames are very elegant, being mostly trimmed with satin and gold. The firm of E. Wolfe & Co., under the Palace Hotel, have a very fine selection of these frames and albums, and in their specialty in gold frames in Grecian designs we feel warranted in saying that the most fastidious will here find something to their taste. These elegant ornamentations are here made to order by the most skillful gilders. Regilding of mirrors and picture frames is here done also in the most satisfactory manner. Some very fine passepartouts we find here in an extensive assortment. Some new styles of flat frames for engravings, with finely engraved ornamentations in the corners, are here to be seen. Among some of the specialties we notice some fine gold and ebony brackets and wall-pockets. Also the Vienna fire gilt and enameled frames for cabinet photographs. As no picture is complete without a frame, so its beauty may be enhanced by a judicious taste displayed in selecting this necessary ornamentation. Some of the most fashionable ladies have here found every style of frame for home decoration that can be obtained, and by their liberal purchases have expressed their entire satisfaction in the display here presented.

Bartlett's Book Sale.

The standard works of the greatest English, French, and American authors, embracing history, fiction, travels, and poetry, may be seen at No. 3 Dupont Street every night, selling at a terrible sacrifice at auction, the works of Hume, Macaulay, Walter Scott, Shakspeare, in elegant cloth and library binding; also the choice works of fiction, embracing Bulwer, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Jules Verne, Holland, Holmes, and numerous others; also, the best English and American poets, are being sold at the very lowest rates. This is one of the rare chances to buy a library at the very lowest rates.

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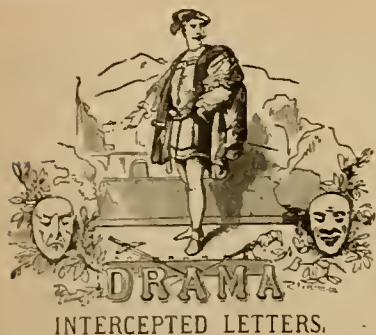
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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 22, 1898.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I wandered on Monday night where I had seen Ada Cavendish before. I knew it could not have been in the flesh, for there has always been an ocean and a continent between us. But she perplexed me with an intangible memory which I only settled this morning. I was turning over the leaves of some English novels, when I found her. The strong individual features, the sweep of her draperies, the pose of her body, flashed upon me familiarly from many a wood cut. They are hideously unflattering, but I knew them instantly, and I have irrevocably made up my mind that when a London ovel is illustrated the artist goes to Ada Cavendish's Theatre—the Olympic, is it?—and studies her. She is a very graceful woman sometimes. She has the pretty trick of falling into a striking posture with startling quickness, and she faints—my dear girl, she drops down as dead as a door nail and as limp as a silk handkerchief, so that you have a second of genuine uneasiness. Her voice is soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman, as a matter of course, but a very bad thing for the California Theatre acoustics. I suppose on one back of the fourth row in the dress circle heard one word. Moreover, she has such a habit of quickening her utterances with emotion, so that I doubt if she is always distinctly audible even on the stage. I like her well. "Mercy Merrick" never seemed to me less like a heroine and more like a real woman. She identifies herself so thoroughly with the situation of the moment, though never forgetting that she is an usurper, that you can not help being absorbed. I tried my best to get up a little sympathy for "Grace Roseberry." I always do as a matter of principle. I conceive it my duty to take issue with Mr. Wilkie Collins, but he made her such an essentially disagreeable person that I am reluctantly compelled to go back on virtue in distress. I must say that Miss DeForrest extended every aid within her power to sustain Mr. Wilkie Collins. "They" say she played it well. Certainly she presented a strong contrast with the gentle-voiced shrink creature, upon whom she piled her reproaches with an adamant hardness, and with a rasp which pierced one's tympanum painfully. In fact the variety of voice and accent in the cast was something remarkable. Miss Cavendish's exquisitely modulated and essentially English; Miss DeForrest's American, and the trail of the elocutionist over it all. Mr. Barton Hill's *swi generis*; Mr. Lawlor's, full of McCullough echoes, and very little like that of a curate of the Church of England. Mr. Lawlor did his best to look like one of those rosy cherubim, the minor English clergy, but he could have stepped out and sung "Muldoo the Solid Man" for us without its striking the audience as very inappropriate. He was as nervous as a *debutante*, and devoted his energies to his watch chain with an assiduity and strength which abundantly testified to his having "just returned from an agricultural district." Somehow, although they did their best, the cast seemed incongruous, and Miss Cavendish not in her element—handicapped at every turn. What a strong, fine face she has—a Celtic face I should think, for her eyes are deeply, darkly, unmistakably blue, and get no shade of black even from a pair of dark, expressive eyebrows. You should see her smile. It is a complete transfiguration; more so even than the smile of Clara Morris, for a spirit of mischief leaps into her eye, which is very captivating. There is about her an utter absence of straining for effect, which I like immensely. She wears her own hair, neither gilded nor with that long, superfluous switch which always dangles down actresses' backs when they wear flowing hair. She dresses with character, but plainly and inexpensively—in fact, dear Madge, in one scene a little too inexpensively; for when she hands over the pearls, with a great flourish of trumpets over "Lady Janet Roy's" munificence, they consist of a pair of very tony bracelets and a dollar-store locket; in fact the entire *parure* rattles and jingles with such a suggestiveness of that eminent bazaar that it becomes ridiculous. Thoroughly English as Miss Cavendish is, it is easy to see that she takes kindly to French method. She has none of the airs of the English tragedy queen, even in her strongest scenes. I remember how Miss Pateman used to lift her great voice when "Mercy Merrick" turns at last, stung to desperation by "Grace Roseberry's" taunts, and asks, "Who are you?" until the rafters trembled, and the gods almost kicked the beams out of the gallery. I shall never get over the loss of Miss Pateman, but after all, Madge, it struck me as being rather more like the real thing when Miss Cavendish came close to the stony "Grace," and asked her the question with ominous quiet. It had a more dangerous sound than the shriek of a virago. To be sure she had the hysteria afterward, but then you know women always do something like that. We can't keep anything up very long, even a good mad. Then, too, in "Mercy's" confession to "Julian Gray" there was all the quiet of hopelessness, and very little of the stage sob. What a pretty picture she made as she fell at his feet in one of those expressive attitudes which she understands so thoroughly. Oh, she is very interesting, Madge, and it is better to be interesting than to be beautiful. I fancy that she holds the same place with the London public as that spoiled darling of fortune in Black's last novel, "Miss Gertrude White." Of course you have read *Mr. Lord of Dure*, and will agree with me that there is a stroke of genius in his giving that commonplace name to that commonplace creature, who unwittingly became the heroine of such a romance. What a detestable mix she is to be sure. Do not think I am companion Miss Cavendish to her, excepting as a London favorite. Miss White's debut in "something tragic" was anticipated with interest. I can without very much effort fancy that Miss Cavendish's creation of a new part at home is quite the sensation among London theatre-goers, and when she essayed

tragedy it must have brought out the *dilettanti*, the artists, and the critics in full force. Imagine even the first night in London of *The New Magdalen* or *Miss Guilt*! Yet she is not a great actress, though to me infinitely charming. I can look over the strange fact that she does not use her hands well, and that she flutters about too much. In fact, I believe I like to see her flutter; for, though she approaches a degree too near the description of a "fine woman," she is shapely, round, and supple. Mrs. Saunders made a very nice "Lady Janet Roy," but she always gives me the impression that she is going to break out in low comedy. In fact everything seemed to be a makeshift. Mr. Lawlor is not at all adapted to the part of "Julian Gray," and the Reverend "Julian," as you know, figures quite conspicuously in the play. Mr. Hill played "Horace Holmeroff" fairly, and both he and the Reverend "Julian" contrived to make it very patent to the audience that they were both palpably out of place and very poor support to the distinguished actress. It was very evident that Miss Cavendish held the same opinion. There was much better care shown in Baldwin's production of *Jane Eyre*. An audience is so easily taught with little things, why not indulge them? There is such an air of "Thornfield" being a well-appointed house, and I really believe nothing so conveys this impression as the good training of a couple of servants, a pompous butler, and an attendant footman—a little matter which can not have cost twenty minutes' extra rehearsal. They tell me the dramatization is from Miss Morris' own pen, and I can quite believe it, for she has caught—as much as the stage can catch—the weird and eerie spirit of the lonely Yorkshire girl, who drew her inspiration from the bleak solitude of the moor. How little she could have known of plays or players, or dreamed that these fancies of her brain, springing up in the glowing coils of the broad rectory fireplace, could ever leave their homely habitation for such scenes; that her solemn, gloomy hero would pace the boards of a theatre, or plain, dark, little "Jane Eyre" shine before the footlights. After all, it is neither "Jane Eyre" nor "Rochester" that we see, though something near akin; for Clara Morris has preserved the quaint phraseology of Charlotte Brontë, and thus to some extent the glamour of the romance. The uncanny moonlight plays its part, too; and we know nothing of "Mrs. Rochester" but the clank of her chains and the shriek of her voice. In fact, it is the only time I have ever seen the play of *Jane Eyre* when it left upon me any of the feeling with which I read the book. I really believe this is due almost as much to Mr. O'Neill as to Clara Morris herself. I manufactured upon my own responsibility last week a deep-seated prejudice against this gentleman which I expected would be lasting. It was entirely due to his "Armand Duval." He went through this part in a manner exceedingly distasteful to me—his brow corrugated with an expression of acute distress, his voice breaking badly on the home-stretch of every gust of passion. I acknowledge that he dissipated the impression this week. It is not easy to play "Rochester." They always do make such a cad of him. But Mr. O'Neill inspired me with respect for his mere make-up. He did not try to be pretty or romantic. He wore a full beard, not at all becoming, but which made the hero a manlier-looking fellow than the everlasting mustache. Also, he quite discarded the snappish bear element, and was simply an embittered man of the world. I observed that Miss Morris gave him a very cordial hand-shake before the curtain, and he deserved it. You should see Clara Morris in a short frock and gingham apron and a pair of strap slippers. She looks like an overgrown girl with an old head on young shoulders. She has some very natural ways, and chews the corner of her apron with as much gusto as if it were the best gum. This act does not seem pertinent to the story, except to introduce the detestable "Mrs. Reed" and her brood; and yet I suppose it bears upon it and is necessary. But there are only three acts in the play, and everything is very hurried. The second act is rambling, but interesting. It introduces the mask party, but not "Rochester's" own masquerade. The little "Adele" is there in the briefest of petticoats, and is altogether a very leggy youngster. Miss Marie Ravel excellently made up as "Grace Poole," glides hither and yon in a manner which would lead a blind bat know there was a mystery. The maniac is kept quite comfortably near to the family living-room; is, in fact, ridiculously convenient when "Mr. Rochester's" wedding is interrupted. But these, of course, are dramatic licenses. The brother of the maniac bride appears with a much inflamed visage, a shakily-looking wig, and a pair of topping clerical whiskers, and also mysteriously darts hither and thither and yon. Yet, for all, everything is admirably worked up, and the scene closes with "Rochester's" presentation to the multitude (of people in their night-gowns) of "Jane Eyre" as his bride. In the next scene I felt really quite awful—I don't mean awfully awful, as the slang goes, but awed—for upon my word, Madge, they commenced the marriage service and went right through it according to Hoyle—no, I don't mean that, I mean line by line from the ritual—until I really felt quite as miserable as if I were at a genuine marriage service. It seemed a little sacrilegious, too, but I suppose it was all right. Of course, the grand scene is "Jane Eyre's" renunciation. I felt pretty solemn over that, too, for the woman played it as if it were something holy. You can not think how unclear it made the performance of last week seem, for Clara Morris beautifies the French ecote, and does not satisfy in so doing. I looked at her as she raised her hand to heaven in beautiful words of appeal, words which, sinner as I am, seemed almost too sacred for the stage, and I wondered: How do her sympathies lie? No one is a stickler for propriety nowadays, but I was just thinking I have seen Clara Morris many times, for I am one of the warmest admirers of her superb genius. In all those times I have seen her play the parts of only three good women, "Julia," "Alice," and "Jane Eyre." I never admired her more than as the little English primrose. To my thinking she overplayed more beautifully, more feelingly, than in her renunciation of "Rochester" and his love. After all, there is something in the sweet, the clean, and the true which strikes a resonant chord in human nature. The triumph of the good is sure to delight every one, from the gallery box down to the fiddler nodding in the orchestra. Unfortunately a little devilry is necessary to a good dramatic situation. In this instance "Mr. Rochester" supplied it. I dislike exceedingly, after having my feelings wrought up to such a pitch, to have them brought down with such a bang. Of course, it was necessary to dispose of "Mrs. Rochester" rather summarily, but it seemed too bad that five minutes after all this sublimity of self-sacrifice they should be in each other's arms congratulating themselves that the old girl was out of the way. I did not ascertain just what disposition they made of her. In the original she was burnt to a cinder; I got

an idea here that she was impaled on the carving-knife, but Miss Marie Ravel was not perspicuous. After all this misery, you could hardly expect me to make merry with *La Marjolaine* and *The Babes in the Wood*, but I did and was literally restored to naturalness by naughtiness and nonsense. The "Sweet Marjoram" is naughty though its music is nice, and the "Babes" and "Cock Robin" is nonsense of the most mauldin and mellow variety. How I laughed at Edouin in the school-room scene, where he prances so wildly about with all the naturalness of the red-headed imp that he is; how I skipped, in imagination, the rope with cunning Ella Chapman; how I involuntarily kept time with the boys in the gallery to the mischievous and witching measures of the *can can* song; how I raised the approving palm when Marian Singer and her chorus gurgled out in that captivating "The man in the moon is winking;" how I held my breath for the fragile little humans who did the "Cock Robin" business, and how finally I came away with the opinion that the *Babes in the Wood* was just as good a burlesque as *Robinson Crusoe*. As for *La Marjolaine*, so handsomely put upon the Bush Street Theatre stage with appropriate scenery and gorgeous costumes, I hardly know what to say about it. The libretto is as broad as our moral law is long, the plot as Frenchy as French can be, and the music a delightful interpreter of some very questionable situations. Imagine virtue being awarded a sequence of medals by vice, a woman possessing these medals marrying a man only in name; a series of very gay y plots and counter-plots to get her involved and disgraced, in which noble pursuit the husband encourages a club of gay young bachelors; her final fall—to the eyes of the world—in which her only regret and biggest tears are over the supposed loss of the next medal; her separation from the brevet husband, and marriage at last to the fellow discovered in the closet, and you have a very good idea of the story of "Sweet Marjoram." It can not safely be recommended save to the perfectly pure in heart, and then there is a degree of embarrassment that nothing but the delightful music can chase away. And now I have told you everything of four remarkably strong theatrical attractions all in one week, all doing well, and all well worth an evening's attendance if for nothing more than a counter-irritant to the cramp of Sierra Nevada. Tout à tous, BETSY B.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Latest from Paris.

During the wintry season short dresses are almost without exception now selected for the walking costume. The colors adopted are intended to assimilate to the entire costume. Scotch plaid is to some extent becoming one of the fashionable materials. The indoor toilet preserves more the elaborate in detail and elegance in material. One of the latest, and withal a very rich style, is made of silk of the grey pink shade and cherry colored satin. The skirt is trimmed with a high *houllonne*, framed on each side with a ruche of cherry color faye, and crossed with *barrettes* of the satin. The corsage is made with a point at the front and at the back, the material being *surah satine*, plaited in every color. The collar is composed of grey *houllonne* ruches, and cherry *barrettes*. The sleeves, of grey silk, are made with reverses same as the collar. A heavy drapery of the *surah satine*, trimmed with a latticed fringe appears, and large square pockets to match the collar and sleeves complete the costume. Another elegant style is made of Bordeaux velvet. The skirt is perpendicularly plaited, and is fixed under a dress, the front of which is formed in a drapery. The dress is shaped at the front so as to form a large waistcoat; at the back the *pas d'habit* falls over the skirt cut in a pointed way. All the contours are bordered with a narrow, light *ecru* lace, which gives the whole costume a rich and elegant appearance. On the drapery three rows of passementerie appear. The collar and sleeves are also made to match with lingerie of plaited white ruche. These styles are new, with all the latest, being made to order at the extensive parlors of Madame Lewis, Thurlow Block, corner Kearny and Sutter Streets. We noted also a very elegant Princess robe in *ecru* and blue silk. Also another made of a rich brown broad velvet; and three magnificent bridal tresses made here. The fashionable circles have justly pronounced this establishment as the leading fashionable dressmaking establishment of the city.

Latest Fashions in Furs.

The beauty of shape and design in furs this season shows the taste of our furriers has followed the culture and refinement that has swept over the world of fashion. Perfection of finish has been reached in this department. The buttons and, indeed, all the trimmings are covered with fur, matching the garment. The garments are lined with quilted satin, mostly of the dark brown shades. In this department the large circular cloak, made of rich Lyons silk, is lined with squirrel. The "Dolman" has deep wide sleeves and fur collar. It is made of thick black silk, lined with dark squirrel, and bordered with black beaver, pointed with the white hairs. The Parisian silk Dolman is trimmed with black fur. The seal skin saque still retains its popularity, and is manufactured from the finest South Shetland and Alaska seal skins. The saques for gents and ladies are very similar in design. The seal saque has the English rolling collar, and is lined with quilted satio, while the buttons are covered with seal fur and ornamented with seal tassels suspended by thick cords; the lining is of a dark shade. The fur hats appearing this season are very picturesque, and are styled the "Florence," the "Alpine," and the "Brighton." The hats are mostly trimmed with a bird made of fur and a long ostrich feather. The linings of the hats are made of satin. All these latest styles we observed at the fashionable fur establishment of H. Liebes & Co., 113 Montgomery Street. A very fine assortment may here be found of all the very latest in this department. This establishment is the oldest in the city, and has long received the fashionable patronage of the city.

On the 26th and 27th days of this month—that is next Tuesday and Wednesday—at ten o'clock A. M. sharp, at No. 649 and 651 Market street, the auction firm of H. M. Newhall will sell by catalogue the largest and best assortment of elegant furniture that was ever offered in San Francisco. The large stock of the California Furniture Manufacturing Company goes to the hammer under a peremptory order of sale that will give splendid bargains. Such a chance for Christmas gifts of articles of real value is seldom offered.

Next week is to be the last—positively—of the "Rice Surprise Party" at the Standard. This will be regretted by the patrons of that place, but they will be consoled with something equally good.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
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This (Saturday) afternoon at 2 o'clock, last appearance of

CLARA MORRIS

AS JANE EYRE IN THE GOVERNESS.

Saturday and Sunday evenings,

BLOW FOR BLOW,

FIFTH ACT OF RICHARD III,

And MR. JENNINGS in his inimitable songs.

Monday, Nov. 25, and till further notice, production first time in this country of the powerful English Drama, by Edmund Yates,

NOBODY'S FORTUNE,

Or THE GREAT GOLD ROBBERY.

In active preparation, a new Comedy, adapted from the Spanish, by Jose Godoy, Esq.

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The most pleasing attraction in the city. Fourth Week and still crowded nightly. Brilliant success of

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.

This (Saturday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock first

BABES IN THE WOOD MATINEE

LADIES' MATINEE TO-DAY, AT 2 P. M.

This evening and every evening, including Sunday, at 8 o'clock, the great success, Byron's fascinating Musical Burlesque;

BABES IN THE WOOD.

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Seats at the box office six days in advance.

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BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Last Week but one and complete triumph of Miss

ADA CAVENDISH.

Monday, November 25, and every evening during the week, and at

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING MATINEE,

Thursday, Nov. 28, and at Regular Matinee Saturday, Miss Cavendish will appear as

JANE SHORE,

In Wills' latest and best play of that name, supported by a strong cast of characters.

Seats at the box office.

In active preparation, Wilkie Collins' thrilling drama,

MISS GWILT.

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CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

Matinee to-day, to-night, and to-morrow (Sunday) evening,

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ALICE OATES

As Marjolaine, the Sweet Majoram, supported by the

ENGLISH COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

Exquisite Costumes from Paris. New Scenery by Graham.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Iris, the Romance of an Opal Ring. By M. B. M. Toland. Cloth, \$3; morocco, \$7 00
Genevieve de Brabant. A legend in verse. By Mrs. Chas. Willing. Cloth. 1 00
The First Violin. By Jesse Forthright. Cloth. 1 00
Edith Murray. A novel. By Joanna Mathews. Cloth. 1 50
Evelyn's Folly. A novel. By Bertha M. Clay. Cloth. 1 50
The French Revolutionary Period. By Henri Van Laun. 2 vols, cloth. 3 50
Just How. A Key to the Cook Books. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. 1 00
Boswell's Life of Johnson. New edition, cloth. 2 00
Picturesque Arizona. By E. Conklin. Cloth. 2 00
On the Road to Riches. By J. Fred Waggoner. Cloth. 1 50
Songs, Legends, and Ballads. By J. Boyle O'Reilly. 1 50
A Shocking Story. By Wilkie Collins. Paper. 1 50
Raymonde. By Andre Theuriot. Paper. 30
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The delightful aroma of a good cigar is one of the true enjoyments of life. Poets and philosophers have lent their talents in praise of this luxury. One of the true comforts of life it has been pronounced by its votaries ever since its adoption as an article of luxury by the Caucasian race. One of the most important of our industries it has grown to be, until millions are today invested in the manufacture and sale of this truly American commodity. The trade on this coast has become one of first importance, and a competition is now being carried on so extensively in this department that it has, to a great extent, lowered the old-time prices hitherto prevalent. The New York brands have been heralded with such hue and cry in the trade on this coast that very naturally a fierce competition arose through the difference of prices presented by the New York brands. While other California manufacturers were consulting and planning to drive the New York trade back from whence it came, the firm of E. Briggs & Co., 646 Market Street, of this city, quietly entered upon a plan to successfully compete with the New York manufacturers. The five-cent cigars introduced by the New York trade possessed an appearance, it is true, that added to their sale. To produce a cigar at the same price with a superior flavor was the real problem to be solved, was the judicious conclusion of this enterprising firm. By experiments made in the judicious blending of the different grades and qualities of tobacco this firm has at last succeeded in producing a cigar that gives better satisfaction than any New York five-cent cigar made of domestic tobacco. Our climate is better adapted for the manufacture of cigars than the Eastern climate, and, therefore, when the cigar is properly made by blending the different grades and qualities of tobacco, the cigar must necessarily be of a superior quality. These cigars are made entirely of pure tobacco, without the use of any coloring or other deleterious matter whatever, and possess a flavor that has justly made them very popular. In the manufacture of these cigars none but white labor is employed. Mr. Briggs informs us that in manufacturing cigars that white labor produces a better smoking cigar, in the intelligence displayed in the selection and proper blending of the different grades and qualities of tobacco. The Chinaman is but an imitator, while the white laborer exercises a judgment that is of the first importance in the proper selecting and blending of the tobacco to produce the desired flavor. Messrs. Briggs & Co. have been making heavy sales in their specialty cigars, owing to the fact that the public are beginning to realize that they can obtain a cigar in every way superior to the New York cigar for the same price, and that, when they have once tried these cigars, that they produce better satisfaction in flavor than any other cigar of the same price in the market. Having tried these cigars we do not hesitate to pronounce them in every way deserving of the popularity they are assuming in the market; and we are satisfied that the readers of the ARGONAUT will agree with us who have tried these cigars. We do not propose to give to our readers any praise of an article that does not meet with our entire approbation; and we feel fully warranted in saying that the enterprise of Messrs. Briggs & Co. is well deserving of praise from the public. This firm have also every grade of imported cigars and tobacco, so that the taste of the most fastidious may here be satisfied in goods of domestic or foreign manufacture.

The notable art collection of Mr. Vickery, of No. 22 Montgomery Street, has recently been augmented by the addition of a large number of new engravings, reprints from the old masters, etchings, etc., for which his studio has already become widely known to the art-lovers of San Francisco. The approaching Christmas Holidays—the season of friendly offerings—can be commemorated by no more appropriate or acceptable gifts than fine pictures. There is something in them peculiarly suited to express sentiments of love or friendship, while they have an individuality of their own which never permits them to grow old or pall upon the taste. Articles from this collection have the added advantage of being without their duplicates here. A large invoice is expected during the coming week, among them many representations of the modern schools. The excellent article, Frederick Keppel, on "The Golden Age of Printing," from a late number of *Harper's Monthly* has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and may be obtained from Mr. Vickery. For the accommodation of visitors, the studio will remain open during the evening.

WE ALWAYS SAY to our lady friends go to Sullivan's, 120 Kearny Street, for handsome SUITS or CLOAKS.

Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda, now open.

The finest French and purest home-made candies found at Vogeley's, 915 Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

If you want the 'noblest' suits in town—best material and latest style in cut—why don't you go to Burr & Fink's, corner Montgomery and Post streets, over Hibernia Bank?

The finest candies in the city are to be had at the Clarendon, 213 Kearny Street, of Love & Goldstein. Try them.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

Go to the Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda.

Try E. H. Hubbard's Parisian Cream for the complexion. 923 Market Street.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY
and County of San Francisco—In Probate Court.
In the matter of the Estate of JOHN BLISS, deceased.
Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 19th day of November, A. D. 1878, notice is hereby given that Monday, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1878, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the courtroom of said Court, at the new City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John Bliss, deceased, and for hearing the application of C. H. PHELPS for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.
Dated November 19th, 1878.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
[SEAL OF COURT.] By WM. A. STUART, Deputy Clerk.
CHARLES P. ELLIS, Attorney for Petitioner, 66 Nevada Block.

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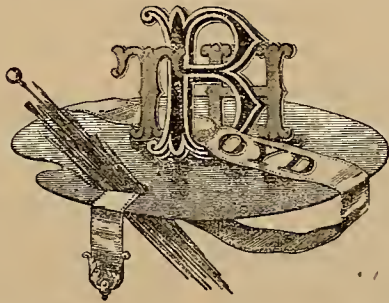
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THE SPIRIT OF '78.

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He also desires to specially call the attention of his old friends and patrons who have visited him at the Yosemite Gallery, that he has all the negatives of the Photographs taken in the Gallery, and can supply copies desired at very short notice and at the reduced prices.

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call the attention of parents, and young ladies and gentlemen of San Francisco, Oakland, and vicinity, to my eight-page circular, containing full information upon the treatment of Round Dancing, etc., and why so MANY FAIL IN THE ART. Read carefully all the circular contains, and I venture to say the advantages offered will please you. I EXACT NO TUITION where I fail in my undertakings. I will occupy the large and spacious rooms over Mr. Gray's Music Store in about ten days. Those wishing hours for instruction must apply early, as my time is fast being engaged. Office hours, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., at Mr. Gray's. J. WILLIAM FRAZER.

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APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER. — Notice is hereby given that J. EMMA S. HOWE, wife of Charles W. Howe, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 23d day of December, A. D. 1878, the same being a day of the November term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct, in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, buying and selling real and personal property and mining stocks, and to keep boarding and lodging-house, and to loan and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business.
EMMA S. HOWE.
San Francisco, Cal., November 18th, A. D. 1878.

BEST KOHLER & CHASE
SAN FRANCISCO & OAKLAND.

THE OLD LOVE REVIVED.

"MY DEAR BELLE:—I reached Mrs. Thorne's at 5 P. M., and found five wide-awake maidens, in the prettiest possible modern traveling costumes, and five young men who had come by boat and rail. My new address is Derwent Grange, Bellula. Any letter so directed will reach your expectant

"KATE HAMMOND."

"MY DEAR BELLE:—Last evening I really felt prepared to be brilliant, when Mrs. Thorne, who is a charming hostess, generally without fault, made a fatal remark, just as we stepped from my lovely rose-colored room, and stood looking down into the large, softly lighted hall which opens to a conservatory on one side, and to a drawing-room on the other. 'Now, Kate, I want you to be very charming and fascinating to-night, for particular reasons,' she said. My dear, had she drawn a circle of magic art, and danced round me to enforce silence by all the powers of witchcraft, she couldn't have done so more effectively than by those simple words, and her evident desire for me to 'shine.' I was paralyzed then, but petrified later, when Mrs. Thorne came leading a man to present, who, I knew by the expression on his face, was the 'reason' for expected charms. But, oh, when I heard the 'Allow me to present Mr. Lawrence,' and when I looked up and saw Ralph Lawrence's face—well, after exactly one minute's pause, I raised my eyes again to find him still there. Something must be done, and, despite our past engagement, quarrel, and years of separation, we must talk now. But there I stood in my yellow silk, tongue-tied, and, after staying up to the precise second required by etiquette, my gentleman Lawrence retired to the genial fascinations of Miss Gray, a blonde, inevitably in blue.

"You never fully understood this Lawrence-Hammond case. First, why we fell in love, secondly, why we fell out. If it puzzles my friends half as much as myself, they have my sympathy. You know the facts of our meeting—father bringing to our house this wonderfully promising young lawyer, working his way from that soil most productive of great men—poverty. At first I pitied him, in view of the hard struggle he was having in life; then I admired his noble patience and splendid intellect; then I liked him as a whole, and finally I loved him entire. I, the proud, cold Kate, worshiped Ralph Lawrence (burn this letter), and he truly loved me. I say it wonderingly, for, although careless of most men's esteem, before him I felt strangely humble, so poor in soul and spirit, that he, with all his strength of mind and heart, should choose me for his dearest one. Why, Belle, even now as I write, feeling his cold eyes on me yet, and hearing his indifferent tones of last night, I thrill at the memory of his love as no man's wealth of devotion can thrill me now. Neither Ralph nor I ever knew how our engagement was broken.

"You remember Maurice Gray? I hate him! He was the root of all these far-reaching branches of estrangement—No! I will not give his weak soul the credit of being the root of anything in my life. He was rich, pleasant, and very devoted—Ralph poor, jealous, and very earnest—I, vain, young, and foolish—what wonder these elements had an explosion? Yours, K. H."

"DEAR BELLE:—This is the most beautiful home I ever saw—nay, ever dreamed of. It is of rough gray stone, with many windows and bow-windows, piazzas—great, little, and middling—tall chimneys, towers, and turrets; and all of this picturesque set down on the greenest lawn, with royal groupings of flowers; this slopes to deep, cool woods, beyond which the lake glistens, and soft-curved mountains rise.

"Now, Belle, I want to ask you for a candid answer. Don't you think it a little strange that Mr. Lawrence should markedly avoid me? Not that I care, Belle, if he dislikes me! But somehow, when he refuses to act in some Shakespearean tableau—Romeo to my Juliet—then takes the trouble to black up for Othello to Miss Gray's Desdemona, I feel very strangely, and am fully persuaded that mortifying the pride is not good for my spirit, however it may sanctify others!

"Of course, you understand it's only a question of pride on my part; but one night, Belle, pride flew away, and my heart lay 'folded down in purple state' of old-time memories, when Ralph sang a little ballad in his clear, rich tenor, with the well-remembered tender expression on the closing refrain:

'Loyal je serais durant ma vie'

And my eyes filled with tears as I remembered how he once sang to me alone. But, oh! back, tears—up smiles, as I saw Ralph coming; and as he drew near, with those true words on his lips, I suddenly felt mildly angry at him, myself, every one. I greeted him with, 'Like all men, you sing the truest songs.' He answered, gravely, 'Like all honest men, I try to sing, live, and be the truest possible amid so much that is changing.' Ah, well, it may be so. Good-bye, dear. K. H."

"MY DEAR BELLE:—We went on a picnic to the ruins of a castle, famous in its day, but never so much visited as now, where vines creep over its once hospitable walls, and birds build where once was human life and human gaiety. Among the ruins remains one room intact, but reached only by a trembling old staircase. It is said of this deserted room, that she who is brave enough to step over its threshold will be blessed with a vision of her true lover—her future liege.

"I decided to try the feat, but Ralph openly objected, and came to me pleading. How angry I was that, treating me with such obvious indifference, should now display to them all how powerful his influence; but I gave my version of his influence, and went, watched by the frightened faces of all, while Ralph stood on the first landing of the stairs—they bending so as to be exactly under the doorway above, then curving out, and back to the door. Why he stood on that particular spot was a wonder and an irritation to me, as I stepped proudly past him with one glance.

"On I went, calling back gayly, 'The vision is beginning to shine through the door!' Now the stairs bent. I felt a little dizzy; Ralph shouted, 'Come back, Kate, for my sake!' That spurred me on. I flung back the dusty door—there was a binding crash—and I lay in Ralph's arms, he once more calling me his love—his own.

"Fright and tumult reigned supreme, until I, finding myself unhurt, arose and quieted the party by laughing bravely, saying: 'No more visions will haunt that room, for I have broken door-sill and charm—the golden entrance to fairyland.' Did Ralph know that weak place? Did he catch me in his arms? Was he there, or was it all a vision? Not a vision, for Ralph buried home, saying that he had a slight hurt; but that evening he wore his arm in a sling, and his face was white with pain and weariness, for, Belle, with miraculous strength he caught me in his fearful fall, and saved my life—my life! What is it to him that he should save? Or was it true he called me Love again? If I thought he did—but why am I writing so wildly? Ralph is kind, and anxious for me as my friend, nothing more; and now I am in my senses; then I was dreaming—vision-seeking. Good-bye. K. H."

"MY DEAR:—I am almost ashamed to tell—am in direct contrition, that the end of my story must be so ordinary, following the old, old way. Dramatic justice demands my future misery; but facts decide otherwise, so listen to my fate. After all the party but myself had gone—at least, I thought so—I turned to see Ralph Lawrence, too, waving farewell, and at his side stood Mrs. Thorne, who had persuaded me to stay, smiling innocently as a babe. Then the whole 'current of my being' was a boiling gyser of indignation at being so trapped, so planned for, by Mrs. Thorne. Would Ralph think I stayed, knowing he was to stay? Should I seem infatuated? Certainly not, if plain words could help it. 'Are you to stay, Mr. Lawrence? You are the last one I should have supposed would linger.'

"And evidently the last one you desire, judging from your expression, but it is impossible for me to go now," Ralph Lawrence answered so simply that my anger fell a little, and I left him, standing on the sunny piazza, with really an agreeable smile of good morning.

"Then Mrs. Thorne's management, she so prides herself on, was begun. Her first move was, I admit, a very wise one; she carelessly told me of Ralph's being unable to travel, because of the strain on his arm, and then she said no more.

"I blamed myself, pitied him, felt penitent, and would atone, if possible, for my thoughtlessness; and by the next morning, when Mrs. Thorne drove off on some errands, and I knew Ralph was lying alone in the library, I ran down stairs, opened the door, so that retreat was impossible, and entered very much as though I was there to confess petty larceny, stammering out: 'Would you like me to read? I thought you might be lonely.' If the table had walked over to Ralph and delivered that little speech, he couldn't have looked more surprised; it wasn't pleasant.

"The silence was so profound, that you might have heard half a pin drop. I broke the stillness with my usual 'tact and tenderness.' 'Don't feel you must accept the offer—I don't want to—I only—'

"Kate, please leave a little of the pleasure that the thought of remembering me gave—yes, indeed, read or sing, play, dance, sit still, if you will, only—but don't think me delicious, and look so frightened. Can you find some book here to please you?"

"With great concentration, I looked for that book, finally choosing Carlyle's 'Chartism' as surely safe ground, giving only abstract truth and calm logic; but there being one little nettle of possible personality I alighted on it by reading the 'happy' chapter, which so grandly shows the ideal living, with no care for easy happiness when life has work, duties, results to accomplish—Ralph interrupted:

"It is fitting that you read me that, Kate; for if ever man needed such thoughts 'tis I, now happiness has left my life; not that I claimed it for my right, but it came so freely and fully, I scarcely grew used to the loss."

"Here Mrs. Thorne entered, looking so pleased over the tableau, that a mild desire rose in me to spoil it, not to be managed for, smiled over; so I arose, saying: 'Carlyle and happiness together are too much for any sick man, so I'll take Carlyle and leave you the happiness of quiet.'

"You are taking both with you, Miss Hammond," was the response.

"Safe in my own room, the confusion, doubt, of my excited thought that evening might have suffocated me then and there; but a call came to join in a sail on the lake, and drove all thought away but that of enjoyment. I could be only restfully quiet, drifting on the bright water, hearing Ralph's clear voice singing through the stillness of the night:

'Oh, take me to thy heart again,
I never more will grieve thee;
All hope is dead and joy is fled,
If I indeed must leave thee.'

I think I did take him to my heart then.

"The next day my head ached so violently that I lie down I must, and keep still, Mrs. Thorne insisting that my place should be in the library, on the comfortable great sofa. And there Ralph found me at twilight. He drew his chair to the sofa, gently put his hand on my head, and spoke to me tenderly.

"No one can tell why two hot tears rolled down my cheeks, but, Belle, I did feel so tired resting—resisting all the cravings of my heart! He looked into my eyes very steadily for a moment; then—will you be very much shocked?—kissed the tear-drops, before he said:

"I have thought of many ways to try to re-win you, dear, but my love is so great that I have not patience to try a longer road if asking you to be my wife will bring you back to me. Will it, Kate?"

"What I said I don't know, and I don't believe Ralph does; but when Mrs. Thorne came in, an hour later, Ralph held my hand, with the same dear ring on it that pledged us so long ago, and he said:

"Kate is my promised wife, Mrs. Thorne. Can I ever thank you enough for this summer's visit?"—so I must have said 'Yes.'

"Once before we were engaged and very happy, but now I can only quote Miss Mulock's words: 'The tenderest thing on earth is an old love revived.'

"K. H."

At a recent court ball one of the fair queens of society, wife of a foreign diplomatist, was the object of Count Bismarck's attentions, and many observed that her beauty had produced a great impression on the famous statesman. The count, with that audacity of conquest which is his especial characteristic, extended his hand to pluck, without leave, a flower from the splendid bouquet which the lady carried. She rapped his knuckles with her fan, saying—'Pardon, Monsieur le Comte, but that flower is not a German State. You must ask for it.'

Wife—"Ah, husband, do you see this beautiful carving? How delicately cut is the pure white stone!" Husband—"Yes, very pretty." Wife—"But, William, you have no taste for art, you don't enjoy these things as I do. Just notice this splendid column of immaculate marble, with the touching question, so beautifully carved, 'Do they miss me at home?'" Husband—"Yes, I see; and here is her name on the footstone, 'G. A. B.' Yes, they miss her, if that was her name." And there came silence.

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ANNUAL MEETING.—MEXICAN

Gold and Silver Mining Company.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mexican Gold and Silver Mining Company will be held on TUESDAY, December 5th, 1878, at one o'clock P. M., at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal. Transfer books will be closed on Saturday, November 23d, at 12 o'clock M.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IZETTA GOODHUE, plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which special reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By J. H. PICHES, Deputy Clerk.
WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

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A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveve

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 66, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of December, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DUBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room 66, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMP.

ny.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of December, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 30th day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-second day of October, 1878, an assessment (No. 56) of three dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh day of November, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the eighteenth day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P. NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to DAVID P. NELSON, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STETSON, Deputy Clerk.
GEO. L. WOODS and JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

Money! If there is any thing in this world that has met with long, persistent, cruel misrepresentation, it is this thing used as a measure of values and known as a circulating medium to regulate the exchange of commodities, commonly called "money;" in its broader sense, embracing everything of value, and called "wealth." Regarding, as we do, money as the one most desirable thing in this world; as of more importance than health, fame, education, social station, reputation, and all the other gifts besides, we have been deeply pained to hear it so cruelly misrepresented and persistently and hypocritically abused. We say hypocritically, because all the philosophers and savants of the olden time who have endeavored to depreciate its worth, and all the preachers and poets, orators and demagogues of these later days who decry it, have spent their lives and periled their souls in attempting its acquisition. The godly man who preaches from the text, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal," gets paid for his homily; and if he did not get his monthly or semi-annual "scrip," would strike on his congregation, and, in answer to his own prayers, accept a call at a salary where the figure was higher and the collection sure. The poet who versifies his contempt for coin is thinking how much the publisher will pay him for his poetical disdain of the only thing he writes for. Solomon foolishly exalted his wisdom above his shekels, and handed himself down to an immortality of ridicule, when he declared that money was the root of all evil. The very reverse is true: money is the source of all good. Who would not rather be out of health than out of money? To be sick at home, coddled by your wife, attended by the best physicians that money will hire, with every comfort and luxury that money will buy, anxiously inquired for by solicitous relatives who hope to inherit your estate; a grand funeral, with millionaires for pall bearers; a funeral sermon that magnifies your good qualities and opens wide for you the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem; and a monument builded of bronze, or marble, or granite, to commemorate your many virtues, and to band down your honored name to posterity—is not this better than to live on to old age a healthy, starving, ragged, foot-sore, and weary tramp? What is the use of good digestion, if you have scant and poor food or none at all? What's the good of being healthy, if you are weary from daily toil, or cold from destitution? Who would exchange money for the chance of being famous? or who, being famous and poor, would not exchange his reputation for coin? Or who is there, in ancient history or in our present time, that, searching for this world's honors, has not had his eye on the main chance and looked out to feather his nest for old age?

We accept the history of Diogenes, the early Christian fathers, monks, and hermits, as somewhat apocryphal, and prefer to believe that the ancients were not unlike the moderns, and there is not a grumbling Diogenes of our acquaintance who would not exchange his tub for a palace on Nob Hill, nor any of our modern priests, padres, monks, or hermits who would do much of the sack-cloth and starvation business as the order is represented to have done in the days gone by. As for education, who would not rather be rich than learned? There may be some scholars, thinkers, and writers, some book-worms, students, and philosophers, who would not come out of their libraries, shut up their books, and throw down their pens under the temptation of all the pleasures that wealth affords; we say there may be, but they are not at the University at Berkeley; they are not teaching nor writing for newspapers in San Francisco. Every lawyer at our bar, every doctor who gives a pill, every quill-driver, each of us, everybody, is working for money. Money gives social station, and without money no one can maintain any social status in any good society in any civilized land. Society demands good clothes, a clean shirt, gloves, and polished boots. It is even more exacting: it demands a claw-hammer coat, white necktie, clothes of fashionable cut, and imperatively requires that you shall rendezvous at the place of social entertainment in a carriage. You shall entertain in return for being entertained; you shall dine and wine the dinner-givers. We know there are traditional good societies where only blood and breeding tell. It is so in the Quartier St. Germain in Paris, and there dukes keep boarders for hire. It is so among the nobility in England, the heirs of a long line of landed ancestors; but they never refuse a matrimonial alliance with the scion of a banker or the heir of a fat brewer. Hannah Rothschild marries an English lord, and her sister is about to ally herself to a French duke of noble blood. On Beacon Hill, Boston, the descendants of the old pirates of the Spanish Main, of slave-dealers, and codfishers, are respectable only as long as the money lasts. The descendants of the first families of Virginia and the Huguenots of South Carolina were respectable as long as the niggers lasted. The aristocracy of those patroons who owned vegetable gardens on Manhattan Island dies out when the money gives out. And, as for San Francisco, there has never been but one kind of good society here, and that is the circle that is on top when stocks are up.

There is another curious thing regarding money; those who have it and those who have it not affect to despise it and to think it of but little consequence; they speak lightly

of it, and in their expressed opinions concerning it place it last of all the virtues they do not possess. The very rich men delight to say to their poor friends that wealth is a great burden; it entails duties and responsibilities that are more than commensurate with the pleasures it confers; that all they can get from their great wealth is clothing, board, and bed; that they are slaves to their possessions; that true comfort lies in the enjoyment of moderate means, and that if they could consult their own wishes they would retire to their places at Menlo and enjoy the delights of a quiet and easy life. Of course they do not mean it, because we rarely hear that a railroad, bonanza, merchant, or money king ever abdicates his throne or passes his crown to the heir apparent so long as life and health and reason last. But the most comical thing of all is when we poor folk get together and philosophize upon the vanity of wealth and the vexations of its possession; we would not swap places with these ignoble money grubs; we would not exchange our nobler faculties, our love of books and travel, our ease and independence, our sense of manly virtues, for their poor, groveling love of pelf. We affect to despise and pity rich men, in fact to bewail the miserable fate that chains them down to the gathering and holding of money, while we nobler souls are airily poised on freer pinions and sublimely floating above them in a higher and purer atmosphere. And yet we are all the time eating our lives with jealousy, and biting our tongues in vexation at our infernal poverty.

We poor people take great delight in finding fault with the rich, that they are not generous, that they do not endow more charities at their death, or begin the building of their monuments when alive by some great, noble deed. We take pleasure in thinking what superior rich people we would be. How charitable, how generous, how comprehensive would be our ideas of the responsibility that attaches itself to wealth. We are quite sure that we do not respect a man simply because he is rich, but it is marvelous what hidden excellencies we discover in him when we ascertain that he is. It is surprising that we should keep up all these affectations when the only business of all the people in all the world is to make money. San Francisco is our "all the world," and we judge other people's worlds by ours. There is not a man or woman in this city that does not desire more money. No one has enough—no one has yet acquired all that he desires. All are toiling for coin. The priest, preacher, and rabbi wrestle in prayer at the altar for coin. The judge, the lawyer, the politician, the orator, are learned, zealous, and eloquent for coin. For coin the artist paints. Professor Knowlton teaches for coin. Money inspires the poet, the actor, the merchant, the mechanic. All, all are toiling for the only one thing needful. Kearney agitates for coin. Wellock works for fifteen dollars a week. The price of the *Bulletin* is twenty-five cents; *Call* and *Chronicle*, only fifteen cents, delivered by carriers. The *Alta* is on it, and Colonel Jackson, of the Workingman's organ, accepts advertisements at reduced rates as a partial remuneration for his earnest labors for the public welfare.

That all men are mercenary we lay down as a rule—an almost universal rule; we know of but one exception in all our broad circle of acquaintance. We know of but one enterprise that we can conscientiously assert was undertaken, and is now being carried on, with an unselfish purpose to promote the public good. And even the ARGONAUT—in deference to an established custom among journals—allows its carriers to receive thirty-five cents a month for its delivery; and in order to encourage our boys to habits of business thrift, permits them to receive ten cents for a single copy.

The conflict of the stock gamblers is over. It was a hot encounter all along the Comstock line. Judea and Ireland met in financial battle; the troops were massed at the north end, and there the strife raged fiercest, there the profoundest strategy was exercised, there the blows fell thickest and heaviest. The smoke has lifted, the dead and wounded have been carried to the rear, and all Jerusalem mourns. The Egyptians have spoiled the Israelites of raiment and jewels, of stock and shekels, and thus history reverses and reproduces itself. Why stocks went up or why they went down, who put them up or who put them down, whether they will go up again or whether they will not, are conundrums that are now engaging stock operators. Whether they do go up, or stay where they are, or go down, seems to us a matter of very little importance. Now that the fight is over, we regard it as of no more consequence than the siege of Jerusalem under Titus. We were in neither fight, and to ourselves and others who kept out, either from principle or cowardice or want of coin, there was no danger of being hurt. Very few outsiders were interested in this last deal. It was a duel between two gambling stock circles; a challenge boldly flung by the Anglo-Californian Bank, Glazier & Co., certain wealthy Israelites, and their allies, Skae, Morrow, Head, and others, to the bonanza people. Ireland took up the glove, and the strife was an angry and bloody one. It was not intended to be an idle pageant on cloth of gold, but a battle between the money giants. The financial walls of Jerusalem were breached by the heavy battering rams of the Nevada Bank. Whether Johnny Skae is taken prisoner of war and held as a hostage for the good behavior of his allies, or whether he has gone over to the enemy bag and baggage, we do not

know. We know there are weeping and wailing all the way down California Street. There is gnashing of teeth in Leidesdorff Alley and its adjacent cellars. But not one broker has failed, and no money has been lost. A little coin—not much—has changed hands; imaginative paper fortunes have not been realized. A man who sits down with a hundred dollars at a faro bank, has good luck, plays red chips, wins ten thousand dollars, does not draw out, loses it again, and goes away in the morning full of champagne and without a cent, has lost a hundred dollars and not ten thousand. There is apt to be more cry than wool when this devil of the stock exchange shears the old gambling ewes and wethers that seek to play themselves off for innocent lambs as soon as they are fleeced. This mock sympathy, under cover of which the *Chronicle* personally abuses Mr. Flood for results which no one man can control, finds no response from intelligent thinking men.

The present Senate of the United States has 39 Republicans, 36 Democrats, and 1 Independent Democrat. After the 4th of March, 1879, it will have 33 Republicans, 42 Democrats, and 1 Independent Democrat. The present House of Representatives has 137 Republicans, 156 Democrats. After the 4th of March, 1879, it will have 130 Republicans, 148 Democrats, 15 Greenbackers. This result proves that the Republicans, instead of gaining, have lost the Upper House, and have not held their own in the Lower. While the Democrats have gained States in the South, they have lost Connecticut and New Jersey, with Representatives from New York, but in each section this was owing more to local causes than to any national issues at stake. Roscoe Conkling will succeed himself in the Senate, and this places him, where he has already been, in the front rank of Republican candidates for the Presidency; whereas the success of Conkling takes from Samuel J. Tilden the hope, if he had any left, of being the chosen leader of the Democracy. It also turns a large trump-card against General Grant, whom the newspapers have been writing up most assiduously. It has killed off Blaine of Maine, damaged Thurman of Ohio, but helped Hendricks of Indiana and Bayard of Delaware. Let us examine further: The crystallized South gives 138 electoral votes; the North, 106; leaving the doubtful States of California 6 votes, Connecticut 6, Ohio 22, Pennsylvania 29, New York 35, New Jersey 9, and Oregon 3 votes. With the Southern vote, only 47 votes more are required to elect the President. Where, then, is there security for the Republicans, provided the Greenbackers and Workingmen unite or make terms with the Democrats? Suppose the South nominate some Greenbacker, upon whom they could all agree, from Pennsylvania with 29 votes, and they secure Indiana's 15 votes, with Oregon's 3 votes; this would elect the President. Butler will not be a candidate for the Presidency, but he has a strong following in the Bay State, and the idea of becoming "the power behind the throne" would be a temptation for him to consolidate the Democratic and Labor elements; and, with a harmonious joint ticket, even in Massachusetts the Republicans will find it no easy task to save that State. But between this and the Presidential election there is time enough for things to change; and what we want to observe is the fact that neither of the parties has such an assurance of success that it can afford to spare any exertion. Assume that the Democracy misuse their power during the coming Congress, where will the Democratic party end? This cry of a solid North and South is losing its significance, for the people know it only proves a union of the honest and responsible elements of society banded against dishonest government. There is no honest Republicanism in the South (they tried it until they bankrupted every State where Republicanism prevailed), or it would certainly have an effective strength to-day. Every one knows that in the city of New York there was no honest Democracy at the last election, or the Republicans could not have carried that State. The union of the non-partisans even, in California, is proof positive that men will abandon old parties to accomplish results. If they have done so, why will they not do so again? When they do so again, our country will have arrived at that political millennium when intelligence and honesty, holding the balance of power, will compel parties to the performance of their duties. The great, intelligent, independent middle class of society is beginning to make itself felt in local, State, and national politics.

The *Call*, in estimating the chances of Democratic or Republican success in the coming gubernatorial election, says, and properly, that the party which does the most in checking Chinese immigration will be the one which will control the State at the next election. This we think is true, and we commend the suggestion to both parties in Congress. This is California's opportunity to secure intelligent legislation upon the Chinese question. That Chinese immigration must be restricted—kept within reasonable bounds—is the opinion of all intelligent classes. That the "Chinese must go" is the slogan of demagoguery and ignorance.

M. M. Estee has assured us that he is not a candidate for Governor; he has also made the same declaration to the Constitutional Convention of which he is a member. This relieves the press from the responsibility of telling any further lies about him in that connection; we breathe more freely.

THE COOK AT EURISCO SAW-MILL.

Away up among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about five miles from the town of T—, there stood, in the spring of '71, a large saw-mill owned by the Carlyle Brothers. They had agreed to furnish a large amount of timber to a certain company who were to build an immense flume during the summer, and the mill was got in running order as soon as possible. The mill was five miles from any habitation, and stood in a lovely glen, with huge mountains rising on three sides of it; a lonely place it must be admitted, but soon to be made lively by the buzzing of saws, shouting of teamsters, and shrieking of the whistle.

The mill with its surrounding buildings formed quite a little village. There was the large barn, with its corral for the tired oxen to repose in on Sundays; two or three cabins scattered around, for the accommodation of the men, and the dwelling-house, which stood near the mill, and consisted chiefly of a large dining-room, where the hungry "boys" were wont to rush in to their meals immediately after the whistle blew. But this spring, just before the opening of our story, George Carlyle, the elder brother, had a wing containing parlor and bed-room built on, and had moved his wife out there.

She was a delicate little woman, who thought the change would do her good. The brothers also determined that they would, if possible, get a white woman to do the cooking for the mill crew, as they had borne the infliction of Chinese cookery long enough. But where to get one was the question. A woman who would go to that lonely place and cook for ten or fifteen men was not to be easily found. However, the younger brother, Dan, who was the head sawyer, was obliged to go down to Sacramento to get some new machinery, and he volunteered to find one.

He reached Sacramento, ordered his machinery, and, the day before he started back, set out to find a cook. Passing the store of an old acquaintance on J. Street, he entered, thinking that perhaps his friend could aid him in the search.

A lady stood by the counter dressed in deep mourning. Her veil was down and he was unable to see her face. He greeted his friend warmly, and then said:

"Mr. Bronson, I am in trouble, and I want you to help me out of it if you can. You see the boys have got tired of Chinese cooking up at the mill; and, as my brother has built on an addition to the house, and moved his wife out there for the benefit of her health, we thought we would try and get a woman to do the cooking this summer. I have rashly agreed to find one, and am perfectly at a loss where to look. Can you tell me where I would be likely to succeed?"

The lady standing by the counter threw up her veil and turned her face toward the speaker. It was the face of a woman of perhaps twenty-two, a very beautiful face, in spite of the shadow of sorrow in the brown eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said, while a flush rose to her cheek, "how far is it to the mill of which you speak?"

"Five miles from T—," he responded.

"How many men to cook for?" she asked.

"From ten to fifteen," was the reply.

"My father owned a saw-mill once, and I cooked for the men," she said. "I think I could satisfy you if you will let me try. I assure you I am quite a good cook. Will you take me?"

Dan tried to hide his surprise. "Yes," he said, "when can you come?"

"When the mill starts. When will that be?"

"A week from Monday."

"I will be in T— on Saturday," she said.

"Very well," said he; "I shall meet you there and convey you and your baggage to the mill. What name shall I inquire for?"

"Mrs. Winchester," she replied, and passed quickly out of the store.

Mr. Bronson laughed. "Well, Dan, you don't seem to need a great deal of help from me in this matter."

"Who is she, anyway?" asked Dan.

"She is a widow who has been in here twice before, looking for work; but I should certainly have hesitated before recommending a young and lovely woman like her to you, to go up there and cook for a saw-mill crew. You must take good care of her."

"I'll try to," laughed Dan, and so the subject was dropped.

When he reached the mill the first thing his sister-in-law asked him was if he had got a cook. He said yes, and told her of his success.

On Saturday he took the light express wagon and drove into town. He arrived there just as the stage drove up. A lady in deep mourning and closely veiled alighted. Dan knew her and approached.

"This is Mrs. Winchester, I believe."

"Yes."

"Which is your trunk?"

When they reached their destination, Mrs. Carlyle came out to welcome the new "cook," and show her to her room. She saw at once that she was a lady, and wondered not a little at her accepting such a situation when she was so manifestly well fitted to fill a much higher one. But she was still more surprised to see how naturally she took hold of things in the big kitchen, and went to cooking as if she had been used to it all her life; and Saturday evening found such a supper served up as only a thoroughly good cook can serve.

On Sunday the rest of the mill boys arrived with their blankets and baggage, prepared for their summer's campaign. The cook was, of course, talked about a great deal, and many were the curious and admiring glances at her as she quietly waited on the table; but they were gentlemen in their manner toward her, and loud in their praises of her as a cook among themselves.

On Monday morning the whistle blew at six o'clock, and immediately after breakfast there was a loud noise of escaping steam to be heard, and the white clouds wreathed round the roof of the mill. A log was rolled on the "arrage," and "dogged;" steam was let on. Dan grasped the lever; the saws buzzed; the carriage started forward, and, in a few moments more, the first cut of the season had been made. And now, while he stands with his hands on the lever, I will describe the head sawyer and part owner of this establishment.

He is a man of about thirty, tall, and well formed, with black, curling hair, and handsome black eyes. He wears a dark mustache and beard, and when he smiles shows a set of

strong, white, even teeth, that evidently do not belong to a tobacco chewer. He is a man of education, with a great deal of mechanical genius. His brother, some ten years his senior, keeps the books and is general overseer in the lumber yard.

The crew, a motley assortment of men, mostly young, were pleasant, rollicking fellows; hard workers, all of them. Their favorite topic of conversation was the "cook." What a splendid cook she was, and how handsome; but how very quiet. None of the boys except Dan had as yet spoken a word to her, except to say good morning, and to ask for more tea or coffee at the table. That there was something mysterious about her was evident. In the first place it was a strange thing for a beautiful, lady-like woman like her to come up among the mountains to cook for a saw-mill crew, for Dan had told them that she was from Sacramento. And again, on the third evening of her arrival, after her work was finished and she had retired to her room, as Dan and Archie Carrington, the engineer, were coming up the track into the mill, they heard the faint, sweet tones of a violin coming from the direction of the house. They crept softly around and stationed themselves in the shade of a large madroño tree that grew close to the house. They saw her seated by her window in the moonlight, playing softly on a small violin. She was evidently a perfect mistress of the instrument. They listened enchanted until she ceased playing and then went carefully away. As they passed round the house they saw Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle seated by an open window. They had also been listening to the music.

Dan went over to his room in the loft of the mill, and lay awake a long time wondering what kind of a fairy he had picked up down in the city, and Archie went down to the cabin and electrified the boys by telling them that "the cook could play the fiddle." The news so excited the boys that the entire brigade arose from their beds and stole cautiously out to the shade of the friendly madroño, but the cook had disappeared, and no sound came from within, so they were obliged to crawl back disappointed to their bunks; but the next night, and many a night after, saw silent listeners beneath the tree.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was a pleasant, sociable little woman, was anxious to know something more of Dora Winchester other than that she was a widow, handsome, a good cook, and played the violin; so she asked her one day to tell her something about herself and her past life, and elicited the facts that her mother had died when she was born; that her father and an old Spanish nurse brought her up until she was old enough to be sent to school; that her father taught her to play the violin; that her nurse had taught her to cook, but had died when she, Dora, was sixteen; that about a year later her father had built a saw-mill near N—, and she, much against her wishes, had cooked for the men; that she had done so for more than a year when the mill was accidentally burned, uninsured, and the loss seemed more than her father could bear and he died soon after; that she went to live with an aunt of hers (her only living relation) who lived in the next county—had studied and obtained a certificate, and taught school for one term. While teaching she had met her husband; he was the owner of a quartz mill in the same town. They were married when her school closed. She had lost him a short time ago, and being once more obliged to support herself was looking for employment when she met Mr. Carlyle at Sacramento.

Mrs. Carlyle wanted very much to ask how it was that the widow of the owner of a quartz mill was obliged to work for a living, but as Mrs. Winchester evinced great reluctance about speaking of her affairs she forbore; but having lost two children herself, she could not resist asking Mrs. Winchester whether she had been similarly afflicted.

Yes, she had lost a little girl, she said, and such an expression of anguish came over her face that Mrs. Carlyle ceased her inquiries and never again had courage to renew them.

Just back of the mill, a little to the left, was a deep, cool cañon that extended back into the mountains, and here in the afternoons, for the short hour of rest she had between dinner and supper, Mrs. Winchester would go, and return with her hands filled with strange wild flowers, great green maple leaves, and long wreaths of honey-suckle, and once in one of her rambles she found a little brown bird with a broken wing. She took it tenderly in her hands and brought it to the mill. As she passed by, Archie, who was throwing down wood for his engine, from the slab-pile, asked her what she had found. She showed it to him, and he asked her eagerly if she wanted a cage for it. She said she would like one; and he said he would make her one that evening. She thanked him and passed on.

After supper that evening he went to the kitchen door, and asked her how large she wanted the cage. She told him, but begged him not to go to any trouble, as almost anything would do to hold the birdie in until it got well. Archie went over to the mill, whither he was immediately followed by all the "boys," who were very curious to know what business Archie could possibly have with the cook. When he told them, he had so many offers of assistance that in an incredibly short space of time the cage was completed. Archie took it over to her, and was rewarded with a bright smile and a gratified "Oh, thank you! Why, how quick you have been!"

"The boys helped me," he said, "or I couldn't have done it quite so soon."

"Tell them I am ever so much obliged," she said, and Archie went back to the waiting crowd and described the important interview minutely.

As the long summer evenings came on Mrs. Carlyle would beg Mrs. Winchester, after she had finished her work, to come and sit on the porch with her, and Dora, who liked to oblige the kind little woman, would comply with her request. There they were frequently joined by Mr. Carlyle and Dan, and the conversation would become general. These were precious hours for Dan, for to tell the truth, this old bachelor of thirty, who had resisted the fascinations of many a fair one, and thought himself proof against female charms, had discovered that there was a weak spot in his armor, and that Mrs. Winchester had unknowingly discovered it. And so the long days of summer crept by, and September came, with its yellowing leaves.

One lovely afternoon, about the middle of September, as Dora came down from the cañon with her arms filled with beautiful crimson and gold leaves and long, green ferns, she

found that the mill had stopped. Wondering at the cause she reached the house, and met Dan coming down the steps. She inquired the cause of the stoppage, and he told her that Archie had caught his hand in the machinery and crushed it quite badly; that his brother had taken him to town to the doctor, and that he would try while there to get another engineer.

She was sorry for Archie, for he was a bright, pleasant fellow, always full of fun. She expressed pity for his misfortune and passed into her room, which she decorated with the leaves and ferns she had brought from the woods. She then went to prepare supper. An hour or two later Mr. Carlyle drove up with a stranger on the seat beside him. She was setting the table. Dan came on to the porch.

"Here is George with our new engineer," he said.

Dora turned, with a plate in her hand, and glanced out of the window. The plate fell to the floor with a crash.

Dan looked in and laughed. "Accidents will happen," he said.

She made no reply, but picked up the pieces and went quickly into her room. Her face was deathly pale, and her eyes had a tearful look in their brown depths.

"O my God, pity me!" she moaned, sinking into a chair, and rocking herself back and forth. After a little she went and resumed her work, and only the pallor of her face betrayed her recent emotion.

The new engineer came up the steps. He glanced into the kitchen and saw her there. A deep flush overspread his handsome face. He was a man of medium height, but strongly built, with fair wavy hair and a blonde moustache. His square chin deeply cleft, and the steely glint in his blue eyes, showed him to be a man of indomitable will. He passed into the dining-room with the rest of the men. Dora waited quietly on the table, but her hand shook visibly as she handed him a cup of tea. He glanced up at her, but she averted her head and refused to meet his eye.

After supper Dan lingered a moment in the dining-room.

"What do you think of our new engineer's looks?" he said.

"Why, how pale you look," he continued, without giving her a chance to reply. "You are working too hard, I fear."

"Oh, no," she said, hastily; "it is only the warm weather, and I walked rather too far this afternoon. Your engineer is a fine-looking man, I think. Where is he from?"

"George found him at T—. I don't know where he is from. He gave his name as Fairchild, I believe—Norman Fairchild."

Dora did not sit on the porch with Mrs. Carlyle that evening, but went to her room, and Dan was disappointed. He stole round to the madroño to listen for some music, but all was silent within. He waited an hour or so, hoping she would play a little, and then went to his room. If he could have glanced into the "cook's" room he would have seen her kneeling by her bed, clasping in her hands a tiny curl of golden hair, and weeping convulsively.

Autumn was dying slowly. The days passed much as usual at the mill, except that the "cook" got paler and paler, and her eyes grew larger and darker every day. The men all noticed it, and attributed it to over-work. Well, the season would soon be over, and then she could rest.

The new engineer understood his business thoroughly. He was a splendid worker; he not only attended to his engine but frequently helped the "off-bearer" take away the lumber from the saws. He had not as yet spoken to the cook; in fact, he seemed rather to avoid a meeting with her, but he inquired all about her from the men, who cheerfully gave him all the information they possessed.

One evening as she stood alone on the porch—Mrs. Carlyle having gone over to the mill with her husband—Dan came up the steps and joined her. She turned toward him with such a wan white face that he was fairly frightened.

"You are ill," he said, anxiously. "I am sure you work too hard, cooking for us thankless savages. Don't you think you had better give it up?"

She looked wearily away over the dark mountain to where the moon was just rising, and said she had been thinking of leaving for some time, but thought she would stay until the season was over as it was such a short time. Two weeks would finish her contract, and then they would shut down.

"And then where will you go?" he asked, eagerly.

"I don't know," she said, slowly. "I have not decided yet."

He hesitated a moment, and then said: "Mrs. Winchester—Dora—I have been wanting to ask you something for some time; may I ask you now?"

She turned her frightened brown eyes upon him and read at a glance what it was he would ask her. "Wait a moment," she said, "I must tell you something first. You believe me to be a widow?"

"Yes," he said, his face paling in the moonlight.

"I am not," she continued, quickly; "my husband is living, and I have never obtained a divorce. I know I can trust you to keep a secret. Good night," and she disappeared. Dan stood like a statue.

"I am ready to hold the light now for you to swedge your saw." It was his brother's voice just behind him.

"I believe I won't swedge it to-night," he said. "I guess I'll have time in the morning."

"Where is Mrs. Winchester?" asked his sister, who saw at a glance that something had gone wrong.

"She has gone to her room, I believe, and I guess I'll follow her example and go to mine. Good night." And he went down the steps two at a time; but instead of going to his room he turned off on a log road and went up into the cañon. Daylight was dawning when he returned, and the engineer was getting up steam. Dan fixed his saws, and went in to breakfast. Dora's pallid face showed that she had not rested any better than herself during the night.

The day was one of those which are often found in the last of autumn, when the air is warm and sultry, and the blue smoke hangs over the mountain tops. Dora moved wearily about her work. Mrs. Carlyle came on the porch and called her to look at a fire on the mountain side. "What a queer kind of a day it is," she said. "I feel as though something were going to happen."

About nine o'clock Dora had finished her work, and going into her room commenced packing her trunk. She was going away; she could not stay here and endure the life she had been living for the past few weeks. She would tell Mr. Carlyle at noon that he must get some one to fill her place. Suddenly above the noise of the mill she heard a shout, and

then another; then the mill was suddenly stopped, and, looking from her window, she beheld men running from all directions into the mill. A presentiment that something terrible had happened flashed over her. Mrs. Carlyle came into her room with a white face.

"The mill!" she gasped. "I fear there has been an accident; let us go!"

Dora ran quickly toward the mill, outstripping her feeble companion. As she entered she saw a crowd of men stooping over a terribly mangled *something* that lay on the floor, while the saws were terribly stained with crimson blood. She saw at a glance *who* it was that lay upon the floor.

Dan stepped forward and caught her arm. "This is no place for you," he said, hastily.

"Let me go," she cried, wildly; "he is my husband."

Dan dropped her arm and stepped back, while the look of horror deepened on his face. She knelt on the floor and took her husband's head in her arms; but she saw that he was dead, and sank down in merciful unconsciousness. It seemed that he had been helping the "off-bearer" take away the slab from a large log. After the carriage had gone back he stooped to pick a piece of bark from beside the saw, and they supposed he must have tripped and fallen forward. His body was almost severed.

They buried him on the mountain side above the mill in the shade of a group of whispering pines. Dora would have it so, and at the head they caused a marble slab to be erected, bearing this inscription:

NORMAN FAIRCHILD.
Died October 20th, 1871, aged 33 years.

Those awful stains were washed from the saws and the floor, a new engineer was procured, and the mill started again to finish the contract. Mr. Carlyle was obliged to find a new cook, as Dora was confined to her bed after the terrible shock she had received. Mrs. Carlyle nursed her tenderly, and in a few days she declared herself quite recovered, and announced her intention to leave. Mrs. Carlyle begged her to remain with her as a companion, but she was firm. So one day in the last of October she finished the packing which had been so fatally interrupted. She took down the withered leaves and long green ferns with which she decorated her room, and, throwing them from the window, watched them float away in the autumn wind. Then she opened the cage containing the little brown bird. His wing had healed, and he had become very tame. He hopped out on her hand and uttered a chirp, as though to say good-bye, and then flew out into the shade of the madroño, where he trilled a song of joy at once more regaining his freedom. Dora was to leave the next morning, and that evening as she stood by the window in Mrs. Carlyle's parlor, pale and quiet in her black dress, Dan came in.

"It is a lovely moonlight night," he said. "Won't you come out and walk for a few minutes? I have a question to ask you."

She looked up at him. He was very pale, and there was a pleading look in his eyes that she found hard to resist.

"Yes," she said, "I owe you an explanation." She wrapped a shawl around her and they passed out.

"Let me tell you my wretched story first," she said. "Four years ago, after my father died, I went to live with my aunt. I obtained a certificate, and taught school eight months. While teaching I became acquainted with Mr. Fairchild. He was the owner of a quartz mill in the vicinity, and was, as you know, a handsome man. He was also a good friend of my aunt's, and I was almost constantly thrown in his society. From the first he evinced a great deal of interest in me; and I—well, I had never before met a man for whom I could care. He seemed to possess a kind of magnetic power over me. I knew he was a very determined man and had a quick temper, but he took good care to show it as little as possible during our engagement. We were married as soon as my school closed in the fall, and went to San Francisco on our wedding trip. He was kind and attentive to me, but I saw all too soon that I must submit to him in everything, or live in war. When we returned we lived near the mill, and here my trouble began in earnest. He dictated to me in everything. He seemed to love me, but certainly had a strange way of showing it. I could scarcely endure his jealous watch on all my actions. No one visited me except my aunt. He was not unkind in his manner toward me, but seemed to rejoice in his power over me.

"When my baby, my little Gracie, was born I hoped he would change, and love the little one as well as I did; and though he seemed pleased at first, he soon began to grow jealous of my attention towards her. She was a delicate little thing, and when awake fretted if out of my arms. Norman scolded a great deal, said I was spoiling her with so much attention, and would sometimes try to make me lay her in the crib and let her cry herself to sleep, but this I utterly refused to do. She was a beautiful little thing, and was all I had to love, and I worshipped her. As she grew older she evinced the greatest fear of her father, and could not be induced to go to him, and that seemed to aggravate his dislike for her. One day when she was about ten months old she was unusually fretful. I knew the child was not well, and did my best to soothe her. When Norman came in in the evening I was trying to get her to sleep, but she cried incessantly. 'I am afraid she is not well,' said I.

"'Nonsense,' said he, and crossed the room with a black look on his face. 'You are making a fool of yourself and of her too. Give her to me. I'll see that she stops her everlasting crying.'

"I begged him in terror to let her be, and I would soon quiet her. But he took her from me, and holding her on one arm, held me back with the other. The child's fear of her father increased her screams. I implored him to let me take her, but he refused. She suddenly ceased screaming, and looking at her in terror, I saw that she was in convulsions. I sprang for my child, and tore her from his grasp, but before I could do anything for her she was dead.

"I dimly remember shrieking frantically and calling him a murderer, and then I knew no more for several days. When I came to myself again Aunt Ellen stood by my bedside. As the knowledge of what had happened came over me I was almost frantic. 'Where is my baby?' I cried. I tried to rise from my bed, but was too weak, and fell back weeping bitterly. Knowing that this was best for me, my aunt gently tried to comfort me, and presently, when I grew calmer, gave me a little curl of golden hair and told me where my baby was buried.

"I could not bring myself to ask for my husband, but that evening I heard his voice in an adjoining room inquiring for me. But I refused to see him, and the next day my aunt told me that he had gone to Nevada to see about an interest which he owned in a silver mine, and would probably be gone several weeks, and had left orders that I was to stay with her until he returned. He had merely told her that the little one had gone into convulsions and died, and she was surprised at my refusing to see him. My strength returned rapidly after he had gone, and in a few days I was able to be around again. My aunt's duties called her home, and she tried to persuade me to accompany her. But this I utterly refused to do. She then urged me to get some one to stay with me during his absence. I promised to try, and she went home. My plans were already formed. Packing up a few of my most cherished possessions, and procuring a widow's dress, I left home as quietly as I could. He had always kept me well supplied with money, so that I had sufficient for my needs. I took an assumed name, and soon reached Sacramento. I tried to find employment as a teacher, but failed, and was looking for work when I met you. He must have traced me here. I don't know what his intention was, unless to make me believe that he had not lost his old power over me, and that it was impossible for me to get away from him. I don't know what he has done with his property. One thing is certain, I shall never trouble it." Dan had remained perfectly quiet during her recital, and only his clenched hands and deeply-labored breathing showed how deeply he was affected by it.

"And now that you are free once more where are you going?" he asked.

"I shall go back to my aunt," she said; "I know I can find employment there as a teacher."

He hesitated a moment. "May I ask you my question now?"

"Not now," she replied, hastily. "Come to me in a year, and then you may ask it." For she well knew what the question would be.

"A year is a long time to wait. Will you give me hope?"

"Yes," she said in a low tone; "and now I must go. Good night."

* * * * *

Passing by a fine ranch midway between M— and R—, in one of our best farming counties, one beautiful evening last May, I saw a pleasant sight: a tall, dark man was romping on the grass in front of the house playing with a pair of rosy-cheeked, curly-haired twin boys, about three years old; while beyond them, in the shelter of the porch, rocking a beautiful baby girl in her arms and smiling at the revelers on the lawn, sat a lovely brown-eyed woman, whom I knew could be none other than "The Cook of Eurisco Saw Mill."

E. A. T.

PATTERSON, Cal., November 12, 1878.

The Yellowstone Canon.

This great gorge has been recently explored by Professor Hayden, the chief of the Geological Survey, who had penetrated it once or twice before. It seems to surpass in grandeur and interest even the famous canon of the Colorado, made familiar to us by the daring and perseverance of Major Powell. It is 3,000 feet deep, the walls being almost vertical. It is so dark at the bottom of this awful chasm that stars are plainly visible in the sky at any hour in the day. The loneliness of the place is dreadful. Waterfalls are numerous. The four highest and grandest ones are called the Tower, Shoshones, and Upper and Lower Yellowstone falls. The lower fall has a plunge of nearly 400 feet; the others average about 100 feet. The average width of the river in the canon is less than 600 feet. The celebrated geysers were reexamined by Professor Hayden, to ascertain whether the phenomena had developed any new features. "Old Faithful," the largest of the group, is still subject to hourly eruptions, the intervals of activity occurring as regularly as the ticks of a clock. When at work "Old Faithful" projects a stream of hot water 200 feet in the air. The party camped for seven days within sixty yards of this geyser, the mild temperature of the spot greatly mitigating the rigors of the weather, which was severely cold and tempestuous, snow having fallen to the depth of two feet in some localities. The suffering experienced by the men was intense. The expedition endured many hardships, and met with many thrilling adventures. The crossing of the swift mountain streams in that region was often attended with extreme peril to both human and animal life. The animals were frequently led along the most dangerous defiles. One mule bearing a heavy pack missed its footing and tumbled over a precipice 1,600 feet high. The men peeped over the brink and saw a pile of bones and mule meat at the bottom, but no time was spent in efforts to recover the pack. Wild game abounded, and the men could sit by their camp fires and shoot moose, elk, deer, and bear.

Macaulay thus foreshadows the Kearney movement: "I remember that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Vandals who were again to destroy civilization? Alas, it did not occur to them that, in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighborhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice, ignorance, and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila."

When Charlotte Corday stabbed the terrible Marat to death in his bath, July 13, 1793, an effusive Frenchman embraced, as he called her, "the angel of assassination." A sense of gratitude as strong will pervade the minds of the good men of New York city, as they give credit to Samuel J. Tilden for his brave and successful assault upon Tammany Hall. But the parallel bids fair to be completed. Tilden, like Charlotte Corday, will have to die for his destruction of a great tyrant.—*Forney.*

On state occasions his Excellency Chin Pan Lin chalks his queue.

LORELEI.

Below a cliff the curled waves drift
With gleams coruscant in the light,
And on the white cliffs sloping high
The bright sun-lances break and shift.

And from the cliff a mystic song
Floats outward on the flowing tide;
Shine sun or stars, the echoes glide
In melting magic streams along.

A woman leans above the swell
Of billows on the sapphire sea,
From whose full lips flow thrillingly
Wild cadences of subtle spell.

Her white limbs gleam like pearls along
The lucent shimmering waves below;
'Tis joy to gaze upon their snow,
But death to listen to her song.

What time a boatman slips adown,
The wild sweet notes ring o'er the wave,
And if he pause to hear, a grave,
Sea-bound, he gaineth by the sound.

Wherefore a rower passeth by
Averted-faced, afraid lest he
Should see the white form's symmetry
And hear his death-song ringing high.

NORTHUMBRIA, November, 1878. MAY N. HAWLEY.

ow say you, Gentlemen of the Jury?

The downward path in pain she trod,
Loathing the thing she did;
The question is with her and God:
To live? To starve? Who bid,
Or bids, us mortals live or die?
And who shall draw the line,
And in a sea of misery
High duty's task define?

Is it to pine beneath God's sun,
To wither inch by inch?
To steal, to filch, to leave undone
Our purer self? The pinch
Of poverty is hard to bear;
'Tis hard in vain to ask;
And there are those who well could dare,
Yet find no fitting task—

Those upon whom once fortune smiled,
And after frowned as black,
By Fate or cheated or beguiled;
And those who knew to lack
From their first breath of vital air
To life's last throb of pain.
Ah, who amongst us here shall dare
Fling that first stone—Disdalo?

And in such grief, is she who falls
Guilty of desperate crime?
The suicide not less appals.
Which is the fitting rhyme
To such a life, to such a fate?
Pause, happier hearts, and say,
Ye who have wealth and large estate,
Yet sometimes go astray.

OAKLAND, November, 1878. HARRY A. CARTRIGHT.

San Francisco.

Though night has come upon the hills, I stay,
And my eyes, resting in their downward glances,
Fall on the fair young city of Saint Francis—
The dim Sierra fadiog fast away,
The fleet of anchored ships, the noble bay
Upon whose rippling waves the moonlight dances,
And Golden Gate through which the fog advances
That soon will hide the scene with cowl of gray.
O City watching by Balboa's sea!
When greed of gain and lawlessness are past,
Thine is the future, and sure faith I hold
Thou wilt have brighter days, for thou wilt be
A home of science, art, and song, at last,
As Rome and Athens were in days of old.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1878. R. E. WHITE.

On Hearing the Song, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall."

Slowly and still the twilight shades are stealing,
Gently the thronging night-birds sing and call;
Softly from out the purple distance pealing
Sweet tones are telling how the "roses fall!"—

Voices so apt in Nature's silent teaching
They hold the spirit in a mystic thrall,
Waking within the heart an ardent reaching
For the cool bank whereon the "roses fall."

Leaf after leaf, they say, the rose is falling;
Drop after drop, they sing, the springs run dry;
But, with a sudden thrill of hope, they're calling—
Fountain and flower shall freshen by and by.

Once more the rose, now stripped, and sere, and trodden,
Shall spread her fragrant petals to the sun,
And where the cool, dark shadows reach and broaden,
Gleaming and clear the dancing stream shall run.

So, in this life, when all our hopes are shattered,
And the worn spirit faint and sick has grown,
When the false friends whose lips had smiled and flattered
Have left us broken hearted and alone,

Sweet Faith shall point us to inviting mountains,
Whereon the springs of love are never dry,
Where flowers are blooming by immortal fountains
In the eternal gardens of the sky.

OAKLAND, November 20, 1878. MARY L. CLOUGH.

A Portrait.

Brown hair that glows with gold when sunbeams meet
Amid its meshes; eyes so darkly blue
They seem like purple violets wet with dew;
Lips daintily red, and ripe, and very sweet;
A rounded chin where chasing dimples gleet;
A little hand whose warm clasp thrills you through;
A form like that which greeted Cupid's view
When Psyche came; and tripping bits of feet.
So bright and beautiful is she I love.
The far-off stars, the worlds that hang remote,
Can show no form so lithesome and so fair.
Delicious dreams with her forever move,
And ringing notes of music near her float,
Within that realm where her kind rule I sure.

NEW LONDON, CONN., Nov. 10, 1878. THOS S. C.

THE HANGING IN GEORGETOWN.

The pioneers will recollect that Coloma, the spot where the gold was first found, was, in those early days, a sort of Mecca—the end of a long journey, whence the diggers were wont to “branch out.” There was an Oregon man of the name of Hudson (peace to his soul, for he is long since dead) slipped away from Coloma in 1849, and found a gulch which was rich beyond anything then known. He returned to Coloma, gathered six friends, and, each packed like mules, left the sleeping hamlet at midnight for this secluded and unknown spot. This was about September of the year named; and the seven worked steadily till November, when they were discovered. The rush came in by thousands, for the eagerness to get hold of rich diggings then was as strong as it is now. The finders were circumscribed at once as to the amount of ground they were to have; but, having had nearly a two months' quiet swing, they were content that others should reap some of the fruits they had already bountifully secured, for their average to the man had been \$300 a day.

We almost neglected to record the name given to the gulch; it was called by the little party in honor of the man who found it the Oregon Gulch. Upon these diggings becoming known the town of Georgetown sprang into being; a large party of Georgians, who found the Hudson party, made their camp at the head of the ravine, which has ever since been known as “Georgetown.” The Oregon Gulch was taken up from its source to Canon Creek, into which it emptied, and Georgetown became at once a famous place. The “Round Tent,” during 1850, known in nearly every mining camp in the State, was bigger there than usual, and the hard-earned money was set upon the gambling tables not in ounces, but pounds. In digging to the bed-rock along the gulch aforesaid, some of the Georgia miners (for it was they who introduced what is called the “long tom,” and there it was they first put it into practical use) had thrown out a square piece of gold so perfect that it seemed as if it had been run in a mould. It was thrown up among the debris, being nearly three and a half inches square (for it was too long to pass through the iron slots of the “long tom”), to be picked up by a worthless chap who had a hard-working woman for a wife. This nugget of gold the woman kept for a long time, giving everything else to her husband, who as persistently got drunk and gambled away their earnings as the day followed the night. On this occasion the husband got drunker, if it could be, than ever, and knowing that his wife still had the nugget secreted somewhere, tried to force her to give it up. This she refused to do. Mad-dened by rum, and the hope of gain from the gambling tables then groaning under loads of gold, he grasped his gun—an old musket—and shot her, the ball passing through the woman's stomach; and when the murderer was taken with the smoking weapon in his hand, and the wife said it was he who committed the deed, giving the reason, and pointing to the spot in the cabin where she had hidden the bar, that man's fate was sealed!

Of course the agony of the poor woman was great. She was shot at nine o'clock at night, but when mortification set in the next morning she became easy; and then, like the true woman that she was, she commenced to beg for her husband's life, although she knew her own was ended. The poor thing died so easily in the afternoon that it seemed as if she had simply gone to sleep.

Then it was the hard, rough hands which had so gently nursed the woman grasped the man. He was a short, stout, burly fellow from Sydney, clad in a red woolen shirt and commoo pants. He was led out by two powerful miners, followed by the whole camp, to a little knoll south of the town, where the tall sugar pines grew. Some sailor climbed a tree and tied a rope to the limb. The man saw it all; had been taken to see his dead wife, but had nothing to say—not a request, not a prayer to make. They lifted him into a wagon, built a sort of platform on it, tied his feet and hands, put the rope around his neck, and a thousand willing hands pulled the wagon away, and as the evening sun, just dipping behind the hills, cast strange, low shadows upon that wild scene, there, at the end of the rope, was the swinging body in the red shirt.

The Coroner cut him down the next morning, and his picked jury rendered a verdict of “Served him right.”

SAXON.

Mrs. William C. Ralston, having returned from Europe to confront the vile accusations that have been so cruelly and so cowardly made concerning her, is now at the Palace Hotel. She is intending to ascertain by proceedings at law what are her rights as the heir, and by will the legatee, of her deceased husband. She has met the accusation of mental incompetency and compelled the discontinuance of proceedings that ought never to have been commenced. She declares it to be her intention to reside in California, and to establish her sons here where their father lived and died. To attack and assault this lady as some journals have done since her return seems to us to be most unjust, unkind, and altogether uncalled for. Those newspaper proprietors who, when the husband was in his power, were his most abject slaves and flatterers, are now the first to assault and slander his defenseless widow. Those whose friendship for William C. Ralston survives his ability to serve them, and who have kindly memory of his many generous qualities, and his many acts of public service, will deeply deplore this attack. All gentlemen will recognize the impropriety of dragging her name into the public print when no good purpose can be served thereby. If the race of gentlemen has not entirely run out, and the age of courtesy to women entirely gone by, there will be some who agree with the ARGONAUT in deprecating this most cruel and cowardly assault.

There are theatrical people who stoutly assert that Joaquin Miller never wrote one single line of the play called *The Danites*, but lent his name to it for a moneyed consideration. Who the mischief would purchase the use of Joaquin's name?—which is Cincinnatus Hiner.

A march composed by Rossini, but never published or performed, has been officially distributed to the military bands at Rome, and promises to become very popular. The maestro presented it to the Italian Government in return for the order of San Maurizio bestowed on him by Victor Emanuel.

THE WAY MEN DRESS.

I have been much struck during my residence in California with the disregard men show to dress. American men are all stubbornly independent in this respect, and it is needless to add, are in consequence notorious the world over for their want of taste and slovenly manner in dressing. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and I am happy to say that these exceptions are daily increasing; but they are few and far between, especially in California. In all countries, except America, to be scrupulously neat and exact in all conventional forms of dress is an essential element in a gentleman's character; and people are able to recognize by his dress the class to which a man belongs as accurately as a sailor can tell the nationality of a ship by the general trim and set of her rigging and sails. The dress of the man of the present day, taken at its best, is hideous enough, heaven knows! Then why deform it further by making bad combinations of color and shape? Many men purposely never give the subject a moment's thought, for fear of being considered foppish. Perhaps they do not reflect that by going to the other extreme they make themselves quite as snobbish, and unconsciously class themselves with those nature's noblemen who avoid cold water on principle. A careless, slouchy man is seldom cleanly, is always uncomfortable—as nothing ever fits him—spends twice as much on his clothes as there is any necessity for, and, lastly, shows a lack of respect for the ladies he associates with. For these strong reasons, and as it is quite as easy to wear the right thing as the wrong, I can not imagine why people will make themselves uncomfortable and extraordinary. In the East, men are beginning to be well dressed; that is to say, they finally acknowledge that hats of a certain shape go well with coats of a certain shape, and that every gentleman should take off his dusty office clothes and put on his evening suit for dinner. The fastidious reader will at once see the advantage of doing the latter, as it necessitates a clean shirt. Then again, ladies always dress for dinner—why should not men do the same? Ah! it may be said, ladies have nothing else to do. My answer to this ungallant evasion is, that ladies invariably dress with a detailed elaboration in comparison with which a man's unbecoming uniformity of garb is as nothing. But, comparisons aside, a man who knows how to put on his clothes can dress thoroughly in fifteen, or at the outside twenty, minutes, and surely every man can spare that time. It is refreshing, on going to your club, to find everybody in evening suit, and it makes you feel fresh and good-natured yourself to put one on. It is rare in San Francisco to see a man properly dressed in the evening at a club, or a theatre, or even a private dinner table; and I have seen men not in evening suits at dinner-parties and even balls; and “as for going to all the trouble of tying a white cravat just to call on a lady,” who ever heard of such a foolish custom? Now, I won't be positive, but I think I have. The hardship and roughness of the life of '49 have given way to the ease and refinement which naturally follow wealth and women. San Francisco can boast of a greater amount of luxurious refinement and elegance in private houses and hotels than almost any other city in the world. In fact, everything has kept even with the times except the men's dress. This is not at all in harmony with their surroundings, and could be greatly improved. No man is more of an American by right of birth or by feelings than I am, and nobody takes a greater interest than I do in everything American. I constantly hear foreigners making malicious remarks about America and Americans, and I want the time to come when it will be impossible for them to do so, even about such a trivial matter as dress.

GRINGO, JR.

Some Artists.

With the near approach of Christmas our artists have settled down to the most industrious spell of work that has yet overtaken them. Especially is this the case with Rix, Tavernier, Strauss, and Robinson, who are all engaged in filling orders for the holidays, bringing out from their easels some of the most exquisite little gems that brush and colors can produce. Tavernier has returned from Monterey, and is now located with Rix in studio No. 6, Mercantile Library building, where the talented pair can be found every day between the hours of 11 and 3 o'clock, ready to do artistic service in the shape of sketches in oil, pastel, or water-colors to the satisfaction of the purchaser. Rix is doing some captivating twilights, and Tavernier has on the easel subjects in delicate summer landscape and rugged coast marine. The little landscapes that Strauss is now painting in pairs are something superb and should be seen by those not yet possessing specimens of his work, and the sketches of Robinson when once seen are certain to be appreciated, as delightful subjects for pictures. And just here we want to give a brief bit of advice to those who spend money for pictures, and who desire to get a satisfactory return for the money so expended. Deal directly with the artist, and avoid as a snare and a delusion the commission merchant or frame peddler, who has more interest in the disposal of rejected and unsalable canvases from the East than he has in the work of our acknowledged home talent, for the reason that the speculation is his own or the commission larger. Avoid the influence which is always sure to meet you, and visiting the artists give an order to them which will bring you a single picture, or a pair, that will have attached oftentimes the added value of your own suggestions and be correspondingly valuable. Then again you save the percentage to dealers, have your own taste suited in the matter of frames, and possess an association with the canvas that is always pleasant. In this manner, and by this method, there are hundreds of our moderately wealthy or well-to-do people who can have our local artists represented on their walls, or who can make glad the hearts of appreciative friends and acquaintance by a Christmas gift as acceptable as it assuredly will be valuable. Think of this, and if there is anything in the suggestion remember that nearly all our artists can be found at their studio addresses, and that they have qualities and canvases that will make the visit interesting.

In no other city in the country, says a correspondent of the *Pittsburg Commercial*, is there such an army of half-educated, half-witted, no-mannered, vulgar, hobbledchoy girls as one meets constantly upon the Washington streets.

THE STORY OF THE FRENCH BANK.

"After" Poe's "Bells."

I.

How the people curse the Bank,
The French Bank;
What perjury and fraud those Commissioners did outflank!
How the jingle, jingle, jingle
Of the coin which took its flight
Would gladden those who mingle
On the streets, by twos and single,
With felicitous delight,
Crying coin, coin, coin,
After those who did purloin
From the safe and solid vaults of that safe and solid Bank—
From the blank, blank, blank, blank,
Blank, blank Bank!—
From the safe and solid vaults of the French Bank.

II.

Hear the wise and learned Courts—
District Courts:
What "concurrent" jurisdiction attaches to their skirts!
With how little true compunction
They issue an injunction,
And by the shrewd manoeuvre
Of a sharp and cunning lawyer
Appoint a Bank Receiver
In due form,
Thus by getting jurisdiction,
Secure the malediction
Of a rival forum.
Oh, the wealth of "latent" justice in the Courts!
How it gushes forth in dignified transports;
How it sports
And supports
The bailiffs of the Courts,
The lawyers and the sheriffs of the Courts,
Courts, Courts,
The lawyers and the bailiffs of the Courts.

III.

Hear the shrewd and crafty lawyers—
Brazen lawyers!
What a real source of terror are these artful peace-destroyers
Hear their blandness to the Bench
As they quote their bad Law French.
Hear them try to hoodwink juries.
How they scream themselves in furies.
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
All the time,
In a clamorous appealing to the patient Court and jury,
In a mad expostulation with the weary, worn-out jury.
Speaking higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavor
Now to win the case or never—
With a perseverance almost sublime.
Oh, these lawyers, lawyers, lawyers,
What terrible annoyances
They all are!
How they jangle, clash, and roar.
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet their clients are aware
By their wrangling
And their jangling
That for fees alone they care;
Yet the clients of these lawyers,
As they wrangle
And entangle,
Well know them to be wicked fell destroyers,
By the wrangling and the jangling of the shrewd and crafty lawyer
Of the lawyers, wretched lawyers,
Of the lawyers—peace destroyers—
By the wrangling and the jangling of the lawyers.

IV.

Hear the staid Appellate Court—
Supreme Court—
What depths of legal wisdom its opinions do import!
How its writ of Prohibition
Squelched the coveted Commission
Of the Gallagher Receiver of the Bank,
And transferred to that high forum,
With its wise and august quorum,
The Bank case for argument in Banc!
But the people, ah, the people,
The dear, deluded people,
The Teuton, the Latin and the Frank,
Who by toiling, toiling, toiling
Months and years without recoiling,
Saved a pittance to deposit in the Bank—
They are men and they are women,
They are Irish, French, and German,
But they're fools;
For 'twixt Sheriffs and Receivers,
Bank Directors, Courts and lawyers
With no souls,
They are plucked like silly geese,
Or like sheep shorn of their fleece,
By the Sheriffs and Receivers,
Bank Directors, Courts and lawyers,
Like mere tools.
And they seem to think it nice
To be plucked like silly geese
By these ghouls,
These cold, inhuman ghouls,
So plausible and fair,
Who feast on human souls
Entrusted to their care.
But beware, oh, beware,
For in the dead of night,
When shut out from human sight,
They are ghouls;
And they stalk, stalk, stalk,
All alone;
With their King alone they walk,
With their King alone they talk,
With Satan—their King—all alone,
Devising "legal" measures,
How by law to reach those treasures,
How to reach that bright six millions of gold coin;
How to keep the case in Court,
The Court of last resort,
Or a Court of any sort,
Until those glittering millions are all gone.
How to keep the case in Court,
In the Court, Court, Court,
Until the whole six millions are all gone!

H. N. C.

"I meant no harm," said the Rev. Joseph H. Beale, Methodist, of Wallingford, Connecticut, when arraigned before church committee on a charge of kissing seven young women. And he didn't do any harm—they had all been kissed before by the deacons.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."



They are right, after all, who call the violin the king of instruments; it needs but that it find itself in the proper and to assert its sovereignty right royally. We are apt to forget it. The tricks of the modern virtuoso school—the aganini-DeBeriot-Leonhardisms, so to speak—have belittled it, until in our day the dignity, the nobility, of its true style seems to be almost lost out of sight; to be a popular concert violinist is nearly the same as to be a *saltimbancha*. The Quintet Concert of last Friday night was a valuable lesson to such of our young violin aspirants as still fancy that attainment of a certain facility in *staccato*, *pizzicato*, and *trills* generally, constitutes a violinist. They will have learned that it is in the purity and warmth of his tone, the wealth and refinement of his phrasing, the neatness and accuracy of his passages, that the true artist seeks his effects; at the genuine violinist aims, firstly, lastly, and always, to get upon his instrument; that his ambition is to make music, and let the applause depend upon his having accomplished it, instead of upon his astonishing the audience by a display of difficult and unmeaning gyrations. The *Suite* of pieces furnished Mr. Louis Schmidt, Jr., the welcome opportunity to illustrate all this, and he performed his task with a completeness that I may say surprised even those who were most sanguine of his possession of the true stuff. His playing of the *Suite* was simply admirable; the *Prelude*, with its almost symphonic breadth; the *Romanza*, tender, impassioned, and yet broad and dignified; and the weird, almost aboriginal *Scherzo*—they were alike beautifully interpreted. *Score*, say I; we must have the *Suite* again. The String Quartets—three movements from the Op. 47 of Rubenstein, *bendied* by Schumann, and *Minuetto* by Mozart—were faultlessly done, and their warm reception by the audience seemed an endorsement of my request for more quartet, and is solo playing. This is the purest form of instrumental music that we have; and if, as I hear reported, we are to see our quartet after this season, we ought to get all the ensemble playing we can out of it, for heaven only knows when we shall get another. The Trio (*Serenade*) by Hiller, with its interesting forms and rhythmically quaint *Intermezzo*, together with the *Finale* from the Saint-Saëns' Quintet, presented Miss Alice at her best, while I thought the cello solo there dry, both as a composition and performance. Mrs. Arner-Campbell, who gave a very delicate rendering of a *Berceuse* from *Dinorah* (a hazardous selection, by the way, for the concert room, since the dramatic situation forces upon the composer a form so fragmentary and capricious at times, removed from the stage, it becomes almost an absurdity), finished a delightful surprise in a pretty German song by Jöken, which she sang with a warmth of voice and manner that I was not prepared for. The song of Bizet—rather interesting as a composition—furnished some debate points. I did not like Mrs. Campbell's conception of it, but fancy that she studied it in Paris, and there they certainly ought to know how these things are intended to be sung.

In looking over a folio of piano-forte pieces by Stephen Heller the other day, I chanced upon an old friend whose acquaintance I feel assured it will delight every pianist to make: his *Ländler and Walzer*, Op. 97. The set consists of twelve short waltzes in the style of Franz Schubert; they are exquisitely melodious, full of sentiment, and not at all difficult to play. We all know how delightful Heller can be when he chooses, and in this work we have him at his best.

Mr. Herold's programme of last Wednesday afternoon consisted—first of the *Preludes* by Liszt, Mendelssohn's *Concerto* in G minor, and the *Entr'acte* to the third act of "Lohengrin" by Wagner; not a bad menu, by any means, albeit in which the gentle Leipzig might have suffered from the gorgeousness of his surroundings had he been made of sterner stuff. As it was he stood the test right manfully; and, indeed, with this *Concerto* he might well face any place in any programme, with the odds greatly in favor of his carrying off the honors. It is one of the brightest and loveliest compositions for the piano-forte—brilliant, graceful, and yet over difficult. The *Preludes* was, on the whole, a very satisfactory performance, though it suffered considerably from the inefficiency of the string force. The composition is extremely brilliant, and full of a certain vivid picturesque quality that renders it very attractive, especially in this market. It chooses to call it a *Poème Symphonique*, and as it is of a composition (most of it, at least); the second theme is very like the trio to the *Scherzo* of Schubert's C major symphony, I suppose he is entitled to call it what he likes; but no more "symphonic" in form or structure than are most of the *Rhapsodies*, and not nearly so much so as dozens of piano-forte pieces I could name. It is a *Fantaisie* for orchestra—precisely that and nothing more. Mr. Herold's *finis tempo* for the *Entr'acte* almost took away my breath at the outset, but when I had become accustomed to it it seemed right, and I rather liked it. It made it go off splendidly, and helped to cover up the weakness of the fiddles.

We had this *Entr'acte* up for discussion lately, a musical end and I, and my friend contended that for concert purposes the last dozen measures should be cut, and a new one substituted by adding a few measures to follow the last *trill* in G; this new finish to preserve the jubilant character of the piece, which he conceived to be weakened by a quiet ending of it as it stands. Although at first I hesitated to agree with him (the carrying it past the fortissimo certainly seems unwarranted on merely looking at the score),

the performance of last Wednesday convinced me that Mr. Herold is right in ending as he does—only that, in order that this anti-climax should not be misunderstood, there should be some word of explanation. In the opera this piece fills a place somewhat analogous to the *Wedding March* in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," i. e., it is played between the acts as a "curtain music," but has its place and *motive* in the logical development of the drama. The second act closes with the procession of Elsa and Lohengrin (accompanied by king and nobles) to the cathedral, where the marriage is about to take place, and the third opens with a chorus of the guests who are accompanying the happy couple to their apartments after the festivities which are supposed to have been held in the great hall of the castle. It is these festivities that are intended to be portrayed by the joyous rush of the *Entr'acte*; the scene itself is hidden from view by the curtain, but the sound of its jubilant strains makes us participants as it were, and merging it at the close into the quiet and melodious bridal chorus is after all the only possible logical or poetical termination of it. It is part of the Wagnerian theory that the mere formal structure of a musical composition should be a consideration entirely secondary to its dramatic character, and in this piece he has furnished a most happy illustration of the theory without any sacrifice of beauty or formal consistency.

I have been asked: "Who should study Bach, and what is to be learned from him?" I reply: Everybody and everything. He is meat for every stomach, the weakest as well as the strongest, and almost all that is worth knowing in music can be learned from him. I have only to hear people say that they "don't like Bach" to be convinced that with them the musical feeling is not more than skin deep.

The Orchestral Matinées are suspended until after the holidays. The fourth Quintet Recital, which falls on next Friday, 6th prox., will bring the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, Piann-forte Quartet by Schumann, String Quartets by Hayden and Schubert, and songs—notably Reinecke's lovely ones with violin obligato—sung by Mrs. Tippet. S. E.

Church Music.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—As criticisms on church music seem to be in order, will you permit one who can speak more from the heart than the book to make a few suggestions. Your critic is evidently one who is a thorough musician, but in his articles on church music he criticises a performance as he would a "Schmidt recital"; he overlooks the fact that in our church service the music is intended simply as an accessory of worship, not a display of talent or skill. Taking Dr. Stone's choir as an illustration, the music is expected to be, and usually is, adapted to the occasion. The praise service is as deeply interesting and savors as much of devotion as the prayer service, and the notes of some touching chant, or the lifting power of some grand *Te Deum*, have their place in soul-worship. We listen to our song service not to criticise it as a performance, but as a vehicle for our emotions. In some churches congregational singing prevails (a chorus by the masses), in others a quartet of harmonious voices lead in the song service like the preacher in the prayer. Cathedral music, so to speak, is not adapted to our Protestant churches. Bach's *Fugues* would have no place; even an organ voluntary would not tolerate them. Such a composition as "God is a Spirit," sung by a "Whitney quartet," is simply sublime, but I do not think your critic could enjoy it. "Paradise," as sung by the quartet, is touching and simple, and even "The Sweet By and By" has its place in our worship. The hushed silence that prevails during the utterances of the choir before spoken of is proof enough of the deep interest felt in the music. Your critic evidently judges of church music from a German standpoint, so to speak, and classes it as a performance, while we forget to consider it in any such light, so that it is adapted to the time and place. B.

[The editor has referred this criticism to the gentleman whom it chiefly concerns, and he says in reply:]

Criticisms "from the heart" are very difficult matters to deal with. I have known most excellent hearts to beat responsive to very bad music, or be deeply stirred by the most atrocious poetry, and can even imagine such a one of commendable rhythmical correctness, and yet in fullest sympathy with Mr. Mayer and his peurile twaddle. The fact is that "B."—like many others—has simply misapprehended the standpoint of the critic, even as he evidently fails to quite comprehend the standpoint from which church—or any other—music should be judged. It is precisely as "an accessory of worship" that I demand that the musical portion of a church service should be conducted in a reverent spirit, and with decency; that it should be musically clean. In order to be so it should be entirely free from the tawdry prettinesses with which a certain class of organ-players (not organists, by any means) delight the more ignorant and disgust the cultivated portion of their hearers; it should have nothing pretentious in its character, and nothing that will serve to distract the attention of the congregation from the worship, or attract it to the mere music. I cannot undertake in this place to make clear to "B." what I mean by "good music"; firstly, because it would lead too far from my space, and secondly, because from the status from which he writes I fancy it would be a hopeless task. I can only assure him that the music at Dr. Stone's church is not good music, in any sense of the word—not even respectable, decent music. That a portion of the congregation likes it is no concern of mine; what I have heard from more than a dozen sources since first I wrote about the matter convinces me that there is another portion that fully appreciates and coincides with my strictures upon it.

It is now known that the eucalyptus was discovered in 1792 by a French expedition in search of the famous admiral, La Perouse. This expedition was a double failure; it did not find La Perouse—it did find the eucalyptus. It did not restore a great man to France, and it did play the aged Henry with every Californian landscape by defacing it with blotches of unsightly blue, and loading the atmosphere with unpleasant, and no doubt unwholesome, odors. We are almost sorry La Perouse was lost.

BOOK REVIEWS.

More books! One from Roman & Co., by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, for us to review. How, in the name of reason, are we to review this book? It is about housekeeping and cooking. We do not know anything about either. If we ask our wife to review it, she is not going to admit that any body knows any more about housekeeping than she does; and how can we advise concerning the cooking receipts unless we try the dishes? Ninety-six pages of receipts! It would take a year. At the end of that time we should be dead, of over-feeding. If our readers want to review this book let them buy it.

C. P. Somerby, a book publisher in New York, sends us a work entitled "The Ethics of Positivism," by Giacomo Barzellotti, Professor of Philosophy at the Liceo Dante, Florence, price \$2, and writes us that unless we review it and send him a marked copy of the paper he won't send us any more books. This has placed us in a very embarrassing position. The senior editor took the work home, read it carefully through several times, and could make neither head nor tail of it. It defends the theory of absolute moral obligation against the claims of empirical expediency. Modern psychology is fully entered into; Locke, Hartley, Hume, Auguste Comte, Stuart Mill, Bain, Spencer, Paley, Bentham, Kant, Schelling, are fully, completely, and exhaustively considered. Our senior editor acknowledges that he never read any one of these books, knows nothing about psychology, nor the physiological theories of any one of these writers; he tried hard to master this book, was threatened with softening of the brain, and is now off on leave of absence, duck-hunting, to recover his mental equilibrium. Bierce tackled it and went to grass on the first round. We then sent it to our musical critic. He returned it with the remark that it was written in a measure with which he was not familiar, and thought it must be by some new composer. "Betsy B." sat up all night with it after her return from the theatre, and thinks there might be a very nice comedy or melo-drama got out of it by Boucicault, if the copyright is not reserved. So we give it up; the book is too deep for the ARGONAUT. We shall send the book to President LeConte, of the University, and if he can not understand it we shall have it analyzed by the Professor of Chemistry, and the result we will send to the publisher; and in the mean time if he is publishing any primers or story-books within our comprehension we trust he will send them along. We send him this copy of the ARGONAUT marked.

From Putnam & Sons, through Billings, Harbourn & Co., comes *Thanatopsis*, elegantly printed, and artistically illustrated by Linton. There have been but few American poets, and these have written but few poems. Bryant is one of America's best poets, and *Thanatopsis* is his best poem.

Bonbons.—French and Otherwise.

At the masked ball, and by way of establishing one's self: "Does not my face seem familiar to you?" "Ye-es; I seem to have engaged you once, at some time or other, as my deputy sub-acting assistant coachman, but at present—"

Takes up with some one else and vanishes.

Who knows how it was that Chateaubriand became a member of the Académie?

This is how: I. At l'Abbaye-aux-Rois Mme. Recamier had a spaniel. II. One day M. Charles Lenormand gave a piece of cake to the dog, and Mme. Recamier said to Father Ballanche: "He is a man of taste." Father Ballanche drew Chateaubriand to one side and said: "He is a man of singularly good taste." With much emphasis, Chateaubriand cried aloud: "M. Lenormand has the best taste of any man I ever saw."

In due course Chateaubriand entered the Institute.

"Waiter!"

"Sir!"

"This turbot is simply frightful. It is falling to pieces."

"You are unjust, sir (with sadness). If you knew its age you would think it didn't begin to show it."

At the office for the issue of sporting permits N. meets the Dr. B.

"Hello, Doc; how goes it? Where'r you off to?"

"Off to get my license to kill something."

"Why—where's your diploma?"

First Bather—"What are all these things I feel at the bottom?"

Second Bather—"Torpedoes, mister!"

"You oughtn't to drink," says a friend. "See how it makes you stagger when you try to walk."

"Thaz ar," says the wretch. "I ossent try to walk; thaz whaz matter."

The Asiatic cholera is said to have made its appearance in Japan. We commend this fact to the attention of our health officers, and we also commend to their very careful perusal an article in this ARGONAUT from the pen of an eminent scientist who declares that artesian water in San Francisco is unhealthy and poisonous. The *Morning Call* and the *Evening Bulletin* are encouraging the sinking of these wells for domestic use. Their motive is of course apparent. We admit that the war against Spring Valley justifies almost any strategy. But the laws of war among civilized nations do not justify the poisoning of wells and springs. Representing the non-belligerents in this strife, we suggest that the health office employ Mr. McAlpine to give them a report upon this matter.

Mr. Taylor, one of the Directors of the Glasgow Bank, was arraigned in the dock of the very Police Court in which he formerly presided as chief magistrate. He does not like it.

That man that doth not know those things which are of necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, 'whateve' he may know besides.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

After Dark.

When Twilight gathers in her sheaves,
And wheeling swallows skim the flume,
The plow-man, turning homeward, leaves
His plow mid-furrow in the broom,
And through the melancholy eves
The orange drops its milk-white bloom.

The old delights that go and come
Through sorrow, in the falling dew,
Like waves that wore a wreath of foam,
The darker that the waters grew,
Flow round my solitary home
At evening, when the stars are few.

So, sad and sweet as bridal tears
For broken homes, to see withdraw
The child we love, have gone the years
We climbed the frosty hills, and saw
Descend on all the frozen meres
The sunlight breaking through the thaw.

Like one who in the driving snow,
When all the untrodden paths are dim,
Hears far-off voices, faint and low,
Across the woodland calling him,
I hear the loved of long ago
Singing among the seraphim.

And as the soft dissembling light
Falls, shadowing into dusky red,
I think how beautiful the night
With gathering stars is overspread,
Like seeds of many an old delight
Through sheaves of sorrow harvested.—*Harper.*

Expectation.

We rode into the wooded way;
Below us wide the shadows lay;
We rode, and met the kneeling day;
We said, "It is too late."

The sun has dropped into the west;
The mountain holds him to her breast—
She holds and hushes him to rest.
For us it is too late.

"To see the leaf take fire now,
To see, and then to wonder how
The glory pauses on the bough,
While painting grass-tops wait."

When lo! the miracle came on—
A roadside turn—a moment gone—
And far the sun low-lying shone;
The forest stood in state.

Transfigured spread the silent space;
The glamour leaped about the place,
Touched us, swept from face to face.
We cried "Not yet too late!"

But one who nearer drew than all,
Leaned low and whispered: "Suns may fall
Or flash; dear heart! I speak and call
Your soul unto its fate."

"Tread bravely down life's evening slope,
Before the night comes do not grope!
Forever shines some small sweet hope,
And God is not too late."—*Harper.*

Dawn.

With a ring of silver,
And a ring of gold,
And a red, red rose,
Which illumines her face,
The sun, like a lover
Who glows and is bold,
Woos the lonely earth
To his strong embrace.

Eve.

In millions of pieces
The beautiful rings,
And the scattered petals
On the rose so red,
The sun, like a lover
Who is weary, flings
On the lonely earth
When the day is dead.—*Scribner.*

One Out-of-Doors.

A ghost—is he afraid to be a ghost?
A ghost? It breaks my heart to think of it.
So nothing that wavers in the moon, at most;
Something that wanders, something that must flit
From morning, from the bird's breath and the dew.
Ah, if I knew—ah, if I only knew!

Something so weirdly wan, so weirdly still!
O yearning lips that our warm blood can flush,
Follow it with your kisses, if you will;
O beating heart, think of its helpless hush.
Oh, bitterest of all, to fear we fear
Something that was so near, that was so dear!

No—no, he is no ghost; he could not be;
Something that hides, forlorn, in frost and brier,
Something shut outside in the dark, while we
Laugh and forget by the familiar fire;
Something we call the wind, whose tears
Sound but as rain-drops in our human ears.
SALLIE M. B. PIATT, in *Atlantic*.

In the Dusk.

Dark among thy pines, thou troubled river,
All day long thy restless waters moan;
Through the busy summer fields, unheeded,
Faintly over farm and village blown,
Still thy sorrowful murmur everywhere
Haunts the homes of men beneath the noon-tide glare.

But when Night along the misty valley
Steals, and shuts the door of forge and mill,
Hushing all the stir of toil and traffic,
Then arise the winds that do thy will.
Then, O river, calling through the hills,
Heard afar, thy voice the darkening silence thrills!

All day long the heart unblest is sighing;
Toil and thought rebuke its yearning prayer;
Life needs many things, nor stays for pity;
But Night comes at last. Day's strife and care
Die forgotten; then, O heart of mine,
Have thy way; the silence and the dark are thine!
—*Appleton.*

HOW TO MARRY IN RUSSIAN.

Marriage in the Catholic and Greek Churches is a sacrament. Under the old-time régime it was ever regarded as a religious ceremony, to be properly performed only by the priest, and with proper observance of rites, before the holy altar of the God who was invoked to bless and sanctify a union between the man and the woman. Marriage in these late and more secular days has become a simple matter of civil contract. It is regarded by the Protestant and non-religious world as a sort of co-partnership, and is entered into in a sort of hap-hazard, hit-or-miss style quite in accordance with the little importance that is attached to it. We will not in this article discuss the question whether the *mariage de convenance*, arranged by parents, as is the European custom, is or is not better than the marriages of love and chance brought about in our country; whether imprisonment behind convent bars is a better preparation for the trials and temptations of married life than the promiscuous intercourse of sexes in our public schools.

It is certainly true that with us the marriage ceremony is very lightly considered. We have two extremes: the ultra-fashionable, that makes display of trains and marriage veils, of jewels, gifts, and rich trousseaux; that flouts itself in long processions of bridesmaids and groomsmen up the centre aisles of churches, and holds a *matinée* of fashionable display before God's altar. We have the marriage ceremony where the bride and groom steal secretly before the civil magistrate, and, in hastily mumbled words of the busy justice, take upon themselves the obligation of married life. We have, too, the quiet domestic ceremony, so fitting and so appropriate, where the maiden is taken from her home a bride, the solemn rites consecrated at the domestic altar, amid the select circle of cherished friends, and departs amid the kisses, tears, and blessings of parents, brothers, and sisters. All this is preliminary to the introduction of an account of the mode of betrothment and marriage sanctioned by the Greek Church, which seems to us more fitting and beautiful, more appropriate and solemn, than that of any other religious ceremony we know.

Previously to the marriage the intention of the contracting parties is proclaimed three times in the church. No nuptial ceremony can be performed outside of the church, or with closed doors. The ceremony is not only encompassed with solemnity, but publicity, every precaution being taken to guard against anything like a private marriage. The ceremony of betrothal is almost as solemn as the nuptial ceremony itself. In the first place the parents give their blessing, which is a ceremony beginning with prayer. A holy picture, the symbol of the blessing, is waved in the form of a cross over the heads of the couple, who are kneeling before the parents. This picture is carefully preserved by the couple, and accompanies them everywhere. The parental blessing is called in Russian *obrasovanie*, from *obras*—a picture. On this occasion, in the presence of the parents, the first kiss is given—the seal of a holy promise and faithful love.

The ceremony of betrothal is solemnized in church immediately before the wedding; in the case of royalty several weeks intervene between the betrothal and the nuptials. The bridegroom having arrived at the church, a lady is then sent to conduct the bride to the sacred edifice. As a general thing the parents do not accompany their daughter, as she is now to pass from their guardianship forever. A friend, who is generally the near relative of the groom, acts for the parents. He places the couple before the altar, and puts in their hands a lighted taper, which they hold during the ceremony. After a form of prayer, the rings, which have been previously placed on the altar, are taken from thence by the priest, and, with these words are put on the fingers of the couple: "The servant of God [here the name is given] is betrothed to the maid of God." "The maid of God [here the name is given] is betrothed to the servant of God." Then follows the benediction from the officiating priest. After this, the friend who acts for the parents advances and interchanges their rings three times. This ceremony being concluded, the priest pronounces the blessing, and the young couple stand before God and in the sight of man pledged to each other for weal or for woe. The brilliantly lighted church, the gorgeous robes of the priests, the incense floating upward, the bridegroom and bride crowned with golden crowns, standing amid the richly-decked audience, make an impressive pageant.

As the couple approach the altar the choir sing "Glory be to Thee, our God, glory be to Thee!" The bride and bridegroom then place themselves on a pink silk mat in front of the altar, and, after various prayers of supplication, the crowns are brought from the altar on a plate, and blessing one he places the crown on the head of the bridegroom, saying: "The servant of God [naming him] is crowned for the maid of God," that is, united under this crown; the blessing then follows. The same ceremony is repeated in the case of the bride. Those who marry a second time are not crowned. Singing ensues, after which the priest hands a cup of wine and water three successive times to the couple, who drink of the contents. This common cup, as it is termed, is symbolic of that common cup of fortune of which married couples are supposed to drink in common. The procession then follows; the priest places the hand of the bride in that of the bridegroom, and, taking their hands in his, leads them around the altar, while behind walk persons holding the crowns above their heads, the choir chanting in solemn strains.

After the crowns are removed from the heads on which they have been placed, the couple kneel before the holy pictures in the church in prayer, while the choir chant the *Te Deum*. On their rising, the relatives and friends approach and offer their congratulations; after which, in company with the priest, or the holy picture which had been given them by the parents, and which had lain on a desk in the church, they return home, where the parents present them bread and salt. The marriage feast follows, of which the priest generally partakes.

Whether married life in Russia, thus solemnly begun, is of a higher type than marriage in other countries we know not; but, certainly, a service so solemn must have its effect upon the most thoughtless, impressing them with the fact that marriage is a serious obligation entered upon, a high and holy duty incurred, and not a simple pastime, or contract entered into for a few weeks or months, but forever.

ARTESIAN GREAT BORES.

"And there Isaac's servants digged a well."

The *Bulletin-Call*, prompted only by a desire for the public good, are waging an unrelenting war against the Spring Valley Water Company. They desire the city to have and own the property, but are not willing to obtain it in the only honest way it can be attained, namely, by purchase at its real value.

In order to depreciate Spring Valley the *Bulletin-Call* advise everybody to dig artesian wells—that is, everybody but themselves. Mr. Pickering has a splendid place for an artesian bore at his residence on Bush Street, and we are expecting every day to have him commence the work. Some three months since, Mr. B. B. Redding communicated to the ARGONAUT a paper, showing conclusively that the artesian water upon this peninsula contains uric acid, receives the seepage from the sewers, closets, and other places of foul deposits, and is dangerous to the health of the city. On the 15th of last July the *Bulletin* wrote the following enlogistic notice of William J. McAlpine, engineer, of New York:

"The name of William J. McAlpine, of New York, is associated with the greatest engineering works on the eastern side of the continent. He was at one time chief engineer of the Erie Railroad. He devised a plan, and carried it into execution, of furnishing Brooklyn, New York, with a supply of water from Long Island. He was also the engineer who constructed the Albany, New York, and the Chicago water works. The reconstruction of the Erie Canal was also accomplished by him. He is regarded as one of the most eminent engineers now living."

Mr. McAlpine was subsequently engaged by the Austrian Government to remove obstructions to the navigation of the river Danube. He is an eminent engineer and all that the *Bulletin* said of him is well deserved. This gentleman, who is now visiting our coast with an invalid daughter, having read the article referred to in the ARGONAUT, and his attention being called to the discussion of a question with which he is entirely familiar, called at our office and gave expression to the following views as to the quantity and quality of the supply of artesian well water upon this peninsula. He says that all the wells that could be sunk in this city would not furnish an aggregate permanent supply of six millions of gallons a day of water suitable for domestic purposes. He says, further, that there are some mechanical and other purposes for which such waters as can be procured from wells in the city may be used, but as soon as their true quality is generally understood they will never be used for domestic purposes.

In discussing the quality of artesian water, Mr. McAlpine says that water readily seizes hold of, or enters into combination with, almost every substance with which it is brought in contact, and what is important in the present examination, is that it eagerly absorbs, and reluctantly parts with, those substances which render it most objectionable for domestic uses. The impure gases from combustion, and those which arise from the vast masses of refuse, decaying vegetable and animal bodies which abound in the fouler parts of a large city, all float in the atmosphere over large populations, and are seized upon by the falling rain water, and materially injure the quality of what would in the country be very pure water. When the fluid reaches the surface of the earth, it is brought into contact with the decaying vegetable and animal products, which it rapidly dissolves and incorporates, and when the rain water passes into the interstices of the earth, or porous rocks, its great solving power enables it to decompose and incorporate the earthy and mineral matter with which it comes in contact.

The water which is obtained from wells within the city, must necessarily contain all of the contaminations which have been enumerated, viz: from the impure gases always existing in the atmosphere over the city; from absorption of the effete animal and vegetable matter which is so abundant on the vacant lots and grounds around the dwellings of certain classes of the population; from the earthy and mineral salts in the soil; and from the leakage of stables, privies, imperfect house-drains and sewers—the most hurtful and repugnant of all contaminations. Water which is brought into contact with excrementary matter imbibes therefrom the most deadly and disgusting of all pollutions to which it can be subjected. The Arab, Turk, East Indian, and the Chinese, only half civilized, hurry such matter from sight, and deposit it where its emanating gases and germs will perform the functions of natural dissolution, without coming into contact with any air or water which man is compelled to breathe or use. It is only among the civilized Caucasians, and in their densely populated cities, that these obviously necessary sanitary measures are disregarded, and men, women, and children are forced to drink the deadly and disgusting water obtained from wells within a city.

Many of the open privies, earth closets, water closets, and leaky house-drains and sewers discharge their contents into the adjacent soils, and the water from the next rain, percolating through this filthy soil, becomes contaminated with it, and flows on to the nearest well. If a deep well is sunk through the upper porous soil, and one or more layers of clay, the smooth exterior surface of the iron pipes offer a ready conduit to the contaminated water, which will then enter the pipe at the bottom of the deepest well and poison the whole supply therefrom. I have been informed, and have observed, that a great many of the sewers of the city have been very badly constructed, of loose, porous brick masonry of inadequate thickness, laid up with common mortar of very bad quality, and that these sewers leak into the adjacent soil a considerable amount of their contents. So far as this leakage occurs, it is a terrible source of corruption to any contiguous wells of water.

The enteric fevers and zymotic diseases, which prevail to so frightful an extent in many of our American cities, have been traced directly to the use of water from wells which have been polluted by the admixture of sewage matter and drainage therefrom. The chemical analysis of the water from many of the old, long-used wells in European cities, and from those formerly in use in some of the American cities (some of which yet continue), show how foul and corrupt all such sources must be, under the similar conditions which, we have endeavored to demonstrate, must exist in almost every well, shallow or deep, to which now or here-

after a resort is had for any portion of the supply for domestic uses.

In vindication of the position taken by the ARGONAUT with reference to artesian water, we print this statement of Mr. McAlpine. If the *Bulletin and Call* have believed that artesian water was proper for domestic use, and are now convinced that every family that uses it for domestic purposes is being poisoned, it will be their duty, as it will be their pleasure, to warn the community of its danger. The health of the city is of more importance than to punish the Spring Valley Water Company by depreciating the value of its property in order to steal it.

Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

APHORISMES DE LA PHYSIOLOGIE DU GOUT.

Les animaux se repaissent; l'homme mange; l'homme d'esprit sait manger.

La destitution des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent.

Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es.

Le Créateur, en obligeant l'homme à manger pour vivre, l'y invite par l'appétit, et l'en récompense par le plaisir.

La gourmandise est un acte de notre jugement par lequel nous accordons la préférence aux choses qui sont agréables au goût sur celles qui n'ont pas cette qualité.

La table est le seul endroit où l'on ne s'ennuie pas pendant la première heure.

La découverte d'un mets nouveau fait plus pour le bonheur du genre humain que la découverte d'une étoile.

Ceux qui s'indignent ou qui s'enivrent ne savent ni boire ni manger.

Celui qui reçoit ses amis et ne donne aucun soin personnel au repas qui leur est destiné n'est pas digne d'avoir des amis.

Convier quelqu'un, c'est se charger de son bonheur pendant tout le temps qu'il est sous notre toit.

L'homme est le grand gourmand de la nature.

L'homme repu n'est pas le même que l'homme à jeun.—*Brillat-Savarin.*

La conviction est la conscience de l'esprit.—*Chamfort.*

Les cœurs peuvent s'aimer, même quand les caractères ne s'accordent pas. Une dame écrivait à son amant: Je ne puis vivre avec toi, ni sans toi.

Plus l'amour vient tard, plus il est ardent.

Une critique d'art examinait les sept Sacrements peints par Poussin. —Celui du mariage est le plus faible, dit-il. —C'est qu'un bon mariage est difficile, même en peinture, lui répondit le peintre.

Deux moines, chemin faisant,
Se demandaient: Dans le monde,
Lequel est le plus plaisant
D'avoir une femme brune ou blonde?
—Frère, dit l'un,
Le poil ne fait pas la femme,
Mais, pour résoudre le cas,
La meilleure, sur mon âme,
Est celle que l'on n'a pas.

Les femmes ne vivent que des émotions que donne l'amour. Une vieille dame avait qu'étant jeune elle avait beaucoup aimé. —Oh! s'écriait-elle, les bons chagrins que j'avais en ce temps-là! —*A. Houssaye.*

En amour, aujourd'hui vaut mieux que demain; le bonheur que l'on diffère est toujours du bonheur perdu.—*A. Ricard.*

On pardonne les infidélités, mais on ne les oublie pas.—*M^{lle} de Lafayette.*

L'amour est un traître qui nous égratigne lors même qu'on ne cherche qu'à jouer avec lui.—*Ninon de Lenclos.*

Pour les femmes du monde, un jardinier est un jardinier, et un maçon est un maçon; pour quelques autres plus retirées, un maçon est un homme, un jardinier est un homme.—*La Bruyère.*

—Ce coquin de X., c'est l'avant-dernier des hommes! —Pourquoi l'avant-dernier? —Parce qu'il ne faut décourager personne.

On est plus heureux dans la solitude que dans le monde, parce que dans la solitude, on pense aux choses, et que dans le monde, on est forcé de penser aux hommes.—*Chamfort.*

Ah, malheureux qui péchez sans plaisir,
Dans vous erreurs, soyez plus raisonnables,
Soyez au moins des pêcheurs fortunés,
Et puisqu'il faut que vous soyez damnés,
Damnez-vous donc pour des fautes aimables.

—*Voltaire.*

Un homme qui avait épousé une femme galante dont il était très-entiché, parlait constamment de ses charmes, de ses qualités, de ses séductions. —C'est inutile de nous faire son éloge aussi souvent, lui dit un de ses amis, nous la connaissons mieux que vous.

Les femmes demandent si un homme est discret, comme les hommes demandent si une femme est belle.

—Laissez-moi tranquille, disait une jeune fille à un vieillard qui voulait lui prendre un baiser.—Mais, ma chère demoiselle, à mon âge, vous pouvez m'embrasser sans péché. —C'est justement pourquoi je ne le veux pas, répondit la petite friponne.

Un mauvais danseur s'excusait ainsi auprès de sa danseuse:

Pour vous, si je sors de cadence,
Tout ce que vous pouvez penser,
C'est qu'un homme, en votre présence,
Ne sait plus sur quel pied danser.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24, 1878. L. G. J. DE FINO.

FORWARDED BY A PRESENTIMENT.

I had been living in Oakland but a short time, and crossed the ferry every day to business in San Francisco. One evening I was watching from the ferry-boat the lights of San Francisco receding in the distance, and was absorbed in the beauty of their dancing, flashing, many-colored rays. Long lanes of brilliant lamps were coming into view and then giving place to others; all these shining avenues of lights, from my shifting point of view, seeming to revolve upon a common centre, while the thousand lights upon the hills were reflected in the calm water of the Bay. Gradually a feeling of dread crept over me: a curtain seemed to fall over the lights, excluding from my view all save one, a bright red lamp upon the water front—the danger signal to my awakening apprehensions. I turned suddenly and saw him for the first time, a tall, athletic man, his face covered with a long black beard, standing near, and evidently watching me. As I turned he stepped toward me, and I noticed that we were alone upon the afterdeck. I jumped away from the rail and hastily joined the crowd at the bow of the boat. There I laughed at my foolish fears, and looked in vain for the fellow who had alarmed me. I saw him no more that night, and began to curse my cowardice, for there was nothing at all remarkable in the circumstance that we two were alone upon that part of the deck, and there really was nothing suspicious in the movement he made toward me. However, I slept but little that night, and felt uneasy for several days afterward. This apparently trivial incident made so great an impression on my mind that I bought a revolver, carefully loaded it, and carried it always with me.

For some weeks I saw nothing of the man, and although I had ceased to think of him, I continued from habit to carry the pistol. One night I had been working late in my office, and was hurrying down California Street to take the last boat for Oakland. When near the corner of Battery I was seized as before with the same feeling of terror, and instinctively my hand was upon my revolver. At the corner I met the same black-bearded stranger and recognized him immediately. He stopped full in front of me, and extending his arm to bar the way, he said: "My friend, do you know that your life is in danger on these streets at this hour of the night?"

I had with me a considerable sum of money that had been handed to me in the evening, and which in my hurry I had forgotten to deposit in the safe.

"Yes," I answered, as I drew and presented my pistol, "I know that, and am prepared to defend it."

The instant he saw the pistol he fled up Battery Street and disappeared. Had I raised an alarm, I should have been detained and would have missed the last boat, which, indeed, I barely succeeded in catching.

I did not mention the occurrence to any one, as my business often obliged me to remain in the city until late in the evening, and if my family knew of it they would be constantly alarmed for my safety. Something told me that I had not seen the last of the man, and I carefully examined my pistol every morning. I made cautious inquiries at the police office, but nothing was there known of such a person as I described. I became nervous and excitable from constant apprehension and walked nowhere alone at night.

Some months had passed, when one day, feeling that a ramble among the hills would do me good, I took an early boat to Sausalito, and strolled for several hours through the cañons among the hills. Again that nameless terror came upon me, and I was hurrying through the woods along a narrow path leading to the road, when a sudden turn brought me face to face with the tall unknown. For the first time I saw his face distinctly. It was an intelligent countenance, but there was something relentless in its expression, and the eyes looked wild and cruel. For a moment I stood transfixed with fear and amazement. He bent his piercing eyes on me and laughed a hollow, mocking laugh. My blood curdled.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, "I had no idea of taking a life over here. But I am always ready for business. Excuse me, sir," he continued, with a fiendish smile, "do you realize that you have not long to live?" As he spoke he thrust his hand into his breast pocket.

I saw that I had a madman to deal with. When the truth flashed upon me I recovered my coolness and self-possession in a moment. My only chance for life lay in getting the first fire.

"If you want my money," said I, at the same time carrying my hand to my pistol-pocket, "here it is." He laughed again that cruel laugh.

"I don't ask for any money, all I want now is to secure your life."

I heard something snap in his pocket. Quick as thought I whipped out my pistol and fired. He fell back dead, his hand still clutching something in his pocket. I withdrew his hand, and was horrified to find that it grasped, not a pistol, but a packet of papers.

What had I done? Had I made a mistake? The danger of my situation burst upon me. Were I discovered upon the ground I would be apprehended and charged with murder! Upon the impulse of the moment I thrust the pistol into his hand and ran. I reached the road unobserved, and got to the boat in safety.

The night which followed was one of terrible anxiety and apprehension. I knew that the body must have been found before dark, as the path was much used by workmen on their way home at night. Morning and the newspaper came at last. I tore open the paper, and this was the first paragraph that caught my eye:

"SUICIDE AT SAUCALITO.

"Yesterday afternoon the body of M. P. M. Dodge was found in the woods at Sausalito. He had shot himself through the brain, and the pistol with which he committed the act was still firmly clutched in his hand. Disappointment in business has been assigned as the motive for the deed. The deceased had been only six months on this coast. A packet of circulars found in his pocket led to his identification. They bore his name as the special traveling agent of the Purely Philanthropic Life Insurance Association. The company have lost in him their boldest and most fearless operator. There was no insurance on his life."

The reading of that paragraph lifted a great load off my mind. I had slain a life insurance agent, and it was justifiable homicide after all. No jury would find a different verdict. I was safe, but said nothing.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 22, 1878.

WM. A. LAWSON.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Affecting Narration of the Sausage-Eater Consuming his Son.—The Dog that went to Dinner with a Snake, and was Surprised at the Meal.—The Man that Disembowelled the Boa and was Devoured by the Boa's Dinner.—The Joking Vulture and the facetious Ophidian.—The Author's Uncle Edward ventures upon a Plesantry, and is Sat Upon.—Two Fish Stories of Great Merit, and many other Amazing Matters not hitherto Recorded.

One time there was a butcher, and Mister Brily he is a butcher too, and his boy is Jack Brily, the wicked sailer, and thats the sort of thing for me, hooray for a life onto the oton wafe! And the butcher he made sossidges.

One day a little boy come in the shop wich had busted a bras button off his jacket, and he snap it in the sossidge meat, and then he dasset ask for it out. Nex day the boys father was to the butchers hous to dinner, and thay had sossidges, cos the butcher he knew the boys father was offie fond of em, but the boys father he got the bras butten in his mouth. Then he take it out and looked at it a wile, and then he sed: "Xcuse me, but were did you git the pig wich these sossidges is made out of?"

And the butcher he sed: "I disremember."
And the man wich was a cryin like his hart was busted he sed a other time: "Xcuse me, but I gess you got the rong pig by the ear, and hav chop up my Charly."

Then the butcher was a stonish, but he thot the man had gon crazy, and must be humerd, so he sed, the butcher did: "Thats a fack, but it was a mistake, and if you dont let on Ile giv you a other boy."

Then the man he briend up and sed: "Xcuse me, but wile we tock it over I gess Ile jest hellup myself to a other plate of thins."

My Uncle Ned, wich has ben in Injy and evrywere, he says once there was a big snake in a sho, and the sho man he put a dog in the cage for the snakes dinner, and the dog was a live. The dog he loked at the snake a wile, and then he went and smelt it with his nose, like it was a posy, and the snake it lay reel still, but wank its ey, much as to say: "I me a mity nice nose gay wen I open out."

Then the dog he set down and thot a other wile, and then he sed: "Thats the biggest sossidge wich I have ever saw. I like sossidges, but I dont bleef thins can be et to one meal by eny dog livin'!"

But bime by he was et his own self, and when he was nice swollered the snake it wank its eye a other time, much as to say: "The man wich invented self-stufn sossidges wasent eny friend to dogs."

One time in Injy a man wich was in the woods he see a offie big snake wich had over et itself and cudent creep it was so big a round the stumk of its belly, and the man he sed: "You wicked reptle you got a caf in their!"

But the snake it jest loked up out of its eyes in to the mans eyes, sollem, like sayn: "Give you my werd of onner, hope to die, honest Inglin'!"

But the man he sed: "I kanow you, you wrasle, cos yure the same feller, I gess, wich et my wagon, there isent any use tryin for to be a farmer wile you are in this naberhood."

So the man he kild the snake and cut it open for to let the caf out, but it was a tiger, and it et the man up, the tiger did, in a minnit, and Uncle Ned he says this fable teaches that a good deed is sure of its reward.

My father he said: "Johnny, did you ever hear of the man wich found a froze snake and warmed it in his busom, and wen the snake got nice and cumfstable it bittim?"

And I sed: "Yes, evry fool has herd that."

Then my father he sed: "Wel, Johnny, the goodnes isent all on one side, cos one time a snake found a man wich was cold, and the snake warmed the man in its busom too."

Then I sed: "Wot did the man do wen he had got the chil off of him?"

And my father he sed: "Wel, Johnny, he dijested."

One time there was a vultor, and vulters dont hav enny fethers on their necks, and there was a rattle snake, and the rattle snake it sed to the vultor: "Yon better pul up yure coller, ole man."

But the vultor it sed: "Yon better pul down the skirts of yure skin, cos yure bones is a sticken out."

You jest ot to hear Billy, thats my brother, play the bones like he was a nigger, but fiddle strings is made out of cats.

One morning my mother she sed: "Did you hear that dredfie cat las nite, I think its too bad that cats is let make such noises wen fokes wants to sleep."

But Uncle Ned he spoke up and sed: "I gess if you was as full of fiddle strings as cats is you wude make a noise in the world too, mebbey."

Then my mother she sed: "Wy, Edard!" but my father he lay down his knife an fork, and looked a wile at Uncle Ned, and then he put on his spettacles and looked a other time, and Bildad, thats the new dog, he rose up his hed an took a look hisself, but Mose, wich is the cat, he snook under the sofy like sayn, "Settle it yure own selfs."

Then my father he sed: "Edard, it aint ben the custom in this famly for to be a end man in a nigger minstel pformance, but if you are con vined that the famly intrest requires you to be one you better git Johnny for to rite yure jokes, cos them wich Adam rote is gittin mity shaky."

Then Bildad, thats the new dog, lay down agin, and Mose, wich is the cat, lay down on top of Bildad, and Uncle Ned he wisseled to hisself but didnt say no more.

A ephalent had went to a river for to drink, and he was so dry he put his trunk way down deep as he cude, and was wagglin it a round in the woter dlited. And there was too offie big fishes. And one fish it said to the other, one did: "Now there is a werm wich is fit for to set before a king."

And the other fish it sed: "Yes, and you beter let it a lone, or you will be set before one yure own selfs, cos I bet its got a hook in it like the anker of a 3 decker."

Jack Brily says one time a nigger fel of a ship, and the sailers throde him a rope, wich he cot by the end, and they was a hollin him a board when a shark snap him rite in 2. And just then a Suthern planter, wich was a pasinger, he come on deck, an loked over, and seen the shark do it, and he was excited, and he hollered to the sailers: "He has took yure hook, boys, he has took yure hook! Fetch a other one quick and git a fresh nigger!"

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, {
 FRED. M. SOMERS, { - - - - - Editors.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

One of the wealthiest, most successful, clear-headed, and honorable of our great mine managers asked us a few days since if we operated in stocks; upon being informed that we did not, he said: "You are wise, you can sleep nights; for you, who have other occupation, who can by no possibility inform yourself of the true condition of a mine, can have no part in its management, to invest in it is gambling pure and simple." The working of mines and the dealing in mining stocks are inseparably connected, and from the nature of things must be so. It is almost as nearly correct to say, if there were no stock transactions there would be no mines, as to say, if there were no mines there would be no stock gambling. The two things will go together. The Comstock mines have built the Stock Exchange on Pine Street; the Stock Exchange has opened the Comstock fissure, and timbered it to the depth of twenty-two hundred feet, has constructed the Sutro tunnel, and has developed a system of engineering more remarkable than elsewhere in the world. From this lode (and it has encouraged the development of others) hundreds of millions of minted gold and silver coin have been put into the world's circulation. The whole superstructure of the State of Nevada rests upon its mines. San Francisco is enriched by them, and the greater part of its property is directly attributable to them. Out of the deep silver mining of the Sierra railroads are built, farms are occupied and cultivated, manufactories employed, mechanics, merchants, and an army of laborers furnished occupation. It is natural that a class of stock and mine operators should grow up whose only business it is to deal in these properties. Of this class, one subdivision will give its especial attention to the working of the mines, and another to dealing in their stocks. It is as unjust to say that stock dealing is dishonorable as that mining is dishonorable; the two are inseparable. Out of this business comes a banking system peculiar to it, and interwoven with it. The Bank of California, the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, and to a lesser extent private banks and individuals, have loaned money upon stocks, simply because certificates of mines having value are natural security for borrowing money, and are easily convertible. Brokers have just as naturally advanced money upon stocks, because it is their occupation to deal in them. All of this is recognized in older communities as a natural condition of things—effects resulting from natural causes.

Stock gambling is new to California because it is a new State; the same cause would have produced the same result in any other country. If these unexampled discoveries of mineral wealth had been made in England, France, or Germany, there would have been much greater excitement in London, Paris, or Berlin. The people of California are undoubtedly predisposed to gambling. Our State was settled by daring and adventurous spirits. The gambling of the early days disclosed the fact that we all loved to take the chances of the green cloth. We are not quite assured that all men are born sinners; the doctrine of total depravity is not half as well assured as the fact that all men are born gamblers. Of all the races or classes we know the Digger Indian is the lowest, and we have seen squaws, bucks, and paposes gambling off their grub and blankets in the sage brush of Nevada. The purest, best, and most intellectual people we know gamble at church fairs. The sweetest of females play poker at lunch parties. We have seen it from the Prince in his purple to the peasant in his blouse, at the Kursaals in Europe. Our preachers and judges gamble in stocks; our fashionable clubs are fashionable gambling halls. Senators choose their first terms by the toss of a coin; and good and perfect as we know ourselves to be, we have felt the tickle of desire running through our veins as we have watched the rising tide of swelling millions surging around

us, and seen our friends and acquaintance indulging themselves in the exuberance of paper wealth. When the tide runs out, and we see upon the shore the dead carcasses of our drowned friends, we rejoice that we did not venture, and realize the fact that we are virtuous from cowardice, and not from principle, and that the only reason we do not gamble to win is because we are afraid to lose. Let us then take things as we find them; let us make the best of conditions that are inevitable; let us admit that we have a stock-gambling class, and that it is indispensable to us; that it is composed of good and bad men; of honorable and dishonorable; that its results are of mixed good and evil. But in the name of an indulgent Providence, let our newspapers cease writing all their useless homilies upon its immorality, let their angry vituperation at its managers, and all their sorrowful and hypocritical sermons at the presumed calamities that result from it in the losses to innocent people, who have been induced to risk their mites, and crusts, milk bottles and sugar-teats, in this seductive business.

The mines and the mining operations of the Sierra are bringing to our State untold millions of wealth; not only that which comes in dividends, but that which results from distribution to laborers, mechanics, and merchants. The management of mines is not what it ought to be, is not as open and as honest as it ought to be; and this is an additional reason why people who are neither miners nor stock-jobbers should not invest in them. The hazard of the mine is increased by the hazard of the street; the tricks and manipulations of trustees are among the chances to be considered in the venture; lying reports of humbug experts, false assays of paid chemists—all these things are parts of the dangerous machinery that should warn intelligent business men to keep away from the game they "do not understand." We are not at all disposed, either, to join this yelping pack of hungry wolves who, having gambled and lost, unite in a howl against the successful. We are not disposed to think that the class represented by Squire P. Dewey, or by those dealers who have lost their money, are any better than the men who have won it. We question the hypothesis, that if those who have been impoverished by stock ventures had become millionaires or mine managers, they would have been more honest, more open, more generous than the men who have succeeded. To become jealous of, to misrepresent and lie about, the victors in a contest, or the winners in a game, is a part of humanity and is a proof of the doctrine of total depravity. When this game of stocks was first begun, we were indignant when any honest man or woman was overreached by fraud, or any innocent person was seduced by misrepresentations to the loss of his money. We saw with deep regret that this great swirling maelstrom of stock gambling was drawing into its vortex the gains of honest labor, and was destroying many branches of legitimate industry. But this has now been going on for twenty years; we have stood upon the brink of this seething cauldron, and nearly all of us have tried to breast its dangerous waters; adventurous ones have disappeared and never more been seen; suicides have gone down; families in it have wrecked their domestic peace; as into the opening chasm where Mettus Curtius cast himself, we have thrown lives and properties, hopes and ambitions, and still the chasm yawns. Our fountain of sympathy has dried up, and we have become callous and indifferent to the fate of that great class of fools and idiots who still think that, with their little brains and small accumulations, they can outwit and overreach the subtle intellects that so craftily and with large means manipulate the stock market. This large mob of seedy and brainless idlers, who herd in Leidesdorff Alley and swarm in its adjacent cellars, have no place in our sympathies. This throng of draggle-tailed and unsexed females, who, like moths, go sailing around the fires of this gambling hell, have our best wishes that they may tumble in and be burned. The man of mature intellect, who has reached the age of twenty-one years and who risks and loses his money in this business, has no right to bruit his losses in the public ear. The leading mine managers, bankers, stock brokers, and heavy operators do not desire to gather this school of little fish in their nets, nor, as a rule, do they; the meshes of their seines are too large to catch this small fry. Here comes in the petit larceny operations of the curb-stone broker, confidential points from the beer cellar, wild-cat mines, that have no existence save in the imagination of the small swindler who exploits them, and no value. It is from this class that come up the howl of anger and the wail of agony when the break comes. If all Leidesdorff Street could have been taken by the heels and shaken, when Sierra Nevada was \$260 per share, there would not have been heard the jingle of silver upon its pavement; and yet when the market breaks it is in Leidesdorff Street that the banshee howls its notes of wildest despair. It is among the impecunious loafers of Virginia City that Mr. Mackay is in peril of personal violence, restrained by the honest toilers of the Miners' Union. Those who have everything to gain and nothing to lose, who are too proud to work, too cowardly to steal, and too lazy to beg, are the indignant ones who turn their mercenary faces to the Nevada Bank and curse, because its vaults contain money that, in their imaginations, they ought to have had means to gamble for and luck to win.

We have passed through a "deal" the wildest, and we believe the wickedest, that has ever been put up. Under the manipulations of an unchristian syndicate the whole line of the Comstock was inflated in value. A pool of resolute men were to hold Sierra Nevada beyond the reach of the bonanza kings for the declared purpose of giving a great dividend-paying mine to the people. The wealth of this bonanza was to be distributed, and not concentrated. It was to give us the harvest of a new crop of millionaires. It caught the credulous, and it caught themselves. Who has lost or who has won, it is as impossible as it is unprofitable to conjecture. California is no richer and no poorer than it was before this deal began. Some money has changed hands; some coin that was in Seligman's bank and in Glazier's office has had a winze sunk into it, been crosscutted and mined out, and through the clearing-house and stock exchange gone into somebody's else bank or broker's shop. The lesson is a profitable one, and it is simply this: Let this mining and stock gambling be confined to the class which makes it a business, and let other people keep out. There have been fewer innocent victims to this deal than to any other; there will be fewer in the next than this, and finally the disease will cure itself—will regulate itself; mining and stock operating will become more legitimate; wild-cat mining and curb-stone thieving will peter out; there will be a class and a money capital that will operate upon the bourse; mines will be worked, and discovered, and developed; mining will continue to be, what it now is, a great and profitable industry, enriching the coast, encouraging all other legitimate enterprises, and itself develop an extent and magnitude of which we have at present no real conception.

There never was a silver mine that gave out. The Comstock will be worked for a thousand generations, and wherever silver has been found upon our continent it will continue to be found. Every mine that has ever given a dividend, or that has yielded a profit over its working cost, is the promise of a continuing mine, and is evidence of other mines in that vicinage. The mines of the Ural and the Andes, of Hungary and Mexico, still exist; the mines described by Herodotus, and those discovered by the early Spaniards, are not yet exhausted. Silver mining is, and will be, a question of engineering and machinery. The silver mines of this coast are as enduring as the Sierra Nevada, the Sierra Madre, and the Cordilleras, in which they are found. San Francisco is the capital of the empire in which these mines exist. Its future is largely involved in their working and development; its growth and prosperity to a large extent depend upon their success. These mines are now challenging the attention of the world, and inviting to our coast a splendid capital. Regarding mining as one of our greatest, most enduring, and profitable industries, we should be glad to see mine management honorably conducted; should be glad to see these paroxysmal "deals" less frequent, and should be glad if our business community and our press writers would take a somewhat broader, more comprehensive, and generous view of the whole subject than they seem to do.

Kearney occasionally scintillates a truth. His opposition to the railroad does not blind him to the folly and crime of providing for the election of railroad commissioners to control fares and freights. The drayman and the workingman has the sense to know that if this great enterprise is placed under the control of a political commission it will prevent the extension of the work and injure the State. The lawyers and politicians in the Convention know the same thing, but lack the moral courage to assert an unpopular truth. In this respect Howard of Los Angeles, Judge Terry, M. M. Estee, and others, might profitably learn of Kearney. We have but little patience with the statesmanship that, setting itself afloat upon a chip, sails complacently down the popular current, and swings into and out of every side eddy that it encounters as breeze or wave may direct it. The obstinate, wrong-headed, pragmatical, honest ass that we think Kearney to be is the superior of all such statesmen in our opinion.

The Hon. George Evans avows his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Governor, admits that he is actively canvassing for the same, and expresses great confidence that he will win the leadership of the ticket. It is a little early in the race to name the victor, because all the entries are not yet made, and we can not help thinking that it would be better that there should be no active putting up of delegates—that the members of the Convention should come together as a deliberative and not a packed body. This manipulation of conventions is the curse of party organization, and just to the extent that we detest Senator Evans or anybody else endeavoring to forestall public opinion, just to that extent we shall cool on him. There are several gentlemen in this State who have a right—a better right than Senator Evans—to be considered in connection with the office of Governor, and they ought not to be compelled to have their claims advocated before a convention packed in the interest of Mr. George Evans.

Subscribers to the ARGONAUT have one cause for thanksgiving which is denied to "them asses" who take the *Bulletin*: they are spared the reading of thanksgiving sermons.

AFTERMATH.

Is it because we are an isolated people, and outside of the active world's great current of thought, that we are more narrow-minded, more jealous, more illiberal than other communities? Or are we misrepresented by a press, the leading characteristics of which are illustrated in a passionate and vindictive desire to tear down, misrepresent, and destroy everything that in other countries is held sacred? We are now intending to refer to that sensational literature of the daily press that claims the privilege of invading domestic circles and opening up to the world's gaze every incident of the inner home life, and violating every private sanctity that in other and more civilized places are regarded as inviolate. The newspaper proprietor that instigates his hirelings to prowl around private houses to spy out the weaknesses, the follies, or the crimes of persons occupying only the private station, and the wretch of vulgar birth and foul tastes that does this thing for hire—employer and employed—ought to be burned alive. The moral training that permits this thing allows blackmailing, and will, for money, suppress, invent, or publish any vile scandal. The man who will assault and kill the one who maliciously scandalizes his mother, his wife, or his sister in a public journal, and viciously gives currency to some devilish tale, should stand excused and be justified by that higher law that overrides codes and governs humanity.

In nearly all deliberative bodies, where opportunity is offered for the exhibition of the talents of statesmanship, some prominent person is developed as a leader; there arises some Mirabeau, who, by his commanding talents, recognized genius, and oratorical ability, steps to the front as the Warwick of counsel and the Rupert of debate. The members of our Constitutional Convention seem to be all upon the dead level of equality. The traditional Irishman, entering the Convention to strike with his shillalah the head uplifted to prominence, would be embarrassed where to deliver his first blow. It is possible that the great intellects are reserving themselves for a final effort, but so far the turbid stream runs tranquil, bearing on its placid bosom sand-lot agitators, lawyers, orators, and statesmen. As James McM. Shafer and Dr. O'Donnell go drifting down the current, the doctor may properly exclaim: "Behold, how we apples swim!" We are impatient to see the instrument this Convention will produce.

There would seem to be a peculiar propriety in these lighter and less formal columns of the ARGONAUT containing an occasional obituary notice, but as no one of the staff of the paper will be influenced by any such literary and business considerations to die and give us a fair chance at his moral character we are sometimes compelled to say complimentary things of dead outsiders—even of those who have thrown their patronage into the hands of rival obituarists. Shuffling and dealing our exchanges for suitable elegiac verse to illumine this column, we find the following, which is the very thing required, and just as good as if written by (or of) ourselves:

"I arrived to see you laying dead
On your low and lonely bed;
Go your soul to heaven's cleft,
Is the prayer of a friend bereft."

We hope next week to be able to lay before our readers the reply of the deceased, and that, so far as we are concerned, must close the quarrel.

Quite by accident and very much to our credit we have made the important literary discovery that Mr. Loring Pickering is *not* the author of the current obituary poetry. It affords us the greater satisfaction to correct this error because we are, to some extent, responsible for it, inasmuch as we are the only human beings who have ever said he was. The real author is a pale-eyed young salesman or clerk in the undertaking establishment of Nathaniel Gray. *Poeta*, they say, *nascitur, non fit*, but this bard was born an undertaker's clerk, and was made a poet by the exigencies of business. Bereaved relatives come to him to order coffins, carriages, and "whatever is necessary." To his lasting honor be it said he does not himself consider rhymes necessary, but many of his customers do, and before leaving the shop mention the matter in a hesitating, dubious way, and if not rudely repelled—and the bard is a man of politeness—they commonly end by asking him, flat-footed, to make some poetry about the dear deceased. He complies, and he is right; but he charges it in the bill and there he is wrong. The effort is worth the money to him, but the result is worth nothing whatever to the widow and orphans.

The proprietors of the newspapers of this town are hiring people to take their journals. The *Chronicle* offers premiums of pianos, buggies, books, marbles, molasses candy, and chromos. The *Call* gives a map—the same map, apparently, that the subscribers to the other paper would not take, and sent back when it was forwarded to them—an occasional shotgun, sewing machines, and cooking stoves, and will send a man to put up a lightning rod. The *Bulletin* pays coin. None of them seem to like the plan of making their papers so good that people will take them for nothing. This desperate expedient, in truth, is not necessary; nor is the

plan of bribery, and all the money, furniture, wagons, and similar kickshaws paid out by our contemporaries is a dead waste. From an epitome of "newspaper laws" conspicuously displayed in the columns of many country journals we extract the following: "1. Any person who takes a newspaper regularly, from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay." "3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the office, or leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud." Nothing could be plainer or more just; if you want a man to take your newspaper send it to his post-office. If he takes it out he is responsible for its price; if he does not you can have him up for swindling and compel him to prove his innocence—and that is the plan we have adopted ourselves.

Senator Perkins, formerly of Butte, now a merchant of San Francisco and member of the shipping house of Goodall, Perkins & Co., is prominently and most properly named in connection with the Republican nomination for Governor. Senator Perkins' career as a public man has been, so far as we know, a most useful and honorable one; his name in business circles is—so far as we know—above the shadow of reproach. He is intelligent, honorable, capable, and a thorough Republican of the early and better days of the party.

We are edified and enlightened to observe our Eastern exchanges sternly protesting against suicide as "cowardly." We fancy we have heard something of the kind before from pious-minded women, brigadier-generals of Sunday-schools, comfortable gentlemen, and philanthropists. Whether a suicide is a coward depends altogether, in our humble judgment, on his view of the life he leaves behind him. If he takes the religious view of it—considers it a duty to live—he is a coward if he abandons his post because "the fever called living" is making it too warm for him. Believing that his Maker made him for a purpose, he ought to lend himself with docility and fidelity to the accomplishment of that object, whatever it may be. But it happens that many persons do not take that view of the matter. They reason—and very honestly, too; whether correctly is another thing—that not having been consulted as to whether they would accept life—as it was thrust on them, whether they would or no—they are not bound by any contract, express or implied, to endure its evils if they don't wish. From their point of view they are entirely right, and when they elect to "step down and out" the real, old, original, Simon Pure, and only genuine coward is the fat and prosperous peddler of literary milk-and-morality who insults them above ground while the manlier worms are attacking them below.

Senator McCoppin, in answer to an inquiry by us, says he desires no place upon the next Democratic State ticket. We congratulate the Senator for his prudence. We write this in kindness, because we think the Democracy will be beaten at the next general election. We wish Senator McCoppin a better fate than defeat, to whatever place he may aspire. He is one of the few Democrats for whom we have always voted, and whom we regard as entirely honorable and entirely competent to fill any position of trust in this State.

In Mr. Bret Harte's last story, in the December *Scribner*, he introduces a character whom he calls Josh Silsbee. Perhaps it is not quite accurate to say "introduces" him, for he is, in fact, comfortably hanged for horse-stealing and out of the way before the story opens; but indirectly he is a rather important personage in the story, and absorbs a large part of the reader's interest. Now, the name Josh Silsbee is an unusual one, and not being an invention could hardly have been written without recalling the personality of the man who bore it. Who then is, or was, Josh Silsbee? He was, some fifteen or twenty years ago, a well-known comedian. He died—a natural death, we believe—in San Francisco, and was buried in the old Yerba Buena cemetery. If he was a horse-thief we never heard of it, on the contrary have been accustomed to hear him spoken of in terms of the tenderest respect by all who knew him. We question the taste if not the motive of Mr. Harte in fastening upon this blameless gentleman's memory an immortality of shame. Are there not plenty of John Smiths in the world for Mr. Harte's purpose? If he had not the imagination to invent a name for his graceless hero he might have laid hands on one of more general currency and wider application than that of poor Josh Silsbee.

This man Silsbee, by the way, must have had remarkable physical endowments. Many years—we forget the number—after he was buried, and when the bodies were being taken up from the cemetery mentioned to make room for the new City Hall, his casket was exposed, when it was seen through the glass that the face had undergone no perceptible alteration—Josh appeared as if enjoying a comfortable *siesta* in the flesh, when in all fairness he ought to have been but a pinch of dust. These instances of the higher law of self-preservation are, however, not uncommon amongst the residents of our cemeteries. The soil of Cali-

fornia has other valuable properties besides those concerned in the expansion of cyclopean squashes and the prolongation of the aspiring oat.

A correspondent sends us the following lines, which he elegantly says were "thrown off in a hurry, like a passenger's breakfast from an Oregon steamer:"

"A friend, who's somewhat of a fop,
And has a shallow pate—
Whose head not ev'n of a first crop
Of ideas bears the weight—
Asked, with a laugh:
"What's 'Aftermath?'"
"Gospel truths," answered I, sudden and fierce;
"Uplifting gospel truths floated by Bierce."
"What Gospel?" "Mark. Don't it strike you at once?
The Gospel that comes after *Matthew*, you dunce!"

Our correspondent must have "thrown off" his answer as glibly as he has done his verses, and with as little reflection, for everybody, we hope, knows that the gospel truths of "Aftermath" represent the combined brains of the whole ARGONAUT staff, assisted by an inspired idiot and a practicing maniac. Their wisdom being thus assured they are sent to the City Prison, where their morality is "painted in" by the oldest offender—and that is the only connection the gentleman named by our correspondent has with the matter.

The following are a few of the reasons (in addition to those enumerated by the Governor, the newspapers, and the parsons) why we were all so thankful on Thursday last: The recent famine which destroyed some millions of lives occurred in China. All the destructive earthquakes of the year occurred in South America. Of the many thousands of people killed in battle the larger part were Turks and Russians. It is Afghanistan that is threatened with invasion. There is a greater business depression, and more suffering amongst unemployed workmen, in England than here. Most of the disasters at sea have occurred to foreign ships. It was the Scotch whaling fleet that didn't get any blubber. The yellow fever in our country was fatal in only fifteen thousand instances. The ravages of the phylloxera are confined to France, and it is in India that twenty thousand lives annually are destroyed by tigers and serpents. Truly, Providence has had a fatherly care of His creatures.

Our good friend the *Bulletin* has done as much as any paper, probably, to show the workmen that nothing is to be gained by violence and bloodshed. Peace being now assured here, it is generously allaying the turbulent elements of England. It has the courage to assure the English "landed aristocracy" that they will have to face a general reduction of rents, but adds that if they "could realize the financial truth that the lesser rent with which they must evidently be contented in the future will have a larger purchasing power than formerly, it is possible that no great resistance would be offered to the march of financial events." That's the talk!—teach the dangerous classes the rudiments of common sense and there will be no insurrection. But will these desperate dukes and brawling baronets, hare-brained gentlemen and reckless dowagers, listen to the voice of reason? It's a gloomy outlook for life and property in England if they do not.

What is the use of a registration, and a register, and a registrar of voters, and all the expensive machinery which these imply? The elector who knows his rights, and knowing dares maintain, can exercise the highest privilege of American, etc., whether his name is on the ward poll list or not, as was abundantly shown, the other day, at Green River, Wyoming. A trapper stepping up to the polls to exercise the highest priv—beg pardon—had his vote challenged by a zealous by-stander concerned for the chastity of the ballot-box. The trapper was grieved, but not disheartened. The occurrence did not make him despair of republican institutions; it did not cloud his faith in the future of popular government on this continent. Undisconcerted by the dominance of that carping, fault-finding spirit that is the precursor of monarchical institutions, he did not sullenly retire from politics. He simply turned about and shot the inquisitive gentleman dead; and a reputation of doing that kind of thing would enable a man to exercise the high—to vote, that is to say, better than the correctest transcript from the Great Register.

Cremation of the dead has been legalized in Gotha. We await with impatience its introduction to San Francisco. We have never been much given to attend the ordinary burials, but we have a large circle of acquaintance whom we should delight to see burned, and if the custom should be adopted here it would give us a new pleasure till it became our turn to go, and then we should furnish pleasure to that large class that does not like us—persons whom we have scorched.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll is evidently intending to secure the nomination for the Presidency if it can be done by conciliating the largest class of our voting population—the poets. He declares Robert Burns "the second poet of the world," and every living rhymester, tranquilly drawing the obvious inference that he is himself the first, prays for a blessing upon the Ingersoll head which had the sagacity to discover it.

A COQUETTE IN CAMP.

A Story without a Denouement.

La Honda lies on the road from Redwood City to the coast. Though dismal enough when the gray rainy sky seems to settle down close over the tops of the trees, and the creek becomes swollen and ambitious to be thought a river, it has a cheerful, busy air in summer. A small hotel, a saloon and country store, a blacksmith shop, a modern-built cottage nestled in the hill-distance overlooking the beautiful San Gregorio Cañon—this is all one sees following the road of the settlement.

The school-house stands apart in a round-shouldered field of growing grass, and is closed and deserted these lovely June days, and Mr. Angeun, the school-master, gone no one knows where for his vacation. But he comes back unexpectedly a week before the July opening.

"Bless my heart!" exclaims Mrs. Payson, whom the sound of the incoming stage has brought to her door, "is it you, Mr. Angeun? Why, I've got in a lot of city folks, and have put some into your room. But there's a lounge in the parlor if you wouldn't mind for a night or two."

Mrs. Payson has no fear of any complaint from her old boarder. She is used to saying that he is never so contented as when he is putting himself out for somebody. Indeed, though a school-teacher, Mr. Angeun is proof against trifling disturbances. Still, that first night of coming home, he was glad to escape from the echoing and re-echoing noises of the new, uncarpeted house, out into the dark, welcome quiet under the trees.

This man's life had not been an easy one; but thoughts of his early toiling and struggling, which at thirty-six had made him seem older than his years, were present to him then, chiefly as a vague disqualification for a hope which he had, nevertheless, cherished until now. The past might have been overlooked but that it had prevented present fruition. No less earnest and ambitious than other men, yet here was Angeun a poor country teacher at his time of life, with no immediate opening into anything better.

There was one who had not hesitated to make him feel his humble position. He remembered her light laugh and light words as if he had heard them yesterday, and yet it was a week of yesterdays since she had said: "Good night and goodbye, Mr. Angeun; I suppose you will soon be going back to your alphabet-blocks. At any rate, I am off for a pleasure-trip, and won't be home after this evening." Ah, the indifferent hand-touch, the saucy smile careless of wounding!

A sensible man, Mr. Angeun knew that such reflections should be treated as temptations, and after that night he meant to have done with them. So resolving, he rounded a curve in his path and saw down in the dark, wooded hollow off to the left puffs of glowing smoke and up-flying sparks.

"Somebody camped there," he muttered to himself, and turned back again listlessly the way he had come. Bidding farewell to a pleasant dream is very like getting up from a sick bed: one can not feel an immediate interest in anything beyond one's self. La Honda—that is, man's part of it, the short curve of glaring wooden buildings and hot open road before them—has its own way of enjoying the day which was blessed and hallowed so long ago. All through the sweet, sacred hours beings made a "little lower than the angels" sit on a certain veranda against a suggestive background of bottles visible through a doorway, drinking, smoking, and spitting by turns. The farm laborers trudged away from such meetings with pockets as light as their wits are heavy, and the mill hands go back to their cabins and shingle-blocks with something like band-saws buzzing in their heads. But what then? That's better than sermons and psalms after a week of weary toil, isn't it?

Mr. Angeun, having a contemplative, quiet-loving soul, got himself up and away early from these scenes on the morning following his return. He who loves the redwoods knows, very likely, with what dewy benedictions the Sabbath descends to brood in their cathedral-like shadows. Sensitive to these gentle influences, Angeun began to take heart.

"Day by day thoughts of her will be growing less poignant," he said to himself. "I suppose I needed the trial for some wise end."

He was following a narrow beaten path through the trees, and just then he came suddenly upon two white tents, out of which young people were flocking in a tumultuous way that reminded him of little chickens leaving the spreading wings of their mother. For fear of seeming intrusive he beat a hasty retreat, and, bearing down toward the creek, he passed an open-air kitchen and black cook, only to blunder directly upon as pretty a sylvan picture as one could well wish to see.

Just before him, kneeling on the low bank and dipping their bared, white arms down into the eddying water, were two young ladies intent on their morning toilet. Like wild creatures startled in their native haunts, two pairs of bright eyes flashed up in his direction; and one face, glittering with genimy drops, brightened instantly in recognition.

"Why, as I'm alive," cried a merry voice, "it is Mr. Angeun!"

And as Mr. Angeun was alive, it was the very girl to whom last night he had bade an eternal farewell.

"What an unexpected encounter!" she said, smiling. "Do wait a moment until—Pauline, where have you put the towel?—I want to shake hands."

Which she presently did, and also introduced her companion, Miss Pauline Bayard.

"And pray what is my old friend Mr. Angeun doing at La Honda?"

"My work, Miss Menleith. Your tents are within sound of my school-bell: you see I have come back to my alphabet-blocks."

He would have been more than mortal had he forborne that thrust. Did she remember? A beautiful color, whose coming and going no art can simulate, flushed the young lady's cheeks. But she tossed up her chin coquettishly.

"Since we have met again so happily, Mr. Angeun, I am going to ask you to breakfast."

Of course the man saw his danger, and courteously declined. He did nothing of the sort; but muttered something about being delighted—to which his looks gave emphasis—offered an arm to each wood-nymph, and walked leisurely back with them in the direction of the camp. Bareheaded, in the mild morning air, they presently clustered

around the picturesquely rude table, Mr. Angeun close by Miss Menleith's side—nobody knew by what happy accident. A stray sunbeam, fallen down through the leaves overhead, struck out a bronze gleam along the waves of her hair; and then, as she glanced up at him in her pretty, mischievous way, how it would dart into her eyes, to sparkle and spin in them as it might in a clear bit of water—those frank, innocent eyes, with nothing but truth in their depths!

"Where did you pick up his acquaintance, Leslie?" asked Grace Barstow, as they talked Mr. Angeun over, girl-fashion, upon the first opportunity.

"You needn't laugh; he's a right good old fellow," answered Miss Menleith in a spirit of championship, "and deserves better luck than he's had. His father was the worst of the worst—a drunken creature, hanging like a millstone around Mr. Angeun's neck. The eldest son, Mr. Angeun, was obliged to work at a trade to support his mother and brothers. Relieved of these cares, he went on struggling ever so long before he could afford a year or two schooling. We were at the University together. Funny, wasn't it, for a bearded man and a girl like me to be class-mates?"

"Rather pathetic, I should say, when one considers what lay back of it," exclaimed Miss Bayard.

"Well, we both gave up about the same time. I, from disinclination to study, and he to earn his own living."

These campers made quite a stir in the neighborhood, dashing hither and thither on horseback or in their gay little wagons, starting quiet folks with their picturesque costumes. Leslie Menleith, in her tall, pointed hat, with its saucy knot of cardinal ribbon, her short velvet skirt and deep-tinted red stockings, was not the least conspicuous and admired.

In picnic-days one's heart should be as open as out-of-door life to all unstudied influence. With a long summer-week of freedom and pleasure before one, how can one think of the to-morrow of conventionalities, of impossibilities? Not Angeun.

Nor Miss Menleith, apparently, for she did not hesitate to invite the insignificant school-teacher to join them in their rambles and excursions.

There was this in Mr. Angeun's favor, that, setting aside old Mr. Pettigrew and a few half-grown brothers whom these saucy girls had dubbed "under-done beaux," the little camp boasted of no other gentlemen. Young ladies of experience in such matters will bear me out in this: that if a masculine escort has any value in town the country will double or treble it. Why, even a stupid fellow, if he has a pleasant knack of helping one over a fence or a brook, and a commendable zeal for the fulfilling of feminine whims, may come to be thought almost a genius at a distance from street cars and sidewalks.

On the Fourth of July evening, La Honda had its open-air dance. The platform was built down under the trees opposite the hotel, and hundreds of people had come miles to jostle each other about to the music of two squeaking fiddles. All day long dust-covered wagons had been bringing in their human loads; country girls, with their fresh, cheerful faces, and bright, simple dresses; and women from mountain cabins far away, so queer, so uncouth, that one might fancy them newly fallen down from some burnt-out star.

The little store did a brisk trade in fire-works, and a brisker in fire-water; and by dusk the merriment was loud and wild.

The campers had turned out in full force to look on at the unusual scene, made weird and unearthly by the lurid light of bonfires glancing against the sombre shadows of the trees, and almost putting out the dull steady glow of the Chinese lanterns with their chrysalis shape and butterfly colors.

Suddenly Mrs. Pettigrew missed Leslie Menleith from their number.

"Where is she, Pauline?" she inquired.

"With Mr. Angeun, I presume," returned Miss Bayard, dryly.

"That girl is carrying this thing too far," growled old Mrs. Pettigrew. "She's hooked that fellow through his gills or I am no judge of signs. Catch me acting major-domo to a pack of unconscionable flirts again!"

"Don't put me in the list, if you please," said Pauline, sweetly.

"Why? Because you have found no susceptible victim. You girls are all alike! But let me tell you that playing with love is very like angling: sport at one end of the line and agony at the other."

Leslie Menleith was in Mr. Angeun's company; more than that she was clinging to his arm with a confiding air. Presently a rough-looking man approached her.

"Do come and hop around with me, Miss," said he.

"The young lady is not dancing," Angeun hastened to reply.

"Thank you!" she exclaimed as her would-be partner turned away. "What an odd person! I do believe that some of these queer men grow from acorns out in the woods. Did you ever see such knotted and gnarled hands?"

"It is hard work does that, Miss Leslie," replied Mr. Angeun, gently.

After their many talks and walks together this young creature had led him to expect her ready sympathy. These were delightful moments, even, when he utterly forgot the rough beard like a tuft of yellow stubble on his chin, and the days of the years that separated them in age were no more to him than to the green flourishing tree the dead leaves it sent down stream in a fast season.

"You life is not so hard now," Leslie said, softly.

"Not so hard. Still it is contracted and lonely. When two white tents I know of have taken unto themselves wings—"

"Oh, dear, how tiresomely noisy it is!" interrupted Miss Menleith. "I believe I am getting a headache. I am sure it is far nicer down by the creek yonder."

It was nice. The sound of dance-music, the outbursts of song, were subdued, almost poetic. And Miss Menleith and Angeun walked close together. A thrice happy evening for him! Never had Leslie Menleith been so gentle, so kind.

Seeing her home to the tents, how think you the brook was crossed? Not by the stepping-stones, the fallen tree, nor the bridge; for in the dark they missed all three, nor took pains to find them. Hubert Angeun went back alone, fluttered and joyful.

Nobody carried Mrs. Pettigrew over the creek; she tramped across by way of the bridge, in a state of great indignation.

"Look here, Leslie Menleith," she began vigorously, "I wonder what you think of yourself? I am ashamed of you—a girl engaged this three months to be married! I have made up my mind that if you don't stop flirting with that Angeun—you understand; Arthur is expected down on Saturday!"

"Don't threaten," replied Leslie with a light laugh. "I assure you to-night ends that nonsense. It has been terribly stupid!"

On Saturday morning Miss Leslie Menleith and her friends were all perched on the top of the stage when Mr. Angeun came out from his breakfast. She had thrown aside her tall Bohemian felt, and wore a seaside hat, like a circle of sunshine lined with a bit of the sky, and so large that it drooped to her shoulders like the sky to the hills. Mr. Angeun thought she had never looked so modest and lovely. He hastened to speak to her.

"We are off to Pescadero," she said, "where we hope to meet some of our party and bring them back with us to-night."

Angeun could wait—yet his whole soul longed for his next opportunity to see Leslie alone. After that sweet, thrilling moment when, lifting her over the shallow, swift-flowing water, her head had been on his shoulder, how could he doubt. He did not. He dared love her, and link her sweet name in his dreams. She had given him the right.

Dashing through the cañon, thundering over the bridges, swaying as it hastily rounds the curve, rattling up the slope, home comes the stage from Pescadero, crowded outside and inside with its laughing, joyous, pleasure-seeking freight. Golden clouds tinted with the sunset float over the redwoods, and shining down touch the bronze hair and light up the laughing face of Leslie Menleith—for she has taken off her broad hat and lets it swing on her arm.

Mr. Angeun hastily advances to lend her a helping hand. She does not need it. A young gentleman has gallantly sprung from his place beside her to the porch, and turns to put up his arms: "Come, Leslie!" She looks down into a bright, youthful, handsome face; then discovers just beyond, Angeun's, with something of agitation and question in it. And directly she is down, there is the school-teacher putting out his hand and trying to smile.

"You have enjoyed your trip?" he asks with palpable over-interest.

"Oh, delightful!" she replies, with one of her coquettish head-tossings, "for Mr. Arthur Wilton was with us." Here she gives Angeun a cool little nod, takes Mr. Arthur Wilton's arm and marches away.

The tall, slim, growing trees had never seemed so clearly to have their one potent mission of Godward pointing as when Angeun took refuge that night in their darkness. Songs floated up from the merry camp-fire down in the hollow, but the man would neither look nor listen that way. On high there were clear fires, that glowed and sparkled with sublime meaning because of the quenching of a poor earthly flame.

E. M. LUDLUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 20, 1878.

Society Women.

There are moralists of a certain sort that delight to speak censoriously of what they call "society women." They are called "worldly," devoted to dress and to social pleasures, and it is not unfrequently hinted that they have worn off the bloom of modesty that is the great charm of womanhood. They are nearly always represented as idle and given up to frivolity and fashion. Now this is often a vast mistake. In the first place a true society woman cannot be indolent. There is a vast deal of hard work involved in keeping a stylish house and making it look attractive. Ladies who aspire to a leading position in society have a truly laborious life. They have an immense amount of mere duty-visiting to do, and a large quantity of duty-receiving. They must be thoughtful of everybody, must have the sort of knowledge and tact that can carry incongruous companies over awkward situations. Not only must a society woman do a great deal of work, but she must have a certain amount of natural kindness. Winning manners are rarely artificial. Those traits which make a woman attractive to all those who are in contact with her are nine times out of ten genuine. This is proven by the fact that the so-called society ladies are usually the leaders in benevolent enterprises of all kinds. The ladies whose natural elements appear to be luxurious drawing-rooms are those who often work hardest in disinterested charities. But this is only a small part of the good that they do. Their kindest deeds are those that the world knows nothing of. It is thus that certain moralists judge them so severely. They do not know their better and gentler natures. These censors fix their attention on the single fact that society ladies are fond of company, of balls and dinner parties, of drives in the park, and stalls at the opera; they do not know, or want to know, that they are also often the most devoted mothers, the most attentive and helpful wives, the most faithful friends, and not unfrequently the most conscientious Christians. So far as our observation has extended, we are satisfied that society ladies do a great deal of very hard and thankless work, and give up a great deal of their time to make others happy; and in effect do more to brighten the pathway through this vale of tears than many of the over-righteous who condemn them.—Every Saturday.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, December 1st, 1878.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Fried Skates. Mashed Potatoes.
Broiled Beefsteak.
Asparagus. Green Peas.
Roast Mallard Ducks. Currant Jelly.
French Artichokes.
Raspberries. Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Fruit-howl of Figs, Apples, Grapes, Oranges (in sections), and Pears.

To MAKE MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Take four calf's feet; boil in three pints of water until very tender; remove the meat from the bones; strain the liquor; add one pint beef gravy and two glasses madeira or claret wine; season with salt, cayenne pepper, allspice, and thinly sliced lemon. Cut some of the pieces of the feet in small squares and the yolks of six eggs; also, six force-meat balls. Just before serving add half a cup of butter rubbed in a little flour, just enough to thicken.

If too troublesome to prepare at home, you may purchase at Lehenbaum's one can of mock turtle soup, to which add one pint of beef stock and the above seasonings, and you will have a delicious soup.

The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.

INTAGLIOS.

Church in a Glade.

This poplar-tree shall be our priest;
An incensed air around is shed;
The fragrance wafts from west to east
Of clover-fields unharvested.

Listen! no music wanteth here;
For song of bird or hum of bee
Carol and murmur through the clear
Nave of the wood's immensity.

And down the laureled aisles, a path
That points to where the garden lies,
Shall be what our cathedral hath
To lead our thoughts to Paradise.

Who catch, as in their sparkling strife
The fountains fall, in crescent rings,
Some symbol of the higher life
That reaches into heavenly things.

Wm. M. HARDINGE.

Wie der Mond sich leuchtend drangt.

As the moon through clouds that darkle
Flashes forth with sudden light,
So through dusky memories rises
On my soul a vision bright.

On the deck we all were seated,
Gayly down the Rhine we go,
And the meadows, green with summer,
In the evening sunshine glow.

At a lady's feet I laid me;
Fair she was and full of grace;
Rosy golden gleams of sunshine
Played upon her sweet, pale face.

Oh, how gay we were, how happy!
Lute and voice made music rare;
Bluer grew the sky; the spirit
Seemed as it were winged on air.

Hill and castle, wood and meadow,
Sweet all around in fairy wise;
And the whole scene, I beheld it
Mirrored in that lady's eyes.

HEINE.

"So Wand' Ich Wieder Den Alten Weg."

So again I am pacing the well-known streets,
The road I so oft have taken;
I come to the house where my darling dwelt—
How blank it looks and forsaken!

The streets are too narrow, they shut me in!
The very stones of them scare me!
The houses fall on my head. I fly
As fast as my feet can bear me.

HEINE.

Barberries.

In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone-wall
The barberries lean in thin Autumnal air;
Just when the fields and garden-plots are bare,
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of Fall,
They come to make the age a festival!

Along the road for miles their torches flare—
Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare
The danish rose might envy it within!
What birds had sung your praises long ago,
Called you fine names in honeyed words—
The rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane,
September's blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,
Little Red Riding-hoods, for your sweet looks—
But your plebeian beauty is in vain.

T. B. ALDRICH.

Landscape.—Twilight.

Gaunt shadows stretch along the hill;
Cold clouds drift slowly west;
Soft flocks of vagrant snow-flakes fill
The redwing's empty nest.

By sunken reefs the hoarse sea roars;
Above the shelving sands
Like skeletons the scyomeres
Uplift their wasted hands.

The air is full of hints of grief,
Strange voices touched with pain—
The pathos of the falling leaf
And rustling of the rain.

In yonder cottage shines a light,
Far-gleaming like a gem—
Not fairer to the Rabbin's sight
Was star of Bethlehem!

T. B. ALDRICH.

At the Theatre.

On the stage an acted horror,
A king crime-accused to death;
Around me glitter and glare,
And fans that harry an air

That stifles me breath by breath;
And eyes all one way gazing
On the magical master-player,
Whose face, chameleon-wise,
Reflects all moods that arise—
Craft, crime, and credulous prayer.

I gaze, and listen—but sudden
I dream in midst of the play;
And the king may threaten or whine,
It seems no matter of mine—
I am twenty miles away.

Down in a mossy dingle,
Where sinless, a stranger to pain,
And friend to all winds that blow,
And hearing the fresh herbs grow,
And feeling the dew or the rain,

A slight wind-flower is hiding,
Green-scarfed, white-faced as the snow;
The young year's earliest child,
That I found last morn'g growing wild
And spoke with, and left it to grow.

—Spectator.

Carcamon.

His steed was old, his armor worn,
And he was old, and worn, and gray;
The light that lit his patient eyes
It shone from far away.

Through gay Provence he journeyed on;
To one high quest his life was true,
And so they called him Carcamon—
The Knight who seeketh the world through.

A pansy blossomed on his shield;
"A token 'tis," the people say,
"That still across the world's wide field
He seeks la dame de ses pensées."

To scorn the promise of the real;
To seek and seek and never find;
Yet cherish still the fair ideal—
It is thy fate, O restless mind!

HENRY A. BEERS.

Imperfection.

When comes the old, silent charm, whose tender stress
Has many a mother patiently beguiled
To leave her rosier children and caress
The white brow of the frail, misshapen child?

Ah, whence the mightier charm that, age by age,
Has lured so many a man through spells unknown,
To serve for years, in reverent vassalage,
A beauteous bosom with a heart of stone!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE FORMAL FATHER.

Mr. Alfred Ethelridge is bashful; he does not deny it. He wishes he wasn't, sometimes. But wishing doesn't seem to help his case much. Every body in Burlington likes him, except the father of a young lady out on Pond street. With an instinctive knowledge of this old gentleman's feelings, Alfred had forborne to aggravate them, and kept out of the father's way as much as possible, atoning for this apparent neglect by seeing the daughter twice as often. The other afternoon Alfred went up the steps and rang the bell. The door opened, and—

Papa stood glaring at him, looking a thousand things and saying nothing.

Alfred Ethelridge had never felt quite so lost for language in his life. Presently he stood on one foot and remarked:

"Good afternoon!"

"Goodnooh," grunted papa, which is, by interpretation, also good afternoon.

"Is—ah—is—er—Miss Lollipop—is your daughter at home?" asked Alfred, standing on the other foot.

"Yes, sir," said papa, rather more shortly than Alfred thought was absolutely necessary. Then nobody said anything for a long time. Presently Alfred Ethelridge stood on both feet and asked:

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, not budging a step from his position in the door, and looking as though he was dealing with a book-agent instead of one of the nicest young men in Burlington. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on the right foot and said:

"Does she—can she receive company?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, savagely, not at all melted by the pleading intonation of Alfred's voice, which everybody else thought was so irresistibly sweet. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on his left foot and said:

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, kind of coldly.

Alfred Ethelridge looked down the street and sighed, then he looked up at papa and shivered. Then he stood on the right foot and said:

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, grimly, and never taking his eyes off the young man's uneasy face.

Alfred Ethelridge sighed and looked up the street; then he stood on his left foot and looked at papa's knees, and said, timidly and in tremulous tones:

"Can she see me?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, but he never moved, and he never looked pleasant. He only stood still and repeated a second time: "Yes, sir."

Alfred Ethelridge began to feel ill. He looked up and down the street, and finally pinned his wandering gaze to the bald spot on the top of papa's head; then he said:

"Will you please tell her that Mr. Alfred Ethelridge called?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, and he didn't say any more. And somehow or other Alfred Ethelridge kind of sort of got down off the porch and went kind of out of the gate like. He discontinued his visits there, and explained to a friend that the old man didn't say anything that wasn't all right and cordial enough, but the manner of him was rather formal.

R. BURDETTE.

The Last Fly.

The last fly is hovering on the verge of the grave. Gone to him are the joys of gladsome summer time, the sweets of the noonday meal, the morning ditto, the evening likewise. He is all doubled up with pleurisy. Faded and gone are the friends of his youth, and the sad sounds that echo and reecho through the forsaken galleries of his memory are fraught with dismal melancholy. Some of them have fallen before the fury of the irate housewife; many have found resting places in the butter, the sauce, the cup of tea; while hosts have dropped with the cold, cold frosts. And the last fly ponders reflectively upon the bright and happy days now long syne. He sees himself a sportive youngster, careless of the frown of elders, frolicking in the warm sunlight, with no thought of the future. He beholds himself, a little older, a little more sedate, laying sharp plans for his meals; he reflects upon his numerous escapes from the treacherous butter, the deceitful pan of milk, the deadly cup of tea, and, worst of all, the murderous sticky paper and the destructive red-faced woman with a towel. A dreadful pain in his side makes him stop for breath. Oh, what a blessed thing is memory! Oh, the delightful scenes of bygone happy hours it treasures in his mind. Oh, how he dwells upon the gay sunshine of summer time, the warm breezes, the fragrant flowers. Oh, how he—oh, what a dreadful twinge of rheumatism, driving him nearly wild. And it is all past now. The last fly draws his fore leg sadly across his eyes, wiping away the unbidden tear. There is no friend near to receive a dying message, to minister a word of comfort to a soul hovering on the brink of the dark, undefinable. A feeling of faintness comes over him, a dark film gathers before his sight; his legs grow weak—he totters wildly. Whoop! bang! The last fly is a brilliant decoration on the wall.

Here is something about the wines which we do not get at the restaurants and hotels. Lachrymæ Christi is sipped by travelers at Naples, but few flasks find their way far from their native slopes of Vesuvius. The white wine of Jurançon, sacred to the memory of the kings of Navarre, and always loved by Henry the Fourth of France, can not be bought. Every drop is bespoken years before by far-sighted Legist-consumers. It is hard, even at Vienna or Presburg, to buy one of those quaint bottles of white glass and bulbous shape that holds an imperial pint of imperial Tokay. It is dearer, bulk for bulk, than any wine in the world. It is almost as strong as French brandy, almost as substantial as syrup, and is, in fact, only a superior raisin wine, luscious and cloying. But it is a Porphyrogenite, born to grandeur. Those who grow the grapes are princes, whose Hungarian territories are administered by prefects and councils, and those who buy the wonderful wines are kings and kaisers, whose august demands leave only a handful of flasks to be scrambled for by the outside public. So, in a less degree, with Prince Metternich's Cabinet Johannisberg, monarch of Rhine wines, the best of which scorns to find purchasers not commemorated in the Almanac de Gotha, but pseudo specimens of which, at about eight dollars a bottle, are to be had at Rhinefeld hotels and Paris restaurants, in quantities that would make a thoughtful man marvel at the fertility of the few stony acres of the historical vineyard.

A pretty girl down East is a "mind reader." She said to a bashful beau the other night: "Ha! I believe you are going to kiss me!" She was right.

A CURE FOR SLANDER.

The following very homely but singularly instructive lesson is by St. Philip Neri: A lady presented herself to him one day, accusing herself of being given to slander. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired the saint. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said the saint, "your fault is great, but Mercy is still greater. For your penance, do as follows: Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and well covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me." Great was the astonishment of the lady in receiving so strange a penance; but, silencing all human reasoning, she replied: "I will obey, father; I will obey." Accordingly, she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered. In a short time she returned anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous to receive some explanation of one so singular. "Ah," said the saint, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have already traversed, and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered." "But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions; how can I now recover them?" "Well, my child," replied the saint, "so it is with your words of slander. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back if you can. Go, and sin no more." History does not tell if the lady was converted, but it is probable. It required a saint to give the lesson; one would be a fool not to profit by it.

Adoring the Prince of Peace.

An English gentleman, who has lately traveled in Palestine, recently gave a description of the curious scenes that are enacted in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He said when you first entered the church you would be surprised to see a party of soldiers with their swords by their sides, and their guns stacked within reach. It seemed a sacrilege in such a holy place, and struck one rather unpleasantly; but he soon found out the necessity for it. According to the laws of the country, every sect is allowed to worship there, and as it is considered equally sacred both by Christians and Mohammedans, all wish a time for their mode of worship.

The law allows them an hour each. They commence at six in the morning. At that hour those who have the first privilege enter, bringing with them whatever is necessary to conduct their particular religious rites. They go through their prayers and chants, and all is very quiet till about a quarter to seven, when those who have the privilege of the next hour begin to arrive.

At first all is decorum, but presently the new comers begin to hiss and mock. As their numbers increase, and they become stronger, they push and crowd, and as the time lessens they get more and more bold. A few minutes before seven they proceed to more forcible demonstrations. They think if they can clear out these blasphemers a few minutes before the time they have done so much good work, while the worshiper, on the other hand, think if they can keep possession a few minutes after the time they have done an equally good work.

As some of the sects use torches, wax candles, staves, or crooks, in their worship, they proceed to use them as weapons of offense or defense, and a free fight ensues. Then come in the soldiers, who separate the combatants by filing in between them, turning out those whose hour is up, and leaving the place in the possession of the last comers. If blood is shed the church is closed for the day. Such scenes are occurring all day long, and the presence of soldiers is absolutely necessary.

A farmer in a village near Frankenburg, Austria, whose cabbage garden suffered greatly from the depredations of hares, hit on a plan of revenging himself, without transgressing the law by either shooting or catching the thieves. He cleared the garden of all cabbages but one, in which he made a hole and filled it with snuff. Round the cabbage he placed a number of stones to facilitate operations. In due time a number of hares appeared on the scene and addressed themselves to the hounded cabbage, the contents of which soon had the effect of making them sneeze frightfully, knocking their heads against the stones.

A wag being invited to a little dinner given by a stingy but pious old gentleman, on being asked to say grace, looked meaningfully around the meagre board and muttered: "For what we are about to receive make us correspondingly thankful." The stingy host took the hint, and more than one kind of wine graced the board.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak, which resists it; and so, in great calamities, it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—Walter Scott.

"Mother, what is an angel?" "An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies." "But, mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?" "Well," explained the mother, after a moment's pause, "she is going to fly immediately."

"Jonathan—" "There's a sleigh, I guess." "John Bull—" "You shouldn't say I guess, you know." "Jonathan—" "But you say, you know, I guess." "John Bull—" "But if I say you know, you say I guess, you know, but I don't say you know, you know."

"Do you say your prayers regularly every night and morning?" asked a sympathetic lady of a little shoe-black, to whom she had just given a trifle. "I alluz sez 'um at night, muni, but any smart boy can take care of hisself in the daytime."

A timid Bostonian has married a young lady whose weight verges closely upon two hundred pounds. "My dear," says he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she to him, "help the fence."

Brother Beecher now says that the ten commandments belong to a barbaric age. Suppose they do; is that the reason why he should go about picking out the easiest ones to break?



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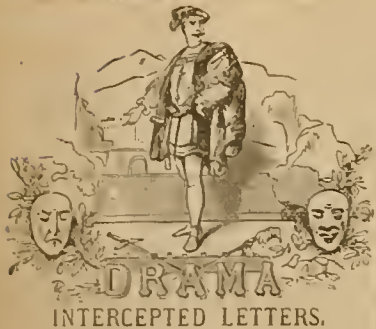
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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 28, 1878.

MY DEAREST MADGE:—Do you remember the time we read the old play of *Jane Shore* together? We dispensed our opinions with that autocratic recklessness which distinguishes the female sex, when we called it a poky, miserable affair, and closed the book with a snap—that is, if you can snap a mean, little, yellow pamphlet. I do not think now that we were far wrong, for I have a dim recollection of having seen Mrs. Bowers drag through that version one desolate Saturday night—an old night. But the version which they play at the California is quite different, and I fancy I could read it with keen pleasure; for what struck me most in the entire performance was the poetical beauty of the text. I observed, however, that all the the's and thou's, the him's and thine's, could not make Miss Cavendish seem to belong to the olden time. She is essentially and thoroughly modern, with that impragmatic British modernness which neither text nor costume can ever overcome. And yet she played beautifully. She is one of those actresses over whom you and I always disagree; and I never confess, dear Madge, that nightly the people around me distribute your opinions with a lavish profusion on which quite irritates me, until my turn comes, as it surely does when she rouses now and then. I was going to say she has no voice; that is, no strength of voice—she is so addicted to the use of the little English trill. But she has a full, round, organ tone when she chooses to let it out. Pardon even the report of the s'ang, Maigie, but Jack quite paralyzed me with horror by adorning her in an undertone the other night, for "heaven's sake, to sing it." Propitious fate made his petition unheard, and there was nothing but a subdued growl to tell of the awn, profanation in seat 660, or whatever number it was. The opening scene reminds one somewhat of the engraving of Dorcas giving alms. "Jane Shore's" toilet, however, is something different. It was in pink and mauve, I think, and with just enough silver to give point to the speech of the faded spangles. Miss Cavendish never wears a very long train, and always wears a very long sleeve. In fact, I began to think her arms must be tattooed, she covered them so persistently, until I saw her in the penitential sheet. Then I understood. She is right. I mention the costume mainly because when it is worn "Jane Shore" is in the plenitude of her power and prosperity, and you always want to know about the banana-oven fallals of the toilet. But she is not a dresser. Two costumes which she wore afterward—the one of pale mauve and purple, and the other an invalid's to let of light blue and white—were more characteristic and more becoming. "Elizabeth, of York," in the person of Miss Marie Prescott, bursts in upon it is scene to find "Jane Shore" caressing the young France. How the dramatists do love to bring together two women who hate each other. When they get two men together who entertain these amiable feelings it is easy enough to dispose of them. They want to fight, that is all there is about that. But the women want to call each other names, and it must be done dramatically. They never do it dramatically in real life. They employ either a cold and cutting politeness, which is quite useless for any possible stage effect, or a style of language, even in high life, which would be rather electrifying as coming across the footlights. Miss Prescott is not a remarkable actress, but, fortunately, she does not rant, and although one would scarcely cavil at Edward's taste, sympathy goes with her, for all "Jane Shore's" gentleness. The interview closes by the King selecting this singularly apposite time to die, and the Queen is obliged to leave and look after things. Miss Prescott illuminated the stage on this occasion with a vermilion silk, which would have been simply frightful if she had not happened to avert attention by acting rather well. "Jane Shore" is abandoned at last by all excepting "John Grist," a gentleman who rejoices in a good trade, an euphonic name, and a very big voice. It was very funny to see people get swearing mad at Miss Cavendish because she would not speak loud enough, and close their ears to deiden Mr. Bassett's roar. "John Grist" very considerably takes her to her husband when she has no where else to go, and she is magnanimously willing to take back the home ranch, together with all the "dips, spurs, and angles pertaining thereto." She is very artistic in the interview with her husband—pathetic, womanly, soft. So is Mr. Burton Hill—artist I mean, not womanly and soft. He seemed pretty well to do for a look-sinner, and his home looked very inviting; but the entire play was so handsomely mounted, and the snow scene interesting. I never saw such reckless expenditure in the matter of white paper. Down, down it came, in reams and quires, and quires and reams, till the curtain fell on a blinding snow storm with a very impressive tableau defined through its flakes. Poor "Jane Shore," with her penitential sheet in tatters, wandering about begging for food, had a pretty hard time of it. I have come to the conclusion, upon reflection, that hunger must be the worst trouble in the world. We can see a fellow-being overwhelmed with every misfortune, and we may or may not extend him a passing sympathy. But no one sees one hungry without acutely realizing their distress and without attempting to relieve them. Hunger is not the noblest instinct of our natures, but it is the strongest. I do not think that all I have ever read of adventures by *Robinson Crusoe*, and the yarns spun about Lake Donner—narrative even the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*—itself—ever made me realize how downright hungry one can get. I saw "Jane Shore" gasping at "John Grist's" feet and begging for food. She crawled up the steps like a wild animal, and seizing the loaf tore it apart like one. I shall not soon forget the really awful picture she made sitting there in her rags, in the blinding snow, weakened and exhausted, but devouring like a wild thing of the plains the *bread of life* which the soldiers of *Gloster* seek to devour until "Henry Shore" comes to the rescue. It might have done long before. I was

quite wrought up till "Jack" requested "John Grist" to pass the butter to her, and sardonically intimated that he did not consider it a square meal anyhow. He thought she ought to have had several dozen of Blue Point oysters. But a good deal had been invested in white paper, and we must draw a line somewhere. Of course, everything ends all right. "Jane" is taken home, put up in the big arm chair, with gruel and all sorts of nice things at her elbow. "Henry Shore" makes up, and the green curtain falls on a happy mother with her child in her arms. Ada Cavendish carries a child so prettily, a little thing which so few actresses do naturally and well. She has a hundred graces of attitude. In fact, this is the sort of thing in which she excels rather than in declamatory force or facial expression, and perhaps that is why she has been better liked in "Jane Shore" than in "Mersey Merrick," for poor "Jane" gets into a heap of trouble, and has an infinity for denouncing, delaying, and imploring to do. Mr. Bock took the part of that amiable gentleman the "Duke of Gloster." He looked like Edwin Adams resurrected for a few moments, an illusion which was heightened by the deeper tones of his voice, but the resemblance faded as he remained on the stage. Like Mr. Bassett, he was too deeply conscious of the magnitude of his task to carry it off well, so I suppose they both improved afterward. I went to Baldwin's to see Rose Wood in *A Woman of the People*, and encountered more snow and more cradles. I can get up a very respectable amount of agitation over a child old enough to toddle and lisp, and make itself seen and heard upon the stage, but I refuse to be worked upon any more by a plaid shawl with a rag doll inside. In the first place they always handle it with a grip which would jam it to the similitude of a wafer if it were real, and, in the second place, it makes the agony a travesty every time that one reflects that it is simply a bundle from the rag bag. I got over my rag doll sorrows centuries ago, and I feel that it is a little late to begin again. I will take sham moonshine and sham water, sham diamonds, and a few sham actors in the lesser parts, but I do think they might have a sure-enough baby in "*A Woman of the People*." Rose Wood has got a touch of the Morris *lucy*. I observe that all the great ones leave their mark upon the stage for some months. I am quite certain that if Rose Wood were new to us, and if the play were in any sense a pleasant one, she would have created a sensation as "Marie." Poor little woman, how conscientiously she works with a part, and how narrowly she escapes being almost great sometimes! I like her best in comedy, however. Lewis Morrison as "Appiani" strikes me as being the original of the little ventriloquist's smoked Italian. He is very dark and very villainous, and, altogether, he plays it remarkably well; but the house was dimly empty, and you know one never enjoys anything under such circumstances. I scarcely even appreciated the scenery, which in the first and third acts was really something worth seeing. But the house will fill up again, for Clara Morris reappears as "Jane Eyre," and the ushers will have a big house on Sunday night. On Monday the California dramatist once more presents his claims to a coldly critical and heartless world, of which more anon. They are having all the fun down on Bush Street. That naughty *Marjolaine*, the opera, not the girl, for she is rather a clever little party, is very attractive. Mr. Beverly continues to look like a guy in a most abnormally thick wig, and to sing rather well. It would be a perfect treat to me to see that man as bald as an eagle he is so persistent in making himself look his worst. Mrs. Oates looks to be the merest dot of a creature beside him, and I momentarily expected to see him swing her up on his shoulder he was obliged to bend so far to catch the accord. The adieu song is becoming very popular, but is not rehearsed in drawing rooms with all the business, although it is nothing but the convent kiss, one on each cheek. Mrs. Oates looks extremely well in red hair and piquant costumes. She has recovered some of her notes. Miss Lulu Stevens' self-possession is not half so attractive as was her extreme timidity. Dear me! "when I dip into the future far as human eye can see," I can almost read a critique advising Miss Stevens to subdue her style. She does not need much advice yet, but the bashfulness is all gone. It would not matter if she caught the grace of stage experience in its stead. I went up street the other night just as the people were coming out of the Bush Street Theatre, and every blessed one I met was cuckooing at such a rate that I thought cuckoo bedlam was let loose. The cuckoo duet in the opera itself is charming, but as no one catches much beside the cuckoo it becomes a little tame when you hear three or four hundred people sing it. I was quite relieved when some man started an opposition and informed me in a shrill whistle that the "Man in the moon was looking." He had been across the way where Marian Singer gives this pretty ditty in a white dress with diamond buttons, something *a la* Lady Macbeth. Ella Chapman as one of the naughty babes has an awfully jolly time of it. She dresses it like a little tot of four years, and Willie Edouin dresses and acts like an imp—a small male imp of six. "They have swung a lot of pretty melodies together and Miss Searies introduces her best songs—to-night one, to-morrow another, as the spirit moves her. It is a pity they must go in the midst of their success, but needs must. Pretty Belle Chapman has joined the troupe, so that it is quite Californian in its elements, what with Willie Edouin, Lewis Harrison, etc. Josh Hart comes next week with a variety company, which sends the burlesque troupe into the interior. That has a very foreboding sound, but people love to laugh, even, I suppose, in the interior, although they do not look like very jolly dogs when they come to town. They will have something to laugh at, though it be only the donkey. By-by.

Yours, BETSY B.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

MY DEAR EM:—How the doll matioée at Ackerman's, last Saturday, did take me back to childhood's days, when you and I thought ourselves rich in the possession of a broken-nosed specimen of inanimate (utubody) apiece! It is really wonderful, the improvement in all manner of toys since then, and it is not so very long ago either. Of course the dolls were the great attraction. They say there were at least three thousand on exhibition, and such dolls! The youngsters won't see another such sight in many a day. Ranging in size from tiny mites no bigger than an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman, to blue, brown, and black-eyed darlings as large as children of four and five years, there were many of them so lifelike that I wanted to pinch them to make sure they weren't real flesh and blood babies hanging at those perilous heights along the walls, and up and down every available pillar, robbed only in the garment of innocence, the forerunner of the now famous

"chenuloon." I felt a positive itching of my thimble finger, too, to go to work making doll clothes once more—those big beauties would dress so splendidly. Would you believe it, the very large ones were some of them only eleven dollars? Doctor Ackerman tells me the heads are made in Austria and Germany, where toy making of all kinds, you know, is one of the great industries, and the bodies in France. You never saw more perfect *chevelures* done up in the most approved "bangs," crimps, and Montague locks, and surmounted by the cutest a baby caps; eyes, too, that follow one everywhere, shaded by curling lashes, and real, real, REAL teeth between the smiling lips, as one dear little dot beside me exclaimed with a cumulative inflection only equaled by Gavroche's "enormous, enormous" dog, in Hugo's *Miserables*. And isn't that a pretty idea of the Doctor's to send photographs of his little customers abroad to have dolls made exactly like her mamma? I fancy a good many of our lovely San Francisco children will be duplicated more than once as models. The dressed dolls were naturally sought after first. They were all costumed by experienced dressmakers and milliners in Paris, and after the latest fashions. One demimouise wore a dress of stone-colored gros-grain, very much *en train*, with bands and ruffles of garnet silk, and Pingat hat of Italian straw, wreathed with flowers—her bright face shaded by a canopy parasol, and in one hand is an elegant fan. Another is in full ball dress of corn-colored silk, with an avalanche of tulle puffs, etc. One of the richest toilets is of sage-green brocade. The make-up of every one is simply perfect; veils, fans, opera-glasses, *cinquantes*—in fact, every luxury of the feminine toilet is there. Many of these dolls were already sold, but lest I let the rat out of the bag before the proper time I will mention no names, but be sure no doll goes out of this store that is not adopted into the first families in town. There were whole wardrobes, including shoes, stockings, nuffs, boas, broché shawls, dressing cases, containing combs, brushes, etc., in trousseaux, or by the single article, the whole collection looking for all the world like a first-class dry goods establishment seen through the small end of a telescope. I can't describe one hundredth part of this interesting but numerous family, but there were some very funny ones that seemed to tickle the youngsters immensely; wee ones, in long clothes, with bottles grasped in their chubby fists and rubber tubes in their mouths; others, that would cry most naturally, tucked up in their ribs, or enjoying their *siestas* in goat wagons, or wheeled about by comely nurses. There was one beautiful group of this kind, attended by a *bonne* with the sweetest of faces and a most maternal air. More favored infants sat beside elegantly dressed mothers in grown-up carriages. Twins were not waiting and there were several sets of these remarkably interesting freaks of nature, though strange to say for San Francisco, there wasn't a triplet (or ought they to be triplets with the "a?") to be seen. However, Doctor Ackerman will probably supply the omission next year. The swimming doll attracted crowds all day. Since Edison has not thought it beneath his dignity to make toys, ordinary grown folks, I suppose, need not think it beneath theirs to be amused with them, and many of the mechanical ones are wonderful. A hen, perfect in every feature, cackles and clucks, and drops an occasional egg, to the great delight of juvenile students of natural history. One of our Simian ancestors performs on a harp to the inspiring notes of a music bar, on which he stands, keeping his head agoing and his grinning mouth agape the while. Strange, uncouth figures of unmistakable African descent, sprawl and caper, and every variety of oddity in human and brute form gibber in Punch and Judy voices, and gyrate after a fashion that becomes actually uncanny after watching them for a few minutes. There are weeks of solid happiness to a child in the pretty farm yards stocked with cows or horses, stout little carts, corn-crisks, racks, whips, and harness, or milking pails and stools, and an important looking driver in carter's dress, or a ruddy milkmaid, just within the gateway. In the same category are the grocery stores with counters, scales, and measures, and a full stock of goods; kitchens provided with genuine stoves, and furnished with rows of shining tins and china on the shelves, cooking utensils of polished brass, tubs, washboards and wringers—I wondered if these last might not be considered infringements on the patent, they were so exact!—pasteboards, and potato-mashers to encourage the gentle art of cooking among maiden housekeepers. Doll houses, with elegant upholstery "up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," china dinner sets, hand-painted, silver services, china toilet sets, even in shaven mugs; pianos that look like the great-grandchildren of Mozart's harpsichord, are among the more expensive toys. The locomotive propensities of young San Francisco find full scope in velocipedes, carts, and wagons, with every conceivable propelling power, from woolly dogs that always remind me of dear old *Caleb Plummer*, to the most realistic of equines. My small escort nearly went into fits over a strongly-built wagon with cushioned seats, and a prancing steed that was to be worked with the feet of the rider and guided by an ingenious contrivance to which the reins were attached. There are, of course, hobby horses of every kind, Noah's arks, and all the standard favorites, besides any number of new and interesting games, in miniature billiards, croquet, lawn tennis, etc. The exhibition has been a delightful episode to the little ones impatiently waiting the revelations of Christmas, and Ackerman's will be looked upon as a possible fairy land. May this be only one of many more, says Your correspondent, LILLIAS DU BOIS.

Mrs. Charles Schroder, of this city, will make her debut at Baldwin's on Monday evening. Ambitious, and it is said, gifted, Mrs. Schroder will appear as "Hester Grasebrook" in *The Unequal Match*, and "Gertrude" in *The Loan of a Lover*, both in one evening. We have no hope for debutantes and suicides, but *nous verrons*.

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MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 2, 1878, DEBUT OF
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AN UNEQUAL MATCH

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And will be supported by the full strength of the company.
Box sheet now open.

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At the Saturday Matinee, Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Monday, Dec. 2, production of the universally popular and very amusing Opera Bouffie, by Offenbach, the

PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The management beg leave to announce that upon Wednesday evening, Dec. 4th, will occur the ONE HUNDREDTH performance of the present very successful Comic Opera Season, upon which occasion ALICE OATES will have the honor to present as a memento of the occasion, to each lady present, an elegant gold and satin programme.

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Last two nights of

BABES IN THE WOOD.

Saturday, Nov. 30, 1878, at 2 P. M., LAST

BABES IN THE WOOD MATINEE

Monday, Dec. 2, first appearance of

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And his celebrated Novelty Company, the largest and best company ever organized.

50 Seats should be reserved six days in advance.

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BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Last week of the world famous actress, Miss

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Week of legitimate comedy. Miss Cavendish in her great roles.

Monday and Tuesday—

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Wednesday and Thursday—

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Friday, Farewell Benefit of Miss Cavendish—

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,

—AND—

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Last Cavendish Matinee Saturday—AS YOU LIKE IT.

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LADY OF LYONS.

Monday evening, Dec. 9th, FRANK CHANFRAU in his great creation, KIT.

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F. LISTER.....ACTING MANAGER.
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Reappearance of

CLARA MORRIS

This (Saturday) afternoon, Nov. 30th, at 2 o'clock, Clara Morris, for the last time positively, as Jane Eyre in

THE GOVERNESS.

Sunday, Dec. 1st, Benefit of the Ushers,

PINK DOMINOS,

—AND—

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

Monday, Dec. 2, Debut of Mrs. CHARLES SCHRODER.

UNEQUAL MATCH,

—AND—

LOAN OF A LOVER.

Tuesday, Dec. 3d, first production of a new Comedy, adapted from the Spanish by Jose F. Godoy, Esq.,

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

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Millinery.

The styles for ladies' hats and bonnets for the season are varied in shape, so that ladies find no difficulty in selecting that style which is most becoming. Chapeau and Capote styles in bonnets appear in various shades, in velvet, felt, drawn satin, and chenille. Flat bandeaux fill in the fronts of many bonnets, while the trimmings are selected from a variety of rich velvety shades in feathers, with all the different colors mingled together. The feathers of the lophore are the most frequently selected. Velvet and chenille flowers are the novelties for trimmings, the favorite being velvet tulips in all shades. Among the many styles of hats and bonnets we note a very neat style of Capote in black velvet, with the brim formed of a wreath of feathers, and strings made of satin ribbon; also, another elegant style of Chapeau in felt, in various shades, with a bouillonne of satin appearing in front, and a plume of cock's feathers—the loops and strings are made of satin ribbon. Another very effective style of Chapeau is made of white felt, trimmed with a long, white feather, and bow of white satin ribbon on the crown in front; the strings are also made of white satin ribbon. This same style of Chapeau makes an elegant appearance when trimmed with reversible satin ribbon and pompons in the two shades. Another very rich style of Capote in black velvet, bordered with jet beads, and trimmed with black satin ribbon and plume of the same color, with strings in black satin ribbon, makes a very pretty and withal an elegant style for the completion of the shopping toilet. This style, however, is quite a favorite, and is in all shades. Our lady readers of the ARGONAUT will find all these styles and many others, of the very latest from Paris, at the fashionable establishment of Miss Lizzie Carter at 606 Market Street. The magnificent display of all the latest styles to be seen here will be sure to please our lady readers, and we therefore have given to the public the foregoing notes as the result of our visit to this establishment.

The World of Books.

We take great pleasure in calling the attention of the readers of the ARGONAUT to the extensive and elegant book establishment of Messrs. A. Roman & Co., No. 11 Montgomery Street, whose show windows present a very attractive appearance, and whose shelves are filled with a rich stock of standard and miscellaneous books in every style of binding. We notice a very fine display of albums and fancy stationery. Also an immense assortment of juveniles. Among the latest we may mention: "The Saint Nicholas," "Chatterbox," and "Mother Goose," elegantly illustrated in colored engravings; "Aunt Soppy's Boys and Girls," "The Story of Liberty," by Charles E. Coffin, "Under the Lilacs," "The Western Boy," "The Young Adventurers," and "Optic's Lake Breezes." For gift volumes for the holidays we may mention just issued: "The Rock of Ages," Shakespeare's works in various editions, "The Great Painters of Christendom," elegantly illustrated with fine steel engravings, "The Yellowstone National Park" in handsome chromos by Prang. All the standard works of the poets, in every style of binding, may here be secured for gift volumes for the holidays; and we would suggest to our readers who desire to purchase to give this firm a call, where will be found books of every description at the very lowest rates.

Mirrors, Cornices, Etc.

Elegant designs in gold and walnut in mirrors are sought after by those who desire the ornamental coupled with the useful. One of the styles of mirrors we noted especially at the fashionable establishment of E. Wolfe & Co., under the Palace Hotel, was of the Eastlake design, in rich and elegant carvings in gold, with crown surmounting. The Eastlake and Queen Anne designs in walnut, elegantly ornamented with french veneering, and inlaid with gold, makes a satisfactory completion to the appointments in furniture for the fashionable home. Panel pictures are now sought after in home decorations, even after the home seems thoroughly furnished in wall ornamentations; still the addition of panel pictures will find a place in every thoroughly-furnished residence. Photographs of statuary, and of oil paintings of the masters, flowers, birds, animals, etc., are the subjects mostly selected in this class of pictures. Finely ornamented and engraved easels for the piano or mantelpiece very elegantly set off cabinet photographs. Wall pockets are now mostly manufactured in ebony inlaid with gold, in very chaste designs. Those of our readers who desire all the latest novelties in this department can not do better than to call at this establishment while selecting for home ornamentation the above-named articles. Messrs. Wolfe & Co. are constantly receiving orders from some of our most fashionable residents of the city, and by their liberal patronage have expressed their entire satisfaction in their purchases at this establishment.

Large Book Sale.

Among the many excellent works now being sold at Bartlett's book sale, No. 3 Dupont Street, may be noted the following: "Livingstone's Life Work in Africa," "Livingstone's Lost Journals," "Kane's Arctic Explorations," "Overland Through Asia," by Knox; "Beyond the Mississippi," by Richardson; "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," "Our Sister Republic," by Colonel A. S. Evans; "Palace and Hovel, or Phases of Life in London," by Kirwan; "The Great Metropolis, a Mirror of New York," by Junius Henri Browne; Edward King's "Great South;" "Afoot and Alone," by Stephen Powers; J. Ross Browne's works, in five volumes, "Wanderings in Four Continents," and "Persons, Places, and Things;" the two latter, just issued, are elegantly bound in green and blue and gold. It is a notorious fact that all the standard and miscellaneous works in history, poetry, and fiction, albums, etc., are being sold at a great sacrifice. Among the many works deserving special mention we noticed "The World of Wit and Humor," in elegant cloth binding, which may be classed among some of the best gift volumes for the holidays.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

WE ALWAYS SAY to our lady friends go to Sullivan's, 120 Kearny Street, for handsome SUITS or CLOAKS.

If you want the 'nobbist' suits in town—best material and latest style in cut—why don't you go to Burr & Fink's, corner Montgomery and Post streets, over Hibernia Bank?

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110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

A Legend of the Fair Melusina.

An illustration of the "Legend of the Fair Melusina" may be seen in a series of fourteen photographs of the original paintings by Morris V. Schwind, the great German painter. The series are in a large portfolio, designed as a holiday gift. The Water Fairy reposes lonely and dreaming profoundly in her spring, which bubbles from the bottom of a dark, rocky cave. Count Raynaud, of the famous house of the Lusignan, wandering about in the dark mountain wilderness, finds the nymph seated close to a half-ruined forest well. Love speaks to the Count, and the fair Melusina finds a response to his wooing; marriage follows on his sacred promise that he will not invade the castle of which she is mistress. Children bless the happy union, but jealousy leads the Count to break his promise. He enters the castle, where he finds his wife surrounded by her nymphs. The castle falls, the wife escapes and vanishes from his sight. The husband wanders in foreign climes; returns and finds his wife at the spring. He rushes to her arms and is smothered to death with kisses. The series close with the nymph again left in her loneliness. This magnificent work may be seen at the establishment of J. B. Golly & Co., 31 Kearny Street.

The community at large reaps one benefit from the failure of the last stock deal. When the new bonanza first disclosed itself in the Sierra Nevada, and gave promise of large dividends, everybody rushed to the Diamond Palace, sold their jewels, and bought shares, intending of course to purchase others in due time. By everybody we mean all the stock gamblers, and they are the people who have the largest and finest stones. Col. Andrews, keen for bargains, and himself believing that we were to have a booming stock market about the Christmas holidays, bought all that came. In addition to the diamonds thus obtained he imported heavy lots from Europe. Hard times, wars, and political changes threw lots of diamonds into the market, and thus he became loaded down with such a stock as never before was seen in San Francisco. The stock market turned the wrong way, and in consequence Col. Andrews finds himself with drawers and shelves full of brilliants. With the boldness of the merchant who knows his business, and never allows himself to be cornered, he has determined to sell these goods to those people who have not met with stock losses. The programme is a simple one. He will offer diamonds at twenty per cent. less than they can be imported from Europe. The Colonel authorizes the ARGONAUT to announce his willingness to show his goods to gentlemen and ladies at all times. There need be no delicacy in visiting the Diamond Palace; it is a pleasure to expose his goods to people who have the taste to admire and appreciate them. Colonel Andrews thinks that ordinary human nature and especially female human nature is not strong enough to resist the temptation to buy his jewelry if it is once seen.

The natives of the Marquesas Islands, according to an American who has lived among them for years and studied their character, customs, and creed, picture hell as a region of profound darkness, no ray of light ever entering it except on arrival of a spirit from earth. By this ray the newly-condemned spirit is guided to the special seat appointed for him—or it—and there he remains in impenetrable shadow until the next corner brings a flash of light. There is no other punishment for the doomed. They are, however, singed on entrance, because they are then obliged to pass a huge demon, who flaps his wings and exhales fire continually. Women, it may be interesting to know, are seldom sent to the Marquesas Tophet, owing to the love (witness the customary egotism of the male animal even in Polynesia) and devotion they bear the native chiefs and priests, who (here is gallantry) would be inconsolable without them, even in Paradise. But women are not admitted to the highest circles of the good place, prepared alone for men, who can, however, descend to them when they wish to enjoy feminine society. There are different planes of divine life for women, the loftiest being reserved for those who have loved and been loved most intensely in this world, and whose greatest bliss will come from the visits of the spirits of the chiefs and priests.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and attachable Flounces; Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

The finest French and purest home-made candies found at Voyley's, 913 Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Currier, 103 Dupont Street, makes the finest PICTURE FRAMES.

A party of gentlemen from Switzerland, among whom is a distinguished engineer, in a recent visit to San Francisco have been making a very careful examination of our system of cable roads, with a view to utilizing them upon the mountains of their native land. There is already a railroad up the Riga, which, by a system of cog wheels and complex machinery, takes passengers to the summit of that mountain. There are many other heights to which a railroad could be profitably constructed. The California Street Railroad, in its thorough construction, perfect equipment, and clever management, seemed to these gentlemen to be perfection. They were surprised to find that no wood was used in its structure—being built of wrought iron and stone. The easy working of the cable, and the entire protection afforded by the system of brakes, convinced them of the safety of lifting cars to the highest accessible Alpine peaks by this system. Mechanics from nearly all the Eastern and European cities have examined this work with a view of introducing cable roads to their respective localities.

Owing to their rapidly increasing business, the new and elegant establishment of Messrs. Billings, Harbottle & Co., at No. 3 Montgomery Street, as been permanently enlarged by the connection of the adjoining store with the original stand, and this week a large invoice of new goods in their special lines is offered to the inspection of visitors. A fine assortment of Russia leather goods, comprising pocket and note books, frames, writing desks, lap tablets, etc.; new and unique designs in stationery and visiting cards, and a variety of elegant fancy goods, are among the specialties. All the new publications, holiday books, bibles, and prayer books, in bindings suitable for holiday gifts, as well as standard literature on every subject, are always to be found on their shelves. A further extension is also to be effected by the addition of a fancy goods department, which is to comprise soaps, perfumery, and other toilet articles. Messrs. Billings Harbottle & Co. also make a specialty of engraving visiting cards, wedding and other invitations, and their work in this particular line is not excelled by any other house in this city.

Mr. T. H. Boyd, a well-known photographer of rare ability, formerly of the firm of Taber & Boyd, has opened a fine gallery at No. 25 Montgomery street. Mr. Boyd does the very best work that can be done in this city—where the best work of the world is done. It would be judicious to visit Mr. Boyd's gallery when in want of photographs.

The King of Spain not only decorated Captain Boyton, but he gave Mr. Michael Boyton the order of the Knight of the Hospitaliers. The Captain, they say, has a keen eye to business. The other day, in an interview with the French Minister of Marine, that dignity, while complimenting Captain Boyton, said: "I am sorry I can not give you an order." "Oh, but you can," replied Boyton. "There is only the Legion of Honor," said the Minister, smilingly. "I don't mean that," replied Boyton, quickly; "I mean an order for the dress." The Minister laughed heartily, and the Captain got his order, and something more. The Minister made him an honorary captain of the French navy.

The finest candies in the city are to be had at the Clarendon, 213 Kearny Street, of Love & Goldstein. Try them.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The last relative of Thomas Hood has just passed away. Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip, only daughter of the humorist, died on the 3d instant, at Cleveland, in the forty-ninth year of her age. In conjunction with her brother, Tom Hood, the late editor of *Fun*, she wrote and published the life of her father.

From and after December 2, 1878, the Long (Oakland) Wharf will be closed for teams and stock, etc.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

This paper is printed with ink furnished by Chas. Eneu Johnson & Co., 509 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, and 59 Gold Street, New York.

Try E. H. Hubbard's Parisian Cream for the complexion. 923 Market Street.

THE LAST SENSATION!

"THE SOCIETY IN SEARCH OF Truth; or, Stock Gambling in San Francisco." A Novel, in Forty-four Chapters, by

I. F. CLARK,

A former member of the Pacific Stock Exchange. Now ready. Read it.

CALIFORNIA

SPOOL SILK

TESTIMONIAL.

Referring to certain advertisements recently published derogatory to the quality of

CALIFORNIA

SPOOL SILK

We beg to offer the following testimonial from the largest dealers in the city.

CALIFORNIA SILK MF'G CO.

We, the undersigned, hereby state that we have sold the CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK for a number of years, and have found it to give entire satisfaction.

We recommend it to the public as equal in quality to any silk in this market, of either Foreign or Eastern manufacture.

[Signed.]

DOANE & HENSHELWOOD, No. 1 Montgomery Street.

FRATINGER & NOLL, 10 to 14 Montgomery Street.

F. CHESTER & CO., 34 to 36 Montgomery Street.

KAINDLER & CO., Ville de Paris, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

J. SAMUELS, 28 Kearny Street.

THE WHITE HOUSE, J. W. Davidson & Co., corner Kearny and Post Streets.

THE LACE HOUSE, D. Samuels, 104 to 108 Kearny Street.

BUYER, REICH & CO., 129 Kearny Street.

S. BINE, 130 Kearny Street.

LANDERS & GILMORE, 132 Kearny Street.

SULLIVAN'S CLOAK & SUIT HOUSE, 220 Kearny Street.

B. SCHONWASSER & CO., 222 Kearny Street.

JACOBS & GLASS, 226 Kearny Street.

P. B. KENNEDY, 232 Kearny Street.

O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO., 111 to 115 Post Street.

O'NEILL, KENNEDY & STUART, 875 Market Street.

C. CURTIN, 911 Market Street.

J. J. O'BRIEN & CO., 924 to 928 Market Street.

O'DWYER & EINHORN, 36 and 38 Third Street.

PEINOTTO & SILVERMAN, 42 to 46 Third Street.

S. MOSGROVE & CO., 114 and 116 Kearny Street.

THE SILK HOUSE, Samuel Leszynski & Bro., 120 Kearny Street.

And by many others.

DECKER BROS

PIANOS

ARE THE

BEST

KOHLER & CHASE
SAN FRANCISCO
& OAKLAND.

BEAUTIFUL RUINS.

A woman can hardly be said to pass into the category of beautiful ruins much before she is forty, though, of course, she may have ceased to be beautiful altogether before then. How long she remains a beautiful ruin will depend in some degree on her good fortune, but yet more, perhaps, on her own cleverness. A woman who has charms independently of her physical graces will protract the reign even of these last; so that charm of mind and manner may be called the twilight of mortal loveliness, which carry the afterglow of radiant beauty far into the night. A beautiful ruin enjoys a marked advantage, if she happens to be a person of rank or fashion. Our most popular ruins are those to be found in the neighborhood of noble houses and baronial halls still extant. One quality is perfectly indispensable to a perfectly beautiful ruin, and that is a sense of tranquillity and composure. Fire works and a mind are not more out of place among shattered arches and crumbling columns than freshness and fussiness in a woman who, though still beautiful, is no longer young. She should accept the reward of time, instead of resenting and rectifying it, and trust to his kindly growth, not only to beautify her, but to keep her together. Neither must she expect to receive those rapturous hymns of praise which are granted only to newer temples, it is enough for her to inspire that silent and more sacred worship which we feel for roofless aisles and abandoned altars, and to be addressed on the chastened but comforting language of a great poet:—

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And leave thee as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

This, perhaps, is an ideal rather than an accurate description of what usually happens. But that is the fault of the beautiful ruin herself. Too often, doubtless, she refuses to let resignation gently slope the way. She fights with time, and inflicts wounds on herself. She ceases to be beautiful, and becomes something worse than in a ruin; she grows to be an anachronism. She gives herself the airs of youth, and insists upon retaining its follies and its drawbacks when she has lost all its wickets and compensations. She might have been revered, and she elects to be ridiculous. Youth might have been consulted and manhood deferred to her. As it is both by her as the plague, while old age is ashamed to think that she will shortly belong to it.

In a town near Boston there lives a good lady who suffers acutely from sciatica. She has consulted physicians far and near, but has been unsuccessful in finding any cure. Not long since she heard that a man living not far away was afflicted with the same disease in an aggravating form, and it occurred to her that she would call upon him and ask whether he had found any thing that would avail to lessen its terrors. She did so, and, having introduced herself, stated her errand.

"Do you," she asked, "find anything that affords you relief?"
"Yes, marm," he replied. "Two things."
"Pray what are they?"
"Cursing and swearing," said the invalid.
It is added that on her return home the good lady told her husband that she only regretted that she could not avail herself of this remedy.
"Not that I have any conscientious scruples," she said, "but I do not know how."

There was a famous restaurateur in Paris who, during the Exposition, having exhausted every other device to swell the bills of his patrons by charging for every conceivable thing, hit upon the happy thought of charging each for the number of the table occupied. Thus, table No. 13 figured in the addition as 13 francs. His genius was rewarded by a large fortune; but when, overcome by cupidity, he became actually dishonest, and renumbered all his tables, beginning at 20, on the pretext that there were nineteen in another room, his patrons began sadly to drop away from him, and he was ruined.

In the funeral honors paid to the memory of the late M. Thiers, M. de M. Thiers rather "overdid the thing" by sending out cards of invitation setting forth that the requiem was "for the repose of the soul of M. Thiers." "How can I respond to such an invitation?" exclaimed a distinguished Deputy: "In the first place, I am a Jew, in the next, 'repose' is precisely the thing that is not wanted by that restless little soul. I could understand a *Te Deum* in gratitude for *le repos de la langue de Monsieur Thiers*."

When you see a woman sit down, open her desk, jerk out a pen and writing material, roll up her sleeves, and seize the pen as though she were preparing to write, in an instant you may rest assured there are not words enough in the English language to express her thoughts.

An officer in the army landed at a little woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a man when a salute was fired. He stepped ashore, and found that timid woman, six months afterwards, had taken off his boots in the night when he came in late at night.

The average woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and eighty-nine muscles, twenty-two tendons, and two hundred and ten sinews.

Greek is the language for poets, French for love, and Italian for band-organ melody; but the man with a shirt collar that does not fit is the same hopeless fellow in all.

A Nashville belle has feet that do not match. They are perfect in shape, but one is a number one and the other a number seven. She always puts her best foot forward.

A porter on a sleeping-car says that as a rule the woman who loses a fifty-cent breakfast makes more fuss than the one who loses a whole set of good jewelry.

Some persons of weak understanding are so sensible of their weakness as to be able to make a good use of it.—*Washington*.

CANNEL COAL.

SUPERIOR QUALITY OF GRATE
COAL for sale by
MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,
14 Post Street, and 718 Sansome Street.

For the best New Crop Japan
" " English Breakfast
" " Formosa Oolong
" " Mixed

LORING'S

922 MARKET STREET,
Manufacture of "THE PRESIDENT COFFEE"—put
up in air-tight cans, retaining its purity, freshness and aroma.

MR. FRAZER,

(Late of New York),
DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR OF
MODERN SOCIETY DANCING.
Private Schooling Exclusively.

ROUND DANCING A SPECIALTY

I WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY

call the attention of parents and young ladies and gentlemen of San Francisco, Oakland, and vicinity, to my eight-page circular, containing full information upon the treatment of Round Dancing, etc., and why so many fail to succeed. Read carefully all the circular contains, and I venture to say the advantages offered will please you. I have no territory where I find in my undertakings. I will occupy the large and spacious room over Mr. Gray's Music Store in about ten days. Those wishing hours for instruction must apply early, as my time is fast being engaged. Office hours, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., at Mr. Gray's.

Circulars at M. Gray's Music Store, 117 Post Street, San Francisco, and W. B. Hardy's, Broadway, Oakland.

MILLER & RICHARD,
SOLE MAKERS OF
EXTRA-HARD METAL
SCOTCH TYPE.

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR
THE CAMPBELL, HOE, AND PEERLESS
PRESSES.

No. 509 COMMERCIAL STREET,
And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

REDINGTON'S
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
ARE THE PERFECTLY PURE
and highly concentrated Extracts of
FRESH FRUITS

Prepared with great care. They are put up in superior style, in a bottle holding twice as much as ordinary brands of Extracts.

Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so cheap.

Wherever tested on their merits, they have been adopted in preference to all others, and now are the

STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Of the Pacific coast. Dealers will find them to give better satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are respectfully requested to give them a trial.

REDINGTON & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RUPTURE.
BUY NO TRUSS

Until you see what has been accomplished by DR. PIERCE'S late invention.

Call, or send for New Illustrated Book. Price reduced.
MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS
CO., 609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE
for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. *Best French Cuisine* of Court.
A. D. SHARON.

THOMAS H. HOLT,
NOTARY PUBLIC, No. 326½ Mont-
gomery Street, Residence, 1235 Sansome Street,
San Francisco.

SAFES AND SCALES.

FOR SALE BY
JOHN MOLLOY, 54 CLAY STREET.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,

WILLIAM DOOLAN.

Office No. 12 Nevada Block.

L. T. ZANDER,

No. 424 MONTGOMERY STREET,
between California and Sacramento, San Francisco.

COLLECTOR.

Rents, Bills, and Accounts collected, and prompt returns made.

ZANDER'S PURCHASING AGENCY.

Orders for the purchase and shipment to the interior of goods of every description executed with promptness and care, at a small commission over cost.

GEO. W. FRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

UNION IRON WORKS

(Founded 1849.) Post Office Box 2128.
COR. FIRST AND MISSION STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO

MANUFACTURERS OF
Compressed Engines,
Air Compressors,
Rock Drills,
Portable Hoisting Engines,
Marine Stationary and Portable Boilers,
Baby Hoist, complete.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE,
Direct-acting Pumping and Hoisting Engines,
Upright and Stationary Engines,
Quartz Crushing and Amalgamating Machinery
Blake's Rock Breakers,
Smelting Furnaces,
Quicksilver Pumps,
Chlorozinc Furnaces,
Cornish Pumps,
Steam Pumps.
All manufactured by us of the best materials, design, and workmanship, and furnished at lower rates than by Eastern manufacturers.
PRESCOTT, SCOTT & CO.

O. F. WILLEY & CO

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE CARRIAGES & WAGONS

No. 427 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Agents for the sale of Wagons manufactured by

BREWSTER & CO., New York,

W. D. ROGERS, Philadelphia,

C. S. CAFFREY, Camden, N. J.,

WOOD BROTHERS, New York,

H. KILLAM & CO., New Haven,

COOLING BROS., Wilmington

ALSO, AGENTS FOR
HARNESS MANUFACTURED BY WOOD GIBSON,
TOMPKINS & MANDEVILLE, AND
A. H. DUNSCOMBE.

Also, a fine assortment of Robes, Blankets, Nets, Whips, etc.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY

and County of San Francisco.—In Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN BLISS, deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 10th day of November, A. D. 1878, notice is hereby given that Monday, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1878, at 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, and the court room of said Court, at the new City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John Bliss, deceased, and for hearing the application of C. H. PHELPS for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Tested November 19th, 1878.

[SEAL OF COURT.] By Wm. A. STUART, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES P. EELLS, Attorney for Petitioner, 66 Nevada Block.

ANNUAL MEETING.—MEXICAN

Gold and Silver Mining Company.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mexican Gold and Silver Mining Company will be held on Tuesday, December 6th, 1878, at one o'clock P. M., at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal. Transfer books will be closed on Saturday, November 23rd, at 12 o'clock M.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IZETIA GOODHUE, plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN

GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to

STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, (exclusive of the day of service) filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

This said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By J. H. PICHEN, Deputy Clerk.

WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital\$200,000
Assets exceed..... 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 209 SANSOME ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THOS. FLINT, President. J. W. FOARD, Manager.

FRED. K. RULESecretary.

I. G. GARDNER.....General Agent.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 403 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVES, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23rd day of December, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DUBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPA-

ny.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of December, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 23rd day of December, 1878, to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I,

EMMA S. HOWE, wife of Charles W. Howe, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on Monday, the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1878, the same being a day of the November term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole

Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, buying and selling real and personal property and mining stocks, and to keep boarding and lodging-house, and to loan and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business.

EMMA S. HOWE.

San Francisco, Cal., November 12th, A. D. 1878.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P.

NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to

David P. Nelson, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

This said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By GEO. L. WOODS and JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

[SEAL.] GEO. L. WOODS and JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Hotel.

CHICKERING
PIANO WAREROOMS,
31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.
ELEGANT PIANOS.
L. K. HAMMER,
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.
Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.

**MUSIC**
KNABE PIANOS,
IRVING PIANOS, ROGERS' UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Prince Organs, Waters' Organs, Sheet Music.
BANGROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,
733 MARKET STREET.

**PIANOS**
NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.
These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

PIANOS
SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.
Pianos Tuned, Reoted, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.

**HOME INDUSTRY**
UPRIGHT PIANOS
HEMME & LONG
PRICES LOW
1 COR. N. SUTTER & MONTGOMERY STS. S.F.

INDEPENDENT LINE
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BEAMISH'S

The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

There is an important inquiry now going on why the attendance at what is called divine worship is falling off in America. This question seems to have arisen in Cincinnati, and is the subject of an editorial disquisition in the *San Francisco Bulletin*. The facts are admitted that attendance is decreasing at the houses of Protestant service, that the female part of the worshipers largely exceeds that of the male, and that this decline is more noticeable in Protestant than in Catholic congregations. Personally we had not observed this condition of things, because of the fact that we do not ourselves very frequently spend the Sabbath day in attending church. But we know why church attendance is on the decline, and we know why there are more female than male attendants, and we know a remedy for it. Knowing so much we do not feel at liberty to withhold our information, but are impelled by the sense of duty to settle these questions at once. We do it reverently, and in no disposition to make light of what other people regard as sacred. The first and prominent cause is that the religious world is not keeping pace with the intelligence of the age; it is not abreast with the progress of the time; it is endeavoring dogmatically to sit down upon reason, and with an almost slavish adherence to tradition, and to the teachings of the fathers and the literal interpretation of the Sacred Writings, to declare themselves at war with the demonstrations of science. Hence it is, that in those communities where learning has made its profoundest researches, where knowledge is most generally diffused, the fact is most noticeable. Because men are more independent in thought, and have less veneration for traditions and early fables, and less respect for the requirements of custom, than women, they are the first to withdraw themselves from religious teachings.

Another and important factor in producing this condition of things is that the Christian teachers of to-day are not comparable with those of the earlier time in point of learning, eloquence, devotion, and enthusiasm in their calling. We had almost added "piety" to this category in which, in our judgment, the preachers of to-day are deficient; and, indeed, it seems to us that between the ordinary parson and the ordinary gentleman one can perceive no marked difference as to purity of life and probity of conduct. In comparing the clergy of earlier days with their contemporaries in the other learned professions we must admit them to have been fully equal in respect to the qualities we have named. At one time they almost monopolized the learning of the age; they were eloquent beyond the gentlemen of the bar, or of legislative and political circles. That they were devoted, enthusiastic, sincere, and unselfish, the labor of their lives attested. If we are not mistaken, the clergymen of our Protestant churches (say half a century ago) were abler and stronger men than those of to-day. Then, the pulpit claimed and secured the brighter minds, and the better thinkers, and the broader intellects; now, the pulpit secures more than its share of the dull and narrow-minded—of men who are content to look behind and not before them. The young men from our colleges and schools who devote themselves to polemic discussions and theological investigations, and consecrate their lives to the church, are not the broad-browed, ambitious men, who, in their intellectual strength and restless desire to arrive at the truth and the accomplishment of grand results, avoid the profession of the ministry as one that fetters their freedom, and does not allow them that scope for scientific and philosophical research which every healthy and honest mind demands. We know that there are still in the pulpit men of great culture, of splendid accomplishments, of resolute, original minds, of independent thought; yet, if we are not mistaken, just to the extent that they follow their reason, and just to the extent that they cut themselves loose from dogmas and traditions, and just to the extent they give utterance to free thought, they are charged with want of orthodoxy. We could, we think, give examples of this by pronouncing many illustrious names, both of clergy and laity, both in the Protestant and Roman churches—names of men who have lived and died at variance with their fellows, because they were in advance of them in the recognition of certain great truths which their respective churches were not prepared to admit.

If then, we are correct—if the preachers of to-day have not kept in advance of their congregations in learning, and in knowledge of science; and if they are not as instructive, as eloquent, and as earnest as formerly—it would naturally follow that the more intellectual and thinking portions of their audience should fall away. The time has gone by in the Protestant church when thinking men will submit to the infliction of a prosy and uninteresting sermon from a dull and ignorant person, through the superstitious belief that it is wicked not to attend Sabbath service. Life is too short, and time too valuable, and one's library too interesting, and God's groves too inviting, to spend a day in listening to prayers from those whose daily lives seem no better than our own, and whose learning and research seem in no respect superior to ours. One may go to church as an example to the young; he may go in obedience to an early habit; he may go because of a promise to a dead and loving Christian mother; he may go because his wife desires it, or because he may think his attendance a good example for his children;

but if these motives are lacking, the intelligent, thinking man will not go and listen to the old, worn out, unmeaning platitudes of faith in which he has no belief, to dogmas and traditions that do not commend themselves to his reason. He will certainly avoid the church if he has reason to question the sincerity of the teacher, and finds in him a dull thinker and a drawing talker.

If the Christian religion is anything; if it is what it professes to be; if this brief moment of time is but the opportunity for preparing for an unending and immortal life; if God so loved us that he gave his only begotten Son for our redemption; if belief in him involves an eternity of happiness or of misery; if upon our acts or beliefs in this world hangs our destiny in the world to come; if the Supreme Intelligence and the Supreme Power has given us the sacred writings of the Old and New Testaments as the interpretation of His will and His direction for our guidance; if the men who call themselves priests or preachers are divinely chosen as our teachers, exemplars, and guides—then indeed theirs is a most holy and a most solemn vocation; then we have a right to observe in them a course of conduct above even the suspicion of selfishness or worldly desire. According to their own profession they stand at God's holy altar, between Him and us poor, sinful fellow-men, as the only means by which we may be rescued from an eternal death. If they believe this, and are sincere in their professions, if they are not the vilest of hypocrites, they must feel that, above all other men and all other vocations, they are bearing a great burden of responsibility. And we sinners (as they call us) have a right to demand that they possess a learning equal to the pretensions of their calling, the eloquence of a divine inspiration, and lead a life the purity of which admits of no suspicion. And if they are not such men; if they are, on an average, no more learned, no more eloquent, no better in their daily lives than we are; if they serve Mammon instead of God, as we do; if they indulge themselves as much as we in the enjoyment of this world's goods; if they sometimes run after strange women, and worship idols of gold with feet of clay; if they live and dress fashionably, and buy stocks, and turn politicians, enjoy society, accumulate money, pursue this world's ambitions, and are no more honest than honest men ought to be in their business vocations, then it is not, perhaps, surprising that we should not be overwilling to sit at their feet to learn wisdom, nor imitate their examples as the road to God's favor. It is, perhaps, not altogether surprising that we should question the sincerity of their professions and the authenticity of their commissions.

There is another reason why in a great many of the churches there are so few attendants: the costly structures, the expensive adornments, the salary of a fashionable preacher, and the money to sustain a choir of professional musicians, with an organ, must come out of the congregation and through the sale and hire of pews. This makes religion a luxury beyond the reach of the poor, and if we may be permitted in the discussion of so grave a topic to give our personal experience, we narrate the following incident which occurred to ourselves: In the days before the railroad we went east by ocean—from Aspinwall to New York on the steamer *Champion* belonging to old Vanderbilt, and may the most orthodox devil consume him in the most orthodox of flames. It was a rotten tub, dangerous and uncomfortable. Such a storm as we passed through has seldom vexed the Atlantic, but we came to port safe and sound and felt like thanking God for our preservation. We arrived on Saturday night, and on the following morning determined to signalize our gratitude to the Supreme Ruler by attending church. From the St. James Hotel we sought five Fifth Avenue churches—ponderous piles of architectural beauty. In every one we were refused a sitting, in three instances slighted, and in two insulted by overfed, and doubtless godly, sextons. These were Episcopalian; and one of them had for its pastor that eminently pious and honored divine whom, in the intimacy of our early California days, we used familiarly to call Ferd. Ewer, now the Reverend Ferdinand Ewer, D.D., LL.D., and who has written a great work. We then thought demonstrated "Protestantism a failure." In San Francisco how is it? We can not speak of all the churches, but take any one of the fashionable ones for an illustration. It would create a sensation to march any poor family of your neighborhood, clothed as they are able to clothe themselves, up the aisle one of these sacred edifices. There would be a nodding of plumes, and a fluttering of fans, and upturning of pious noses such as has not occurred, and is not likely to occur, in a well-regulated house of worship. The cost of a pew in any one of our fashionable congregations, with incidentals of dress, Easter bonnets, and four-button kid gloves, prevents any person of moderate means the luxury of going to heaven through the medium of these first class churches. It would seem almost to savor of levity and want of reverence to speak thus lightly, if it was not true. It is true; everybody knows it, and every really sincere and godly person must deplore the fact.

Now, how shall all this be remedied? How shall the churches be filled? We answer—by more talent, learning, eloquence, earnestness, honesty, unselfishness, godliness, and purity of life among those who set themselves to minister to us in holy things; by less aristocracy, pretension, pride, folly,

dress, show of wealth; less arrogance, less display on the part of the members of fashionable congregations; and on the part of all professing religion greater consistency of life, greater purity of conduct, a closer imitation of the life and a closer observance of the teachings of Christ—the founder of the religion they profess.

Dueling in France, says Colonel Forney, has always been more or less customary. That foolish Bonapartist fire-eater, Paul de Cassagnac, fought fifteen duels in three months, and never killed anybody. He challenged Gambetta, but the latter disdained even to answer him. He came naturally by this habit. His grandfather, who served under the first Napoleon, was constantly in hot water. He murdered a private Englishman to avenge Waterloo; then he killed an English naval officer; and next tried to force a fight on a Paris editor, and traveled for two months to challenge him, but the editor fooled him by apologizing. The son of this man, and father of Paul, was fighting editor of the ministerial *Epoque* under Louis Philippe. Paul is always in a row. He refused to fight Lieutenant Lullier, and had his face slapped; and Paul did the same thing to Vermorel, of the *Courier Français*, who would not fight him.

This Paul de Cassagnac, according to another writer, has fought in all seventeen duels, not one of which, however, has been fatal. On the occasion of his meeting with Aurélien Scholl, the high road of St. Denis was the spot selected, two o'clock in the afternoon the time. A crowd quickly assembled, and the combatants were about to commence, when a gendarme made his appearance. However, instead of making an arrest, the executive officer drew his sword, and, addressing himself to the spectators, cried: "Hats off, gentlemen. When there is fighting in France, one uncovers." Poor Scholl received a terrible wound, but he is still alive and well, on excellent terms with his old adversary, the editor of the *Voltaire*. M. Paul de Cassagnac then fought Henri Rochefort, and afterward his own cousin, Lissagaray, who did all he could to kill the Imperialist champion. After having been touched four times in the face, Lissagaray lost his head, and flung himself on the sword of his adversary. He hardly recovered when he again challenged M. Paul de Cassagnac, who refused a second meeting in the following terms: "Since I fought with you and left you riddled like a strainer in the garden at Vesin, I have reflected that it is sufficient to have been your adversary, and that it is useless to become your *charcutier* (pork butcher)." Victor Noir, who was afterward shot down by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, challenged M. Paul de Cassagnac, who, having the choice of weapons, selected orthography, in which his opponent was deficient. The only case in which he really backed out of a duel was when defied by Dr. Clemenceau, one of the members for Paris. But this gentleman is left-handed, and one of the most expert swordsmen in France; so that M. de Cassagnac affected to treat his cartel as an "attempt at assassination." "If you will fight with your right hand," said he, "I will fight with my left, and we shall meet on equal terms, but I am not going to stand up against a man who has gone into training to kill me."

During the first French Revolution, in 1793, dueling was very common. Mirabeau and Camille Desmoulins both went out and met their foes. The eloquent Barnave had two duels. Danton was challenged by the Duke d'Artois, but declined. Two days after, another royalist asked him if he would rather be kicked than shot like a dog; to which Danton replied, as he was the challenged party, he would choose the guillotine, which retort he made good by causing the royalist to be beheaded in a few days.

Under the first Empire there was a great deal of dueling, Napoleon drily remarking that it helped promotion.

On the return of the Bourbons there were over three hundred political duels. Some of them were amusing and others fatal. The orator, B. Constant, had the gout, and fought with pistols from his chair. Lamartine, Guizot, Thiers, Royer Collard, Couvier, Auber, all had their "affairs." Girardin killed Armand Correl, the editor of the *National*, which so incensed the liberals of that day that Girardin received a score of challenges, on which he vowed he never would fight again, and he has kept his word.

Under the Second Empire there were many duels. The newspaper men had their full share. One editor was challenged for having stated that the sub-lieutenants in the army devoured too many refreshments at social parties; the whole set challenged him. The editor selected one and "poked him;" his second flew at the editor and wounded him seriously; and, as the journalist lay on his bed, the whole body of republican editors called on him, and formed a committee of combatants to fight for him. This was as late as 1858; and two years after, in 1860, the Duc d'Aumale challenged the cousin of Louis Napoleon, Prince "Plon Plon." He consulted the Emperor, and Eugene was so incensed that she exclaimed: "The gentleman who wants to fight never asks questions or takes advice," and Louis Napoleon added, with a wit more keen than cousinly, a few days after: "If ever a bullet is found in my cousin's stomach, he will have to swallow it."

During the last war 594,000 Russian soldiers poured down through Roumania into Turkey. Of these 58,000 were sent back by rail wounded, and 62,150 ill, 31,000 sick went home to Odessa by sea, 29,000 are still in the hospital, 31,000 lost their bones in Roumania and 99,000 perished in 1877.

FOUR OLD MAIDS.

It was one of the oldest houses in one of the oldest courts, yet a most respectable house, and a most respectable court, and most respectable people lived in it. A look of extreme neatness was about the front steps and the window blinds, and no mud or dust seemed to cling to the one nor unwary fly to buzz about the other. An extremely modest door-plate of quiet, unpolished bronze, bore the somewhat aristocratic name of Pemberton; and to this door-plate a tidy serving girl was, early one summer morning, paying her respects in the matter of brushing up its sedate brownness, when a voice floated out through the open passage:

"Hannah! Hannah!"

"Yes'm," she answered, suspending her work and peeping up the stairway.

"Shut the door; the flies are coming in."

The door was drawn to carefully, and the serving girl attacked the door-plate again, then silvered up the knob, and actually applied a rub or two to the key hole, which seemed gazing into the court like a calm eye that disdained to wink.

"I wonder which one of 'em 'tis now," she said under her breath; and, as if to take her rubbing towel into her confidence: "If 'taint Miss Elspeth, it's Miss Anne; if 'taint neither, it's Miss Hester; if 'taint her, then I'm bound it's Miss Harriet, the 'other of 'em."

What with her Elspeths, and her Annes, and her Hesters, and her Harriets, it seemed like an extraordinary number of mistresses when one took into account the trouble an ordinary girl has with one. But Hannah did very well considering all things; and, being meek-minded and capable, she suited the place tolerably, and the place suited her so tolerably that she had now occupied it some four years. She had had her follower for the half of this time, and she never had been quite able to get over Miss Elspeth's sniff—actually a sniff—when she communicated to that elder sister the fact of her possessing such an article and asked that he might be allowed to come of a Saturday night for an hour or two of decorous courting. Miss Elspeth to be sure had given the desired permission—oh, yes! she had given it, but of a Sunday morning she always distended her nostril on entering the kitchen, and once she remarked, with a curve of her lip: "Somehow, Hannah, it seems so like a man, it does seem so like a man, in here!"

And yet, during the first year of her service, Hannah remembered a man who had been an inmate of the house for a full six months—a young man and a handsome man, with a reckless lock of hair dangling over his forehead, and a waistcoat that had the peculiarity of always looking shabby, though Miss Anne had been caught time and again guiltily sponging it and putting a needle into it when the gentleman had come home in an unusually reckless state of a night and was sleeping off his recklessness of a morning.

He used to come home of nights and lurch about on the front steps, and make dabs at the unwinking key hole, as though it really had been an eye which he was trying to put out. And Miss Anne, pale and anxious, would flit down the stairs and through the hall, shading her lamp with her thin hand, to open the door and silently let him in. It was very trying to the nerves to know that the night latch was off till all hours; and so the other sisters must have felt it to be, for remonstrance was frequently heard at the breakfast table, and Miss Hester said once this trouble was "wearing her to the bone;" whereas Miss Harriet had crooked her own little finger, as she toyed with her fork, and reproved her sister next older for "such language."

That very night things came to a crisis. The gentleman had come home unusually early, but he was also unusually reckless, making great lurches outside, and even muttering as he wildly endeavored to take aim at the key hole. Hannah was just creeping away to her bed, and the four sisters were in the little back parlor, three sewing, while the fourth read a grave, staid article from the orthodox periodical, of which piles in regular order were stacked away in a chest upstairs. When the uncertain footstep was heard, Miss Anne started, and her mild face flushed scarlet; but Miss Elspeth put out her hand and said sharply:

"Not to-night, sister; I, myself, will go to the door."

And she went, while the poor, pale, loving, cowering Anne pushed back her smooth hair from her white ears and wrung her hands, and Hester and Harriet laid by their sewing and arose.

Then there was a scrabbling, spluttering sound in the hall, and Miss Elspeth came rushing back into the parlor with her petticoats drawn around her and a grim light in her eyes. A mocking laugh followed her; some one bumped along the hallway and stumped across the carpet; then, with pursuing clutch, invaded the sanctity of the sisters' presence. Miss Hester gasped; Miss Harriet bridled and scouted to the farther side of the table, and poor Miss Anne shrunk away into her chair, uttering a low, shuddering cry of "O William! William!"

"What's a matter, what's a matter s' Annie?" The gentleman tried to steady himself against the door, but failed, and almost fell as he lurched in.

"Cousin William," said Elspeth, striving to keep dignity in her voice, "you vile creature!"

"Beg y' pardon, ladies; didn't—didn't s'pect such a garden a' g'rls." His face was red, and a certain fullness was about his eyes and mouth; but a gentility lurked under his shabbiness, and he was a handsome man, from the straying curl on his bare forehead to the finger tips he was delicately and gallantly reaching toward Miss Elspeth. He gazed at her for a moment admiringly, as who should say, "Oh! what loveliness is here!" and then he clasped his hands, which wandered about a moment in the air before they found each other: "Rosebud, Rosebud, oh, what a rosebud!" he whispered in a tone of thrilled admiration, and sank upon his tipsy knees.

Miss Elspeth, then, I give you my word, was awful to see. The very ruffle on her head-dress trembled as if shocked, and the gray curls that hung about her ears seemed to twine tighter with indignation. Anger shook her to her very soul; and she drew her skirts about her with her two respectable hands, and, with curdled impressiveness in her voice, she said: "William, you wretched, you horrible man!"

"Poor Anne! How her soul, and her heart, and all there was in her life of sweet hope, how it shriveled and shrunk—might perhaps no one will ever know. Shame reddened her cheeks, and then in its fierceness tore the blushes away;

grief grasped at her throat till she scarce dared speak lest her voice should fail her; and then, as day after day that miserable scene grew and ripened again and again in her memory, a deep-laid, shy, and timid sorrow appeared in her eyes, and hung upon her features. She went about the old house softly, as though she had tainted its well-kept respectability, and offered herself a perpetual, unspoken apology to her sisters. And then when night came she caught her ear waiting for the uncertain click of a key. She started and her cheek lit many a time while Harriet read aloud of an evening, when she was sure she heard a foot stumble upon the outer step, and she would have given worlds just to quiet and comfort herself by going to look, but she never dared indulge in the weakness before the dreaded gaze of the other three, and Harriet, in her precise, high-voiced way, read on and on without interruption.

"O, my beloved, my beloved!" she constantly cried aloud in her heart, while she yet never acknowledged to her own thought a name one-half so endearing. It had been her dread, and yet her relief, to hear that staggering step, and its absence was now her agony. The remembrance of what had been was like a wound that never closed, and many a sweeping remark of Miss Elspeth's stung like a touch laid on the raw. That good elder sister hoped it was "all over with Anne;" she said so to herself in private, and aloud to Hester and Harriet—the latter of whom elevated her eyebrows, and made airs with her chin as though she would have addressed a row of docile girls with some such remark as: "Young ladies, another warning to you! Put not your faith in man."

To Harriet and to Elspeth, Anne was indebted for many a remark that was like a whip to her shoulders, and only Hester sometimes stole up to her with kindly though unexpressed sympathy. No unkindness was ever meant, for one might expect gall to fall from the tongue sooner than the Pemberton sisters would turn against each other; but continually they dropped a word here, and a word there, meant to serve as a text for Anne's meditation, and this with the best heart in the world, till the poor creature was wont sometimes to think of it as a persecution.

"How glad I am," Elspeth would say, presiding at the coffee urn on Sunday morning, after she had sighed subduedly over Hannah's regular follower, "how glad I am there's not a man in the house every night!"

"A world of trouble and anxiety they bring with them," or something such, Harriet would say in a firm, eloquent voice, as though waving an imaginary hand and waiving with it a reminder to groups of youthful and to-be-instructed femininity.

"A poor woman I visited to-day," Elspeth said, as they drew around the lamp one evening, "has made me thankful—as I always am, however—that we have none of us ever married. Her husband loves liquor, and beats her, and she feels herself now obliged to go out by the day's work to find support for three children. I have engaged her to come on Mondays, as Hannah's hands are full of extras on that day."

"Thus it is," said Harriet—and the young ladies seemed to gather from the shadows, and shrink into class for the warning—"thus it is that the unmarried woman comes to pity, and finally assist, her whom the world calls the happier of the two."

"Yes, yes, Hester, and Harriet, and Anne, we may have none of the happiness of marriage, but we have, also, none of its unhappiness. We are blessed as we are day by day, I am more convinced. Anne, my dear, will you read to-night." And so Anne took up the reading where it had been dropped; but try as she might, and would, to forget, and believe her lot a happy one after all, she would still bend her ear to catch the sound of a key struggling to fit the front lock between sentences, though heaven knows how she strove not to hear it, since she knew it was but imagination leading her a-wandering again.

It is rare to find four spinsters in one family. It may be these had been too respectable for the approach of the average man; it may be no lightness of behavior had ever happened to lead another of the opposite sex to suspect one of them would incline to love and matrimony. Certain it is that Anne herself had never even a suggestion of another love affair, though indeed she and her Cousin William had been half-sweathearting all their lives, so that she had no chance of knowing if another could have pleased her fancy. Somehow, though, he had ever been a sort of ne'er-do-weel—though all the dearer to her for that, probably—and it had set the other sisters in a tremble when, at the earnest solicitation of Aunt Judith, his mother, he was allowed to come to them for a home when his own was broken up.

"It will probably come to something between him and Anne yet," she had said, appealingly and half sadly, "and Elspeth and Harriet, you are so self-reliant, and it's only for six months you know, and I hope for the best for Anne's influence over him while I am away." Anne's influence—alas! alas!

"This isn't the first time, Sister Elspeth, the natural order of things has been reversed, and the womenkind have been proved the stronger." It was Harriet who whispered it, with the tips of her fingers together lecture-fashion; and Elspeth had nodded her gray curls twice or thrice; and then William had come, and they had borne with him till forbearance was a duty no longer, and he had almost broken Anne's heart, and then Elspeth, with a hot spot of indignation on either cheek, had shaken the family skirts clear of him, and he had departed, none knew whither.

And Anne mourned him silently and deeply. She was thirty-five if she was a day, Anne Pemberton was, and it was time the romance and the bright edges had fallen away from her life with her youth, but God knows she never thought of sentiment born of youth, of passion, or of feeling. It was the love that wrung her heart that remained, and this was all. Hester was next younger, and Harriet next, both being over thirty, and Elspeth seemed almost like a mother to the other three, since she was forty-five, and never thought of disowning her years. They had been left singularly alone in the old house, with nothing but it to cling to. It was old indeed, and dark with weather-stains, and quaint-fashioned and high ceiled inside, but it firmly and sturdily held its own, and yet bade fair to outstand the modern-built block pushing it in the rear, and its quieter neighbors crowding it on either hand. Here the sisters had always lived since Anne could remember, and here they had always managed to exist, if frugally yet comfortably.

Harriet, whose teetery step and high voice could never pass unnoticed in a crowd, suggested at a glance the prudish instructress, and it was indeed some such position she filled in a young ladies' seminary somewhere in the suburbs of the city. Elspeth, as was natural, had ever been the house-keeper, but, in addition, a few staid children came to her twice in the week to stiffen their small fingers over the antiquated little piano that upreared itself on four slim legs in the darkened parlor, and rattled its keys loosely at the touch. Not infrequently Elspeth herself would disappear from the common sitting-room at twilight or some such appropriate hour, and then the strings would give out the familiar thrum of an old set of waltzes, or the tunes of her own young days put to variations, and the sisters would feel it a treat, and remark to each other of Elspeth's "gift" for music.

Whatever was earned by either went into the family purse, and the same was drawn to supply the various small wants of the household from day to day. If a new article of dress was needed by any one of the four, economy for the purpose was practiced in a greater degree by that one than by the rest; its making was the combined work and taste of all, and pride in it because of its newness was felt, in a moderate degree, by each of the sisterly hearts. It happened, because it had to be in association with her outside duties, that Harriet was of somewhat smarter appearance than Elspeth, or Anne, or Hester, and had a little oftener than they new gloves, or shoes, or perhaps a dress, but not even hers ever went beyond the extreme of sobriety.

Their means being thus slender, it had always been matter of mortification to Hester and Anne that they brought only dependence to the family; but Hester was the delicate one, the one who had a cough all through the winter and took her nap in the middle of the afternoon, and Anne had racked her brains for something to do whereby she might make the burden of their living lighter. She had pretty ways and tricks with her needle, but that in the city where thousands had a greater talent for the same could avail her nothing. She had tried that and she knew. Here sensitiveness and family feelings alike kept her from the shop, and there was nothing further for her to think of, though the thing in her own mind was canvassed often enough to have brought light upon the subject if light there had been. It was just the longing to be of use and account that so many women have crushed out of them. Occupation we all need.

Nearly a year after William's departure, since which Anne had never dared to make inquiry, and had, consequently, never heard a word of him, Hetty's cough grew worse, her nights more restless, her days more languid, and how could they all but know the end? It was the old story of a gradually failing hold, of a silent and secret, though steady and sure, letting go of the grasp, and so Hester died.

Anne stood at her bedside just where the sunlight fell upon her own fading face, stamped with the impress of that gnawing grief that was always with her.

"Sister Anne," said the dying woman, "it's been a lonesome life, hasn't it?"

Anne was glad that Elspeth and Harriet were absent at that moment, since now they would never know Hester had been so weak.

"Sister Anne," continued the failing voice, faintly, "we've known what it was to be lonesome and longing for we scarce knew what, haven't we?" The listener bent her head, and the bitter tears rained over her cheeks, but Hester smiled, while she feebly stroked the thin hand lying in her own.

"I think Elspeth and Harriet never felt so, but we have, and it was the longing for the love that is beyond and above sisterly affection. I know now. It was a restless life, Anne, but it is a sweet death, and it's all right, dear sister, in the end, it's all right in the end. I leave no husband and no child, and it spares great sorrow. What there is in store I can not see yet, but the Lord will make it satisfy. Good-bye, sister Anne; you'll find it's all right in the end."

The bells from the church on the other street were ringing so sweetly that it seemed to Anne they must bear Hester's spirit as they died away, and friends of the sisters were coming in to the little old parlor for the funeral, nothing young and nothing gay about any of them, but all quiet, and staid, and sober in dress, and feature, and manner—as staid and as sober as the sisters themselves.

"My life has all been old," whispered Anne to herself; "old and quaint, and long, so long, but it's all coming right in the end." And she caught a glimpse of the white, pinched face under the glass of the coffin, and repeated: "All coming right in the end, sister Hetty."

She drew in her breath as she saw a bowed head humbly uncovered, and she knew that William's eyes were riveted upon her. She was thankful for the heavy veil hanging like a pall about her, and felt as though she were in a dream and viewing herself among the people at the funeral, while she moved her blanched lips mechanically, "in the end, all right in the end." Her spirit seemed to walk apart from her, and she knew with no throb of surprise or glow of gladness that, as she went by him, he passed his hand wistfully across the fringe of her shawl.

"Anne, dear Anne!"

She knew he said it and pitied him and herself, but the sound of his voice lay away off from her heart, and she walked on, still in a dead dream.

The bells rang the days in and the days out, and after they were gone they still seemed to linger about in her dark, old, clean room, and to whisper quietly and stilly something about "the end, the end."

She began to put her hand oftener to her head, and once she said: "Elspeth, I believe I thought once of having some one come to live with us—to bring in money, you know. I know I had made a plan for it, but I don't remember things any more. Do you suppose if I could remember it I could do it yet?"

"Anne, Anne!" answered Elspeth, between a voice and a sob, "don't be thinking of plans and of money now." And something almost like a terror filled her eyes.

That night Hannah put into words for the first time a thought that had been haunting the house. "Heaven help us," she said; "Heaven help us, but it is the truth that Miss Anne's a-going like Miss Hester."

And one day Harriet came in beside the cot on which her sister lay, and her face worked quiveringly, as if she had been brooding in secret over that meek white face of Anne's. The bell-whispers were flying like bats around the room, and

their wings were fitting and striking against the ceiling and in the dark corners, and they were saying eagerly, louder and louder, in one woman's ears: "The end, the end."

"Anne, dear!" Harriet said it tremblingly as if she knew of the shadow hovering like a wing over the wandering mind. "Anne, dear!" she repeated.

A tear fell from the stern lash of the instructress, and quite unconsciously to herself she seemed to making lowly apology to the waiting class called from the shadows. "I am going to keep a seminary of my own, Anne, and you and Elspeth shall come away from the old house and the old sorrow? You have lived out the past, haven't you? And you shall have no fret for the future. There shall be a new life for you, and you shall forget the sadness that clings now to your memory. I am afraid I didn't realize your troubles when they were fresh and must have been the hardest to bear. I'm sorry for it now. Come, I'm sorry for it, and wish I'd known when I said many of the things which I now recall with such regret.

"It's all coming right, it's all coming right in the end," murmured Anne, and Harriet took it for a good sign and stole away.

But that night Elspeth heard a stealthy foot creeping along the hall, and silently opening her door, beheld Anne making her way in the dead of night to the front door, carrying in her thin hand a lamp which, shaded by her other hand, cast a sickly glare upon her pinched, care-stricken face. Now and then she paused, and laid her finger upon her lip, or curved her hand around her ear, and when she reached the door she silently shot the fastenings, and noiselessly turned the knob as she must have done so many times in the nights gone by at the click of the never-forgotten key.

"I thought it was he," she said, despairingly, and turned away with a weary disappointment in her step, while Elspeth saw to the bolts again, and went back to her bed and wept till her eyes were dimmed and blurred.

"My poor Anne!" she said next morning, and folded the tall, thin form in her repentant arms.

And a week after Elspeth grimly bade William Pemberton to an interview with his dying cousin Anne.

He came with the old shabbiness upon his waistcoat, the old handsome look worn deep in his face, the reckless look fallen upon his forehead. His hands were so uncertain now, and so restless they passed distressedly and rapidly from one thing to another, now touching his full lips, now smoothing the limp rim of his old hat, now going one over the back of the other till they seemed like evil birds without a spot to perch upon.

"I'd have died for her, yes, willingly," he said, in a voice torn with dissipation and deep with emotion.

"Died for her!" replied Elspeth, un pityingly and scornfully, "why couldn't you have lived for her? There never was a man yet but brought sorrow and trouble upon a woman. Thank God, I never was meant to be mated, and that I have escaped the suffering which even an inclination seems to bring."

She ushered him in where Anne was lying upon her pillow listening to the bells, the bells that were forever floating from far away to her ears now.

He gazed upon her for a moment, and then his bloated form shook with sobs.

"Anne!" he cried aloud, and sank upon his knees and buried his face in her couch.

She stirred uneasily and half rose. "I hear the key," she said, weakly. "He'll never be able to get up the stair alone. Oh, I must, I must go to him!" And she struggled feebly and grasped with her thin fingers at the pillow and at the covering, and then as he crept, or rather crawled and dragged himself like an animal upon the floor, her hand fell upon his head, and he sprang upon his feet, lifting her in his arms, covering her pallid face with kisses at last, straining her hands in his own, pressing her upon his heart, till she turned in his arms and panted for breath.

"Anne," he said, fiercely, "I'm cursed of God. I might have been a good man, and you might have been a happy woman to day. My darling, it was not I, it was the old curse laid upon me in my cradle. I fought it, oh, how I fought it, but it fought back, and it conquered. Don't leave me now, Anne, my darling. I will fight the old battle over again, and live out the curse. How I have hungered and thirsted for you; how I have longed for you; and now—my God, my God—I shall be alone again!"

Her eyes fixed themselves with a happy light, and she listened with a rapt look upon her face. "I hear the bells," said she, "the joyful bells floating from everywhere. I never knew they could ring such sweet music out, and each one is ringing the same song. Yes, Hetty, yes! The old life is gone, and it all seems right in the end. Oh, blessed, blessed end! All the old lonesome love is gone, and I feel the new love in my heart. It is—Elspeth, Harriet, William my beloved, my beloved!—it is all right in the end, and the end is now."

And the soul of Anne Pemberton, spinster, was born away as the bells in the next street struck the first note of their evening chime.

It was months after that the two remaining sisters were sitting, as the twilight deepened, where the shadow of a budding acacia trembled at their feet.

"Sister Elspeth," said Harriet, humbly, but even in her humility there was a certain strength, and an air of sad fact given for the benefit of the uninstructed.

"Yes, Harriet."

"It has been gradually coming to me in these last few months that some women are born with natures that lean toward the married state. I would not for the world cast a breath of blame upon Anne and Hester, but, Elspeth, do you not think—"

"Yes, Harriet," interrupted the other, "Anne and Hester should have been wives of good men and mothers of children. Let us account it no shame to them. But as for me, and I feel that I speak for you also, sister, thank God I never had inclinations that way."

And the two strong-bodied, stout-hearted old maids gave one another the open glance of women when love without romance ennobles their lives.

KATE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1878.

Great power of acquisition is common to millionaires and hogs.

THE FLEA.

A Short Discourse on a Lively Subject.

TEXT.—*The wicked flea when no man pursueth; then he biteth as bold as a lion.*

I have no doubt that the above is the correct rendering of the Solomonic observation, for in these days every live preacher, from Henry Ward Beecher down to the mere screecher with distorted feature, in fact, every poor creature, sets up his claim to his own private interpretation and alteration of every part of Sacred Writ on the ground of mis-translation, or misunderstanding of the Greek text. So they set up their own dogmas, and I have as good a right as any one, and insist on the above rendering. I have not the slightest doubt that the complaint was forced from him by the attack of one of these pestilent vermin during some of the stately old ceremonies of the temple, when the king was expected to stand majestic, like an essay on the sublime and beautiful, done up in rich robes and with a shiny crown. Fancy the poor soul's agony when he had struck an attitude, and the admiring multitude were all agape at his glory, to feel that electrical little kick in the small of his back, and the insertion of that tiny but sharp, red-hot needle that every flea carries in his pocket. Of course, Solomon's dignity would not allow of his rubbing his back against the corners of his throne; he might not even squirm, so he must grind his teeth and bear the torture while the small assassin took his life.

I have reflected profoundly, and I venture to say painfully, on the flea. I had made his acquaintance in solitary specimens in other countries, but had never met him where he came down in "cohorts, like the wolf on the fold," until I sojourned on the Presidio, in '53. The ground was covered with chaparral, and that swarmed with gray rabbits and wood rats, and they swarmed with fleas, and by the distribution of these fleas they in some measure avenged the slaughter that thinned their ranks. So, becoming disgusted with the Presidio in those ancient days on account of the vigor of its insect population, and having been attracted by the beauty of the country about the Rancho los Pulgas, also slightly pleased with the euphony of its name, of the signification of which I was profoundly unaware, I bought a squatter's claim to some land that lay on the edge of the marsh where is now Redwood City. This land was so hard that the progeny of potatoes dropped in the furrows in the spring grew into the shape of buckwheat pancakes, as we discovered when we turned over the clods in the fall with a crowbar. I felt happy in the thought that soil on which a steel-pointed crowbar would make no impression in the dry season would be impervious to all the flea tribe.

Near to this hard ranch was the ranch and cabin of a good-natured, slow-talking New Englander. Having occasion to see this worthy, I betook myself to his abode. The luxuries of life were not over-abundant, and I noticed a stick ladder, leading to a bunk as near the peak of the roof as could be and allow the passage of man into this queer roosting place. I ruminated somewhat on the significance of such a bed, and was suddenly enlightened by five simultaneous and distinct bites, and looking down, saw the white stockings that I wore with low shoes had the appearance of being sprinkled with pepper in motion. To say that I got out of doors in a hurry mildly expresses the truth; and the rest of my visit was spent perched on the top of the highest fence, while I discoursed with my friend—who, by the way, bore the name of S. Marble Stone, a flea-proof name one would think. On observing to him, between slaps, jerks, and squirms, that his fleas seemed to be hungry and lively, he answered, winking, slowly: "Wal, yaas, I guess they hev fared pooty slim for a week or two. I rayther come it on 'em in gettin' my bunk up in the peak. I jes' slide out'n every dern rag, 'n then shin up that ladder, and leave 'em howlin' round my old pants. Yaas!"

By this time I was howling myself. I made a bee-line for a bunch of brush on the bank of the creek, and imitated friend Stone as to the disrobing process. When I was rid of my clothes, I imitated the Celestials of Washerwoman's Bay and turning my clothes inside out, walloped them round a tree trunk with the greatest zeal.

That same afternoon I learned that Rancho los Pulgas signified "The farm of the fleas!"

One of those patient lunatics that occasionally astound the world by making all sorts of things that are infinitesimally small, in the days when old George III. reigned over us, made a gold chain of one hundred links, with a padlock at one end. So small was this chain that it could be, and was, dragged about by a single flea that the artificer had trained with a patience equal to that that forged the links of the chain. This toiler in the minute had also made a tiny wagon of gold, to which he harnessed his flea. The fame of his team had reached the court, and old George, who potttered curiously over all matters to which he could make his profound observation of "What, what, what!" commanded the appearance of this artificer at court with his microscopic team. So to court he went, and royalty was hugely delighted with the elfin wagon and steed. One of the princesses, who united the curiosity she inherited from her sire to that owned of right by her sex, was anxious to know how so small a draught animal was fed. The exhibitor took him gently up and placed him on the back of his hand, and the flea there and then consumed his repast, the princess bending eagerly over to see the operation.

Now, the probability is that education had done with that flea as it does with larger mortals—made him ambitious, and seeing the fair neck and bust of the Princess so near, it was too good a chance to taste the blue blood of royalty to lose. One superb bound and he landed on the white neck, another, and he was safe out of sight lower down, and his owner was in frantic despair, for how could he hope to coax or obtain that vagabond flea from such fair pasture.

But the jolly, good-natured lady retired with one of her attendants for a short time, and soon came laughing back with the daring flea, and it was hard to say who was most interested with the return of the truant, old George himself or the exhibitor.

Bridesmaids are going out of style. Fashion in France now prescribes two tiny pages, who are chosen from the prettiest of the boy relatives of the bride or bridegroom.

ANTONY IN ROME.

Octavia, sister of Octavius, cold

As is thy brother, thou'rt my wife, my own—
Pledge of our friendship. To thee I am sold,
Bound down by law to love thee—these alone;
And when I view the beauties manifold
Set free at the unclasping of thy zone,
I almost wonder that I love thee not,
And almost wish the past could be forgot.

I kiss thy pure lips and thy haughty brow,
And think of Cleopatra's rapturous kiss;
I clasp thee in my arms, yet even now
Am dreaming of past ecstasies of bliss
With my grand queen. True love to thee I vow.
I'll be thy slave, thy wedded slave. For this
I left the passionate love, the fierce embrace
Of the last goddess of a godlike race.

O Cleopatra! I am false to thee
Only in seeming. All my pulses beat
In harmony with thine. Thou art to me
More than to Eros Psyche. We must meet
Again, my loved one—slave I can not be;
'Tis death. I will arise, and at thy feet,
Free worshiper, drink life from thy full veins—
Love's boundless life, life's most delicious pains.

This pale and starveling Roman beauty's charms
To thine are but as water to rich wine.
Thy Juno form and velvet swarthy arms
Were made for warrior's love—for love like mine;
Love like a tempest rushing through the palms,
Through pylon, court and hall, to inmost shrine,
Followed by dreamy calms of speechless bliss,
Life running out in one impassioned kiss.

Let Cæsar keep his sister. What care I
For him or her, ev'n though she be my wife?
Cleopatra shall have her Antony—
And he his Cleopatra, love, and life.
Unloved let Cæsar and his sister die—
Duty with passion holds but feeble strife.
I fly to thee, Cleopatra, my own,
Thy heart my empire, and thy breast my throne.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1878.

W. N. L.

A Lake of the Sierra.

One golden noon, when all the secret ways were free,
I found Sierra's heart; the mountains round were three,
That to their knees and loving arms did gently take
Each quiet ripple of a tender mountain lake.

The long, untrodden grass was full of passing wings,
Of idle birds, and tolling bees, and gauzy things;
While little shining leaves and modest blooms of white
Swung in the gentle wind, and all the world was bright.

Over the lake's blue edge the beaded fern leaves bent,
Willow and aspen boughs their shadow's witchery lent,
While in its changeable breast were gay and glorious shapes
Of all the mountain slopes and gray, reflected capes.

Still, on his steadfast wing, the hawk above was moored,
So near it was as if a cloud the sun obscured;
Faint from his sunny slope there called an idle quail,
By distance mellow grown it seemed to float and fall.

The far off summits of the peaks were white and chill,
They touched the purple clouds, and, satisfied, were still;
And the long slopes, from leaves of fern to heights of pine
And wreaths of snow, had made the quiet lake their shrine.

NILES, December, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Phryne.

Three thousand years ago the Spring awoke the Spartan flowers,
And mating birds impassioned sang sweet madrigals of love;
A world of fresh unfolding bloom, expanding with the hours,
From waving censers perfume flung to smiling skies above.

Three thousand years ago, amid the wealth of bloom and song,
Among Dodona's leafy oaks, by Sappho's glowing shrine,
Passed on to Hyman's sacred grove a merry bridal throng,
To weave the web of bridal mora and taste the nuptial wine.

Hymettus, scarred as Tamalpais, looked down upon the sea,
And blue Egean's shining waves fell lightly on the strand
Three thousand silent years ago, and still there seems to be
A trace of that Greek bridal morn in every Christian land.

Praxiteles and Phryne—ah, friends, we know the tale:
Their nuptials, and their lives and love, the master sculptor's fame.
The artist's form is shrouded in the silent ages' veil,
But Phryne, in her youthful guise, remaineth still the same.

And in the Spring, when roses fling their incense to the breeze,
Where rugged Tamalpais looks down upon the shining bay,
Poised like an angel form amid the home-tread's leafy trees
A marble Phryne tells of time three thousand years away.

MERCEDES, December, 1878.

ANGLE.

"Twenty years ago," said the passenger with the red ribbon in his button hole, "I knew that man whom you saw get off at the last station. He was a young man of rare promise, a college graduate, a man of brilliant intellect and shrewd mercantile ability. Life dawned before him in all the glowing colors of fair promise. He had some money when he left college. He invested it in business, and his business prospered. He married a beautiful young girl who bore him three lovely children—"

The sad-looking passenger, sitting on the wood box: "All at one time?"

The red-ribbon passenger: "No; in biennial installments of one. No one dreamed that the poor house would ever be their home. But in an evil hour, the young man yielded to the tempter. He began to drink beer. He liked it, and drank more. He drank and encouraged others to drink. That was only fourteen years ago, and he was a prosperous, wealthy man. To-day where is he?"

The clergyman in the front seat, solemnly: "A sot and a beggar."

The red-ribbon man, disconsolately: "Oh, no; he is a member of Congress, and owns a brewery worth \$50,000. Sometimes it will happen that way."

When told by a Millerite that the world was about to be destroyed, "that," replied Emerson, "is of no consequence; we can get on quite comfortably without it."

Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, to Mr. C. A. Dana: "I'll thee to send me back my love-letters and present!"

OUR SET.

With the exodus of our fashionables for Europe, who rejoiced in unlimited credit in the banks, last spring, we obeyed Miss Grundy's commands; but now these gay butterflies have returned, or will soon return with fresh plumage to dazzle you all. The dear old ARGONAUT welcomed me with open arms, and once again there's "a chiel amang ye takin' notes." Some well known faces and forms we miss from among you, solid men. Death, who loves a shining mark, has made places vacant not easily filled—those whose hospitable doors were never closed. The gamble in stocks has also caused retrenchment in some quarters, but, like the battle-field, others will fill the places of those who go down, so society's ranks are kept full. It is not in our country as on the other side of the Atlantic; it does not take generations of birth and blood to weigh down the social scale, but like the Israelites of Moses' day, we all worship in a greater or a less degree the golden calf. Among the gayeties of the last two weeks there was a charming entertainment by a club of the young sons of our nicest people. They have given them the title of the assemblies, and held their first German at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 26th. The German was led by Willis J. Currier and Miss Lottie Cole, second daughter of ex-Senator Cole. Among the ladies present were Mrs. S. W. Sanderson, Mrs. William Freeborn, Mrs. Cornelius Cole, Mrs. Michael Castle, and Mrs. Hall McAlister, and a group of young ladies, many of them *débutantes* of this and last year. The assembly was excellently managed by the following young gentlemen: W. H. Talbot, Willis J. Currier, Charles T. Crocker, and Seward Cole. This is soon to be followed by several others. On Wednesday of last week I was at the last of the wedding receptions of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Boothe, held at their residence on Filmore Street. I met charming people, and passed a delightful evening. May our young friends, whose future looks so rosy, always find the clouds in their skies silver lined. The German at General McDowell's residence, on Black Point, was a brilliant affair. The German was led by Edward H. Sheldon and Miss McDowell; the favors were unique, and the figures new. An excellent collation was served, and the guests were some of our most prominent society people. Music by the Fourth Artillery band. I did not leave till the wee hours of the morning—our army people know so well how to entertain, and, like many fair ladies, I love the brass buttons. On Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Shillaber gave an informal reception at their residence, on Sixteenth Street, in compliment to their guests, General and Mrs. Kautz. The grounds were lighted; the house had a look of old-time comfort about it—the alcoves draped in red, in which were those gems of art, the statues of Delilah and Merope. It was quite different from my usual quiet Sunday evenings, and I enjoyed the innovation; then it occurred to me with what holy horror my Puritan progenitors would have regarded me! the compilers of the blue laws of Connecticut, how they would have hurled me down to an eternal perdition! On last Wednesday evening there was a quiet wedding—Miss Daisy Hunter and Mr. Edward Platt—at the residence of Lloyd Tevis on Taylor Street. The young lady is a niece of Mr. Tevis, and spent some time out here a year or two ago. The ceremony was performed by the father of the groom. Invitations were given only to relatives and intimate friends of the family—recent deaths barring all festivities. On Thursday Miss Donahue, daughter of Mr. Peter Donahue, gave an informal dance to a few of her intimate friends, which was greatly enjoyed. On Saturday Mrs. Gwin, with her charming daughters, expect their friends to a kettle-drum. In your next, I may tell who was there. The afternoon teas have been quite the thing in Washington this winter, and the fair entertainers rival one another in the variety and beauty of their tea cups, the mania for rare china being as rampant among them as among the *grandes dames* of Europe.

MARY JANE.

It will be remembered by those who keep the run of art and artists that some months ago Tiburcio Parrott ordered of Jules Tavernier a large picture of the ceremonial Indian dance in the sweat-house at Clear Lake, to be presented to Baron Rothschild as a souvenir of his visit to California. The painting was completed and shipped, and has been received in Paris—as the Baron writes Mr. Parrott—"with great favor, attracting a deal of attention and comment at Goupil's, where it is now being framed for my private gallery." This Paris approval of a Californian work is quite a feather in the cap of Tavernier, and a credit to the art status of the coast.

Another of the old land-marks disappears. The well known art gallery of Snow & May will be closed January 1st. For twenty-five years Mr. Snow has been engaged in picture dealing in San Francisco. First Robinson & Snow, then Snow & Roos, and now Snow & May. On Wednesday, December 11th, at the auction house of Newhall, Sansome Street, the entire stock of paintings of the firm will be disposed of—pictures, in oil and water colors—a very choice and desirable collection—many of them chosen by Mr. Snow in Europe. The sale, being peremptory, will undoubtedly afford bargains to those who seek genuine works of art.

French local item: "Two employés of the Hungarian restaurant, being taken with a quarrel yesterday towards six hours of the night at the Champ-de-Mars, thought it their duty to immediately empty this affair in the manner of their country. They put the knife in the hand and commenced a struggle of the most bloody, in the which one of them named J— received a blow of the knife at the bottom of his loins. We then separated them. The wound is happily without seriousness. The murderer, named W—, has been placed in a state of arrestedness."

"Bret Harte," says the London *World*, "is a literary Flying Dutchman. You hear of him as being at a certain place, send there to find him, and lo, he is gone, leaving no trace. Last week he was said to be in London, but anxious inquirers could not hit upon his track." Anxious inquirers may, if they think it worth while, send their accounts to Crefeld, Germany.

Mr. Alexander Stephens who recently weighed ninety pounds now weighs ninety-two. A Democratic gain.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Missis Doppy which has got the red head like tier she was over to our house yesterday, and she brot little Sally Brope, wich is her nees, but not any red hed, brown and cerly. Wen me an Billy, thats my brother, we come home an seen Sally playn in our yard I said: "Billy," and Billy he loked at me a long time, and then he sed: "Johnny," and I sed: "Wot?" Then Billy he sed: "Wot?"

Then I said: "Billy, do you like gerls?" and Billy he said "Gerls is nasty?"

Then I sed a other time: "Billy, you jest stan by for to se fair play, dont let her hurt me, and lle giv her the biggest lickin wich you hav ever saw giv!"

But he sed: "No, its bigmy for to lick gerls, cos a gerl aint got any fiter."

But thats jest wy I was a goin to licker, cos lme brafe like sojers.

Bime by my mother she made me go and pla with little Sally, an we plew to gether for a long wile but dident say any thing, cos little Sally she was bashfle and I cudent think of nothng for to say. Bout a hour little Sally she spoke up an sed: "Les kis."

I think she is jest the nicest little gerl wich was ever see, yes, in deed, but sossidges aint no slowtches eether, fride, and now look out for a story:

A feller was drivin a waggen settin on the seat, hi up like a steeple, there wasent never sech a hi up seat, and the feller had his dog up there with him, and the road was mity rough. Bime by the waggen it giv a lertch to one side an the dog it was throde out, yes, in deed, it went fline, bout as fur as from here to the cole skulte and lit onto its hed. The man he laft like he wude bust, and he sed: "Wot for did you git down wen there isent any rabbits?"

Then the dog it pult it self to gather, and loked up out of its eys, and shuke its hed reel wice, much as to say: "Ime too smart a pupp for to ride wen I mite be any minnit throde out."

Jest then the waggen give a other lertch and the man he was sent fline too, and lit on his hed his ownself, and was most kild, but wen he had found his hat, and hollerd wo to the horses, he loked at the dog and sed: "Its curinus how a thundrin cowl makes a brave man cotious. I mite rode up there of my life and never thot of falln if you hadent got scared. And I dont bleef there was any danger, after all."

There was a mockn bird and it was a singin, on and on and on, like it never wude come to a stoppn place, but bime by it was intrupted by a goose, wich said, the goose did: "Xcuse me, but I got a engadgement and I cant stay for to hear ol you got to say."

Then the mockn bird it said: "You mite jest flew a long to keep your pintment, I gess I woud have come to a end fore you had darted out of hearin."

But Uncle Ned he says me an Billy we can make a goos fly mity fast if its nice roasted.

Mister Jonnic wich has got the wuden leg has ben here, and he rites poetry butfle, so I sed wude he make me sum epitaps, like he did last winter, wen I shode him thasn by Missis Doppy wich has got the red hed on little Jo. Mister Jonnic he sed: "Nothin is easyer, Johnny, you jest furnish the ded corpses and lle make rimes about em til they cant rest."

But I sed how cude I, and Mister Jonnic he sed: "Wel, lle rite sum any how, and if you ever find any remanes wich wude like for to have em you can dispose of em as you like, or fire em off at any hed stones wich you think thay wil sute."

So he rote thees, but by tween you an me I think they are jest mizzable, not a bit of sense. The bad spelln is hisn.

"Here lie the bones of Colonel Jackson.
The devil got his soul by axin'."

"This monument keepeth from rot
The memory of Gorham,
The Scribe of the Forum,
Who ought to be dead, though he's not."

"Poor Kearney, who lies here asleep,
Was drowned in the briny deep.
He bathed—the unaccustomed damp
Denied him a twisting cramp
That squeezed his bowels toward his snout,
Dislodged his soul and fired it out."

"Pause stranger and a frugal tear
For Pickering expel:
Here closed that gracious man's career—
He'd long been dead when, walking here,
He stumped his toe and fell."

"The pedagogue, John Moore, lies here.
Who coached the girls by methods queer,
That wanted to be teachers;
His spirit sings before the Throne,
But not through merit of his own
Nor through the prayers of preachers:
The seamp obtained, by hook or crook,
A copy of the Judgment Book,
And 'crammed' for all its riddles.
So, then, he passed the dreadful bound,
And entered glory to the sound
Of golden harps and fiddles."

"Here rests the orbicular body, a-clout,
Of Johnny McComb, the brigadier stout,
Who went in the ocean and never came out.
Supposed to be slobbering about."

"Here lies the last of Deacon Fitch,
Whose business was to melt the pitch.
Convenient to this sacred spot
Lies Sammy, who applied it, hot.
'Tis hard—so much alike they smell—
One's grave from t'other's grave to tell,
But when his tomb the Deacon's burst
(The dead in Christ, you know, rise first),
He'll see by studying the stones
That he's obtained his proper bones.
Then, seeking Sam's vault, he'll unlock it,
And put that person in his pocket."

Now lde jest like for to know wot all that rot is a bowt, cos I cude make better poiry than that a standin on my hed, and Treesy Collet cude a standin on hern.
SAN RAFAEL, December 4, 1878.

CONCERNING WEATHER-PROPHETS.

One of our Californian growths of which we are not so proud as we might be is the weather-prophet. Unlike most other natural products he is peculiar in this, that the drier the districts in which he abounds the more astounding are his proportions; nay, it might even seem as if the prophetic soul of the summer grasshopper was wont to migrate into the body of the winter prophet, so cheerful and so meaningless is his song, and so similar his habitat. One who is surely a prophet in his own country, if not elsewhere, seriously writes to the papers that the rats and mice in the mountain cañons are building their nests up a tree, and higher than usual. They evidently feel the coming flood in their bones, and are gifted with greater prescience than that with which the teachings of science and experience have endowed mankind. Another prophesies a wet winter because we have had no drying winds, while some insist that a plentiful allowance of wind is indispensable. The early rising of the springs in the mountains is regarded as a good sign, but it is not sought to be shown what is the relation between moisture to be blown here from the South Seas in December and January, and the increase of water in the springs in August. It would be impossible to enumerate all the absurd signs and facts which are quoted as the sure forerunners of a wet winter; they have all the charm of variety, and are curiously and conveniently adapted to the most incongruous happenings. Storm and calm, beasts, birds, and fishes in happy family conclave, deliver providential warnings of the new flood, and fall into prophetic line at the word of the inspired clod-hopper. It is a painful subject, and a due regard for public decency would make one pile up all the supposed favorable signs, but, unfortunately, most of them are mutually destructive, and can only be classed as amiable superstitions. "Build your own ark, and don't send the money out of the country," would be the most popular advice that could be given to a high and dry community; but, alas, it is difficult to show anything reliable enough to justify the purchase of an umbrella. The ever-changing and mysterious moon comes out with undiminished vigor on these occasions. If the moon is new, well; if the moon is old, it is also well. Apparently, its strange and irresponsible influence is as likely to be exercised at one moment as another. Our prophets are not proud and will let us take our choice without paying our money. Unhappily, if the observations of meteorologists have demonstrated anything it is that there is not the very smallest connection between the changes of the moon and those of the weather. It is a painful and perhaps humiliating fact that all attempts to generalize from experience on the future course of the weather have hitherto been failures, but the human mind craves for knowledge, and as the cravings of the stomach are stayed by candy and such trash, so, in the absence of more wholesome food, the mind is forced to batten on the babblings of every blockhead who thinks that wisdom is the necessary result of years, or the invariable appanage of an editorial pencil. It is a survival of the old savage instinct which made itself gods out of its ignorance. The sun, the moon, the stars, the stocks and stones of the universe were in turn worshiped, because men knew not their genesis and jumped at a supernatural explanation. Perhaps we have changed all that, but if instinct is placed above reason, and if "rats and mice and such small deer" are endowed with attributes more than human, we can trace our ancestry clearly enough. Already the prophetic clan is gathering, and we may hear them shouting to keep up their courage, but for all their chattering we shall know nothing until the fullness of time. If the reproach be made that it is easy to be wise after the event, the answer is pat that it seems still more easy to be foolish and even childish before it. Is there a kernel of good under all this husk of nonsense? It is not easy to say; but if one were gifted with a symmetrical soul, and were eager to hug even the shadow of a generalization, it might be pointed out that as the alchemist was to the chemist so are our modern prophets to the future meteorologists; but this is a moral, and morals, like good advice, are flowers which do not fruit.

To make a "corner" in anything, particularly in one of the necessities of life, like wheat, is considered, even among the classes of persons by whom it is commonly done, as a dishonorable advantage, not so much because it pinches consumers as because it beats the dealers who are not "in it." Jim Keene appears to be a restless spirit who not only makes corners wherever he may be, but travels all over the country looking up chances to make them. He not only falls when tempted at home, but goes abroad in quest of temptation. If we may believe the press dispatches he is now cornering all the wheat in Chicago, as he cornered mining stocks here and railway stocks in New York. We do not, however, believe the press dispatches: we think Jim Keene honorable enough to plot a corner in wheat, but we doubt if he is wise enough to tell the newspapers.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," but there's no use chucking a copper cent into a contribution box loud enough to make the folks on the back seat think the communion service has tumbled off the altar.

In the bright lexicon of the country press there is no such word as woman. That prude, "lady," has flaunted out the best word in the English language.

Garibaldi says he would willingly give his life for Trent and Trieste. The offer would be more generous if the old man had a longer life to give.

A priest has just been expelled from the Vatican for selling the late supreme pontiff's old slippers and drawers to rich pilgrims.

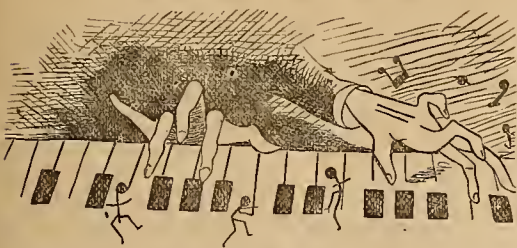
General Grant continues to work the European free-lunch route in a manner to excite the undying enmity of a Chicago reporter.

Atlanta, Georgia, has five poets and a writer of fiction. The city is perfectly healthy.

Butler and Kearney will apply for a divorce.

PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."



I do not know where the responsibility rests, but somebody made an atrociously long programme for the concert given in aid of the Young Men's Christian Association (at the Metropolitan Temple, on Friday night, 26th ultimo), and somebody else blundered sadly in announcing it as a "great musical treat." It was nothing of the sort. Oratorios never are in this city—even under the most favorable auspices—and the fragment from *Samson* given on this occasion was particularly lame. To begin with, the Handel and Haydn Society cannot sing the choruses. They sing *at* them, to be sure, in a halting, uncertain sort of way, and in a monotonous, inflexible *mezzo-forte*; they manage to get through them, but this is not chorus singing, above all for numbers like "O first created beam," or "Fixed in His everlasting seat." (I am aware of the enormous number of corns that are likely to be disagreeably affected through an unwanted [unwanted?] contact with the critical boot, and will say, in advance, that I sympathize. But it remains none the less a fact that for many years past this society has not sung well, and that there does not seem to be the slightest ground for hope that it will ever sing so as to make an Oratorio enjoyable. A chorus that will not learn to sing—i. e., to sustain a tone, make a *piano*, *forte*, *crescendo*, *diminuendo*, *sforzando*, etc., together and properly—will never make anything but a mess of Handel's, or any, music. And performed by such a chorus any oratorio becomes a dreadful infliction). The accompaniment to the *Samson* was simply a disgrace; four fiddles—two of them in the hands of children—a bass, the organ, and a *piano forte*! Miss Lowell, who played the organ, shows an improvement creditable alike to her master, Mr. J. P. Morgan, and her own perseverance, and played her *Toccata*, in the second part, right bravely. Miss Dillaye also did some good work in the dreadfully long, dreadfully ugly, and dreadfully difficult *Prelude and Fugue* of Liszt. The only serious mistake she made was in playing the piece at all; it is too hard for her to do well, and after she has had all the pains of learning and playing it, nobody could possibly enjoy hearing the thing. There was also a Trio from Rossini's *Messe Solennele*, the "Gratias agimus ti-hi-bi" (I am not sure that "ti-hi-bi-bi" is pure Latin, but this is the manner in which it was sung), a *Scena* from *Il Guarany* (an opera that made *fiasco* a year ago) superbly sung by Mrs. Norton, and three movements from the *Serenade* by Hiller, very finely played by Miss Schmidt and her brothers, Louis and Ernst. Then the "Hallelujah" chorus by the Society, four fiddles and a bass, the organ, and *piano forte*!

The managers of this concert missed a good point in making their preliminary announcement. They might have called the attention of the majority of our organ-players—our sloppy sentimentalists, who improvise their "sweet" things because they can not play the good ones—to the programme put forward by two young ladies, who are not afraid to play real organ music of the best class, and who play as though they had a proper respect, not only for the music, but also for the noble instrument. I fancy I can hear the "sweet" organists pipe out their little chorus: "But you can't play Bach in our service, you know; and what's the use of studying these things if one is not to use them, and if the people won't stand them?" Now I do not imagine that either of these young ladies plays much of Bach in service, nor is there much opportunity or occasion for it, though a nobler voluntary than some of the Chorale-preludes would be difficult to find. But I know that the earnest study of the good things leads to an impatience of the bad; that one can not delve far into the spirit of Bach and remain a twaddler, and that there is no better cure for a puny, sickly organ style than the study of the thoroughly healthy music of the old blind organist. It is not so much his compositions as his influence that we need in our church music, and I believe that there is not a congregation in this city but that, if brought for six months under this influence in an intelligent, conscientious way, would reject at once and forever the maudlin stuff that is weekly put before it, and be content with nothing less than a healthy, sound musical diet, no matter how simple it might be.

It is not to be disputed that Mr. Max Strakosch is *au fait* in the art of advertising, especially in that branch of it that brings much notoriety for very little money. The wrangle with Mr. Mapleson over his right to produce Bizet's *Carmen* is really nothing more than a clever dodge for advertising this opera in a manner, and to an extent, that it would never do for itself; and I have no doubt that when the music comes to be heard we shall find the entire affair only another case of much ado about nothing. The fact is, that although Mr. Mapleson is undoubtedly the rightful owner of the work—having purchased score, parts, and right of representation from the publishers—Mr. Strakosch might have performed it with the instrumentation arranged from the piano forte score—as is mostly done in this country, and as is probably really the case with his parts for *Carmen*—saying nothing about the original instrumentation, and the great public would have neither known nor cared anything about the matter. But this would not have answered the purpose; and so we find a great outcry made in musical circles about the "possession of the original parts" of an opera that failed in Paris and survived London only on account of the sprightly acting of Miss Hauck, when we know that neither of the rival managers cares a whit about the originality of the instrumentation, does not possess the original parts to—probably—more than one out of every six operas in his repertoire, and would

not be likely to use them if he had them on account of the expense of a complete orchestra. The American public has not been pampered in this matter of original instrumentation, we San Franciscans least of all. I remember to have heard certain operas—*Trova-tore*, *Ernani*, and others—performed here from parts that seemed to have been cobbled together by some ambitious cornet player who was determined to have the best share of everything to himself, and have seen tenors and sopranos strutting about the stage, open-mouthed, and wildly gesticulating in their futile efforts to make themselves heard through a *fortissimo* chorus of the brass. And then, perhaps, some gentle classicist in next morning's *Call* complains of the weakness of Signor Belloini's voice, while his *alter ego* of the *Bulletin* finds fault with Verdi for his noisy, or brassy, instrumentation (*orchestration*, they call it mostly, I believe). The fault is rarely that of either Verdi or the Signor. It is apt to lie much nearer home. So Mr. Strakosch need have but little anxiety in bringing his spurious wares to this market; he has but to open with *Trova-tore*—from the old parts—and the chances are that his instrumentation of *Carmen* will be hailed as "tender," "delicious," "lovely in color," and what not else of it.

There! he has got an advertisement out of me in spite of myself. Strakosch's one object is to get his opera and his company talked about, and, in one way or another, he generally succeeds. When impudence is trumps, your opera manager usually holds a full hand.

The London operatic success of the moment is Hermann Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," given at the Drury Lane by Carl Rosa's English company. Like Bizet, the composer—still a young man—died before the success of his work was quite assured, but (and in this his fortune was better than Bizet's) Goetz's opera has been well received in his own country, and is already on the repertoire of a dozen leading theatres. The music—I have but just received the score, which is beautifully printed by Auger & Co., of London, and imported by M. Gray—looks very pleasing, light, and characteristic; I think that, well done, in would prove a success in this country. The adaptation of the text—from Shakespeare's comedy—seems very skillfully made, retaining in many of the scenes all the humor and droll situations of the original.

Mr. Stephen W. Leach announces a concert at Platt's Hall for next Monday evening, 9th inst., and has secured the coöperation of such a host of his fellow-artists that a very pleasant entertainment may be anticipated. For my part I hope Mr. Leach may have a full house, for he is an able and careful musician who has done some excellent work, both as a conductor and composer.

A Case of Pig.

Some one should gather the late Mr. Lincoln's jokes and make them into a book. The following he used to tell on Tom Hamer, of Ohio. Mr. Hamer's client was charged with hog stealing. The case was clearly proven, and when it went to the jury Tom was indisposed to say a word:

"Don't give it up, don't give it up," whispered his client.

"But I can say nothing," replied the poor attorney.

"But you must. Get up and yowl—holler, holler, man, or I'm lost, and I won't pay you a d—d cent."

Thus instigated, Tom rose gravely and astonished the court by a dissertation on the law of forcible entry and detainer. Then, turning to his jury, he gave them a discourse on the nature and habits of hogs. He called attention to the prohibition of God, through Moses, of hog meat as an article of food. He told how our Saviour put the devil that afflicted the poor man into the swine, and the swine ran down a steep place and were drowned. Tom asserted, however, that all were not drowned, but some escaping, gradually extended the breed of damned hogs—"for," said Tom, "if they are possessed of the devil they must be damned"—until all the hogs of earth had devils in them.

"Let any man owning a corn-field or a garden-patch answer," demanded Hamer. "Is there a fence that will turn a damned hog, gentlemen of the jury? I say no one. It will find a hole if there is one; if not, it will make one. It rattles down bars and lifts gates off their hinges. I have known hogs climb fences; yes, gentlemen, clamber up and fall down, but always fall on the garden side. The devil teaches them anatomy, gentlemen, for who ever heard of a hog falling on his snout? He always comes down on his rump, with a grunt; that is a mingled expression of surprise and satisfaction. When a damned hog—remember, gentlemen, that I quote Scripture; I am not profane—when, I say, a damned hog gets under your buggy he does not run out of the way like a sensible Christian animal; he, on the contrary, goes to backing and getting under every leg of the horse and wheel of the buggy, until the one is broken and the other thrown down. Now, gentlemen, I put it to you: Suppose my client did kill, under the mistaken notion that they were his, six of these creatures denounced by the Almighty and damned by Jesus, is he to be held up as a malefactor and punished by imprisonment? But I deny, gentlemen, that it has been proven. He is innocent. The prosecuting attorney smiles. It is a swinish smile, gentlemen, and makes me ashamed of him."

Hamer sat down with a round of applause from the bucolic bystanders, while his client winked at the jury. In due course of legal forms the jury retired, and soon returned with a verdict of "not guilty."

"Well, I'll be d—d as well as the hogs," exclaimed Hamer, "if I can understand it."

"You can't, eh?" responded the hog thief; "well, I can. Eleven of the jury had some of the bacon."

According to a French paper there was exhibited at the Centennial a patent music-stool containing, concealed in the seat, a steel blade and a strong spring worked by clock-work. When a performer was asked to play in the United States the hostess calculates how many minutes the audience will listen to him, winds up the clock-work and sets it at "10," "15," or "20." If the artist exceeds his time by a second the spring is released. As the *Figaro* says, this is "cruel but practical."

THE OPPOSING SEX.

Mr. Tennyson's wife is an invalid who spends most of her time lying on a sofa in her drawing-room.

Olive Logan has discovered that man existed 600,000 years ago, and is mad because she wasn't on hand.

Some one says, watch a woman's lower lip if you want to know whether she is offended or her feelings hurt.

Whether a lady claims a rubber shoe which she has dropped in the mud depends on the number of the shoe.

It can not be denied that the number of men found under beds is totally disproportioned to the number of women looking for them.

In Paris fashion discards the poodle, and prescribes a little nigger (*negrillon*) as an elegant lady's pet, dressed in oriental style.

"Oh, see that my grave is kept green, darling," She did. She bought seven pounds of Paris green and planted it three inches thick.

A colored woman who sat down on a beehive to watch the progress of a fire in Russellville, Kentucky, left her seat before the close of the entertainment.

Some young ladies are opposed to the telephone. They say they do not care to have any young man whispering in their ears with his lips twenty miles away.

Eight female preachers held forth in New York on a recent Sunday, and as St. Paul looked down from his holy perch in high heaven, his teeth gnashed and the thorn in his flesh rankled again.

Sara Bernhardt, the famous French actress, has had herself photographed in the coffin in which she means to be buried. She is so thin, however, that she might be buried in a piece of gas-pipe.

A man committed suicide in St. Clair, Illinois, by drowning himself in four inches of water, but the local newspaper thinks he would not have succeeded if his wife had not obligingly sat on his head.

It was a hard answer, yet deserved. Some one announces the death of a venomous gossip and asserted that she died of poison. When asked what he meant, he replied that by some accident she had bitten her tongue.

Baroness Mary Iulak Artymowska, twenty-five years of age, and moving in the best Russian society, has just been banished to Siberia for forgery, fraud, and bribery, leaving debts to the amount of 2,000,000 roubles.

Miss Florence Davenport, the youngest lady member of that illustrious family, will soon go on the stage. She is very handsome, talented, and is possessed of a superb contralto voice. One, Blanche, is already on the lyric stage.

Dr. Mary Walker has gone at it again. This time she is telling what she knows about "Pure Love and Sacred Marriage." We don't suppose that Dr. Mary knows much about the question, but her lectures last three straight hours all the same.

The Woman's Suffrage Society of England calls for brief statements in a few lines by all female authors. Did anybody ever hear of a female paragrapher? The thing is impossible, for all the fair like to have a good say when they begin.

Bertha Von Hillern, who for several years performed remarkable feats in pedestrianism, and thereby accumulated considerable money, has settled down to the study and practice of sculpture in Boston. She says that the walking that she has done has not in any way injured her health.

Miss Lewis, of Liverpool, formally and in set terms—in original poetry it was—renounced her lover, Mr. Molyneux; called him a "deceiver," bade him "go," and declared that hereafter she would be dead to him; then, when he took her at her word and married another woman, sued him for breach of promise.

"We have in our library," says an exchange, "three hundred and two French plays brought out, and more or less successful, in the last twenty years, and many of them have been translated or adapted to the English stage. The plot of every one of this dramatic collection turns on marital infelicity." If it were not for women this would not be so.

A young woman living near Manchester, wishing to be waked early by a young man, tied a string to her foot and let the end hang out of the window, so that if she overslept herself he might pull it. He was up the earlier and pulled the cord, and the clergyman, holding that this was an "act of impropriety," refused him the sacrament.

A letter from a Memphis woman says: "I believe this plague has made a Universalist of me. I have seen men in a moment rise from the depths of degradation and wickedness to Christ-like sublimity in devotion and sacrifice, and the most polluted of my own sex suddenly changed into angels of love and mercy. Thus God teaches us to scorn none of his creatures."

Queen Mercedes has been but a few months dead, but already Alfonso has written to the Pope asking his advice on the subject of contracting a second marriage. He goes on to say that, personally, the thought of another marriage is distasteful to him, but that every influence is being used to convince him that the interests of the Spanish monarchy require him to take another royal partner. This is thin, indeed.

Melissa Underwood, of Vincennes, Ind., was so susceptible to wooing that she promised to marry both Philip H. Donovan and William Ayres. At length she consented to be linked to Ayres if the marriage could be kept secret for a while from Donovan; but Donovan was informed by somebody, and burst into the room just in time to interrupt the ceremony. He grabbed Melissa in his arms and cried: "Hold on; you promised me first." "Go on, person," said Ayres; "we're half married, anyhow, and you'd better finish the job." But the clergyman refused, and Melissa—no get a wife.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

The Children.

The children! ah, the children!
Your innocent, joyous ones;
Your daughters, with souls of sunshine;
Your buoyant and laughing sons.

Look long in their happy faces,
Drink love from their sparkling eyes,
For the wonderful charm of childhood,
How soon it withers and dies!

A few fast vanishing summers,
A season or two of frost,
And you suddenly ask, bewildered,
"What is it my heart hath lost?"

Perchance you see by the hearth-stone
Some Juno, stately and proud,
Or a Hebe, whose soft ambushed eyes
Flash out from the golden cloud

Of lavish and beautiful tresses
That, wantonly floating, stray
O'er the white of a throat and bosom
More fair than blossoms in May.

And perchance you mark their brothers—
Young heroes who spurn the sod
With the fervor of antique knight-hood,
And the air of a Grecian god.

But where, ah, where are the children,
Your household fairies of yore?
Alack! they are dead, and their grace has fled
For ever and evermore. —Harper's.

Sleep.

In a tangled, scented hollow,
On a bed of crimson roses,
Stilly now the wind reposes;
Hardly can the breezes borrow
Breath to stir the night-swept river.
Motionless the water-sedges,
And within the dusky hedges
Sounds no leaf's impatient shiver—
Sleep has come, that rare rest-giver.

Light and song have flown away
With the sun and twilight swallow;
Scarcely will the unknown morrow
Bring so sweet a day.
Song was born of joy and thought;
Light of Love and her Caress.
Nothing's left me but a tress—
Death and Sleep the rest have wrought—
Death and Sleep, who came unsought.
L. FRANK TOOKER, in Scribner.

Love's Young Dream.

TO —.

Love, like the evening wind at dusk,
Blow on my heart a dream of you;
As flowers do, that breathe their musk
By windows open to the dew;
An unseen sweetness of the heart,
That can do nothing else but seem,
And yet your very counterpart,
So fair it was, though but a dream.

Our fond lips met to part and meet;
You cannot chide for that, you know;
The musk still leaves the rose as sweet,
Nor dims the jasmine's scented snow;
'Twas nothing but a dream of sleep
That came and went, your counterpart;
Yet left me something dear to keep—
Love's unseen sweetness of the heart.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY, in Appleton.

Unanswered.

Strange mists of thought that, welling through the mind,
Drift into shadows vague and undefined;
Fancies that faint before they meet desire,
And, quivering with the breath of life, expire;

Sweet cadences of unvoiced thought that stray
From wandering worlds of music far away—
Wild, wailing melodies that but suggest
With tremulous certainty the unexpressed;

Memories of soul-songs that we do not hear,
Strains from afar that never have been near—
Echoes of answers affluent of bliss,
Vagrants from dream-land floating down to this.

O inner life, that dwell'st apart on earth,
Interrogating Heaven for thy birth,
Whose silence fills the interlude of sound
With a dumb agony of eloquence profound!

Is there no latent fire that can reveal
A rapturous response to what we feel?
No harmony to voice the still-born song,
Whose mighty impotence makes weakness strong?

O question, traversing the realms of space,
I, listening for my answer, faintly trace
Its last vibrations sighing in refrain,
"Always to question is the joy of pain!"

SARA JEWETT, in Appleton.

A Picture.

She sat beneath an ancient spreading oak
At close of day, the while the young May moon
Rose like a queen to grant the promised boon;
He lying at her feet, his purple cloak
Beside him, while delicious silence woke
Heart echoes. Fronds of fairy ferns made tune
In the soft-sighing wind, and foxgloves soon
Answered the strains, and the sweet silence broke.
Around them bloomed primrose and violet,
The daffodil and dear forget-me-not,
The while the fragrant woodruff made regret
That they so soon should leave the charmed spot;
And the fond lovers looked with lips apart—
Summer in nature, summer in each heart.

—Tinsley's Magazine.

The present King of Holland was not to be found upon the death of his father, William II. Dispatches were sent to all the Dutch Consuls throughout the world to make inquiries regarding him, when suddenly it was recollected that the Prince had become enamored of an actress in an English traveling company. This was in 1840, and he was then thirty-two years of age. The troupe was found in a small city of Scotland, and the Prince for a month had been acting as prompter. And he wasn't a good prompter.

THE CHINESE AND SOCIALISM.

Translated for the Argonaut from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

In the Berlin Congress, Count Schouvaloff thought it his duty to call the attention of his colleagues to a phase of the Asiatic question which at present occupies the attention of both England and the United States. Making allusion to those hundreds of millions of human beings who inhabit India and the Chinese Empire, he pointed out the danger which not only the British Empire and America but the entire world might run if, some day or other, these hordes, appropriating the arms of a civilization they hate, and taking their stand on the treaties it has imposed upon them, should turn both against itself, and clear the barriers which would then be powerless to restrain them. In incidentally raising this question, Count Schouvaloff was only the authorized echo of fears which, though manifested at a distance from us, and under another form, are not the less real on that account. The American journals, with the vivacity which the feeling of danger gives, have been the first to comment on the opportune warning of the representative of Russia. We need not be surprised at this, for the bonds of sympathy and confidence which exist between the cabinets of St. Petersburg and Washington are not a secret to anyone. The Crimean war fully exhibited them; and quite recently, when a conflict was believed imminent between England and Russia, it was toward the United States that Russia turned her eyes, certain of finding, in the crowd of daring American cruisers, a formidable aid in a maritime struggle.

Whatever the influences Count Schouvaloff may have obeyed, it is quite certain that the peril pointed out by him increases from day to day. Slowly but surely China invades the Pacific States. San Francisco has raised a cry of alarm; Congress has determined to adopt energetic measures; the President is assailed by earnest protests from the representatives of California; and the London *Times* itself declares, "the Chinese question before long may be more menacing to the American republic than the question of slavery was ten years ago, especially as the immigration of the negroes was involuntary and ceased with the suppression of the slave trade, while the Chinese flow in of their own accord, and it is impossible to say when the movement will stop." Advancing beyond the action of the public powers and of diplomacy, which are always slow and measured, the socialistic radical party has taken possession of the question. It agitates it in its meetings, debates it in the street, incites the fury of impassioned minds, and threatens the local authorities and even the Federal power itself.

In fact, owing to wretchedness and famine, Chinese emigration is becoming a constant factor. The provinces of Northern China suffer from a fearful scarcity, and those human masses, slow to move but difficult to restrain, follow the irresistible current which drives toward these ports, and come to demand of California the means of subsistence which their own government is powerless to assure them of. The movement is encouraged and facilitated by six great companies, represented at San Francisco by Chinese houses of the first rank, and also by the Pacific Steam Packet Company.

When the discovery of gold on the banks of the Sacramento, in 1848, called forth in Europe that great current of emigration, which political events and social commotion rendered still more active, China remained impassive. Novelty and ideas were slowly filtering through her ports, scarcely yet open to foreign commerce, and were painfully climbing the sanitary cordon with which the Chinese Administration still encircled the Celestial Empire. However, the ships that entered Chinese ports took on board not only tea and sugar, but sailors, who were desperate or seduced by the tales of rapid fortunes and inexhaustible placers. These first comers were successful. Some returned, others sent favorable reports; but the difficulty of communication, the high price of the passage, the want of organization, and particularly the fatalism of the race, were all at first opposed to the current of emigration. It was not until 1855 (seven years after the discovery of gold) that the movement assumed any proportions. From 1855 to 1860 the annual number of Chinese landed at San Francisco reached 4,530; from 1860 to 1865 it was 6,600; from 1865 to 1870 it rose to 9,311; and from 1870 to 1875 it exceeded 13,000. At this moment the Chinese population of California is estimated at more than 150,000 souls, and these figures are increasing every year in such proportions that the number of Chinese male residents very nearly equals the number of electors in the State.

Thus in fifteen years the annual number of Chinese emigrants has trebled, while the great current of immigration from the Eastern States and Europe, instead of increasing, has diminished. If we now take into account the fact that China sustains nearly 400,000,000 inhabitants, that their wretchedness is extreme, that large numbers are compelled to eke out a precarious existence on the rivers, that a bad harvest is sufficient (as happens at the present moment) to jeopardize the existence of 70,000,000 of human beings, the fears of American statesmen will not seem exaggerated. If nothing comes to check the movement, before the close of the century China will have taken possession of California, and, driving her waves of emigrants before her, will make her way to the rich and fertile plains of the centre of the American continent. A war of extermination might then wrest from them what they had peacefully conquered by force of numbers, and by labor and slow and patient economy alone.

In San Francisco itself there already exists a Chinatown. In the interior a number of the old placers are occupied and worked by the Chinese. You find them everywhere as market-gardeners, laborers, laundrymen, miners, and domestic servants. They have gradually monopolized all the lowest trades. They are sober, and can live on a quarter of the salary of a workman of the white race. They are hard and steady toilers, and a large number of manufacturers find their account in employing them. They are docile, and have none of the needs of the Irish and Germans, whom they are gradually driving from the humbler occupations. They are industrious and economical, intelligent in their way, and able to get round the difficulties they can not surmount. In the great public works their aid has been gladly availed of. The undertakers of the Pacific railroad have realized immense revenues by substituting gangs of Chinese navies for the

Irishmen whom they employed at first. The Chinese, indeed, were satisfied with a reduced salary, worked as fast, did as well, and obeyed without a murmur. In China their salary varied from fifteen to twenty-five francs a month. In California they think themselves well paid at seventy-five or one hundred a month. On this sum they can live and still find the means of economizing. No white laborer could succeed in doing this. It would be utterly impossible.

At starting, the difficulty of communication and the high price of passage created obstacles almost insurmountable to Chinese emigration. To day they no longer, so to speak, exist. The six great companies organized in Chinese ports, and represented at San Francisco by Chinese agents, watch over, encourage, and direct this great current. The price of passage has been successively reduced, first to two hundred francs, then to one hundred and fifty, and finally to sixty. If the emigrant is unable to pay this sum, one of the companies makes an arrangement with him by which he engages to pay them every month a portion of the product of his labor during a certain lapse of time. On its side the company furnishes him with passage and provisions, and on his arrival in San Francisco its agent directs him where he will find work; in case of accident or sickness it assures him relief; in case of death, the transmission of his body back to China. Every year one or more ships take back to China the bodies of such emigrants as have died. This is the only faith that exists among a population indifferent to every form of belief. On the assurance that they will not be buried in a foreign land they leave their own without scruple or regret. To suppose that, in the presence of an organization so powerful and intelligent, Chinese immigration will cease or remain stationary is to suppose the impossible. In spite of the bad reception given to the Asiatics, in spite of the bad treatment to which they are often exposed in places where they are isolated, they push every year farther into the interior. Instructed by experience they are uniting together closely and beginning to show everywhere, if not a threatening front, at least resisting groups, hard to be first attacked, sustaining each other, and imposing by their numbers on their scattered adversaries. On their side they have public right, law, treaties, the principles of individual liberty consecrated by the American Constitution, and the open or tacit complicity of the material interests to which they furnish cheaply intelligent and docile help. This is so true that the committee of Congress, charged to examine the question explicitly, recognized the fact while reporting against them. It admits that in some respects the Chinese emigrant is superior to others; that he is sober, industrious, patient, good-humored, and obedient; that he has rendered vast services to California, he has dug her canals, worked her mines, constructed her railways, and contributed to the development of the country; and that if the question rested solely on the ground of material interest the conflict which exists between the white and Chinese race should be resolved in favor of the former.

Judge Heydenfeldt, when summoned to give evidence before the committee of Congress, also pays the highest compliment to the honor, sincerity, and loyalty of the Chinese merchants.

To get the better of such evidence there must be very powerful reasons.

The report of which we have spoken proceeds to their enumeration. They may all be included in one word: public policy. For the first time in history the two races meet, measure each other's strength, and the defeat of the white race is certain. On the Pacific soil it can not fight with equal arms. Its intellectual superiority is incontestable, but the other has on its side numbers, patience, and the least needs. Without pride as well as without prejudices, it appropriates new processes and recent inventions. Satisfied with little, habituated by misery to privations, economical to excess, it lives and prospers where the white man can not find anything to subsist on. We are now assisting at the curious spectacle of a race whose qualities are arrayed against itself.

A witty writer has said that whenever logic would enter as sovereign into the things of this world it would make more havoc than an elephant in a china shop; therefore, let us willingly leave logic to catch her death of cold outside of the door, and treat those who make use of her name as troublesome and inconvenient. The Chinese invoke it in California as the Incas did in Peru, the Indians in America, and the Celestial Empire itself, when it refused to opium and the Europeans the entry to its harbors which the latter bombarded, imagining that wherever a cannon ball can penetrate, a bale of merchandise and an idea can follow this winged messenger of civilization. They did not foresee that England and America would regret their successful audacity and unite in one common action to protect—the one Australia, the other her Pacific States—against a legal invasion sanctioned by treaties they themselves imposed on China.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Lucy Stone says that, although women have not secured their ballot, they have in her time vastly improved their condition. She remembers when a woman was thought competent to teach only the small children in the summer schools, when her pay for such teaching was a dollar a week, and she was expected to board around. Now women are professors in colleges, with good salaries. In four States they vote on all school matters. Teaching, sewing, and keeping house were regarded as the only occupations that were at all suitable to women. Now the census records seventy-one occupations that are open to women. No woman was a public speaker out of the Quaker church. Now all platforms are free to them. The lyceum offers to the woman lecturer the same open field that it does to a man. The pulpit and the bar are both occupied by women. The woman physician did not exist. Now they have a successful practice in every large city and many of the smaller towns. There was not a college in the world that admitted women. Now there are not only distinctively colleges for women, but a large number that welcome women to all their advantages. It is not many years since a married woman could own nothing that she earned; could not make a will of anything she possessed; could not sue or be sued; could not carry on business, had no lawful right to her children, and could not even be their guardian; nor had she the right to her own person. Now, in most of the States, all this is changed or very much modified.

BOOK REVIEWS.

We have always been in doubt whether we loved poetry or not. We have even questioned whether we were a good judge of the article. Ever since our childhood, along through our school-boy days, when we were in love, and when we used to go out into our father's woods to declaim aloud as practice for the village debating society, in our college days, and later when, in San Francisco, political aspirations made us ambitious to attain to oratorical fame, we have read poetry. We have in our library one hundred and twenty volumes of the English poets, from Tennyson away back to the old ballads. Since writing for the ARGONAUT we have read a wilderness of poetry, and yet we have never quite made up our mind as to whether our taste inclined to the jingle of rhyming verse. There are some poems that have made upon us a strong impression; some we can repeat; some linger in our recollections in broken fragments, like the memory of sweet sounds, pleasant dreams, or good dinners enjoyed and passed. We have been oftentimes mortified to find that we had admired the wrong ones and found beauties which no one else but ourselves could perceive; and we have just as often found ourselves languishing over what we called a stupid piece of verse, to be informed by some one whose superior taste and judgment we never dared to question that it was a "splendid poem." We have been sat down upon time and time again by those who have edited verses into the ARGONAUT, that we thought ought not to have been printed, and we have revenged ourselves, when their backs were turned, by surreptitiously putting poems in the printers' hands that we liked. This accounts for the fact that good and bad verse gets into our columns. The writer of this puts in all the good and the other gentlemen put in all the bad. We would run a column of "old favorites" every week if we had our way; and if our poet-editors ever leave town or get rich enough in stocks to retire from business, we will run an entire page of favorites from the old masters. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, have printed, and Billings, Harbourn & Co. have presented us with, a splendidly got up book of splendid poetry, entitled the *Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry*, compiled by Henry T. Coates; and it contains nearly all the poetry we ever thought poetry, and it does not contain any of the trash that has been imposed upon us as the genuine article. A beautiful book of 1,000 pages, bound in Russia, containing all the good poetry the English speaking world has ever produced, with numerous steel engravings, is the one before us. The work is a comprehensive collection of the choicest poetry of the English language, an encyclopædia of the best and brightest poems of all the best authors. It is a magnificent Christmas gift.

From the press of Henry Holt & Co., of New York, there comes a work in the same general direction containing a series of selections from American authors no longer living, embracing poetry, fiction, humor, satire, and sketches of life and character. This work demonstrates the poverty of America in polite literature for the first century of its existence. Judging from some of our living authors we may expect to make a better showing in our next centennial exhibit.

From the *Punch*-office, Fleet Street, London, and republished by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, through Billings, Harbourn & Co., we receive a copy of *The Beaconsfield Cartoons*, one hundred and eight in number, funny pictures, containing caricatures of Benjamin Disraeli from the time he was an adventurous boy daring to aspire to political leadership in England till he reaches the summit of his ambition and becomes the Premier of the realm. An eventful and adventurous life, that of this young Jewish gentleman, who dared, in spite of race prejudice, and without the aid of birth or fortune, to attempt the achievement of the highest political honors of the proud nation that stands at the head of Christian civilization. That he succeeded is evidence of the most exalted genius. The first cartoon represents Disraeli as the young Gulliver commencing his attacks upon the ministry of Sir Robert Peel in 1845. Sir Robert Peel was the Brobdingnag Minister. The last cartoon represents the distinguished Premier enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*—his work done, his honors fairly won.

As in the natural world, so in the world of book-making. The rains that fall from the heavens are usually pure and clean and refreshing, but sometimes the clouds drop frogs and angle-worms, dead meat and putrid fish. We do not discuss the theory, we but state the fact. *The Society in Search of Truth, or Stock Gambling in San Francisco; a Novel*, by J. F. Clark, formerly a Member of the Pacific Stock Exchange, Published by the Author, is a small green frog of a book, in which the author has fairly wrenched himself in an abortive attempt to be witty. His highest flight of fancy is to call Mr. Flood Mr. Highwater. His characters are a Judge, a Commodore, a General, and a Captain. He marries them all, and their servants, to women imported to San Francisco for the purpose. The book is stupid, without beauty of style or interesting incident. We would not go so far out of our way to write of it were it not a home production. It enjoys the one distinction of being the most indifferent work ever put forth on this coast. So far as we are informed, no book house keeps it for sale.

Mrs. Roberts tells this story in the Washington *Capital*: "People have said John Sherman had no heart. That shows how people can be slandered. A man with a family to support was dismissed from the Treasury, rather unjustly he thought. He concluded that Government positions are rather uncertain things, and he would go to Kansas, where he had a show for employment. Money being low, he thought he would try to get back for one month, and his salary would pay the expenses of the journey. So he went to John, explained the situation, and that he wanted to get to Kansas, but had not a cent. 'Well,' says the financial head of our country, 'I'll help you on your way,' and gave the other a quarter. That family is packing its trunks in joyous haste, for they have been started on their long journey, having on hand enough to pay the fare in the street cars to the depot."

The New York *Observer* mentions the case of a Kentucky Presbyterian minister, who, at a Monday meeting of his brethren, prayed, saying: "Lord, Thou has seen by the morning papers how the Sabbath was desecrated yesterday."

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

It is a charming work to trace to their origin the various legends and nursery tales, for even in such seemingly foolish and childish stories we find that an ancient religion or paganism is at the root, and that the fable which we thought devised to amuse the children is really the remnant of the old belief of some tribe or people in days long since gone by. It is certain that no religion, however violently overthrown, expires at once. It protracts a lingering life, and, though rejected by the enlightened upholders of the new creed, is cherished by the ignorant, and its traditions are handed down by mothers to their children from age to age.

For some time this oral lore is kept secret, because it is held to be antagonistic to the religion which is publicly professed; but in a few generations, when its religious significance has faded from remembrance, its treasures of story are taught and remembered—no longer as sacred myths, but as popular tales. Some of these are believed even at this day to be historical, and places have been assigned as the birth-places of the hero, as witness the myth of William Tell and others of the same sort. We propose considering the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, which, although a fairy story for children, is really a mythological tale belonging to the pre-Christian Norse invaders of England.

All remember that Jack was the son of a widow; that he sold a cow for a handful of colored beans, which his angry mother threw out of the window. Next morning, the beans had taken root and grown to the sky. Jack ascended and reached a land above the clouds, and at night sought refuge at the house of the giant who ruled over this heavenly land. The giant had three great treasures: One of these was a red hen which laid every morning a golden egg; the second was a harp which played of itself the most delicious music; and the third was bags of gold, silver, and diamonds. All these Jack stole in succession.

Such is the outline of the story, but the main incidents with which we have to do are these: The existence of a superterrestrial land, to which access is gained by a tree; a giant, one-eyed, and the possession by the giant of the gold-egg-laying hen, the magic harp, and the treasure bags. Now all these leading points reappear in ancient mythologies, and connect the story to them so securely that it is impossible not to recognize in it a myth of the remotest antiquity.

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky."

"It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

What Hood learned in a very few years cost uncivilized man ages to discover.

When the descendants of Noah built their tower of Babel their object was to make it so high that its top "might reach unto heaven." The natives of New Zealand believe that the Father of Forests keeps the sky from falling on the earth by the tree tops scattered over the face of the earth. In a South American story a lad stuck a piece of wood into the earth, which became a fir tree, and grew with amazing rapidity until its top reached the sky, and by this he ascended into heaven. In the mediæval legends of the Cross, in like manner Seth journeys to Eden, and sees the tree of life—its roots in hell, its crown in heaven. Around the trunk was wreathed a frightful serpent, which had scorched the bark and devoured the leaves. Seth saw Cain in hell, endeavoring to grasp the roots and climb into heaven; but the roots laced themselves around his body and limbs, and the fibres penetrated his body as though they were gnawing worms. Seth plucked three seeds from this tree. They grew, and uniting formed one tree, whereof in the fullness of time was made the Cross. This idea of a land above the tree-tops is common to various countries, and to the old mythology of Saxons and Norsemen. It does not prove a common origin; it only indicates a common ignorance. In their minds the earth was a flat plain, surrounded by the sea, and the sky formed a roof on which the sun, moon, and stars travel. We next come to the giant dwelling in this upper region. This is Odin or Woden—the "All-father." He was one-eyed, like the giant in the nursery tales, and in the Norse sagas is always recognized by his one eye.

The barbarians from whom we are developed were sadly puzzled by the sun. What was it, a shining stone, a burnished disc, a fiery wheel, or a golden egg? The Norsemen thought it a table of burnished gold on which the gods ate. The old Greeks thought the orbs of heaven were golden apples hanging on the branches of the world-tree in the garden of the Hesperides. Ovid calls the sun a wheel, and in Arab myths it is the luminous egg of the mighty bird Roc that haunts the diamond-sprinkled Valley (the sky) in the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor. The idea that the sun was an egg of gold laid every morning by the Dawn was the origin of the fable of the man who killed his goose to get the golden eggs. The Druids considered the golden egg of the sun was laid by a heavenly serpent, and the Greeks thought the evening and morning stars were hatched out of eggs, and beautiful "Helene, fair Helene," the moon, issued likewise from an egg. The return of the sun with force in spring was symbolized of old by the present of eggs, a practice sanctioned by the church, whilst giving it a different significance, in the origin of Easter eggs.

The one-eyed giant had also a harp which played of itself the most enchanting music. This is the wind. It must be remembered that the giant is the supreme god of heathen times, and has atmospheric attributes. Sometimes he is said to have a spear or arrow that never misses its mark: that is the lightning. The magic harp of the wind rolling its deep tones through the ancient Norwegian forests had marvelous powers attributed to it. It made everything dance. A lad in a fairy tale wins his bride by playing at a feast where she is to be wedded to another, and keeps the guests dancing until they are too exhausted to move a limb, when he runs away with his own true love. Orpheus and his lyre are brought to our minds by this fable.

The third object was the treasure bags. By their glittering spring, summer, and autumn rains are symbolized. A German fairy tale relates how there were two sisters, the one when she smiled dropped roses from her lips, and her tears

were diamonds, while the other when she opened her mouth gave escape to newts and frogs. This story represents two spring months, one flower-producing and sparkling with precious flowers; the other, the elder month, is destructive and prejudicial to growth. It was the universal notion that the clouds were vessels containing water, and it is represented in the story by the bags. Moses speaks of the rain as "water poured out of heavenly buckets," and Job calls the clouds the "bottles of heaven," tracing in them a certain similarity to the skins in which water was transported on camels over the desert. Æolus gave Ulysses a bag containing the winds, and they all got out at once and made it exceedingly lively for the old warrior. This belief is widespread, and throughout the world we find it in some shape or other. The storm bags of the north are however replaced with sacks of diamonds in the south. With such material as these barbarous conceptions of natural phenomena many of our most ancient household tales are made up. The same ideas, not always arranged in the same manner, occur throughout the world wherever men are ignorant and the laws of nature are misunderstood, and it gives a clearer idea of the common origin of man when we see the Norsemen and the Hottentot, the ancient German and the North American Indian, adopting the same rude symbols to express the mysterious working of old Mother Nature.

W.
HAYWARD'S, November, 1878.

Buy a Home for the Wife.

"Every man should own his home, if he can. That philosophy which tells a man to drift on over the ocean of this uncertain life without a home of his own, is wrong. The man who does not own his home is like a ship out on the open sea at the hazards of the storm. The man who owns his home is like a ship that has arrived in port and is moored in a safe harbor. One man should no more be content to live in another man's house, if he can build one of his own, than one bird should annually take the risk of hatching in another bird's nest; and for my own part I would rather be able to own a cottage than hire a palace. I often see men eager to effect an insurance upon their lives, and this is well—it is right. But the man who owns his home has effected an insurance upon his family—which is as much to him, if his mind is right, as his own, and constitutes his own. I have seen the homes of the people in foreign lands; I have heard them talk of their conditions and lot in life, and this is the main theme of thought with mankind everywhere. As I listened to them I discovered why it is that the Switzer in his hut in the Alps, where the limit of vegetation is reached and the winter storm howls and rages around him, is happier than the Italian tenant on the beautiful plains of Lombardy, amidst the bloom and fragrance of perpetual summer. It is the consciousness of the ownership of a home, which, no matter how the storm rages, nobody can take from him, and which he can make happy in spite of the storm. I would say to every man, buy a home if you can and own it. If a windfall has come to you, buy a home with it. If you have laid up money by toil, buy a home. If you have made money in stocks, buy a home. Do not let anybody tempt you to put all your winnings back in the pool. Put the rest back if you will. Gamble on it if you must, but buy the home first. Buy it and sell it not. Then the roses that bloom there are yours. The jessamine and clematis that climb upon the porch belong to you. You have planted them and seen them grow. When you are at work upon them you are working for yourselves and not for others."

The foregoing is an extract from an address delivered at Metropolitan Temple by the Hon. George Barstow, and while it contains an idea that should govern every man, it does not cover the entire ground. Our position is this: Every woman who performs the duty of wife and mother should own a home. It is the first duty of every business man to purchase a home and secure it to his wife by such an instrument of conveyance as shall place it beyond his own reach—beyond his own temptation to risk it, and beyond his own ability to encumber it. No man should ever marry unless either the wife or husband has the means to procure a home. The prosperous business man owes this duty to his wife, his children, himself, and his creditors, to segregate enough of his wealth to secure his family from the possibility of becoming homeless by the vicissitudes of business. The commercial code that declares it dishonorable for a man to thus consider his wife and children before the claims of creditors a false one. A man in debt has no right to steal a homestead after it is once secured to the family. The business man who yields a home honestly acquired to his creditors, through a false sense of commercial honor, is a coward and a thief. In fear of losing the respect of creditors he steals the roof from over his family. Our nation is but the aggregate of the homes of the people, and in the permanency and happiness of our homes our national strength and stability are to be found. In the home lies the strongest and most enduring element of national life. If every family in America had secured to it a home, our republican government would be immortal.

The following interesting narrative is condensed from a full-page article in a New York daily newspaper. It is, in fact, that article's head-lines, thoughtfully so constructed as to permit editors of other journals to give all the particulars that the most exacting reader could demand, and at the same time save their souls by not making distinct assertions: "Dead and yet alive. The extraordinary case of Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn. Facts verified by abundant testimony. A mental sight that is not the clap-trap of clairvoyance. Lying for thirteen years almost motionless, and at times cold with the chill of death and pulseless; blind, yet reading with perfect ease; seeing and describing acts and persons far removed from her bedside; mental phenomena that might seem incredible except for the testimony of physicians, clergymen, teachers, and trustworthy friends; without food for months at a time; seeming never to sleep."

Kaiser William of Germany scorns to spell his name Wilhelmj. It is only a fiddler who would do it.

Despite the hard times there has been no reduction in the wages of sin.

NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

The winter season is again upon us, and again the labor question is likely to present itself for the consideration of our municipal authorities. The experience of last season should admonish us to be prepared for the exigencies of this. The mob that last year gave us so much of anxiety is now better organized; it is strengthened by a political victory, and, if we may judge by the expressions of its leaders, has in no degree abated the insolence of its pretensions. Kearney is the more dangerous because in a sense he is honest, and in a degree earnest. The movement is the more dangerous, because the working man has grievances of which he may justly complain. If Kearney were mercenary, he might be bought off; if he were ambitious, he would split upon that rock in search of office. Kearney is partly right and partly wrong. His adherents and followers are some of them honest, earnest, good men; some of them are villains; some of them are industrious, willing workers, ambitious only to earn an honest day's wages with an honest day's labor; some of them are idle vagabonds, tramps, and criminals. Some—perhaps most of them—are ignorant, and of foreign birth; some are intelligent foreigners; and some are Americans, native born. Some of the leaders are honest, misguided, shallow thinkers; some are adroit, subtle-minded, selfish rogues and demagogues. To denounce what is known as the Kearney movement with angry and unreasoning vituperation would not only be impolitic and unwise, but unreasonable and unjust. It should be treated calmly, intelligently, and firmly. To the extent that it arrays itself against the law, it should be promptly checked; to the extent that it deals in threats of violence, it should be boldly confronted with the assurance that any uprising for the purpose of disturbing social order will be met by bayonets and bullets, in the hands of stern men, who will consider it the very essence of humanity to make the first encounter a bloody one, in order that it may be the last. There should be no force—except in self-defense—until every argument has been exhausted to convince the honest and intelligent members of the organization that the laws should be observed. Reforms should be inaugurated wherever abuses exist. Foreigners should be educated to the American belief that in a government republican in form there is only one path to the correction of political abuses, and that is through the ballot-box. Intelligent men and good citizens, of foreign or native birth, will recognize and understand such arguments; they will be convinced, and their conduct will be governed by them, and upon the honest and well-meaning, but ignorant, of their associates they will exercise a healthful and restraining influence. The vicious, the idle, the profligate, the tramp, we will leave to the chain-gang, to be driven to daily labor with ball and chain, and water and bread.

But this is not all that society, organized government, and wealth are called upon to do. Good advice and admonitions to observe the law are very well, but brains and property have yet another and a paramount duty to perform. It is the duty of organized society to furnish work to every head of a family who has no means and no other source of livelihood than his labor. The husband and father who is willing to work, and whose daily bread for wife and children depends upon his daily toil, to whom God has given muscle and not brains, has a right to demand of organized society that it furnish him a day's labor and give him for it a day's wages; he has a right to look his fellow-citizens in the face and say to them: "My wife and children are suffering for bread. I am not improvident, I am not drunken, I am not lazy; I am willing to work, and upon my work depend the lives of my loved ones, and unless you give it to me I will steal if I can; I will take it by violence if I must." There is no answer to this plea. We care not for the sophistries

of any political economists, or the hypocritical subterfuges of any false and selfish reasoning that denies work to a workingman under such circumstances. He must have it, he is entitled to it, and it is right to raise the devil unless he gets it. If the municipal authorities, by reason of defective laws, have not the technical right to furnish this labor, then it becomes the duty of citizens to meet and organize a labor bureau, and advance the means for its support. Citizens should be called upon not to give, but to loan the money. If it is a gift, only the generous will respond; if it comes ultimately from the city treasury, taxation will equalize it to all. If there is no existing law for this purpose—and we believe there is not—the Legislature can pass one at its next session.

The first and best effect of a bureau that furnishes labor is to segregate honest and industrious workers from the vicious and idle. There is no present mode of determining between honest poverty and criminal idleness. There comes to our doors a poorly clad man; he asks for work; we have no work. He asks for food; he asks for money. We have no means of testing his sincerity. He may be a fraud—he usually is—and yet he may be a hungry man who would be glad of work. There is not a householder in San Francisco who has not been called upon either to feed a worthless vagabond or refuse an honest man, a thousand times. He can not tell the worthy from the unworthy; and whether he gives or withholds, his conscience reproaches him for a possible mistake. Now, give us a labor bureau, and to this traveling mendicant we say: "You can obtain work by going to the labor bureau." This distinguishes the honest from the vicious, and draws the line between the laborer and the tramp; enables us to aid the honest, and leaves the vicious to be dealt with by the stern discipline of the criminal courts. We would not pay the highest wages, so that we might not come in competition with the private employer. We would fix the hours of labor at eight hours, and would pay for it one silver dollar at the close of the day's labor. Thus we say to the workingman: "We do not exact full hours; we do not give full wages; we do not encourage you to lean upon us; we are simply aiding you to bridge over a temporary difficulty." This takes from the sand-lot the unanswerable argument that accompanies the declaration that for lack of employment there is a class wanting bread. We say to the demagogues: "You lie." We say to the vicious and idle foreign rogues: "Go back to your native bogs in Ireland, to your huts and hovels in Germany, to your damp meadows and dirty towns in Holland. Go back and eat leeks in France; go and toil, upon garlic and a crust, upon the plains of Lombardy; go and yoke yourselves with dogs and drag carts in Belgium; go plow in harness with horses and cows in Austria; go back to your native lands and do military service for your kings; go home and be shot to uphold your dynasties, or in fights to rectify your borders. You are not intelligent enough or worthy enough to be American citizens. You are too ignorant to appreciate the blessings of a free government. You are not Americans."

All other questions are political ones; we can discuss them through the journals, at the hustings, upon the sand-lot, in the Legislature; or wherever differences of political opinions may be properly considered. Mr. Kearney says the Chinese must go, and Colonel Bee says they must not go; they are here by invitation of international treaties. Kearney has a perfect right as a naturalized citizen to say that the Chinese must go, and—within the law—he has a right to endeavor to compass their removal. Colonel Bee and his friends, though they are most assuredly in a most woeful minority, have the same right to say the Irish must go, and—within the law—they have a right to endeavor to compass their removal. Foreigners armed with political power, after being duly naturalized, have a right to say that native-born American citizens have no claim to office, and ought not longer to be tolerated with political power, and—within the law, if they have the majority—have a right to put none but naturalized citizens on guard to protect Republican Government; and Americans, native-born, have a right to think that naturalization laws are, and have been, a mistake, and that they ought to be repealed, and that it would be better if about half our foreign element was denaturalized and no more admitted to citizenship.

Freud, the German corset maker, Vacquerel, the French cook, Bonnet, the Parisian hair-dresser, O'Donnell, the Irish quack doctor, Beerstecher, the Prussian lawyer, have the authority to aid in making an organic law for the government of this State; to reorganize our judiciary, and consider how our corporations shall be controlled, and how property acquired before they left the palaces, castles, and baronial halls of their ancestors, shall be held. All these are political questions, and we can meet and decide them at the ballot-box. The other, the labor question, is one in which they have us at a disadvantage so long as there is one deserving, honest, unemployed man in their ranks demanding work, and for whom work is unattainable. When we have taken him out and provided for him we can take care of the balance, rank and file and leaders, by accepting any challenge of settlement they may decree it advisable to suggest, and by

this we mean, that if they invite—as Kearney seems to hint—an armed conflict, it shall not be declined by the citizens and property-holders who are interested in preserving their property and protecting their laws against this insolent band of agitators.

One word to the ladies: We say to you, keep your hands off; do not meddle in affairs that demand a sterner handling than your sympathetic natures are capable of understanding. With your piety and your sensibilities you complicate things very much. With your very generous free meals you invited all the old "bums" and tramps in the State to come to San Francisco. One good square meal is all they want; it is what they tramp and spar for. Should you do the same thing this season you will fill the town with vicious, idle persons. A little less showy and ostentatious benevolence than is required in washing dishes and waiting upon criminals and vagabonds, and giving a premium to vagrancy and idleness, would enable you to patrol the alleys and by-ways in your immediate neighborhood in search of modest poverty that would rather starve than feed at your public cribs, would enable you to find and relieve poor women and poor children, and minister to their wants, and thus do a world of good.

We regard these remarks as timely, in prospect of the possibility of a recurrence of the scenes of last year. We must prevent the shameful proceedings that last winter discredited our intelligence and disgraced the name of our city. We have had a prosperous season, a bountiful harvest; labor has been abundant and remunerative; the outlook for the winter is a good one. Let us hope there will be no necessity of organizing any aid to our workmen; but if there is, let us promptly do it, so that we can as promptly deal with the vile element that makes labor troubles an excuse for disturbing the public peace and threatening the tranquillity of our city.

There are four men in the Constitutional Convention whose conduct surprises us, and with whose course we are disappointed. Of course we are observing them from a distance and through the imperfect and somewhat misty medium of the daily press. They are persons of large experience in political affairs; two of them are gentlemen as we Americans understand that term, and each has been honored in a position of public trust and confidence. How far poverty, disappointments in life, defeated ambition, and general bad luck may influence their course and legislation we are not prepared to estimate. How far they are bitten by the tarantula of political ambition, and to what extent the virus has extended we do not know. An old politician warned into life by the new hope of a last opportunity is a sad and pitiful object, and it really seems as if a good working majority of the delegates intended to make this Constitutional Convention a stepping-stone to their personal advancement. Judge Terry of San Joaquin, Volney Howard of Los Angeles, Timms of Trinity, and Larkin of El Dorado—all Democrats, thank God!—are developing themselves into agrarians and communists of a type quite as pronounced, more dangerous, and less respectable than that of the sand-lot leaders whom they are anxiously endeavoring to supplant. When men of respectable intellectual attainments, who have held high legislative and judicial positions violate all known rules of propriety and all recognized obligations of society in their endeavor to pander to the prejudices of the voting mob that they may attain position, we may regard the sign as an ominous one. Whether these gentlemen, three of whom are lawyers, and all of whom are politicians, and who have always been politicians, can wrest the leadership of this new party from the men who created it we do not know. If they do, we shall think the movement has got into the hands of more dangerous, more selfish, and less honest men than those who originated it.

The *Chronicle* is engaged in house cleaning. It has read the alien Englishman Wellock out of the party, and now the Irish O'Donnell gets one for his nob. Poor Knight and Day, who started in early upon the sand-lot plan of reformation, were passed out by the *Chronicle* long ago. So there are now left among the leaders only Kearney and his private secretary, Carl Browne, whom—if we understood Kearney correctly in his Sunday speech—he denounces as a liar. In the party there remains then but one leader—that is, one leader beside the *Chronicle*. The Workingmen's Party, as constituted to-day, is the *Chronicle* and Kearney. The *Chronicle* is the organ, and Kearney grinds it, while Beerstecher, Clitus Barbour, Vacquerel the cook, Freud the corset-maker, and Bonnet the hair-dresser, are the monkeys that dance to the music as Kearney jerks the string and turns the crank. This Workingmen's Party is a curious development. Its rank and file composed of lawyers, abortion doctors, played-out politicians, foreign mountebanks, native-born demagogues, French cooks and hair-dressers, and having for its chief an illiterate, profane, and blasphemous Irish drayman, who keeps his private secretary, and tramps the continent in a Pullman palace car at the expense of real workingmen, who toil ten hours at hard labor for two dollars,

AFTERMATH.

It is undoubtedly true that when Kearney began his agitation seven-tenths of his followers were Irish Catholic laborers. Bishop Alemany was almost the first of our clergy to observe that this movement was a vicious one, and that its promoters and leaders had no honest motives to serve. He was the first to warn his church people against participating in what was intended to be an insurrection against the law. Kearney felt the blow and unwisely lost his temper; denounced the church, misrepresented an interview with Bishop Purcell, and began to blaspheme God. This has alienated from him every honest-minded member of the Roman Catholic Church. He stands to-day at war with the law, with property, with social order, with republican government, with civilization, with the Christian religion, and with God. Yet there are a few shallow-minded demagogues—some in the Democratic party, some in the Constitutional Convention, some in ward politics, some on the bench, and some in editorial chairs—who think this base born and ignorant adventurer, with his ragged regiment of tramps and bums, is to lay the foundation of a great national party, to work out great national reforms.

Everybody remembers Signor De Vivo, the advance agent and bill poster for singing circuses—"an amoozin little cuss," as Artemus Ward described his performing kangaroo. Perhaps some of our theatre and opera sharps can tell us if it is true that he is now a member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and is chairman of the Committee on Finance. We find it so stated in an Eastern journal, and as our ignorance of the movements and capacities of circus people is dense and base, we confess it seems to us as likely that he is that as anything. We are told also that the King frequently consults Signor De Vivo, but this is unlikely. We do not believe that Signor De Vivo can be so easily approached—not *our* De Vivo.

Standing upon the corner of California and Montgomery Streets on Thursday evening we saw a multitude of school ma'ams filing into a broker's shop, and upon inquiry ascertained that their object was to sell their warrants for a discount. And then we thought of the million of money expended for school purposes, the half of which is squandered; of the street department, and its swindling for street sweeping and sewer draining; of the City Hall, costing \$5,000,000; of Lobos Square and Senator Rodgers; of the exorbitant salaries; of the political bums, paid for doing nothing; of the millions it costs to run our municipal government; of the cost of lighting our streets with gas; and of the hundred and one treasury leaks; and we went to our office, and wondered whether the whole male sex was not a mistake, and whether it would not be well to turn over all our affairs to a petticoat government. It would be certainly an improvement in the way of honesty.

As long as human nature, and particularly American political human nature, remains the hogghish thing it seems satisfied to be, there is nothing but the maddest nonsense in the hope of composing our difficulties with the Indians by any such machinery as the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department. A system that requires the disbursement of large sums of money and vast quantities of goods at remote points on the frontier, on no better vouchers than an occasional receipt signed with a cross by some clay-painted barbarian with a name that has to be broken gently by decent blanks to the Acting Twenty-third Assistant Deputy Sub-Auditor at Washington, must be esteemed an invention of the devil, creditable alike to that old public functionary's head and heart. Under this system, with its grotesque alliance of political, commercial, and religious "tramps and casuals," it has cost us a million dollars for every lecherous scalp-holder whom we have dissuaded from the war-path by presents of repeating rifles with telescopic sights, and another million to civilize him up to the point of eschewing the savage vices of gluttony and plunder for the Christian virtues of drunkenness and cheating. The annual additional loss of life which our Indian policy entails is enormous but unimportant; the only lives on the frontier that are worth a tinker's malediction are those of the army officers, and those are never taken.

The ruinous and disheartening sacrifices made for the maintenance of an Indian Bureau by us and the Indians have no adequate result. Being involuntary they have not even the elevating moral effect of a benevolent contribution to an unworthy object. There is a certain satisfaction in heroically maintaining a nuisance, even if it afflict oneself as keenly as one's neighbors, but the pleasure vanishes the moment there is any compulsion in the matter; and for the better part of a century the Government of this country, incited by the immigration agents of the Better Land, has had its long fingers in the pocket of every person who has had the hardihood to acquire a taxable jackknife, to support this insupportable abomination, the Indian Bureau. And now when an earnest and intelligent effort is making to efface the thing, transferring its necessary functions to the men who have the deepest and directest interest in their honorable performance, and who are themselves the only honorable class of men in the

public service—the officers of the army—there is a concerted yawp of dissent and apprehension from Maine away down to Connecticut, and back again all the way to Maine, following the chart line of greatest religious depression. Our godly and blue-bellied Puritan contemporary ancestors seem to have somehow convinced themselves that an Indian Bureau is an essential means of grace to that minute and apparently undeserving fraction of humanity which their uncomfortable creed reluctantly excludes from universal and foreordained darnation.

There is not a township in any State in this Union whose soil has not at some time been soaked like a surgeon's sponge with innocent blood shed through the barbarous miscarriage of some theologico-piratical Indian policy, of which that of the present Bureau is the lineal descendant and legitimate heir. But the people of the States east of the Alleghany Mountains have forgotten their part in this unpleasant business; it was only their grandfathers and grandmothers who were flayed, roasted, and brained by the sons of nature justly incensed at being accosted by that frowsy bawd, Civilization. We in the concededly golden, but indubitably ticklish, West have a nearer sense of the brusque hatchetings and frank skin-strippings whereby the virtuous Red Man declines with thanks; and if that useful department of our Government that is responsible for his defects of civility depended for its life and disservices on the popular will out this way, it would be voted out of existence with what it would be mild to call unanimosity.

The second seige of Jerusalem continues. As in the olden time the sacred walls were environed by Roman hosts, with catapultic missile, battering rams and engines throwing javelins and stones, so now the chosen people are driven to cover by the aggressive hosts of Ireland. Sierra Nevada only \$45 per share; Johnny Skae captive of war; the environed hosts demoralized; margins growing narrow, and a money famine threatening the besieged on the inside and a Flood on the outside; there is no hope, except in a surrender without terms. No marching out with side arms and the honors of war; but absolute, unconditional surrender.

When Celt and Saxon meet,
Then comes the tug of war;
When Israelite and Greek,
There's thunder in the air.

Fay Hempsted is a poet and Sam Williams is her critic. And Sam says: "Fay is a nice name, and suggests youth, beauty, and a passionate soul palpitating with warm fancies;" but Fay's verses he condemns as dull. Well, the poor girl had to make them so in order to show that she isn't that kind of a girl.

Within the last twenty years some twelve or fifteen Chinamen have been naturalized in the city of New York. Of the three naturalized last year, "all could read and write and said they believed in a Christian God"—whatever that may be. The reading and writing our American institutions are strong enough to dispense with, but the faith in a Christian God, or a God of any kind, is in these days a rare and noble qualification for American citizenship. Even Wellock, the alien Englishman, would be a more interesting aspirant to political power if he had been "suckled" in this "creed outworn" than he is in the attitude of squaring himself and "putting up his hands" against heaven. The trouble with the average Chinaman is that he and his ancestors before him have been so accustomed to violating the sanitary regulations of nature that he recognizes God in his constitution.

California has turned out ("fired out," the coarse of speech prefer to say) another great actor. We throw off ("throw up," the vulgar have it) great actors with the astonishing facility of a Briarean tadpole eschewing a hundred tails. They never come to much somehow after their first fitful fever of the Eastern popularity that consists in complimentary notices in theatrical programmes (which they industriously compile and send back to their journalist friends here as "commendation from high quarters") but while the thing is new and their memory here green they work the oracle with amazing success; seen through the spectacles of their co-conspirators of the local press every puny devil of the lot of them looms up against the background of Atlantic fog as an intellectual giant. Of Tom Keene we are seriously told that "a leading Richmond paper" says "his acting in Baltimore has placed him at the very head and front of the actors of the day;" and that "other" journals "compare him with the elder Booth." This last judgment we are not disposed to quarrel with; as actors Tom Keene and the elder Booth are to-day running pretty nearly neck and neck—though the latter has perhaps a trifling advantage in being stone dead, whereas the former will move if you touch him.

The President, in his message, seems to have avoided all the burning questions, and to have confined himself to a somewhat tame review of all others. We of the Pacific are disappointed, and have a right to be, that he has no opinion upon what we deem a vital question; or, if he has an opinion, lacks the moral courage to utter it. The parallel between negro slavery and Chinese immigration still holds good. The

alarm and anxiety of the few is met by the indifference of the many. Slavery was terminated by civil war. Chinese immigration seems destined to produce an equally terrible result. This question will find a peaceful solution at the National capital, or a bloody one upon California soil. President Hayes has determined to make his four years term a pleasure excursion. He is keeping the log of the voyage by omitting to enter any of the unpleasant or threatening incidents, so that history may record that his empire was peace. We hope he may get ashore before the storm comes, as we are convinced he would make but a poor captain in a tempest.

Why is it men will scorn a maid
Of thirty-two or so,
But if in crape and cap arrayed
Pronounce her *comme il faut*? —The World.

Because however *comme il faut*,
However, too, arrayed,
The girl of thirty-two or so
They don't believe a maid.

After a severe fit of sickness Heller has gone to see whether there is any positive of which he was the comparative.

The Fire Commissioners, having detected the Secretary of their Board in discounting at usurious rates the pay of firemen before the same was earned, have fired him out. They have acted promptly and well. We advise the Board of Education to make their examination searching, and then to turn out all the male malefactors who have been engaged in the sale of contraband examination papers; and when the Board of Education have cleansed the schools of incompetent and criminal teachers, we advise the people to turn out the Board of Education and put in better men. And then we advise the Legislature to so change the entire system of public schools that it will not be necessary to purchase the conundrums prepared by Mrs. Carr, and to bring the instruction within the capacity of intelligent female teachers. Turn out the males, or make them work for the same price that ladies work for. Turn out all the married women that are supporting idle husbands; bring matters down to some principle of economy and common sense. The present school system is a fraud and a sham. It is worse, it is a crime; still worse, it is a blunder.

The manager of one of our theatres has received from an ambitious gentleman whose name we suppress a letter beginning thus: "Sir I herewith submit to you a true pencil cut of my both feet what do you think of them are they worthy of exhibition I am told by many persons when properly advertised and pictured up they would draw immense." The gifted and fortunate writer adds: "My right hand is also very queerly formed which would all make a fine display on a large poster." The submitted diagram of this aspirant's foot looks somewhat like a picture of a pair of sheep shears nipping a monkey wrench, but rather more like a map of Europe, Asia, and Africa, drawn upon the back of a starfish.

Signor Carlo Pizzola has struck a streak of bad luck in this foreign land. He has been arrested, tried, and fined for cruelty to animals. It appeared in evidence that he has a reprehensible habit of purchasing cats from boys, and immediately cutting off their tails—the cats' tails—and dipping the stump in a barrel of salt. This, a tiny witness explained, "made them run around pretty lively." Signor Pizzola maintained that his object was to increase the health of the cats, but we beg to urge that if privation of tail were a condition of a cat's health God would doubtless have created them without tails. We suspect that the liveliness observed by the small witness is not so much an indication of improved health as a sign of mental confusion and temporary inability to think in an emergency.

The circumstance that Signor Pizzola is rear-admiral of a celebrated sausage factory sufficiently unmasks the animus of his prosecution by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; it is not that they love cats, but that they are enamored of sausages, and have committed themselves on the cylindrical comestibles of this man's construction. The ARGONAUT does not eat sausage, and, so far as concerns this prosecution, is an impartial journal; and we say that it is a wicked and unholy thing to arraign this unfortunate gentleman for one crime and punish him for another.

The topic is fascinating and we are loth to leave it. Pizzola testified in his own behalf that his place was overrun with rats, and that he purchased the cats to kill the rats. This relieves him of a grave suspicion. Clearly he did not buy the cats for sausage, but like an honest man employed them to catch the rats which he needed in his business.

Mr. Laine, a member of the Constitutional Convention, has the honor to be peacefully permitted to consider Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., "the biggest fraud in the country." And yet Mr. Laine's ambition is not satisfied; he seems to aspire to Mr. Adams' contempt, which is aiming rather high, for Mr. Adams can not by any possibility be aware of Mr. Laine's existence.

IS IT NOT FATE?

If any one had told Cora Penwick that she did anything so ill-bred as "nag," she would have been "dreadfully insulted"—would have quivered with Lilliputian indignation from the crown of her sunny head to the sole of her pretty foot. But the rectitude of immortal fiction must be preserved, and I grieve to say that Cora Penwick—the dainty beauty, the charming housewife, the pet of San Mateo's selectest coterie—did this thing; and it is but scant commendation to acknowledge that she did it thoroughly and well. I said Cora Penwick, but that was because I knew her as a girl and may assume privileges. I should have said Mrs. Gemini Penwick, for she was married.

It all came about in this wise: In the summer of 186—, when Gemini Penwick was a gay widower of twenty-nine, with a lucrative practice and no incumbrance, he chanced to be in Shingle Springs during a court recess, and there he met Cora Lennox. "They met by chance, the usual way"—the story is older than the hills. They met, they mated, and they married.

Some one has somewhere said that most novels end where they should begin. So, behind this rampart of borrowed commonplace, I fearlessly intrench myself and begin this underdone tale in the middle.

Cora Lennox became Mrs. Gemini Penwick. Joy bells pealed, old shoes were flung, and tears and kisses tinkled in delighted harmony. He took her home. "Oh, how beautiful it is!" she said; and truly it was rather pretty—a lawn with cherry trees in the angles; a plat of daisies; another of violets; a pansy hedge, and "roses everywhere." Inside, the house was quite a marvel of convenience, comfort, and good taste. It was not large; but there was a boudoir for Cora, and a library for Gemini: could heart ask more?

For a year they were very happy. To be sure Gemini did smoke to excess, but it did not make him fretful, fault-finding, churlish; it merely helped to intensify the soothing charm of his pretty wife—and as for other bad habits, why, he hadn't any. If Cora sighed for social conquest and society bustle she gave no sign. "Home is home," she said, "and love is enough." Nor did her husband sigh for the bachelor pleasures and privileges he had relinquished—clubs and club-men were alike relinquished, or, if remembered, unregretted. Gemini believed in the home life he had chosen, and loyally striving to contribute his share to the home sunshine never once looked back. So for a while they watched the r urn of happiness full to the brim and were content. He read aloud his favorite books, and her beautiful sea-green eyes glowed in excitement or glistened in sympathy. They drove, and rode, and walked, and boated, and sat together. Is it not for this the gods have made the world always young, that Pan has piped, Aurora painted, and Flora decked our mother's mantle?

For fifteen cloudless months Gemini and Cora wooed each other as if they were not husband and wife, and therefore trespassing upon the lawful preserves of unmarried lovers.

"Perhaps I had so much sunshine then that Fate grudged me any more," I heard Cora say one evening—an odd evening long afterward. It was the nag oblique, but I saw poor Gemini wince.

A baby girl had come to them by this time; the pride, the darling, the what-not of their hopes. It was only another bond between them. If Gemini erred in thinking his wife needed but little society other than his own profuse attention, it was an error born of his deep affection; and Cora's failure to attribute this to the proper feeling was inexcusable blindness. Yet this was their first stumbling-block, and unhappily they did not note its huge proportions until the mischief had been done.

"I don't care for strangers. Why should I? I have you. Why should we bring a lot of people to stand between us and our quiet pleasure-duties? My dear, if I agreed to your plan, yours would be the worst punishment; you would end by banishing yourself from society altogether."

These were among Gemini's objections to Cora's apparently innocent scheme to go into San Mateo society during the season succeeding the weaning of baby, merely as an acknowledgment of courtesies shown and favors received. Many and many a good-natured tilt they had, until at last, by sheer persistence, she carried her point.

So Gemini put his "Praise of Folly" into an overcoat pocket, and went out into the world with a flower in his button-hole, and another flower on his arm; but with a smothered sigh in his throat, and a cruel void in his manly heart. If a cherub with a flaming sword had circled about Cora's hapless head, to drive her from the shelter of her husband's arms, he could not have pointed out a surer road to desolation than the labyrinthine paths of social folly.

Gemini was not a dicing man, but there was always a card-room and buffet for the wall-weeds, and Penwick's club habits returned with marvelous celerity as the home charm was broken more and more. They went everywhere, and of course Mrs. Penwick received. Very soon, also, the house was found to be too small, and a conservatory, a dancing parlor, and a billiard-room did not make it much larger—though one of the cherry trees was cut down, and the daisy plot banished to the back yard.

Gemini's library became a deserted garden. The dear Tauchnitz, "Thackeray," the "Burton," the "Autocrat," and the other favorites slumbered voiceless on the shelves. Gemini must not enter the pretty boudoir any more, for the sacred rites of Millinery and her kindred were paramount and perpetual.

And yet Cora Penwick was no Rosemaud Lydgate, no upas tree among women; she was only a "foolish virgin" wandering without her lantern upon a journey that knew no whither; a journey that was all a mistake, but from which she was too proud to turn. Was he to blame that his warnings were misjudged, his badinage misunderstood? Should he learn to dance and risk the gauntlet of ridicule for the cheap bliss of clasping his own wife in a public romp? On the other hand, should not he eat, drink, and be as merry as a wall-weed might, whose wife was adance with other men, and he was the footman to see her home?

Did she love him still? I think so; but from society-lore she had learned a fatal, biting glibness of speech that skilled her disappointment of society to sting the one thing vulnerable within range—her husband's heart. He was a man strong in purpose as men go, tireless to do when the object seemed worth the having, but his robust vigor could not

thrive on the little sips of happiness his present life afforded; so was it strange that he turned to the only solace within his reach?

Strong men have been fatally weak so often that the world has ceased to wonder. From Noah to Gemini Penwick is a long historic stride, but in the type there is but little differentiation. He might have said: "The woman tempted me and I did eat;" but he was too true a knight to breathe complaint: no word of reproach ever passed his lips; he suffered and drowned his sorrow as best he might. It was sorry comfort, perhaps, but it was the best his unreligulous nature could find, for the love of this woman was all that kept the fire of his intellect lighted.

To-day men call him a sot, and Cora Penwick is no longer the pet of San Mateo's selected coterie. The world terms it incompatibility. I merely ask: Is it not fate?

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1878.

R. S. S.

THE OLDEST DRAMA.

The social life of a people, what they feel, do, and say, will always possess a more agreeable interest than their philosophy or poetry. Take away the familiar figures of Socrates, the elder Cato, and Dr. Johnson, from their respective epochs, and most of the attractions which they now possess would disappear. Persons who pass by with indifference a discussion as to the relative merits of the 10,000 Hindoo divinities, would read with avidity the story of the every-day life of the humblest of the world's dreamers.

The recent labors of oriental scholars have made it possible to offer something like a true picture of Hindoo life from a century before Christ to the present day. We know of no work which would be more acceptable to the English public than an ancient Hindoo story in the style of Becker's *Gallus* and *Chavities*, wrought out by a learned and skillful hand. The drama of *Sacontala*, of all the translations of Sanscrit literature, as it was the first, so it is still, the most interesting literary work that has appeared.

Kalidasa, the author of *Sacontala*, was one of the "nine gems" of the court of King Vikramaditya, who, about half a century before Christ, began the Hindoo era called Samvat. The drama was first translated into English by Sir William Jones. The original which that great pioneer in Sanscrit literature used was, however, a copy of an inferior class of manuscript, and the translation itself bears marks of that haste and inaccuracy which could scarcely be avoided by the discoverer of a new literary world. The more recent and exact labors of Dr. Boehtlingk and Monier Williams have set forth the beauties of this chosen work of the "Shakspeare of India" in a clever light.

The play begins with a prayer to Siva, embodied in the five elements—fire, earth, water, air, and ether (the vehicle of sound)—and, after a brief prologue, advances with rapid action.

Dushmanta, accompanied by his charioteer, was pursuing a black antelope. The King, as he was fixing his arrow in the bow-string, was terrified by a voice from the forest into which the game had fled, which called him to forbear. Upon the word, two hermits issuing forth, bade him replace his arrow in the quiver.

"The weapons of Kings," they admonished him, "are for the deliverance of the oppressed, not for the infliction of wounds upon the innocent."

"The word of a Brahmin is accepted," answered the King, and he replaced his arrow. Upon which the hermits entreated him to enter their sacred retreat and partake of its hospitality. Their master, Canna, they regretted to inform him, had just left his home to visit a distant place of pilgrimage in hope of averting a threatened evil from his daughter, Sacontala.

The hermits then retired, and the King, dispatching his charioteer to water his horses, advanced alone into the sacred grove.

"It is strange, I feel my right arm throb," he suddenly exclaimed, looking around the tranquil hermitage. "What important event is about to happen? Truly the gates of destiny lie open everywhere." As he thus meditated he heard the sound of female voices, and, himself unseen, witnessed the approach of the priestess Sacontala and two attendant damsels, who employed themselves in watering the plants of the grove.

Sacontala, whose superior charms distinguished her from her fellows, was attired in a coarse mantle of bark, a sight which caused the King to exclaim against the equal folly of cutting a branch of hard acacia wood with a lotus leaf, and making a lovely maiden perform penance.

"Do you know," asked one of the attendants of the other, "do you know why Sacontala is gazing on the plants with such delight? She is looking at that jasmine (the light of the grove) that has just elected the fragrant mango tree for a husband. 'So may I,' she is hoping, 'elect a worthy bridegroom.'"

As the two damsels were thus bantering Sacontala, the King looked upon her face, and felt a sudden love for the artless woodland maiden arise in his heart. With his love fear mingled. May she not, he thought, be a Brahmini, and ineligible in marriage to one of the military caste.

Seizing a favorable opportunity, he discovered himself to the maidens with the salutation: "May your devotion prosper. I am a student of the Veda," he continued, "dwelling in the city of our King, and have come hither to behold this sanctuary of virtue. But tell me," he said earnestly, and turned to one of the damsels, "can this young maiden, Sacontala, be the daughter of the sage Canna?"

What was his delight to receive the answer that Sacontala was but the adopted daughter of Canna, and that her real father was a person of no higher caste than his own, a king.

As the maidens were bathing the feet of the stranger his mind was again tortured by the fear lest Sacontala was destined to pass her life as a priestess. This fear was also removed by the reply that the lovely maiden intended to ally herself with a worthy husband. The turn which the conversation had taken caused Sacontala to frown, and, averting her head, she would have retired had she not been restrained by her companions.

At this point the party were interrupted by a cry from the King's officers, who bade them beware of a wild elephant that had just broken into the forest. The King assuaged the

fear of the ladies, and as they turned to retire, one of the attendants said to him:

"We are ashamed to offer our inadequate hospitality to a guest as a reason for seeing him again."

"Nay," replied the King, "I have received all the honors of a guest from the mere sight of your ladyships."

Sacontala said nothing, but impeded the flight of her friends by complaining that her foot was hurt by a pointed blade of cufa grass, and that her vest of bark was caught by a branch of a vine; a gentle reluctance which the King's love noticed and cherished.

"My own body," he exclaimed sadly, as he moved away, "my own body goes forward, but my heart runs backward like a banner borne against the wind."

Upon the King's return to camp his buffoon, Madhavya, in vain tried to awaken him from the reverie into which he had fallen. The buffoon's jests upon his lord's indifference to the chase only drew from the King an order that his officers should not molest the grove or irritate the holy men.

"Remember," he warned them, "that the sages conceal under their asceticism a vital fire; like a crystal lens that, however cool, emits a burning heat when touched by the rays of the sun."

"But how foolish," urged the clown, changing his mode of attack, "that you who have so many court jewels in your harem should wish to add to them this rustic prize. Truly the cooling tamarind is pleasant after the luscious date."

The unprosperous jests of the buffoon were interrupted by the presence of two Brahmins. Having saluted the King they begged him to enter the asylum of the grove and defend it from evil demons who in the absence of the sacred Canna had invaded its repose. The king listened eagerly; in vain the clown tried to dissuade him from this new temptation; a sacred duty had ranged itself upon the side of desire, and he told the Brahmins that he would comply with their request. They retired, and he was preparing to follow them when a messenger from the Queen Mother was announced. He informed the King that four days hence the ceremony of cherishing the body of a son would take place, and that his presence was most earnestly demanded. The King, after a moment's hesitation, concluded to send the clown in his place, and hastened after the hermits.

After a few twangs from his bow the demons fled, and the King's thoughts recurred to the banks of the stream where he imaged the lovely Sacontala reposing. His steps rapidly followed his fancy, and again unseen he saw the three lovely maidens. But, alas! Sacontala was no longer the blithe creature that he had before beheld her; her neck was bent with languor, and her wasted wrist could endure no heavier bracelet than the stalk of the lotus flower; her comrades sadly whispered to each other the gentle cause of her ungentle malady. Sacontala, at the urgency of her friends, at length, to the delight of the monarch, confessed her affection for the stranger; and, to relieve her heart, pricked upon a lotus-leaf these verses:

"Thy heart, indeed, I know not, but day and night, cruel one, love inflames the limbs of one whose desires are centred in thee."

The King, enchanted at hearing these words, came forward and replied to Sacontala in verses not less affecting:

"Thee, O slender-limbed one, love inflames, but me he consumes; the sun does not cause the lotus flower to fade as utterly as it does the moon."

Sacontala's damsels soon retired, and she was left alone with the King; in her embarrassment she dropped her bracelet, which the King reclapsed upon her wrist. But the royal hand trembled, and the royal eyes were as two flames of fire.

This is not the end of the play, but we trust we have said enough to persuade our readers to hasten and read the story in full whenever they can find it.

Many of the old masters made amusing and curious blunders in their works. Tintoretto represented the "Israelites Gathering Manna," armed with guns. Gigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of Christ with a pair of spectacles on his nose, and Rubens committed the same error in his famous picture of "Mary Anointing the Feet of Christ." In a picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," by Verrio, the spectators are represented as wearing periwigs on their heads. Albert Durer painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel in a flounced dress. The same artist, in a picture of "Peter Denying Christ," introduces a Roman soldier smoking a German pipe. A Flemish picture of the wise men worshipping the infant Christ has one of them depicted in a large white surplice and in boots and spurs. In this incongruous dress he is represented in the act of presenting the child with a model of a Dutch man-of-war. An artist of the same school, in a painting of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, the patriarch, instead of using a knife as described in the Scriptures, is holding a blunderbuss to the head of Isaac. Bellini has pictured the Virgin and Child in the act of listening to a violin; in another picture he has drawn King David playing a harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine. In a French picture of the "Last Supper," the table is ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar lighters. The crowning blunder is shown in a painting of the Garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve are represented in all their primitive simplicity, while in the immediate background appears a hunter in a modern sporting suit in the act of shooting ducks with a gun.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, December 8, 1878.

Oxtail Soup.
Boiled Trout, Genoise Sauce.
Breaded Lamb Chops. Mashed Potatoes.
Baked Egg Plant. Stewed Celery.
Roast Canvas-back Ducks, Currant Jelly.
Cucumber Salad.
Italian Cream and Strawberries.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Figs, Plums, Pears, and Grapes.

TO MAKE OXTAIL SOUP.—Cut one oxtail deeply at the joints. Chip a small slice of salt pork very fine; put into a soup kettle, and when partly cooked add a small onion (chopped). When these have browned put in the oxtail, and fry for ten or fifteen minutes, turning often that it may be evenly browned. Set the kettle off until partly cooled, then pour two quarts of cold water over the contents, and boil slowly for three hours. At the end of this time add a small carrot sliced, part of a root of celery, a couple of springs of parsley, two cloves, and pepper and salt to taste. Boil one hour longer; strain and set away to cool, first putting in several nicely trimmed joints of the oxtail. The next day remove the fat from the soup, heat it thoroughly and serve with one or two joints in each plate.

TO MAKE ITALIAN CREAM.—See Vol. I, No. 12.

INTAGLIOS.

Some Flowers.

Here are the flowers she wore in her hair
At the charity-ball. You remember
You sent them to her with a tender note
One snowy day in December—
Hellebore's purple and roses bloom,
Geranium leaves in their sweetness;
Words of honey and dew and fire,
Love in its fond completeness.
She asked me to send them back to you,
The night that she lay a-dying—
"Too late," she said, "for any return,
Repentance, or replying;
Only he knew that my soul was won,
That his whisper and glance had won it."
You quaffed the sweetness as men will do,
And left the shadow upon it.
Here are the flowers she wore on her breast,
In the stilly coffin lying,
Tuberose with odor of death,
Love and remembrance sighing.
I took them away from her waken hand—
Months have passed since you kissed it;
Up in the country whither she went,
I wonder if she missed it?
So take them back; when women are young,
Before the world's deceiving,
They are ready to trust for the best of life,
In men and in love believing;
But when one drains to the bitter dregs,
Let the coffin-lid close over;
What matter then the faded flowers
Sent by a faithless lover.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Song.

Love came to me with a crown,
I took it and laid it down,
Love came to me and said:
"Wear it upon thy head."
"Tis too heavy, I can not wear it;
I have not strength enough to bear it."
Then my soul's beloved spake,
Saying: "Wear it for my sake."
When lo! the crown of love grew light,
And I wore it in all men's sight.

ELLA DIETZ.

Storm.

Here, where my windows open on the sea,
And white waves darkling under hidden stars,
I hear the breakers, dashed against the scars,
Surge in a barren effort to be free.

The storm swoops hitherward from murky skies;
The rain, blown east on westerling window-panes,
Splashes the casement with its blinding stains,
And down the valley's cleft the pent wind sighs.

What hath the day done that the night should hear
Such loud remorse? What hath the wind to tell?
What secret this upheaved from ocean's hell?
What is God's mandate? Whence is Nature's fear?

Nay—while creation's travail groans like this
We shall not learn God's message; but to-morrow
Gold skies shall glow the brighter for passed sorrow,
And spent sea-tumults calm to meet their kiss.

October.

A haecnal fair, at the edge of the wood
She stands, where the grapes hang ripe and low,
Her crimson bodice is torn aside,
And her soft, pale bosom glows like snow;
Amber buds in her tresses droop;
Her sensuous lips are red and rare,
And carved in a dazzling, treacherous smile;
Her arms and her feet are white and bare;
Her cheeks are stained with the blood of the vine;
A jeweled serpent is on her neck;
Her sleepy eyes are filled with the light
Of baleful heacons in time of wreck.
A Circe of beauty, half-divine,
Yet wholly earthy—a Queen of Wine.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

Two Men.

One was a king, and a wide domain
He ruled as his sires had done;
A wooden hovel, a bed of pain,
Belonged to the other one.
The king was ill, and the world was sad—
But the monarch languished, the monarch died;
The beggar was sick unto death, but he had
No one to watch at his low bedside.
Then under the minster the king was laid,
While o'er him the marbles were piled;
But a shallow grave in the fields was made,
By careless hands for Poverty's child.
But now there are those who profanely declare,
If you opened the tomb and the grave,
You could not distinguish, whatever your care,
The dust of the king and the slave.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

Judge Not.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
How do we know?
Many, like sepulchres, are foul within,
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so.
How o'er to God the souls of such have been,
What mercy secret penitence may win—
How do we know?
How can we tell who have sinned more than we?
How can we tell?
We think our brother walked full guiltily,
Judging him self-righteousness. Ah, well!
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true,
More do they need our help and pity, too;
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day,
God help us all!
We can not walk alone the perfect way;
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.
We are but human and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
God bless us all!

—Attributed to HARRY LARKYNS.

The Gilded Age.

O friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed
To think that now our life is only drest
For show—mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest.
The wealthiest man among us is the best.
No grandeur nor in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, warlike expense—
'Tis his idolatry, and these we adore.
Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone—our peace, our fear, our innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

WORDSWORTH.

HISTORICAL FIBS.

Professor Wheeler recently read a paper before the Yale Alumni Association in which he "exploded" a number of popular historical tales: The famous saying attributed to Louis XIV. of France, "L'état c'est moi," according to Professor Wheeler, was never uttered by Louis at all, but was said by Mazarin twenty years before Louis came to the throne, and said before Mazarin by Queen Elizabeth. Sappho never killed herself by jumping from a rock, but died a natural death. Leonidas fought at Thermopylae, not with only 300 at his back, but with 7,000. The philosopher Diogenes never lived in a tub. The story of the virtues of the Roman matron Lucretia must be rejected, while the story of the Horatii and Curatii is worse than doubtful. The sons of Brutus were not the victims of their father's firmness, but of his brutality. It was utterly impossible for Hannibal to have followed up his victory at Caenae, and the story of his using vinegar to cleave the rocks of the Alps is absurd. So, too, is the story of Cleopatra dissolving a pearl in a goblet of vinegar and drinking up a fortune at one draught. Archimedes never said, "Give me a lever long enough and I will move the world;" nor did he cry out "Eureka!" at any known period of his life or discoveries. Alexandria was never visited by Omar, nor was the Alexandrian library burned. No more did Galileo say: "And yet it moves for all that!" since it is proved from authentic documents that he did not dare to. That Columbus broke the end of an egg and thus confused his mockers is fabulous, as also is the story that he encouraged his followers with brave words when the shores of San Salvador were still out of sight. Richard III., of England, did not kill his brother Clarence, and the story about a butt of Malmsey arose from the fact that the body of Clarence, who died a natural death, was transported from Calais to England in a wine butt. Charles II. never had the body of Cromwell taken from Westminster Abbey and hanged at Tyburn, for the daughter of Cromwell, apprehensive of some such ill-treatment, had her father's corpse secretly removed from the abbey and buried in a quiet churchyard. Milton's daughters could not have consoled their father in his blindness by reading passages from the old authors, for the best of reasons—they did not know how to read. Almost the only story which Professor Wheeler did not succeed in over hrowing is that of the cow that is recorded to have jumped over the moon.

A singular spot is Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos. From all parts of India pious Hindoos come to spend their last days and die, sure of thus obtaining their peculiar form of salvation. All day long, from the earliest dawn till sunset, thousands of people bathe on the steps of the ghats, which run along the river's bank for nearly two miles, in the sure and certain hope that by such ablution their sins are washed clean away. It is an extraordinary sight to sit in a boat and quietly drift with the stream alongside the whole length of this great city, and watch the bathers, who fill up almost the entire line. Men and women are thus piously engaged, and the usual plan is to bring down a plain robe, which they deposit on the stone steps, while they descend into the water in their other robe; and there perform the necessary amount of ablution. While the bathers stand up to their waists in water, devoutly folding their hands in prayer, or shedding offerings of leaves into the running stream from large baskets, the priests are squatting on the shore by scores, each under an enormous umbrella, plaited bamboo some ten or twelve feet in diameter, and each with a continually increasing heap of small coin presented by the bathers—for what purpose we do not know. One of the ghats is called the "burning ghats," where are stacked great piles of wood, and where the boats you see coming down the river with enormous stacks of wood upon them unload their burdens. Here, in the midst of the bathers, the dead are burnt by their sorrowing friends. The body is brought down lashed upon a small hand-bier. If a man, it is wound tightly in white robes, so that every part is covered; if a woman, the robes are red. The body is then plunged over head in the stream, and there left lying in the water, half submerged, while the friends build the funeral pyre. When the pile is half built the body is laid on, and then more wood, and then the torch is applied, and the smoke of the burning soon pours forth in thick, murky volumes. When the wood is burned, all the parts of the body that are left unconsumed are thrown into the Ganges, down which they float till the birds and fishes finish what the fire leaves undone. This cremation goes on daily, and during one short visit, before breakfast, we saw six funeral fires lighted, but did not feel called upon to watch the entire destruction of the several pyres.

The ways in which babies are dressed and "tended" in different countries would make quite an interesting study for our young folks if they only stopped to think about it. The Greenland baby is dressed in furs and carried in a sort of pocket in the back of his mother's cloak. When she is very busy and does not want to be bothered with him, she digs a hole in the snow and covers him up all but his face and leaves him there until she is ready to take care of him again. The Hindoo baby hangs in a basket from the roof, and is taught to smoke long before he learns to walk. Among the Western Indians the poor tots are tied fast to a board, and have their heads flattened by means of another board fastened down over their foreheads. In Lima the little fellow lies all day in a hammock swung from a tree top, like the baby in the nursery song. In Persia he is dressed in the most costly silks and jewels, while in Yucatan a pair of sandals and a straw hat are thought to be all the clothing he needs. The contented-looking little one is a German baby. His limbs are carefully wrapped in folds of cloth, because his mamma thinks that is the way to make him grow straight; then he is tightly pinned up in a pillow made expressly for him; the case is drawn over his little feet and fastened in place with bright-colored ribbons. Made up into this curious bundle, his nurse can toss him about without the least danger of hurting him or bumping his head.

The "Columbarium" in the new cemetery at Gotha has been completed. The town authorities have decided that the coffins for cremation are not to measure more than seven feet four inches in length, thirty inches in width, and twenty-nine in height. The urns to be placed in the Columbarium are not to be more than thirty-two inches in height and seventeen in diameter. The expense of cremation of each body will amount to about \$6.

A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, \$5."

SCENERY AND SCENE PAINTING.

Writing from Paris "Spiridon" says: I give you below a curious example of the pains taken by our theatres to secure the success of new pieces. Compare it with the helter-skelter way in which new plays are brought out by your theatres, where it is not uncommon to see—however that is none of my business. Some persons think that scene painting is an independent art; that the manager of a theatre, after reading a manuscript play, sends for his scene-painter and says: "The scene is laid in such a place, at such a time; make me a sketch fulfilling these conditions." Thereupon the scene-painter gives reins to his imagination and makes a palace or a temple as his fancy pleases. Persons who hold these opinions are mistaken. The manager, or, when the author is experienced in dramatic matters, the author arranges the scenery to suit with the requirements of the play. So far from giving the reins to the scene painter, he says to the latter: "My characters enter here, leave there. The interest of the dialogue requires that they should step so many paces from this piece of scenery to that piece of scenery. You must place here a break in the ground against which my characters shall stumble, or behind which they may hide. I do not want you to paint scenery which shall of itself be beautiful; your first, greatest care must be to paint scenery which, while pleasing the eye (if possible), must above all things contribute to bring out the salient points of my play to which I may call attention." You should hear the discussions which take place upon the sketch when the scene-painter brings it to the manager's office. Manager, author, stage-manager, all the actors, examine it in every detail, manuscripts in hand, and insist upon changes here, or changes there. The actor must in the fourth act rush forward furiously on the stage; how can he do so if the door be too far back, if he meet this or that obstacle in the way? The unhappy scene-painter in vain urges that this obstacle placed there delights the eye and adds beauty to the landscape. The author replies that the play was not written for the landscape, but the landscape was painted for the play, that the most beautiful scenery is that which gives most effect to the play. A former manager of the Odéon, and a very skillful manager he was, talked with me one day upon the necessity of subordinating scenery to action. He said: "Scenery must be merely the humble servant of action. All its office is to figure action and make action as sensible to the eyes as dialogue makes it sensible to the mind." He gave me a curious example of the truth of this remark. He determined to bring out Alfred de Musset's *Carmosine*. "Carmosine" made her appearance in the fifth scene of the first act, while her father was talking with an old friend about her and about the disease which was undermining her constitution rapidly; so that when she appeared in the garden, her father showed tender uneasiness about her. She was to say: "Well, father, are you uneasy? You look at me with surprise. You did not expect to see me up, did you?" "Tis I, nevertheless. Don't you recognize me?" "Were these sentences to be uttered rapidly, all in one breath, in a coaxing tone, and ended by a kiss? This manner was tried. It was thought cold. The actress, who was to play the part, suggested that it would be best to enter slowly, like a convalescent who walked languidly, and to repeat so slowly each sentence that when she uttered the last phrase: "Don't you recognize me?" she had reached her father's side and held out her brow for him to kiss. This manner was tried, and it proved as unsatisfactory as the first. The manager and all the actors were astonished to see a dialogue, which was so charming when read, utterly fail of effect when performed. Thereupon the manager had a very ingenious idea. He supposed that the chamber from which Carmosine came, and which necessarily looked on the garden, had steps by which persons came from the chamber to the garden. When Carmosine entered, she leaned on the balustrade, and addressing her father from this distance, said: "Well, father, are you uneasy? You look at me with surprise?" She then began to go down the steps. She went down one step: "You did not expect to see me up," she went down another step: "Did you?" "Tis I," she went down the last step: "nevertheless," she walked to her father—"don't you"—and when she stood by his side—"recognize me?"—and held out her brow to be kissed. Why did the manager ask the scene-painter for these steps going from Carmosine's chamber to the garden? Was his intention to delight the eyes by this break in the landscape? Not a bit of it. He translated De Musset's dialogue to the eyes. He made the dialogue's impression deeper. Suppose this detail, which he had voluntarily added, had spoiled the proportion and beauty of the lines which the scene-painter had imagined, the manager would nevertheless have been right; for the object sought was not to place before the public scenery beautiful in itself, but to give reality, embodiment to the poet's idea by means of scenery.

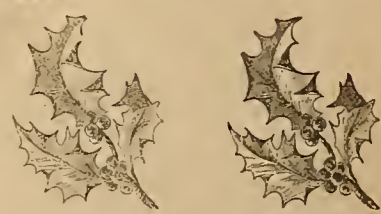
The war has begun in good earnest. The correspondents accompanying the English column that is moving into Afghanistan are already writing back about grapes that are larger than walnuts. This is the correspondent's tactics. He begins to lie about the things he sees, and then it is only two or three days before he is ready to lie about a battle that lasted all day, and resulting in the slaughter of 239,675 3/6 of the enemy and "the death of two of our pickets." And he usually tries to convey the impression that one of these pickets died of old age.

We have heard but one adverse criticism on Wilhelm since he reached this country. A West Hill man heard him play in Cleveland, and says, "he don't put enough rosin on his bow." In the midst of the warm showers of praise that have been rained upon him, this must fall on the heart of the great fiddler like a snow storm in August.

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He who boasts of his lineage, boasts of that which does not belong to him.

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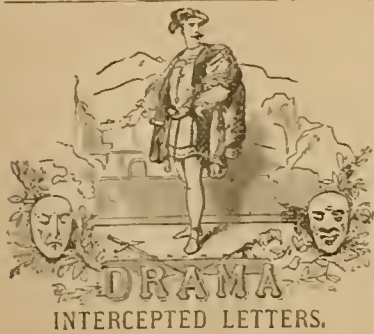
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DRAMA
INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 6, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE.—Did you ever go to a variety show? I know you frown darkly upon that sort of thing, but then I admire cleverness wherever I find it, and I really have seen a little of it in a variety troupe. It was not high art, but it was amusing. I thought we might at least pass a jolly hour with the Josh Hart troupe, so Jack and I very foolishly wended our way to the Standard on the opening night. The place was crowded. The theatre is small, the night was warm. We were obliged to make our way through a solid wedge of perspiring humanity. At first I tried to walk through, but soon found myself lifted off my feet and wafted through the phalanx, which closed in a way that promised hopelessly for exit. What that audience suffered during that miserable evening can not be told in words; that is to say, I can not tell it in my own words. But the air around me was blue with a language singularly terse and perspicuous, and which expressed the case so exactly that I am sure I did not take it down. How I missed the Surprise Party, the little boblinks, and rubins, and sparrows, the pretty girls, and the lively music, when the curtain rose on one of those bare, spare set-dressed negro minstrelsy. The laughable sketch dragged through and made way for Mr. Dave Reed, who plays a bone solo furly. He was followed by the inevitable pair of Irishmen in a Dutch act. I have seen many Irishmen in Dutch eccentricities; in fact, it seems sometimes as if the whole variety stage is held by young Irish lads; but I have never yet seen a genuine Dutchman in an Irish act. Funny, isn't it? Murphy and Shannon went through the usual performance. Kicked the floor till they raised a big dust, conversed with the orchestra leader in that charmingly facetious style which is so amusing to those on the stage and so infelicitously tiresome to those in front, accepted their encores with the usual alacrity, and retired in favor of Miss Helene Smith, the Empress of Song and Dance. I thought the Empress was about to give a black-rope performance, she was so exact a copy of that type of performers. She was arrayed in a black velvet, in black velvet, and wore a pair of silver gossies—why, I can not say; perhaps some time in the hazy future she may intend to attempt a clog dance. She frisked around a little after each stanza this time, it is true, but she can not be said to have danced. Exit Empress, enter Fostelle and Armstrong. I do not often express an extreme opinion, but I think Mr. H. Armstrong has about as little talent as any one I have ever seen attempt to entertain an audience. As for Fostelle, his dancing is wonderfully good. He may not quite approach the premiere *assault* in grace and finish, but is better than half the seconds. But he has that excessively disagreeable familiarity with the audience; he is inexcusably vulgar, and he sings like a screech-owl. We did get something good after all. Mr. Frank Bush, a young actor of the Sol Smith Russell school, presented two or three sketches which were really admirable, especially his imitation of Denman Thompson in *Joshua* II *himself*. It really seemed that that wholesome old Yankee must have come back again, he looked so natural in the familiar place. Then Bobby Newcomb's dancing was very good. Fancy a man growing old under such a name as Bobby! Bobby, I may remark in passing, has a temper. Every one else struggled with the musical difficulties with the patience of a saint, but Bobby evinced a most unmistakable and, apparently, almost irresistible desire to punch the orchestra leader's head. I believe the whole audience would have risen simultaneously to assist him if he had carried out his amiable intention, for no other orchestra man's head was ever more in need of that salutary process. But I could not help admiring the man's *sang froid*. He fiddled away with exasperating calmness, out of time, out of tune, blissfully oblivious of all the performers, who clipped their hands for faster, or tried to slow him up, or called "louder" or "piano" all in vain. I came to the conclusion that he must be a trance musician. He played just badly enough to be under spiritual inspiration. I wonder where variety women learn to sing. The Richmond sisters, dressed of course in boys' clothes, first in white satin, and afterwards in red, and with their faces made up in that exaggerated style which ballet girls' most affect, fared us with a specimen of the voice. It was very distressing. They got out of breath, and every one in the audience got out of breath, in sympathy. But they struggled manfully through two verses, while we all sighed like furnaces in trying to catch a breath. Poor girls, they dance rather neatly, but it was not to be envied, yet the feeling grew stronger every moment that one of them, and I am certain I did not get my breath for five minutes. Miss Jennie Engle almost took it away again when she dashed upon the scene in *de pin*, and commenced a song in an exaggerated *fortissimo*. She goes for the gods, and gives them popular sentiment in cheap motto songs whose main characteristic is their extreme length. She gave us the Chinese question, Beecher, the New City Hall. She is the most gorgeous St. Cecilia I ever saw. She has a voice like a war trumpet, and she uses it as such. The audience was abashed, awed, stunned. They applauded because they did not dare not to, and she responded with a readiness which did not add any foolishness. She gave us a little touch of pain then at the time—gave us Washington's war—the D. D. war, took the American flag from the flag and waved it around her but did not give us the real effect, and I make it a warning sheet, for she is said to have appeared the next night as the first as ever. Well, Madge, I will spare you any more about the variety troupe, and tell you about the *Princess of Trebizonde*. I am sure I never quite missed little Drew or John Howson till now, but as an offset Lulu Stevens is infinitely preferable either to Nellie Larkle, or to that acme of stupidity, Rose Temple, and the chorus girls are really pleasant to look upon and quite agreeable to listen to. Mrs. Oates has a brand new cold, and was obliged to omit

much of her music. She looks trim as "Prince Raphael," and capers around very nimbly. I think the little woman has cultivated herself for broaches parts lately, and takes unkindly to petticoats. Mr. Beverly as "Tremolini" was very much beruffled, and looked as big as Gog or Macog. He forbore to turn any somersaults. It was impossible to widen the stage on short notice, and we were obliged to accept him for a clown on circumstantial evidence. The choruses are very pretty in this opera, and were encored as of old, but the hunters had not that sylvan look which proper costuming would give them. They looked rather like half-clad courtiers than hunters. Even Mrs. Oates was careless in her costume in this scene, and the pretty and very becoming green hunting suit was missing. Mr. Meade as the romantic "Paola" was rather amusing. Mr. Taylor, whose humor is decidedly peculiar, reveled in puns and gags to his heart's content. The juvenile pleasure which he takes in his puns is something extraordinary, and some of them are so awfully bad. He must be a very bewildering sort of a person to act with, for he constructs a libretto of his own with every opera, and seems innocent of euc in any situation. We are to have the *Sultan of Mocha* next; rather a shabby name for an *opera bouffe*, it strikes me, considering the license it implies, but who can tell when simple "Sweet Marjoram" developed so very peculiar a plot, in which the little nidal maiden is given such immense advantage in the choice of husbands. *A prospect* of shady plots, have you heard of the production of *Haiti qui quit maly pense*? It is a most extraordinary *melange*. English people of condition are set up at housekeeping with a man-servant and maid-servant, the one a wild Irishman, the other heaven knows what. The ladies go out to do a little shopping—a peculiarly American transaction. No one ever saw such a buying of rings and earrings excepting at Christmas time. "Sir Leicester Hastings" inspects his wife's bundles when she leaves the apartment for a moment. In fact, this dignified English nobleman is a regular "spook." Now, Madge, fancy the humblest, most frugal American pulling over his wife's handkerchiefs and hose to see what she has bought when she goes shopping! The lady of the house has a violent quarrel with the maid-servant. This is about the most spirited scene of the play. Think of Rose Wood and James O'Neill being obliged to act this sort of stuff! Imagine Rose Wood, who has played "Agnes," and "Marie," and the *Santoga* belle, whatever her name was, and a dozen other beautiful parts, being obliged to do the tragic over a fructuous maid-servant who would go out without leave! To what a pass have we come when servant-girlism is the basis of a drama. To be sure, there is a lot of loose jewelry floating about, but the entire superstructure rests, after all, upon two domesticities. There are servants and servants. A "Madame Hortense," as played by a Janaschek, is something to see, but "Watkins," as played by a Miss May Hart, is too much. Somehow, Madge, notwithstanding my experience, I can be humbugged by seeing a name in capital letters. I saw Miss May Hart's name in letters half a foot long when she arrived, and my childish belief in capitals revived. I fondly expected that she might be able to do something, but I found—another amateur. What an amateur asylum the place has become. I can not say whether or not Miss De Ferret belongs in this roll, but I think not. Miss Prescott, however, is an amateur, but talented; Miss Cobb is an amateur but promising; Miss Grace Pierce is an amateur with all the elocutionary mannerisms of the girls of the San Francisco High School. What a soft, pretty eye she has when one gets near enough to the stage to see it. I think she will come out some day if she does not fall into the primness which was fatal to Carrie Wyatt. At Baldwin's we have Miss Kate Corcoran, who is really an amateur but shows no traces of it. In fact, this lady lounges about the stage with wondrous self-possession. It may be a little less languor would be becoming. Every chair becomes to her a sleepy hollow, and every chair-back a prop. She has a nice taste, Miss Corcoran, not only in dress, but in the playing of little parts. The fates may be thanked that there will be no more debutantes and no new plays. They are simply bones, however charitable one may feel. As for *Honi soit qui maly pense*, if it be regarded as a good Spanish comedy the Spanish are easily amused. Why then would not Spain be a good field for these unfortunate commonwealth troupes. Why should not all the unemployed local talent migrate to Spain since Australia is overrun? Clara Morris comes back next week with *Conscience*, a play in which Kate Salamander Claxton once made quite a hit. But Clara Morris played it afterward in Brooklyn, and, as Jack says, "walked all around Kate." They have engaged Samuel Piercy to strengthen the cast, and I suppose there will be a grand crush on the opening night. Meantime we lose Miss Cavendish. I for one am sorry, although I can not get as many people to agree with me on the subject as I should like. They have developed a new tragedian up at the California in the person of Mr. Charles Welles, who, I suppose, came third or fourth, or something like that, in the company. He makes a very fair "Orlando" for he is trim, good looking, and speaks well. "Romeo" taxed him a little more. I think that like many young actors he has the Barrett fever. I recognized a few familiar inflections. He played the part not badly, although he let his ardor carry him away too soon in the stronger passages. Mrs. Cavendish is too mature looking for "Juliet," and she is not a tragedienne, but she makes a mad, merry, witching romp of "Rosalind," and I am quite sure she will be a delightful "Beatrice." How odd it seemed to see any one else than Harry Edwards as the "melancholy Jacques." I am not quite certain but that I prefer Barton Hill. Miss Cavendish will be followed by Chanfrau in *Kitt*. Picture the difference! I shall be obliged to devote myself to Clara Morris and the *Princess of Trebizonde*. One is sure of a little fun at the latter performance for those three English comedians are very clever in their way and the choruses are exceptionally good. Somehow I found it easier to make Jack take me there than anywhere else. Adieu.

Yours faithfully,
BETSY B.

This is the centennial week of the Oates Opera Bouffe season at the Bush Street Theatre. Wednesday last the one hundredth performance was given, on which occasion a satin and gold souvenir of the event was presented to each lady in attendance. So great has been the demand for them since that a souvenir matinee will be given to-day, with the *Princess of Trebizonde* as a bill, each lady receiving a programme in satin and gold. Next Monday, for the first time in America, Alfred Cellier's grand spectacular opera bouffe, *Sultan of Mocha*, will be presented, with new dresses from London, and new and gorgeous scenery by Graham. This opera will be the holiday attraction at the Bush Street.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

MY DEAR EM.—Have you been to Mrs. Koerner's lately? You will be charmed to see the changes made there recently. The store has been considerably enlarged by the moving of the embroidery parlor closer to the front window, and also improved in appearance by its tasteful arrangement within and without. The space gained is to be filled with a large stock of elegant goods, now on their way from Europe and Japan. Some samples of the former are already displayed, in Bohemian glassware, toilet sets, vases, etc., that promise fine things for the coming holidays. Many of the handsomest were sold before I had fairly touched the shelves, which goes to show the taste that selected them. Of all these will be duplicated in a few days. There will be every description of carved wood-work, brackets, and boxes among the incoming pretty things. Christmas is being provided for by all manner of fancy work, for the fashioning of which Mrs. Koerner's fingers are famous: toilet boxes in silk and satin—suitable gifts, by the way, for either male or female friends—soft and toilet cushions, bags, smoking caps, slippers, mats, and tidies; in short, everything that can be made with the needle. Mrs. Koerner is also agent for Madame Demorest's patterns, and you know without telling what her own patterns are for embroidery and monograms—the handsomest in town. A new artist has arisen among us, a Miss Emily Ryder, an English lady, and a pupil of the Government Art School at Kensington, from which she brings the highest diplomas for excellence in portrait, landscape, and porcelain painting; crayons, water-colors, and the decoration of tiles; and special qualifications for the teaching of all. Besides a large number of original pictures, and copies of famous masters (her own work), she brings several fine landscape and marine views in water-colors by Mrs. Hume, and some heads—exceedingly strong bits of work—by Miss Kip, both famous English artists. These are for sale at Miss Ryder's new studio, No. 26½ Kearny Street. Such pretty things as there are at Mayer's, 213 Kearny Street, in the way of gold and silver filagree jewelry, bouquet holders, lace pins, and so on, and one set of the queerest and quaintest bit of Chinese carving, a pin and earrings out from the back of a crane and mounted in gold, the color a rich amber, and the design a cluster of flowers—the prettiest oddity I have seen lately. Admirers of California products will find this store the headquarters for California diamonds. Love & Goldstein, at the same number, are doing a rushing business in candies. Their caramels, candied fruits and nuts, are fit for the gods, and there is a genuine candy pull there every night of the week, the results of which are given away in samples the next day. They have put down the price of molasses candy to 25c. a pound. My godsons, Billings, Harbourn & Co., evidently mean to win the sweet goddess, Success, by a bold coup rather than by slow and timorous advances. Their two stores, now thrown into one and connected by a graceful archway, are filled with new and enticing goods of every description. The Russian leather goods counter is a special favorite, and there are novelties without end there and at the stationery department, where I saw some of the prettiest card-writing and fancy printing imaginable. New books come so thick and fast I can not begin to particularize, but go and see for your self. By the way, I hear it said that this store is the headquarters of all the pretty girls in town who are seeking for Christmas gifts in their line. It certainly looks like it, and when the new department for perfumes and other toilet accessories is fully established it will be still more so. Since I last wrote I have had many a delightful half hour at Lawton's, where there are hosts of Christmas novelties. I like the systematic way in which everything is arranged there. Have you noticed it? Down the east side of the store are the elegant tea sets, ice pitchers, Danish terra cotta, Wedgwood, Copeland, Minton, and Royal Worcester wares, the Galvani bronzes and French clocks; on the west, Webb's ornamental and table glass, artistic faience of images, Doulton and Lambeth, Whatcombe, terra cotta, bronze, Parian and Belgian ware, and those lovely clocks with the cathedral chimies. On the north end are the Bohemian glass goods, *jardiniere*s, Venetian mirrors, Choisy le Roy palaces, vases from Dresden, and Weissen, and Corinth ewers. There, too, you will find two dishes made for Frederick the Great. They are an excellent match for the new Dresden sets. Mr. Lawton has just received. At the southern extremity of the store are Japanese porcelains, engraved glass in ruby and crystal, the Gian and Longny faience, Sarreguinee desert ware, Harlequin sets, Cloisonne enamels, Lucca della Robbia, Nancy ware, and Vergeon cups and vases. There is also something very beautiful as well as entirely new in the glassware ornamented with delicate sprays of flowers in white enamel; it divides my artistic affections with the iridescent glass, the making of which is one of the lost arts revived, and that you can get here in every possible shape, from a soap bubble paper-weight to elaborate vases. Don't you recollect the room in the Danish section at the Centennial, that was filled with the Copenhagen Terra Cotta? Mr. Lawton has some dainty bits of it. It is the finest made, and its manufacture is under Government supervision. "More finally," as Emery Ann says, Mr. Lawton is having prepared a concise little manual of Keramics, which will contain a deal of information in a small space, and which is to be elegantly gotten up by Bancroft. It will be given away, too, to patrons and friends. Mr. Meyers, of 825 Capp Street, still wears the belt, as the fighting men say, as the champion Koumiss maker of the Pacific Coast, as he was the original introducer of it here, and the only genuine purveyor of that delicious beverage. One need only look at Mr. Meyers himself to be convinced of its efficacy, as he is his own best proof. Mrs. Meyers is making an equal reputation for herself as a compounder of the most palatable of blackberry brandy, that is so welcome a cordial in sickness. You won't think you have had your just dues if you hear nothing of the Diamond Palace this week. Colonel Andrews is surpassing himself in beautiful novelties for Christmas tide, in which diamonds, in every form of setting and for every possible ornament, as usual take the lead. Moreover, he has never, he tells me himself, sold these gems at so low a figure as this season. A fine pair of solitaires can be bought at the "Palace" for \$25, and you can spend \$5,000 on a pair if you like that better. The sapphire breastpin, surrounded by a double row of diamonds, gets numbers of admirers. It is said to be the finest stone of its kind on the coast. Turquoises in various combinations, with silver, with diamonds, and in plain gold, are the rage of the hour, and the Colonel's collection of these lovely gems is a rare treat. Sixty-five pairs of diamond bracelets. What do you think of that for one item of a collection equally large in every other direction? *Au revoir*. LILIAS DUBOIS.

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CLARA MORRIS,

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BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

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S. W. LEACH,

By his musical friends of San Francisco, at PLATT'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, December 9.

The following ladies and gentlemen have kindly volunteered their services: THE SCHMIDT QUINTET, Miss Alice Schmidt, Mr. Louis Schmidt, Mr. Louis Schmidt Jr., Mr. Clifford Schmidt, Mr. Ernest Schmidt, Mr. D. O'Connell, Mr. Alfred Kelleher, Mr. E. Schlott, the Glee and Madrigal Society, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mrs. J. E. Tippet, Mrs. Maggie Pearce, Mrs. Blake-Alverson, Miss Ida Beutler, Miss Emma Beutler, Mr. B. Clark, Mr. S. D. Mayer, Mr. J. E. Tippet, Mr. W. C. Campbell, Mr. C. W. Dungan, Mr. W. S. Edwards. Accompanists—Mr. G. T. Gee and Mr. H. O. Hunt. Tickets, \$1, may be had at the Music Stores. Reserved seats, without extra charge, can be secured at Gray's Music Store on the day of Concert.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Life of Alexander H. Stephens. By Johnston and Browne. Cloth.....\$3 50
India and her Neighbors. By W. P. Andrew. Cloth 7 50
Oratory and Orators. By William Matthews. Cloth 2 00
The Leavenworth Case. A novel. By A. K. Green. Cloth.....1 50
Pleasant Spots around Oxford. By Alfred Rimmer. Cloth.....1 00
A Face Illumined. A novel. By Rev. E. P. Roe. Cloth.....1 50
Angelo, the Circus Boy. By Frank Sewall. Cloth. 1 00
Apple Blossoms. Poems. By E. and D. K. Goodale. The Normans in Europe. Epoch Series. By A. H. Johnson. Cloth.....1 00
Lindsay's Lack. By Mrs. Burnett. Paper.....30
Prescription Writing. By M. D. Mann. Cloth.....1 00
Handbook of Nursing for Family and General Use. It is the Fashion. Star Series. Cloth.....1 00
New Books, Juveniles, Games, and Stationery.

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

NO. 3 MONTGOMERY STREET.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Seal-skin Sacques, Satchels, etc.

The seal-skin sacques of same length as the Dohlman is the favorite this season. It is owing to the fact that they may be made to fit closer at the back, which gives the whole costume a more elegant appearance. The Dohlman is however selected by many ladies for the general air of comfort it presents. In this day of neatly-fitting costumes in which the graceful is the one prominent feature, we may predict that the seal paletot will assume complete sway for at least one or two seasons. The Dohlman, however, being a roomy garment places one more at ease within its ample folds. The sleeves are so large that perfect freedom of the arms is the result. No winter costume is more elegant in appearance than a complete suit of furs, embracing hat, paletot, or Dohlman, and the muff, and not forgetting that necessary article with ladies while shopping, viz: the satchel. We noted with the various styles in furs at the establishment of H. Liebes & Co., furriers, No. 113 Montgomery Street, a handsome assortment of seal-skin satchels. These satchels are made entirely of seal-skin, intended to match the sacque or Dohlman, and certainly after having seen this elegant article no one can be said to be completely dressed without one of these satchels, who appears in furs. It is lined with satin, has fur-handles, and is trimmed with nickel. The prices are very low, and withal the article is so elegant that we are not surprised that this firm are selling them very fast to their many patrons. In fact they have become quite a rage, and the purchaser of the seal sacque does not forget the satchel with the other furs. These satchels appear in all sizes, and are manufactured by the above-mentioned firm at prices that are much lower than they can be imported, so that in this item we feel that we have given to our lady readers something that will interest the purchaser of furs.

Switzerland—Its Mountains and Valleys.

The above is the title to a new and superbly illustrated work now on the counters of Messrs. A. Roman & Co. The work is magnificently bound in cloth, gilt, and morocco, and contains over four hundred illustrations. The richly-illustrated volumes of the past seasons, entitled "Italy," "India," and "Spain," are excelled in the present volume, not only by the real interest of the subject, but also in the profusion and variety of its pictorial attractions. The silvery peaks and blue lakes of Switzerland, with her mighty storm winds that sweep across the glaciers, and shake the bald tops of the ancient forests, and send to the valleys her mighty avalanches, have been portrayed by poet's pen and artist's pencil with immortality. Switzerland has long since won the hearts of her own people, and fascinated with her grand scenery thousands of travelers from foreign lands. So beautiful and sublime is the Alpine scenery that authors and artists have combined their labors to transfer them to paper, to render them permanent, and within the reach of all the lovers of the beauties of nature. The result appears in the magnificent gift volume entitled "Switzerland." No pains or expense has been spared in the completion of this magnificent work, and the happy buyer will have secured a treasure in art and literature who adds it to his library. Besides this elegant work we note also as gift volumes, "Italy," "India," and "Spain," uniform with the above; also The Rhine illustrated, Goethe, Herman and Dorothea, Don Quixote illustrated by Doré; also Bryant's Library of Poetry, and the Yellowstone National Park, illustrated by Prang, French pictures with pencil and pen, and the School Boy, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Photographs from Original Paintings by Kaulbach.

Kaulbach, the great German artist, has illustrated the works of Goethe and Schiller. The attempt has been made to portray the idea of the artist in producing the female characters described in the works of Germany's greatest poets. The muse of Goethe appears in angelic form floating in the air before him, while Goethe sinks to his knees in admiration and reverence before her. "Iphigenia" is portrayed as in the act of restraining her fury haunted brother while gently barring his advance upon his supposed enemies, by disclosing that she is his sister whose death he has mourned. "Gretchen" is represented on her way to church, when Faust sees her passing, and seems amazed at the vision of such beauty and innocence. Gretchen Mater Dolorosa is represented bowed down in the agony of remorse before Michael Angelo's pathetic group of the Pieta. The illustration of Helena represents Faust in the act of kissing Helena, while Euphorion with the lyre is springing upwards, and Mephistopheles in the background leaning on the picture of happiness. "Herman and Dorothea" are painted while on their way to his father's house. Her foot slips—she falls into his arms, breast to breast, cheek against cheek. They remain one brief moment, while he merely supports her, and not daring to press her fondly and protectingly to him. These elegant copies of the originals are to be seen at J. B. Gelly's establishment, No. 31 Kearny Street, with many other choice copies from the masters.

Auction Sale of Books.

The immense sale of books at auction at Bartlett's establishment, 3 Dupont Street, still continues unabated, while the prices are a terrible sacrifice compared with former rates. Among the many volumes being sold every night may be mentioned the following: Beecher's Life of Christ, in various styles of binding; Lossing's First Century of the United States; Lossing's History of the Civil War, in three volumes; Woman in Battle, Johnston's narrative; Miracles of Jesus, illustrated; Women in Sacred History, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Bible History and Sacred Biography, illustrated Bible Lands, good novels, a collection of the best English and French novelists in one large octavo; uniform with the latter, select novels and choice reading; The Uncivilized Races of Man, Personal History of U. S. Grant, Unwritten History, by Joaquin Miller. A full collection of bibles and albums also, and an extensive assortment of Juveniles; of the latter may be mentioned Children of the Abbey, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Gulliver's Travels, Pilgrim's Progress, etc. All the standard poets and works of historians are also being sold.

Yosemite Art Gallery, finest photographs, reduced prices, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

Go to the Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda.

Yosemite Art Gallery, 26 Montgomery Street.

Try E. H. Hubbard's Parisian Cream for the complexion. 923 Market Street.

DIAMONDS.

The most attractive assortment of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC.,

And Novelties, for the selection of wedding and other presents, at

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.'S,

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.

No. 136 SUTTER STREET.

IMMENSE REDUCTION
IN SILVERWARE.

SOLID STERLING SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS,

Of our own manufacture, at \$1.40 per oz.,

THIS BEING MUCH LOWER THAN THEY EVER HAVE BEEN SOLD.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AT LOWEST RATES.

SEAL SKIN CLOAKS.

Just received, a large assortment of

SEAL SKIN SACQUES,

Very elegantly finished, and will be sold exceedingly cheap at

SULLIVAN'S,

120 KEARNY STREET.

DIAMONDS OF RARE PERFECTION

In single stones, and carefully matched pairs, set and unset.

EMERALDS, RUBIES, AND SAPPHIRES,

AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE

AT UNEXCEPTIONABLY LOW RATES.

BRAVERMAN & LEVY,

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

From London and Paris.

H. B. Slaven, of the Baldwin Pharmacy, resident agent in Paris and London, is in a position to obtain and retail to his numerous patrons all the English and French toilet articles at very low rates. He has just received a splendid assortment of fine hair brushes, combs, etc., and elegant fancy goods suitable for holiday trade. The very latest novelties in French perfumery and toilet articles for ladies and gents may here be obtained, as Mr. Slaven is constantly being posted in all the French and English novelties in this department. Ladies who desire something new in toilet articles will do well to call upon Mr. Slaven and examine his recent importations in this class of goods.

We stopped a lady friend the other day on Geary Street, and inquired as to the unusual excitement we observed. She replied: "It is an open secret. The people of San Francisco have found a place to buy their Christmas goods cheaper than they have dared to dream of, and it's such a nice place! In fact all the latest novelties in fancy goods, card board mottoes, chromos, paperies, toys, and almost everything in the holiday line. The place is easily found. It is at 27 Geary Street, and is kept by A. S. Spence & Co., and they show you all the goods with the greatest of pleasure.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

For the finest photographs at reduced prices go to T. H. Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

The finest assortment of bronze and marble statuettes, with an endless variety of fancy articles suitable for holiday presents, can be found at Anderson & Randolph's, corner of Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

CALIFORNIA
SPOOL SILK

TESTIMONIAL.

Referring to certain advertisements recently published derogatory to the quality of

CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK,

We beg to offer the following testimonial from the largest dealers in the city.

CALIFORNIA SILK MFG CO.

We, the undersigned, hereby state that we have sold the CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK for a number of years, and have found it to give entire satisfaction.

We recommend it to the public as equal in quality to any silk in this market, of either Foreign or Eastern manufacture. [Signed.] DOANE & HENSHELWOOD, No. 1 Montgomery Street.

FRATINGER & NOLL, 10 to 14 Montgomery Street.

F. CHESTER & CO., 34 to 36 Montgomery. KAINDLER & CO., Ville de Paris, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

J. SAMUELS, 28 Kearny Street.

THE WHITE HOUSE, J. W. Davidson & Co., corner Kearny and Post Streets.

S. MOSGROVE & CO., 114 and 116 Kearny.

THE LACE HOUSE, D. Samuels, 104 to 108 Kearny Street.

BUYER, REICH & CO., 129 Kearny Street.

S. BINE, 130 Kearny Street.

LANDERS & GILMORE, 132 Kearny St.

SULLIVAN'S CLOAK & SUIT HOUSE, 220 Kearny Street.

THE SILK HOUSE, Samuel Leszynski & Bro., 120 Kearny Street.

B. SCHONWASSER & CO., 222 Kearny St.

JACOB & GLASS, 226 Kearny Street.

P. B. KENNEDY, 232 Kearny Street.

O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO., 111 to 115 Post Street.

O'NEILL, KENNEDY & STUART, 875 Market Street.

C. CURTIN, 911 Market Street.

J. J. O'BRIEN & CO., 924 to 928 Market St.

O'DWYER & EINHORN, 36 and 38 Third Street.

PEINOTTO & SILVERMAN, 42 to 46 Third Street. And hundreds of others.

EUREKA STONE MFG CO.

EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.

FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

PALMER BROS.

726 TO 734 MARKET ST.,

Have a full assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING Goods, Toilet Articles, Corsets, Embroideries, French and Valenciennes Laces, a fine assortment of Veilings and Ruchings, and the largest stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

And the best stock of

BOYS' CLOTHING AND HATS & CAPS

In the city.

GEORGE BARSTOW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 309 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING—OPHIR SIL-

ver Mining Company.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Silver Mining Company will be held on Wednesday, December 17th, 1875, at one o'clock p. m., at the office of the Company, No. 293 Bush Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close on Saturday, December 17th, at 12 o'clock p. m.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

SANTAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1875, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of January, 1876, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1876, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE

INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 67.—The monthly dividend for November will be paid, on December 10, at their office, Nos. 218 and 223 Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, S.

San Francisco, December 5, 1875.

SCRIPTURAL QUOTATIONS.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—There should be a "Professor of Biblical Literature" connected with every important journal, to revise the Scriptural allusions and quotations. An editor may be mighty in politics and great in literature, and yet not very well-versed in the writings of St. Paul. Even the ARGONAUT sometimes trips up. For instance, in the last number, in the opening paragraph, is this sentence: "Solomon foolishly exalted his wisdom above his shekels, and handed himself down to an immortality of ridicule when he declared that money is the root of all evil." Now, in the first place, no one in Scripture ever said this. The declaration of Holy Writ is: "For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." This is a truth which we ink no one will deny. If one will walk down California Street, and listen to the weeping and wailing resulting from "the love of money," he will conclude that the "piercing themselves through with many sorrows" was a prophecy. In the second place, this was not by Solomon, but by St. Paul, in his Epistle to St. Timothy (*Chap. vi, 10*). And he adds, also: "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Alas, how true! Solomon's practical view is: "Money answereth all things" (*Ecc. x, 10*). K.

We have heard of an Englishman who went abroad with the design of taking an extensive tour on the continent, but who was diverted from his purpose by finding himself so comfortable on board a certain canal boat in Belgium, that he went no further; preferring to be a duly passenger in the boat, which went and returned between certain limits on alternate days. There is more than one version to this story, which we believe to be founded on fact. It seems to be agreed that the gentleman started on his intended tour in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo; that he landed at Ostend with the design of pushing on to Brussels, and that the canal boat which arrested his progress was one that plied between Bruges and Ghent; starting one day at Ghent, and the other at Bruges. According to one account which we have heard, the lady did in question went abroad not only to see foreign lands, but in the hope of meeting many illustrious personages and distinguished characters, which will account for his making for Brussels in 1815. Finding, however, that on board the boat he not only fell in with many persons worth meeting, but had the opportunity of sitting down with them at the *table d'hôte*, he thought he could not do better, and went backward and forward, never getting further than Ghent.

A young French sculptor named Vidal, who has attained high distinction in his art, has been totally blind ever since the age of twenty-one. Before this age Vidal had been a pupil in the *atelier* of Barre, and had learned the technicalities of sculpture, when, quite suddenly, he was struck with blindness. He persevered in the profession, and he had adopted, after months of patient labor, found that he could readily make his fingers do the work of eyes. His touch has, in truth, become so sensitive that by means of feeling his model in every part he is able to reproduce it with an exactitude often not gained by those who merely see it. He generally takes animals for his subjects—lions, stags, painters, hares, horses—and his skill in modeling their forms in various attitudes is so great that it gained him a medal at the Salon of 1861. The State has also purchased several of his marbles and bronzes. One of the most remarkable things related about Vidal is that he can judge, not only of his own work, but also of that of others, by the touch, as was proved during a recent visit to the Universal Exhibition, when he showed himself a very good critic of the sculpture there exhibited.

To give an idea of the relative distances, suppose a voyager through the celestial spaces could travel from the sun to the outermost planet of our system in twenty-four hours, so enormous would be his velocity that it would carry him across the Atlantic Ocean, from New York to Liverpool, in less than a tenth of a second by the clock. Starting from the sun with this velocity, he would cross the orbits of the inner planets in rapid succession, and the outer ones more slowly, until, at the end of a single day, he would reach the confines of our system, crossing the orbit of Neptune. But though he passed eight planets the first day, he would pass none the next; for he would have to journey for eighteen or twenty years without diminution of speed, before he could reach the nearest star, and would then have to journey as far again before he could reach another. All the planets in our system would have vanished in the distance in the course of the first three days, and the sun would be but an insignificant star in the firmament.

The Paris correspondent of the Liverpool *Courier* writes: "A fashion that is springing up in Paris, and that is as yet rather 'fast,' is the wearing of ladies of a garment exactly resembling a man's cut-away coat. I saw many of these in shop windows, and one or two on persons who evidently did not mind being observed. A lady on the Boulevard des Italiens wore for instance, a dark green cashmere short skirt, duly plaited, and around her a scarf bordered with green silk; her bodice was a short cut-away coat, fastened by three buttons at the chest, and slanting away at the neck and at the waist, leaving visible a waistcoat of the palest shade of green satin, elaborately worked in the darkest green silk. These cut-away coats, worn over fanciful waistcoats, to which I have alluded, are destined to invade society.

Baltimore has had its laugh. At one of the theatres they are firing Mlle. Geraldine out of a cannon. The *Every Saturday* of that city relates that one day recently the lady was duly fired out and repaid calmly in the net prepared for her reception, when, lo! bang went the cannon. Of course the discharge of the gun had nothing to do with the aerial flight of Geraldine, and the spring that worked Mlle. Geraldine and the spring that worked the powder discharge didn't go off together.

The late Archbishop Whately wrote from Dublin in 1850: "It is only by making the rising generation civilized beings, and not mere unfeathered bipeds, that Socialism and all other such poisons can be effectually counteracted. The law—not perhaps in these regions (Ireland), but in despot countries—may guard the people against the arrow that flieth in the noonday, but not against the greater danger of the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

The finest candies in the city are to be had at the Clarendon, 213 Kearny Street, of Love & Goldstein. Try them.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Mr. T. H. Boyd, a well-known photographer of rare ability, formerly of the firm of Taber & Boyd, has opened a fine gallery at No. 26 Montgomery street. Mr. Boyd does the very best work that can be done in this city—where the best work of the world is done. It would be judicious to visit Mr. Boyd's gallery when in want of photographs.

Where can one thoroughly enjoy a swim? At the Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.
California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and attachable Flounces; Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

The finest French and purest home-made candies found at Voegelé's, 915 Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda, now open.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Carrier, 103 Dupont Street, makes the finest PICTURE FRAMES.

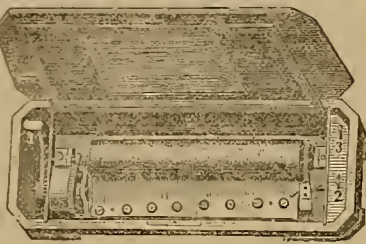
Carrier, 103 Dupont Street, has a fine assortment of VELVET FRAMES.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The finest baths are at the Terrace, Alameda.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

MUSIC BOXES



OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND OF Standard Reputation, playing from one to over one hundred airs. The largest and best assortment in this city. MUSICAL BOXES WITH CHANGEABLE CYLINDERS always on hand. New and interesting styles constantly received. Call and examine our stock.

REPAIRING OF MUSICAL BOXES thoroughly done in all their particularities.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Branch of House, 630 Broadway, New York.

THE LAST SENSATION!

"THE SOCIETY IN SEARCH OF Truth; or, Stock Gambling in San Francisco." A Novel, in Forty-four Chapters, by

I. F. CLARK, A former member of the Pacific Stock Exchange. Now ready. Read it.

For the best New Crop Japan
" " English Breakfast
" " Formosa Oolong
" " Mixed

LORING'S

922 MARKET STREET,

Manufactory of "THE PRESIDENT COFFEE"—put up in air-tight cans, retaining its purity, freshness and aroma.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE

For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. 22^d Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

THOMAS H. HOLT,

NOTARY PUBLIC. No. 326¹/₂ Montgomery Street. Residence, 1333 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

SAFES AND SCALES.

FOR SALE BY JOHN MOLLOY, 54 CLAY STREET.

GEO. W. PRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

UNION IRON WORKS

(Founded 1849.) Post Office Box 2128.

COR. FIRST AND MISSION STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO

MANUFACTURERS OF

Compressed Engines,
Air Compressors,
Rock Drills,
Portable Hoisting Engines,
Marine Stationary and Portable Boilers,
Baby Hoist, complete.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE.

Direct-acting Pumping and Hoisting Engines,
Upright and Stationary Engines,
Quartz Crushing and Amalgamating Machinery,
Blake's Rock Breakers,
Smelting Furnaces,
Quicksilver Pumps,
Chloridizing Furnaces,
Cornish Pumps,
Steam Pumps.

All manufactured by us of the best materials, design, and workmanship, and furnished at lower rates than by Eastern manufacturers.

PRESCOTT, SCOTT & CO.

O. F. WILLEY & CO

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES & WAGONS

No. 427 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Agents for the sale of Wagons manufactured by

BREWSTER & CO., New York,

W. D. ROGERS, Philadelphia,

C. S. CAFFEY, Camden, N. J.,

WOOD BROTHERS, New York,

H. KILLAM & CO., New Haven,
COOLING BROS., Wilmington

ALSO, AGENTS FOR

HARNESS MANUFACTURED BY WOOD GIBSON,
TOMPKINS & MANDEVILLE, AND
A. H. DUNSCOMBE.

Also, a fine assortment of Robes, Blankets, Nets, Whips, etc.

SURE REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.
Prescription of French physician who will agree to pay \$1, when a new growth of Hair, Whiskers or Mustaches is actually produced. Sander-Son & Co., 2 Clinton Place, New York.



THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

stockholders of the Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 16th day of December, 1878. Transfer books will be closed on Friday, December sixth, 1878, at the hour of 3 P. M.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY

and County of San Francisco.—In Probate Court.
In the matter of the Estate of JOHN BLISS, deceased.
Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 19th day of November, A. D. 1878, notice is hereby given that Monday, the 9th day of December, A. D. 1878, at 12 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the courtroom of said Court, at the new City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John Bliss, deceased, and for hearing the application of C. H. PHELPS for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Dated November 19th, 1878.
THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
[SEAL OF COURT.] By WM. A. STUART, Deputy Clerk
CHARLES P. EELLS, Attorney for Petitioner, 66 Nevada Block.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LEBETHA GOODHUE, plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which special reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. A. PICHENS, Deputy Clerk.
WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital\$200,000
Assets exceed 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 209 SANSOME ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THOS. FLINT, President. J. W. FOARD, Manager.

FRED. K. RELESecretary.

F. G. GARDNER.....General Agent.

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of December, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

OPHIE SILVER MINING COMPA-

ny.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of December, 1878, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 30th day of December, 1878, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, EMMA S. HOWE, wife of Charles W. Howe, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on Monday, the 23d day of December, A. D. 1878, the same being a day of the November term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, buying and selling real and personal property, and to keep books, and to keep boarding and lodging-house, and to loan and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business.

EMMA S. HOWE.
San Francisco, Cal., November 18th, A. D. 1878.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P. NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to David P. Nelson, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. A. PICHENS, Deputy Clerk.
WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Hotel.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. III. NO. 23.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF THE ARGONAUT.

NOTE THESE SPECIAL FEATURES.

A Splendid Double Number (thirty-two pages), containing the following specialties prepared expressly for this issue, with illustrations, and a beautiful title-page designed by Jules Tavernier and engraved at the establishment of Harper & Bros., New York.

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THE SINGED CAT, <i>a vigorous Character and Dialect Sketch,</i>	-	-	E. H. CLOUCH.
THE COMING STRUGGLE, <i>a scholarly presentation of the Chinese problem,</i>	-	-	W. N. LOCKINGTON.
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ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE HEATHEN CHINEE, BY BRET HARTE; ANECDOTES AND FABLES, BY LITTLE JOHNNY, EDITORIALS, PRATTLE, BETSY B.'S DRAMATIC LETTER,

And all the regular departments, together with short sketches not mentioned above. A splendid specimen of Californian literature to send East.

All subscribers will receive this number, and there will be no advance in price to newsdealers, who should forward their extra orders at once to the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS COMPANY. Retail price, ten cents; for sale at all news stands. Advertisements for the Christmas number should be sent in at once. Special rates can be made at the

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 522 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

MISS JARVIS' MYSTERY.

"Will ye ride?"

"Gid" Barker drew up his horse to ask the question. The little muddy buggy drawn by a big bay horse, with sharp bones and short tail, was in a sort of road—an uncertain wagon track—winding through a scattering growth of scraggy pines, more or less under-grown with pink-flowered manzanita. At the side of the track a tall, sunbonneted girl was walking with an alert air, swinging a tin lunch-pail. She turned at Barker's call, showing a pair of bright black eyes, and a comely, capable sort of face, assented promptly, and mounted to the seat. Gid Barker drove on in silence for a few minutes, slouching forward till his elbows were almost on his knees, and watching the ears of his horse. Meanwhile the girl's bright black eyes took an inventory of his small, leathery face and "seedy" clothes.

"Ver the new school-mom in this yer district?" he drawled at last, without looking up.

"Yes."

"Miss Jarvis is yer name, aint it?"—after another pause.

"Yes."

Now it was not at all strange that Mr. Barker knew these facts; for at a quarter to nine that morning he had traversed the road in an opposite direction affixing posters to pine trees and houses; posters which set forth his claims and recommendations to a vacant place in the California House of Representatives. He had stuck one to the tiny log school-house, just behind a bend in the road, and had taken the chance to ask of a heavy-faced, half-breed boy who stood by and stared:

"Got a new school-mom? What's her name?"

But Miss Jarvis had likewise improved her opportunities. "You're Mr. Barker, I s'pose? Running for the Legislature, ain't you?"

She had catechised the children about the poster, and the man who put it up. Miss Jarvis was blessed with a very large share of the spirit of inquiry.

"How come you to run in January?" she said.

"Special 'lection—man dead," said Barker, cheerfully. "Course ye stop at Mis' Sharp's; I kin take ye clear home, then."

They continued to investigate each other's antecedents. Barker learned that Miss Jarvis was "from the mountains," and that this dismal wilderness of low knolls, with its thin growth of pines and occasional sheep-ranches was a populous region to her. Her native taste for her neighbor's affairs was stimulated by thus coming into a new neighborhood, and just then a subject came up that roused her curiosity to the utmost. They came out from among the pine trees and crossed a wide, gravelly creek-bed, where cottonwoods grew, festooned, like the banks, with wild grape-vines. A moment later they came to the ancient bed of the same creek, now become the most fertile spot in the same region. Here was a shanty, shaded by a very old cottonwood that had once marked the edge of the water, and surrounded by a thriving vegetable garden and orchard. That was a rare sight in that part of the country, and Miss Jarvis leaned out to look at it with eager interest.

"Reckon ye've never been by here?" Barker said.

"No, I've only been here three days, and I cut across home through the pine trees. Who lives here? I asked Mrs. Sharp who all lived round, but she never told me of this place."

"Well, Mis' Sharp, she's kinder funny. She don't like to answer questions, an' I reckon she thought it'd make a good deal o' talkin' th say anythin' about Ol' Tom. He's a queer stick. Lived there by himself this five year. Thar he is, in that corner, by the water-pipes."

Sure enough, in the fence-corner was an ingenious home-made hydrant, connected by rude pipes with the stream farther up, where water was perennial. Stooping over this arrangement and tinkering with it was a tall, gray-haired man, shabbily dressed, and slouching in his carriage.

"Do you know him?" asked Miss Jarvis, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, I know him. Been in his shanty, an' that's whar ther ain't many been."

"Why not stop and speak to him, then?"

"Jest's soon," said Barker, drawing up the bay horse, and whistling a call, fingers in mouth. The gray-haired man turned and came slowly across the field.

"Why hasn't many been in his shanty?" Miss Jarvis demanded, meanwhile.

"Well, he don't ask 'em to—didn't ask me. Fact is, he's queer. He lets ye see sometimes that he's educated, 'thout meantin' to; one thing, he don't seem to know how to talk to a woman any way but stylish, but mostly he talks common. They say he's got a college *di-ploma* in thar. An' they say he's been a doctor, or jedge, or suthin' sech, in some city, an' jest backed out an' come up yer to raise veg'tables."

Miss Jarvis had no time for more, for "Old Tom" was close to them. As he came nearer she saw that he was younger than his gray hair and shambling gait made him seem. If he had straightened up and stepped out freely he would have been quite stalwart; he had a heavy blonde beard, and listless blue eyes; his features were fine and intelligent, but with a passive, indifferent expression.

"Well, Gid," he said, absently, standing between the wheels, and leaning his arms on the seat. "Lectureerin', hey?"

"Yaas. Goin' to vote for me?"

"Do' know. Like's not I shan't vote."

"Oh, you'd orter vot' for me, hadn't he, Miss Jarvis? Le'me interduce ye to Miss Jarvis, Tom; she's yer new school-mom."

Instantly the battered hat came off with a courteous gesture, and Tom straightened up from his slouching position.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I did not see that Mr. Barker had a lady with him. I'm glad to meet you, Miss Jarvis, and I hope your school-teaching here will be very pleasant. I'm afraid ladies find teaching these very remote schools rather weary and thankless work."

"This seems to be an easy school; mostly half-breeds, and they're too stupid to be troublesome," Miss Jarvis said, much impressed by the impalpable air of courtesy and refinement in the man's tone and manner. "You don't send any children, do you?"

She meant it for a home question, and watched his face. But he only said, indifferently though politely: "No, I have not that pleasure."

When they had driven on, Miss Jarvis began: "But you must know something about him. Where'd he come from; and what's his true name?"

"We-ell," began Barker leisurely, settling himself for a story, "this 'ere's all ever I knew—an' I ain't no bad hand to find out things, neither. Say eight year ago thar come a tramp 'round whar I was at Shasta. Tramps wasn't every-day diet them days, an' folks'd give 'em money. But this man, says he: 'Wha' does a man do yer fer a livin' when he ain't got no capital?' says he. An' says I, bein' by, says I: 'Herds sheep.' 'Kin I herd yours?' says he. An' says I: 'What's yer name?' And he says: 'Tom; and not a word more could I get outen him. Then I says: 'Whar'd ye come from?' An' he says, says he: 'All over; I've ben trampin' it this five year, an' now I'm sick on it, an' wan' to settle down,' says he; an' that's all ever I got outen him. Well, I hired 'im; and he jest stuck to the herder's camp, an' never sept nothin'; an' in two or three years he prospect 'round an' bought that 'ar patch, an' put it into garden. He's ben addin' to it ever sech. There haint no sech garden-stuff in the county as his'n; but he won't try to make money; sells his stuff to Chiny peddlers fer jest enough to save himself. Ye see, he's sort o' cracked; smart enough fer governor, if he was all there. He's kind o' wrapped up in his garden; once a lot o' sheep broke away, an' cum across a piece of new corn, an' used it clean up. Well, they do say, Old Tom, he really cried when he see it, bein' as he's gettin' sorter childish; but he wouldn't take a cent for it. 'Tain't the vally of the corn, says he; 'but,' says he, 'it makes me feel bad to see that pretty field all spoiled.' Seems like he feels fer his garden, not havin' anythin' else to be fond of," ended Barker, sentimentally.

But Miss Jarvis was not sentimental.

"May be he's hiding from officers," she suggested.

"Wasn't there ever sheriffs here looking for some one?"

"Plenty of 'em," said Barker, chuckling. "Some one or 'nother always sends 'em after Tom. They go up an' rest, him, an' examine him, an' come away an' say he ain't their man. He's got quite used to bein' arrested, Tom has."

"Don't he ever have letters?"

"Not a letter. Once a letter come to the office for an Austin Wedgwood, an' one to the postmaster askin' about sech a man. He went to Ol' Tom, but Tom, says he: 'Tain't none o' mine; I don't know no sech man.'"

"Why, good land!" cried Miss Jarvis in great excitement, with her eyes blacker and her cheeks redder than ever; "there was a letter like that came to our postoffice! Just the same name!"

"Folks are always writin' all over Californy after stray men," said Barker, philosophically. "They think that Californy's 'bout as big as a township, an' that everybody here knows all the men in the State. Well, here we are; glad I come along jest right to bring you home. Suppose you jest take this poster along with ye, an' get one o' them big boys to stick it up on the shed whar it kin be seen from the road."

Miss Jarvis stood on Mrs. Sharp's unplanned door-step a moment, watching the buggy roll away, in the low wintry sunshine that made the manzanita shrubs rosier than ever.

"Great Representative he'll make," she thought. "He ain't educated at all." Then she turned to a more interesting subject. "I'll find out that Old Tom before I set foot out of this district," she said with decision, turning to open the door.

But what picture is this that awaits her? She stopped short in the doorway to stare. A little carpetless room, with unplanned walls; a fireplace of rough stone; a wide red glow in the darkening room, falling full on a strange lady who sat and knitted in an old crippled rocking-chair. But such a lady! Amanda Jarvis had never seen, even in a picture, such a clear, pure contour, where the bent head and rounded cheek showed against the fire-lit wall; such soft dark hair, curling a little at the temples, and knotted back with such simple grace over a shapely head; such wide, sorrowful brown eyes, and such a proud and sweet mouth. And there was such a perfection of taste in every line and shade of her simple dark-brown dress, with her red worsteds trailing across, that it was no wonder Miss Jarvis thought her richly dressed. She rose to meet the girl, with a peculiarly winning smile.

"You must be Miss Jarvis—I thought you would be here soon. And I am Miss Wyman. Mrs. Sharp has gone to the sheep-camp; she told me, and left me to introduce myself. She is going to let me board here for a few weeks, so we shall know each other quite well." She was looking down—for she was a little the taller—with a sort of kindly interest at the girl's handsome face, which made a vivid contrast to her own, clear and pale, and dark as that of an Italian Madonna.

Miss Jarvis made some confused answer, and sat down to cross-question Miss Wyman. She had learned caution by experience, and did not dare push her questions too far. So she only found that Miss Wyman was from the East; that, returning from a trip to Shasta, she had come upon this place by the merest accident, and, liking its loneliness, had decided to stay here and rest awhile. She led the girl always imperceptibly away from the subject of Miss Wyman to that of Miss Jarvis, and entered into all the little interests that made up the teacher's life. Miss Jarvis found herself telling of those Wedgwood letters. She did not know just how the subject came up, but it was something Miss Wyman said about men disappearing in California.

"And was the man found?" the lady asked, with her pleasant, interested way.

"No, there was no such man, either here or in my neighborhood."

Miss Wyman shook the ends of red worsted from her lap into the fire, and stood looking through the window. She began to talk of the manzanita, and of the wild-flowers "at home," and of some she had picked in Europe. Miss Jarvis learned by persistent questioning that this slight, quiet lady had traveled almost everywhere that white men's feet had gone—in China and Africa, as well as in Russia. The longer she studied Miss Wyman's face the surer she was that some object, not love of adventure, had led her all over the world, and she vowed that she would learn what it was, if she had to go herself and ask questions in China or Russia.

From that afternoon the new school-teacher in the "Sheep District" lived to unravel the two mysteries she had lighted on. Teaching was a "side issue;" her chief business in life was to find out who Old Tom was, and why he left the

world; who Miss Wyman was, and who traveled the world over alone. She used to walk home from school by the long way, along the road, and stop to talk to the hermit. There was something perplexingly gentlemanly always in his way to her on such occasions, but he talked only of his garden or her school, and seemed uncomprehending when she asked about his former life. It was so evident that his mind was to some extent shattered, that Miss Jarvis began to suspect that he had partially lost his memory. Certainly she could "get no more outen him" than Mr. Barker—whom his constituents had by this time sent with pride to Sacramento as a specimen of the honest granger, with no book-learning, who was to circumvent the wiles of literary fellers and of railroad kings, and make the cost of freighting wool and sheep merely nominal, while their price should remain as high as ever.

At last Miss Jarvis admitted that Tom himself either could not or would not tell his history to her, so she decided to search for herself. She watched for a time when he was busied in a distant part of his orchard, and slipped valiantly in his house (by courtesy so called). She found a shabby kitchen with the unmistakable air of a man's housekeeping, but though she looked in every pot and pan, and up the rough stone chimney, she could find no more than a fire-place, two shelves of dishes and kettles, a box made into a cupboard for food, and two chairs. There was a dark closet of a bed-room, too, which she explored, holding her breath and listening for the owner's step. It had a rough bunk, with only pillow and blankets, and a few clothes in a box, nothing more. Not a book in the house; not even a candle. She had just found some seeds and garden tools under the bed when she heard Tom's step in the other room. There was no resource but to scramble ignominiously under the bed, and dispose herself among the bags of beet and turnip seed till, after a half hour of the greatest trepidation, she was liberated by his departure. It was a bitterly disappointed young school-teacher that found her way home in the dusk, and told Mrs. Sharp she had stayed to sweep the school-room, and that was what made her dress so dusty. She had counted on making tremendous revelations—secret correspondence, documents, at least the college *di-ploma*. She began to think Old Tom was a humbug, in spite of his manners.

But the incident did her service by suggesting a plan for her other campaign. Miss Wyman had not gone far in her acquaintance with Miss Jarvis before she began to be very careful about keeping her door locked. She made Mrs. Sharp's a sort of headquarters whence she made long or short trips to the camps and villages for miles—to the grazing settlements in the hills forty miles away; to the mines sixty miles away—but her key always went with her. These trips excited Miss Jarvis very much, but she could only find that Miss Wyman always came back looking weary and hopeless. One of the trips was to take place on a Saturday, a few weeks after the search of Tom's cabin. Miss Jarvis kept persistently in the sitting-room from which Miss Wyman's door opened. Miss Wyman came and stood by the fire, waiting till Joe Sharp should bring her horse to the door. She was singing softly to herself, in a voice that had been the envy of drawing-rooms:

"Du Heilige, nehme dein kind zurück.
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."

"Is that French?" asked Miss Jarvis.

"No; German."

"What does it mean?"

Miss Wyman turned a little and looked at the girl; she hesitated a moment, then said, in her quiet, pleasant voice:

"Then take, Holy Virgin, thy child back to thee,
I have plucked the one blossom that hangs on Earth's tree,
I have lived and have loved, and I die."

That is a free translation.

"Oh," Miss Jarvis said. Then: "Don't you want me to go along with you? It's a dreadful lonely ride to Dogtown."

"Thank you, but I like to ride alone."

"All right," said Miss Jarvis to Miss Jarvis' own soul;

"I'll do something else then, see if I don't."

Miss Wyman went into the kitchen to speak to Mrs. Sharp. She was gone about sixty seconds, but in that time Miss Jarvis had darted into the room, and put herself under the bed. Miss Wyman came in and moved about, fastening that beautiful hair of hers securely, putting on her hat, and still singing low:

"Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."

Once she stopped, stood still for a moment, and said, clearly:

"I have lived and have loved!"—caught her breath quickly and moved about again. In a moment she went out, locking the door from without; her horse's hoofs sounded outside, and Amanda Jarvis rolled triumphantly out from under the bed. She was in a very small room, walls and roof of unplanned pine, floor of planed; a chair, a little table—spread with a white towel—a clean little white bed, a trunk, a shelf full of books, a fresh white cotton curtain; on the wall, little photographs and engravings in plain frames—but all high art, if Miss Jarvis had known it; wild flowers in a glass on the stand, by a work basket, and a little Bible—all so dainty and lady-like that it half awed Miss Jarvis. But all this she had seen before, for she had often been Miss Wyman's guest in the room; had looked over the books, and read a few of them. There was one picture over which had always fallen a blue silk veil; beneath was a bracket, where a slender vase always held the prettiest clusters of bloom—shell-pink manzanita, dreamy anemones, or perhaps a handful of blue bells from the hills; and the blue silk was drawn aside now, making a pretty canopy; and there, so enshrined, was the portrait of a bright-faced young man. Miss Jarvis studied it carefully, but could find no likeness in the smiling eyes, the brave, eager young look, and the keen, sensitive features, to any one she had ever seen. So she hunted up the key to the trunk and opened that; she impressed the order of everything on her mind, so that she might put things back in the same way, and then explored. And first she found a long list of post-offices, all over the world; most were marked "written to;" many, "heard from." There were memorandum books, full of records of clues to "A. W."—all of which, when followed up, seemed to have failed, and were marked "no use;" all this in what Miss Jarvis had learned was Miss Wyman's round, clear hand. There were receipts for money paid for advertisements in an incredible number of papers; and,

finally, a casket whose secret spring was found after half an hour's persistent search. Inside were little mementoes, dried flowers, and a package of letters—all in the same hand. She glanced at the signatures, and started up, with her eyes wide open, and an exclamation only checked by prudence. "Austin Wedgwood!" So this was the seeker after Austin Wedgwood? So it was that search which had carried her over the world? Miss Jarvis' quick shrewdness sprang from one conclusion to another. She ran over the letters; some were from Europe, all friendly, and more and more tender in tone; bright, happy, loving letters they were, with little sketches on the margins, and most confident hopes for the future. "I defy Fate," he wrote; "my darling, what is there that could part you and me?" There was a photograph with them—the same face as on the wall; and beneath them, a deed of gift, dated more than thirteen years back, transferring all property of Austin Wedgwood, Providence, Rhode Island, to Gertrude Wyman, of the same place. To Miss Jarvis' eyes the property seemed immense.

She recovered from her triumphant astonishment in time, escaped through the window, trusting that the removal of the nail which fastened it (the only trace left of her presence) would not be observed; and made a new vow, to find what had become of Austin Wedgwood, and why he had disappeared. She had taken the precaution to tell Mrs. Sharp in the morning that she had to go over to the school-house to make out her monthly report, and might be gone for several hours. Miss Wyman came home late, looking pale and sick-hearted. "She didn't find him at Dogtown," thought Amanda Jarvis. It was at breakfast next day, when she was looking more her own gravely sweet self, that one of the big Sharp boys said:

"Ma, I saw the doctor goin' by this mornin'." Said Old Tom's down sick, an' he thinks it's small pox, fer he's been 'xposed."

"Where'd he get it?" cried Miss Jarvis, losing some of her color, as she went through a rapid calculation of the number of days since she had seen him.

"One o' the Chiny peddlers."

"Not the one that comes here?" Mrs. Sharp said, with lively interest.

"No; the old feller with pock-marks. He couldn't have it, if he tried; but the doctor's jest found out that he'd been workin' fer some folks whar that's small-pox, an' kep' up his peddlin', too. He's run, or he'd get hurt; folks is mighty mad. But it's rough on Ol' Tom, fer he ain't got nobody to tend to him."

"No one at all?" said Miss Wyman, in her earnest way. "Oh, surely they won't leave him so. The doctor will get him a nurse."

"Well," said Mrs. Sharp, slowly, "if 'twas anythin' but small-pox, or if he was a body's own folks. But, you see, it's nobody's business more'n anybody else's; an' everybody has their own family to think of. I've got as much call to go as anybody, but how could I do it; 'twouldn't be doin' right by them that has first claims on me."

"Doctor's been tryin' to get a nurse," Joe went on. "Couldn't find none."

Miss Wyman had risen, and stood with her slender hand on the back of her chair. The diamond of an engagement ring twinkled there.

"It seems a very plain case," she said, with her quiet smile. "I have no nearer claims to consider."

"You! Are you crazy?" cried Mrs. Sharp, taking in her meaning after a long stare, though the quicker-witted Miss Jarvis had cried out at once: "An old tramp." Mrs. Sharp went on, in strong remonstrance: "No one knows who he is! A lady like you!"

"I am the very best one. I have no reason to object to death—none whatever. There is nothing I should leave behind me. This comes to me like a God-send."

The people at the table looked at her silently. Outside, the April sun broke through a rift, and a little stream of light crossed the dim, rough kitchen, and wrapped her where she stood—the tall, Madonna-like lady, with her clear face all lighted with a great gladness. Even Miss Jarvis felt with awe a glimmering perception of what the love and the longing must have been that had lived in this other woman all these years, and what life must have meant to her, that the chance to leave it honorably could bring such a joy to her face. Joe Sharp sobbed outright. Miss Wyman moved to leave the room.

"And never find him?" cried Miss Jarvis, excited beyond her own control.

Miss Wyman turned at the door, and looked at the girl; but it was no time for resentment.

"I am as likely to find him in the next world as in this," she said, more to herself than to the other, and left them.

Then Miss Jarvis told the excited circle what she had learned, avoiding any mention of how she had learned it.

"Yes, I heard some time ago from Diggerville and Red Crick fellers that it's Wedgwood she asks for when she rides around. I didn't know who he was though," said Joe.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Miss Jarvis cried, chagrined.

"Oh, I do know; it seemed kinder shabby," the young man said, coloring.

While they talked they heard her pathetic voice in the other room singing in snatches:

"Why vex our souls with care?
The grave is cool and low.
Have we found life so fair
That we should fear to go?"

"Then hold us close, sweet Death,
If so it seemeth best."

When they looked for her five minutes later to see if she could be in earnest, they discovered she had already gone. In the sweet morning air, along the road, green with spring-time, under the white clouds, breaking and melting from the dark-blue sky, she was walking, a gracious vision, in that lonely place. A few moments later she entered the door of the shanty under the old cottonwood.

The sick man had been moved out into his kitchen, and the doctor had evidently done all he could for his comfort before leaving him. The disease had not yet declared itself, except as fever. The heavy beard was gone, and his face, still unmarred, had taken on, in the unconsciousness of a feverish sleep, something of the look of younger days. Miss Wyman had never seen him before, as it happened, and now, as she stood gazing at his face in the squalid sick room, she looked like an angel come to carry him from the world.

One minute, five minutes passed, and still the dark, long lashes were studying his unconscious features; she bent her head to listen to his mutterings. At last he woke, looked up with a vague awe.

"So I am delirious already; but this is a beautiful delirium. It is the Angel of Sorrow—but she is blended with my memory of—her."

Gertrude Wyman knelt down by him, and took both his hands in hers.

"Listen to me, Austin," she said, without a quiver in her clear, grave tones; "see if you can understand what I say. I have searched the world for you to say this: If it was to escape me that you left me, thirteen years ago, and for a reparation that you left everything to me, then you are free of all. I shall stay with you while you are sick; and when you are well I shall go away somewhere, and you may go home without fear of me; you will find your property untouched. But because it may be that there is some mistake, I have spent my life and my fortune in finding you. And if there has been a mistake that can be set right, we will begin all over again, for you are as dear to me as ever; and if not, I shall leave you to go your ways, and my love will go with you always."

At first he listened confusedly; then the fog that had lain on his brain for years seemed to break away, as the voice from his youth went on. He tried to snatch away his hands.

"Gertrude, Gertrude, are you mad? If this is not a dream, nor a miracle, you must not be here. Do you know it is small-pox that I have?"

She held his hands—for he was too weak to free them—and smiled, looking into his eyes. He had known of old that he might as well resist the ocean as Gertrude Wyman when she smiled so. After a moment she said:

"Your mind will not be clear long; what is it that you have to say to me?"

"I can not understand," he broke out, in a voice of terrible excitement, though repressed. "Gertrude, I never took up a hasty suspicion; I had your own hand and signature."

"To what?" she said quietly, but trembling with eagerness.

"To your falsehood," he cried, breaking into fierce and rapid speech. "To your intention to keep your word to me, and your faith to that man—Stuart; to give me your hand and him your heart. Could I mistake your writing? There is none like it in the world; and there were other things to confirm it. If you had changed your mind like other women I might have said, 'Go, and God bless you.' But what could I do but 'creep away, poor, hurt fowl, to hide myself in sedges?' I loathed our civilization that was only a lying crust over brutality—a whited sepulchre, and within are dead men's bones and all uncleanness; and I deeded everything to you, and walked out of my house in the rain, with not a thread but the clothes I wore; and I was a tramp for years. Then I felt that a man ought to be at some simple, honest work, that had nothing to do with that fiend society; and I took up this work. I never read; I never thought nor felt; I tried, as my highest attainment, to achieve 'The dull mechanic pacing to and fro, the set gray life and apathetic end,' and I did it. My life meant nothing to me but hoeing and weeding, and eating and sleeping. I had blotted out the memory of you; the pain of it would have maddened me—killed me. A blankness had settled on me for years, till there came dim dreams in my feverishness, and then everything came back at your voice."

There were tears in her dark eyes, and her hands—clasped now—trembled.

"And all the time," she said, "I have done just the opposite. I have kept my mind awake; I have thought, and studied, and felt—O my God, how I have felt! There has never been an hour that I have not thought of you; never a moment that you have not been vaguely in my mind. And the pain of it was killing me."

The two faces said the same thing. The dark-eyed, straight-browed woman's was so sensitive and responsive, so keenly, vividly alive; the fair-faced man, with his prematurely gray hair, seemed, in spite of his present look of tremendous agitation, to have been paralyzed by some great blow long since.

"Austin," she said again, "tell me all the details of what you had against me."

He told her all she asked, answering her careful questions about dates and places. When he had ended, she was silent a little; then she said:

"I do not wonder at your mistake. There was deceit and treachery. My handwriting is peculiar; but in our school days my cousin Dorris learned to imitate it perfectly, out of sheer affection for me. My side of the story that you tell, and other things that I have learned since, convince me that she has forfeited all right to my silence. She loved you, Austin; and, though I never dreamed of it before, it was she who deceived you."

The man had sprung up in his bed with a curse, spite of weakness.

"My darling, don't," she said—and at last all the long-repressed passion of tenderness was in her voice. "Poor girl! she lost you and her honor both. I might have hated her if she had won; but, Austin, she died of remorse—died begging to see me, and tell me something; but I was across the ocean. Let it go—what does it matter now? 'Wir haben gelebt und geliebt'—we have lived and have loved. Let us die: I have you now, O my darling, my darling!"

Her voice broke at last into a pathetic cry. In his last lucid minutes he held her in his tremulous arms, calling her caressing names, and murmuring his passionate penitence.

But Amanda Jarvis never knew. For the doctor never saw the sick man again except in delirium. And when they buried them side by side under the pines, and put Gertrude Wyman's name on one wooden slab, they wrote only "Tom" on the other. Miss Jarvis still watches, wherever she goes, for Austin Wedgwood.

The next school-teacher among the pines was an Oakland girl. As she stood by the graves and heard soft-hearted Joe Sharp tell of the beautiful lady who sought the world over for her lover, and died at last for an old hermit, she took out a pencil and wrote on the slab—all unconscious that they were the words Gertrude Wyman used to sing, and almost the last that she had spoken to her lover's conscious ear—

"Ich habe gelebt und geliebt."

Then she turned away, and there were tears in her eyes.

NILES, December 2, 1878.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

UNDER THE STARS.

The day is not for thought, but deeds,
And one who dreams at midday needs—
He needs the throbbing pulse which acts,
The will which changes dreams to facts;
He needs to know both right and wrong;
He needs to know men weak and strong;
To learn to think with healthful mind,
With creed as broad as human kind;
He needs to feel that toil is great,
The architect of every fate.

But day is only half our lives,
And he half lives who always strives,
Who takes no survey of the field,
Who plants, but never plans the yield.

Go forth at night by peaceful seas,
And catch their wondrous melodies;
Go forth and hear the tide of fate
Which pulses through the Golden Gate,
While far to seaward breaks the moan
Of billows on sad Farallon.
There yield thyself unto the spell,
And let thy soul uplift and dwell
Beneath the searching silent stars
That pierce like silver scimitars.
Then in the unimpassioned night
Thy soul shall feel diviner light,
Shall sit entranced, as one who hears
The surging anthem of the spheres.
There dream of things of high estate,
Of deathless deeds which make men great,
Of burning words which flame like fire,
And rouse a nation's deep desire,
Of noble thoughts which glorify,
Of fame and immortality.

Oh, it is grand to dream—to play
With inspiration—disarray
The mind so it may cleave the sea
Of thought, with god-like poise, soul free!
Like him who saw new worlds in space,
Thy fiercer vision now shall trace
A hint of higher mysteries,
A glimpse of possibilities
Which lie like undiscovered spheres
Within diviner atmospheres.
Thy mind shall hold a broader plan,
Thy heart confess a truer man;
And day, no more a weary round
Of toil long hours, of jarring sound,
Shall come to thee with new intent,
Thy time of grand accomplishment.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1878.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

A Sat-Upon Litterateur.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—What I am about to relate is so surprising—so out of the course of nature—that I hesitate to set it down. It is a fact of my experience, but so incredibly that I doubt it myself. I have read Gulliver and Munchausen, and I believe them. I have studied the daily papers, and agree with the views expressed in the leaders. Mr. Stanley's account of his explorations presents some difficulties which I hope my growing faith will in time remove or surmount. Jim Anderson's testimony before the Potter Committee, and Colonel Cremony's tales of travel and adventure are indubitably true. But what I have to relate does, I confess, resemble a lie of the first magnitude. The reader must judge for himself.

Some five years ago there was a rage in this country for posthumous literature; the periodicals would publish almost anything one might write, if one would only die when it was written. Every number of every magazine contained from one to a half dozen posthumous papers. The living had no chance. I remember being told by a regular contributor to a leading magazine that having indiscreetly handed in several papers he went in bodily fear lest the editor should kill him. Here was clearly my opportunity. I was weary of life; I coveted the distinction of print. My name was now so well known that my "last words" would be eagerly snatched at, and printed with such captivating headings as these: "A Voice from the Beyond;" "Hark! from the Tomb;" "Talking Back," etc.

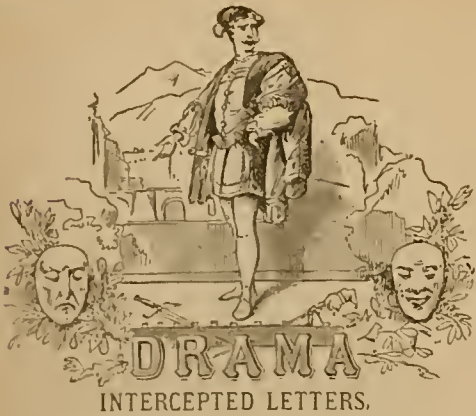
I took retired lodgings on Clay street, stored my rooms with stationery, and for two months labored night and day—worked the oil out of my joints, the fire out of my soul, the hair off my head, and the flesh off my bones, preparing articles on all manner of subjects, but principally life, death, and immortality. I prepared three for each magazine in America. These articles would, I think, have delighted you. When all were finished I sealed and stamped them, addressing each packet to its proper periodical, and left them on my table. I made my will, wrote a lying entry in my diary explaining the motive of my terrible deed, and walked away in the night to the cemetery at Lone Mountain, and entered by climbing the fence. I drew the deadly steel from my pocket, and placed the edge against my throat. "Now," said I, "come Death, come Fame!" Just then the moon came out and flooded the cemetery with light.

Believe me now, if ever. In three minutes every corpse in that field had got up in its night clothes, taken a look at the weather, and sat down beside its tombstone to write a posthumous article for some magazine! The scratching of their pens could have been heard a mile! One yellow and fleshless old rascal near me nodded familiarly while arranging his paper, and remarked that the dead had never enjoyed such opportunities of literary distinction in all their lives, and for his part he looked for nothing less than a world-wide fame if he were spared.

It is needless to say that in the face of such competition I relinquished my design, and still drag out a miserable existence as yours very truly,

C. P. Q.

The Paris *Figaro* says: Ornaments made of the blood of bullocks are the latest mania among fashionable dames; women admiring the peculiar black tint which pervades the ornaments, and which is absent from those of similar appearance derived from the mineral instead of the animal kingdom. The blood is first dried in a sieve and reduced to powder, and then again sifted to insure the utmost fineness in the material. The powder is next fired in moulds and powerfully pressed for five or ten minutes, and is ultimately polished to the necessary shape.



SAN FRANCISCO, December 12, 1878.

DEAR MADGE:—You are so exceedingly dubious about the American drama that I almost hesitate to tell you that I have really seen one. It is thoroughly American, too, for it is the tale of a jack-knife, which is not a common implement of war outside our big Republic. I must say I was ineffably bored during the first act, everybody dawdled and drawled so. There seemed to be nothing doing and very little saying. A vague suggestion was thrown out that a croquet game was going on somewhere in the vicinity, but there was only one girl to play. But the jack-knife was finally introduced, and began to play its part in a very spirited way, and thenceforth all was action. "Constance Harewood" is a banker's daughter. You will observe that it is the thing to make an American heroine always a banker's daughter. It puts her upon a sound financial basis to start with, and bankers, I suppose, are our patricians. Miss Harewood is afflicted with three several lovers of three several kinds. The first, in Miss Harewood's consideration, is her cousin "Cyril," a young man with a lot of money and a very hot temper. Mr. Cyril's temper and the jack-knife are placed in close juxtaposition and forced upon the attention so pertinaciously that one is not permitted a particle of mystery as to what is going to take place. Mr. Sam. Piercy played the impetuous lover, and played it excellently even, although he has not what Stuart Robson calls metropolitan finish. In fact, the cast was unexceptionable, for the other two lovers' parts were taken by O'Neill, and Morrison; and with Clara Morris as heroine and Jennings and Mrs. Farren to fill out with, what better need we ask? Mr. O'Neill's name happened to be left out of the bills, much to the anguish of a couple of pretty country girls, who wore their programmes to tatters trying to find the name tucked into some obscure corner, at the last moment. They held a grave dissertation as to the appearance of age or youth which he presented, for you must know he took the part of first old man, and whitened himself to the eyebrows. The finally concluded that "Clara Morris was real mean not to take him," and let the subject drop. He is a judge, a Knickerbocker, I presume, by his name, "Van Cort," and he is as cool and collected as "Cyril" is rash and impetuous. The third lover is the confidential clerk of the banker. He takes to speculating, gets into trouble, gets up a *motif* for the crime, and is altogether quite a villainous young villain. Of course it follows that this part goes to Mr. Morrison. Fancy an ingenious young maiden basking in the smiles of good fortune, having three articles of this kind on hand at one time. No reasonable girl objects to one lover, but if she must have three she prefers them in rotation. They all declare themselves in one day, and one of them closes the eventful twenty-four hours by stabbing the young lady's papa with the jack-knife. "Cyril," who owns the knife, is clapped into prison, and put on trial with a promptitude which affords an excellent example to our courts. "Judge Van Cort" next gets into a very unpleasant dilemma. Of course, being a little older, he loves a little harder than the others do. Consequently when the delight of his heart comes to him in her trouble, and lets him know in rather a roundabout way that if he will only ask once more she will say yes, he can not unreasonably forbear to ask. Unfortunately, the acquittal of "Cyril," against whom circumstantial evidence is strong, is her condition. As the case is on trial in his own court it is a hard one. Dear girl, has my lucid explanation given you an idea of the plot? If so, you can easily understand that this interview is the best bit in the play. Clara Morris as an *ingenue* is nothing. It is only when she begins to suffer that she is strong, and by this time she was having pretty hard times. She gave the "Judge" a close struggle between love and duty. As for Mr. O'Neill and Miss Morris, they never either of them played a scene better than they did this. Fortunately, and strangely enough, for audiences are uniformly cold, the scene was appreciated. Meanwhile, as the summaries say, "Eustace Lawton," the real murderer, is having a bad attack of good old-fashioned remorse. He enters gloomily from various unexpected quarters, his face touched up with three coats of lily white and an inch and a quarter of lampblack under each eye. He is a nervous, *distrail*, apprehensive, and unutterably miserable. Mr. Morrison fell into line with every one else and played well, more especially, perhaps, in the last scene, a sort of modernized transcription of "Lady Macbeth's" sleep walking gymnastics. Of course he betray himself, and equally of course, it was necessary that "Cyril" should be present. But the American dramatist is not to be floored by a little thing like this. "Cyril" was made to break jail, and entered very opportunely with one lock displaced on his brow, and his necktie loosened to give evidence of the tremendous experience through which he had passed. "Judge Van Cort" made a timely midnight call, and the curtain fell on every one but the banker. Now, Madge, do not you think that is rather an ingenious plot for an American drama? The fastidious New Yorkers called it thin, and so do the fastidious here, but there is so little of the really picturesque in the every-day American life that I consider it quite remarkable when they can carry an ordinary household through five acts of dramatic interest without introducing the Washington politician, the boor of the frontier, or the eternal negro with his minstrel witicisms. Even in *Conscience* the authors are obliged to introduce a

convent for the sake of the picturesque, and convents, though they have become thick in America, are essentially foreign articles. This one is situated on the banks of the Hudson, and they have midnight vespers. This is a dramatic license which the nuns never take. They are asleep and snoring long before twelve—good, honest, hearty, healthy snuhs—and they only know midnight by tradition, except at Christmas time. But the convent on the Hudson made a fine background—and I am inclined to think there is considerable competition among the theatres in the matter of scenic effect; for at the California, where the galleries are as black as plum pudding every night, the moving panorama of the Mississippi River with "Kit" himself, one feels one's self to be gliding up the river as the beautiful pictures go by, gilded certainly with a "light that never was on sea or land," and too suggestive perhaps of transformation scenes, but charming to look upon withal. Besides, the noon-day blaze gives way to shadow as the pictures move on, and settles at last into a gentle gray twilight. Down at the Bush Street Theatre Graham also has been responding to calls before the curtain for a couple of striking Oriental scenes. It is not so easy to produce strong effect in this little theatre, but he has used his brush boldly and to good purpose. It is true there is a Turkish gentleman in the foreground who looks as if he were made of a piece of the bark of the big trees, and there are some very rakish-looking camels further off, but the *tout ensemble* is good. Then the harem is a very luxurious apartment, having a very Turkish looking carpet, which, in the proper texture, would be a miracle of light and color. The walls are fretted, the ceiling arabesqued to an extraordinary degree, and all this effect is heightened by the music, which is of a very Oriental character. I find it always safe to call anything Oriental which is so much mixed that you can make neither head nor tail of it, whether it be in colors, patterns, sounds, or morals. As the first part of the *Sultan of Mocha* is nautical, the music is rollicking. The last part is mainly chanting, and there are some very sweet accords. In these Mrs. Oates did not join. According to her usual custom, she informed the audience, the conductor, and every one else, that she could not sing. This revelation was entirely superfluous on her part. We have all known that these three months past. But, if she can not sing, why will she not allow Miss Lulu Stevens to sing, who has both voice and method. We are all willing to watch Mrs. Oates frisk about in her energetic way, to look at her pretty costumes, her faultless *chaussures* (of which she has made a specialty), her bright face (when for a moment she forgets the stage grin), even to laugh at her impertinences once in a while. But, after all, people go to the bouffe opera to hear music. Miss Stevens, in a pretty Turkish costume of mauve and pink, had but a brief time, and was allowed to open her lips only in chorus. Why should it be so? Since Mrs. Oates can not sing, and Miss Stevens does not, the choruses carry off the honors. They will bring out *H. M. S. Pinafore* for the holidays. It has been an immensely successful opera in England, where John Howson, once the bulwark of the Oates troupe, so to speak, has made a big hit. I presume that extraordinary comedian, Mr. Taylor, will take Howson's part here. What a queer rambling sort of an actor he is. He always appears to be in the play, but not to be a part of it, and wanders around saying and doing just what he likes, amusing himself always, apparently, and sometimes those in front. He executes a horn-pipe in the *Sultan* in not bad style, and sings a song most atrociously, but carries it off rather well with his eccentricities. Talking of singing, did you ever see a performance in which the Mississippi River, or any of the dwellers on its banks, was introduced when "Dearest Mae" did not pop in at some stage of the game. If Christy had ever anticipated the shadowy thinness to which the girl would be worn I am quite sure he would have forborne to introduce her. I think she is in her last stages now, for, as they sang it in *Kit* the other night, it was a very feeble wail. *Kit* has more gunpowder and old jokes than ever before. It is a remarkable construction, and holds its own well. Mr. Chanfrau has come back with an increased rapidity of speech. There was a time when one could distinguish half he said; he has now reduced it so that you can understand just about one-fourth, and that you are not sure of. I begin to think I see a clever trick in this. It holds attention. Every one is on the alert to catch a word. The house is as silent as if a tragedy were going on. There is a species of fascination in watching to see how many words you can catch out of a dozen. The chances are about like those in a game of solitaire. And yet he plays with wonderful naturalness and looks it exactly. You can not imagine how strange it seemed to see any one else than Harry Edwards as "Judge Suggs"—a part sacred to him through all the successive seasons of *Kit*. What a hit he made that first time, with that wonderful gait and his incomparable copy of the genuine old Southern political bumper, while little Leach, tagging after, made an appropriate companion picture. John Wilson and Mr. Beck replaced the pair as well as such things ever are replaced. Little Miss Long put on a long dress and played "Mrs. Washington Stubbs;" and little Felix Morris put on burnt cork and played "Julius Caesar," and if he had been playing in *La Scala* he couldn't have roared louder. The conscientious Willie Simms got a round from the gallery, at last. It was only for maintaining a statuesque stillness for an unconscionably long time in his capacity of English gentleman's gentleman; but he got it, and my soul was rejoiced. There never was an actor who took more pains in making himself up, nor tried harder to please, but he never quite hits. As for the English gentleman himself, notwithstanding the Glangary cap, the field-glass, the traveling gear, etc., he was in no wise like the English tourist. Mr. Wells will be a tragedian some day, but he will never be a character-actor. The author of *Kit* evidently made it a point to introduce every sort of character which a most elastic opportunity would admit. Strange that he overlooked the Irishman. However, the Irish comedian seems to have had his day; although we hear great news of Harrigan's new Irish play in New York. But then he is a genius, and I will engage his Irishman is not even cut upon the Boucicaulian pattern. Perhaps Florence will attempt an Irish part once more when he comes to the California for the Christmas holidays; but for the present the Irish comedian, as an institution, has passed away for the nonce, Allah be praised. Miss Clara Morris will appear next week in *Article 47* as "Cora," a part in which she first kindled the green fires of jealousy to Fanny Davenport's mas-

sive breast and made a New York reputation. Heaven knows how long we will be obliged to wait between the acts in this play. We had at least a half an hour between each act of *Conscience*, although *Conscience* is to *Article 47* as a rippling brook to a strong cataract. I asked Jack how he liked *Conscience*, and he said he wanted more girls. It is true, there is no girl but Clara Morris, and Mrs. Farren, if you will, but I did not miss them till Jack spoke, and then I realized that, although it was an American play, I had seen very few dry goods. *Article 47* will remedy all that sort of thing. I begin to see that Christmas is coming in the theatres, where they have already begun to put out advertisements for the leg brigade. How do those poor creatures live the remainder of the year when there is no Christmas spectacle? In truth, unemployed talent is a problem to me. I meet them on the street once in a while—dancers, singers, actors—with that strange, only half-familiar look, which strikes you in the people whom you are accustomed to seeing in artificial light and amid all the bewildering accessories. The men generally wear an ulster, the women a seal-skin sacque—two marks of prosperity. They look comfortable and merry, as if they were well housed and well fed. The unemployed workman never looks this way, and the victim of stock speculations gets shabby and peaked in three months. How is it? I can not say, but it is well that it is so. However, it is a fortnight too soon to commence to talk about Christmas spectacles; so, good bye. Yours, ever, BETSY B.

The Revels is to be the Christmas attraction at the Grand Opera House under the new management of Messrs. Torrence & Rodgers. *The Revels* is a spectacular burlesque version of the story of St. George and the Dragon. It affords ample scope for the display of the varied talents of the Rice Combination, and will be put upon the stage in a magnificent manner.

There is to be a revival of *Le Petit Duc* at the Bush Street Theatre, commencing Monday. The *Grand Duchess* is all ready for production, but there was such a general demand for the little Duke that it was concluded to set aside the *Duchess*. Friday next Mrs. Oates takes a benefit, when everybody, including the occupants of the gallery even, will be presented with a photograph of Mrs. Oates as *Le Petit Duc*. On the 23d instant *Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore* will be put on the boards as the holiday attraction. It will be mounted and cast in superb style.

What Our Best Society is About.

Last week I promised to tell you about the kettle-drum on Saturday at Mrs. William M. Gwin's. The ladies came in visiting costumes, wearing their hats; the gentlemen, in morning suits. At the kettle-drums in Washington and New York dancing is not the custom, but Mrs. Gwin, deviating from the usual routine, gave us fine music and dancing, and did not limit us to the hours the cards specified, many of us remaining till after eight o'clock. A light supper was served at five o'clock, consisting of tea, coffee, chocolate, and light viands. Among the guests were Mrs. Delos Lake with her daughters Miss Helen and Anna, Mrs. Hall McAllister, with her daughters Miss Marion and Miss Edith, Mr. and Mrs. William McLung, Mrs. John McMullen, with her daughters; Miss Eva Maynard, Miss Lena Maynard, daughters of our Auditor; Miss Mamie Maynard, Mrs. William F. Wallace, Miss Addie Wallace, Mrs. James C. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. Solomon, Miss Mattie Solomon, Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor, Mrs. General McDowell, Miss Lizzie Spotts, Lieutenant and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Loyal, Mr. and Mrs. W. Coleman, Mrs. George Wallace, Miss Swearingen, Miss Lizzie Bruner, Miss Nina Thomson, Miss Bertie Thomson, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Masten, Miss Maggie Masten, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henly Smith. Among the gentlemen, Mr. John T. Washington, Mr. James, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Ben Teal, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Edward McAfee, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Twiggs, Mr. Wilford Page, Mr. Stone, Mr. James A. Miller, Jr., Mr. D. Beck, and many others. On Saturday evening, Mr. James Ben Ali Haggin, son of J. B. Haggin, was married to Miss Lizzie Wood, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. William Sillem. The young lady has just returned from a trip to Europe, and is a resident of Lima, Peru. The groom is a member of the firm of Haggin & Lounsbury, of Wall Street, New York. The ceremony was performed by the Right Reverend Bishop Kip, in the presence of only a few intimate friends and relatives. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William Sillem, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Carrol McAfee, Mr. Charles Mayne, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock. They gave a reception at Mrs. Sillem's on Thursday, soon after leaving for their new home in New York. There seems to be quite an epidemic in the families of Haggin and Tevis, for before the reverberations of one marriage bell have ceased, another peals forth. It is considered the thing to patronize the theatres on Monday night among our set; so we found ourselves at the Baldwin on the opening night of Clara Morris' return. Among our people we saw Mr. Flood, wife, and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Breckinridge, the Maynards, Mr. Ned Parker, the Gwins, with Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, ex-Senator Cole, wife and daughter, Judge Clark, Mrs. Ben. Holliday, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Castle, Mrs. Judge Wheeler and son, H. B. Williams and wife, Mrs. Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, Judge Hager and wife. Then there were the usual number of our beaux lining the walls and doorways. One enjoys the theatre so much when about us are familiar faces. Across the bay, in Oakland, on Thursday morning of last week, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. John H. Hughes and Miss Ella H. Bugbee were married, at eleven o'clock in the morning, ceremony by J. D. Parks; only relatives and friends present. The bridal party entered the parlors, preceded by Misses Alice and Bessie Bugbee, Misses Ethel and Helen Smith, young nieces of the bride, the bridegroom and Mrs. S. C. Bugbee, the bride with her eldest brother, Mr. Charles L. Bugbee. On their return from their trip they will receive their friends, at Tenth Street, after the twenty-fifth of this month. Mrs. Theodore Shillaber, whose receptions at the Occidental we have all enjoyed so much, is now building a large ball room at her residence on Sixteenth Street. She leaves for the East soon, and on her return intends to entertain in her usual charming manner. Mrs. Hall McAllister has charming Sunday evening teas, made pleasant by chatting and music. MARY JANE.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."



A more thoroughly delightful concert than the fourth one of the Schmidt Quintet Club—on Friday, 6th instant—has probably never been heard in this city, and—which may as well be noted right here—is rarely heard in any city. For once the programme was entirely harmonious; the vocal and solo numbers were in perfect keeping with the concerted pieces, which were admirably selected, and could not fail to delight the dilettanti, while they interested the professional musicians who form so large a proportion of the audience at these recitals. The keynote to the entire evening was struck in the string quartet of Haydn, with which the concert opened—Mr. Clifford Schmidt leading—of which the *Menuetto* was given with the most charming grace and humor. Mr. Clifford also placed a new feather in his cap—and a still larger one, I think, in that of his teacher, his elder brother, Louis, Jr.—by his really admirable playing of the *Andante* and *Finale* from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; the *Andante*, although beautifully played, suffered somewhat from the rather rapid tempo in which it has become the fashion of late years to play it (entirely uncalled for and mistaken, I think), but the *Finale* was a delightful performance in many respects. So was also that of the *Variations Serieuses*, by Miss Schmidt, who certainly showed great courage in attempting this most difficult and profound of Mendelssohn's piano-forte compositions, but who proved herself to be as nearly equal to the task of playing it as it is possible to be at her age. The enthusiasm of youth is rarely tempered with artistic reticence; young blood must be permitted its moments of gush. But I prefer it in mild doses, especially in Mendelssohn's music. The String Quartet of Schubert—the posthumous *Allegro molto* in C minor—a work of indescribable beauty, and one that made a truly profound impression on the audience, was one of the most perfect quartet performances I ever heard anywhere. Aware, as I was, of the great difficulty of this movement, both for each individual player and in the *ensemble*, I had prepared myself to be satisfied with a moderately good performance of it, and, indeed, should have considered this quite an achievement. But I was delightfully disappointed. Mrs. Tippet—who did not seem to be in her best voice—sang with the true musical intelligence and sympathetic style that characterizes every thing she does. The first song, by Raff, was not well chosen—for her—since it should be given with a dramatic force for which her voice is entirely inadequate; the songs of Reinecke—with violin—she sings beautifully.

An interesting feature in connection with these lovely songs, which may be said to have become an established favorite with our music public—since for the past four or five years they have been sung at least once every winter—is the fact that they were the first music of Reinecke to find place on a programme in this city, and formed, so to speak, the beginning of our acquaintance with one of the most delightful of modern composers. Since their introduction here—it was by Miss Dineon, at one of the concerts of the Musical Institute, about eight years ago—Reinecke's name has become almost as familiar to our music lovers as it is at Leipzig, where he is conductor of the famous Gewandhaus concerts; his orchestral compositions—notably the exquisite *Entracte* from *Manfred*—and songs are frequently given, his chamber music diligently studied, a chorus club has been named after him, and his piano-forte music holds a very high place in the estimation of players and teachers. I recognize in this cultivation of the music of a composer like Reinecke a sign that we are developing—to a certain extent at least—in a good direction, since an appreciation of his work implies the recognition of much that is best in art, namely, purity of original thought, great refinement and noblesse of expression, as well as the most consummate skill in the treatment of his subject, be it what it may. The same masterly hand that in the *Freudensfeier* overture depicts the glory of a great nation with all the breadth and grandeur of a great epic lingers with loving care and lightest touch over the elaboration of a *Sonatina* or group of charming little pieces for the children; the composer of an opera like *Manfred* is also he of the *Nutcracker*, and in none of his greater choruses will there be found more patient or conscientious attention to detail than is apparent in every line of the *Trios*, for female voices, or the two songs with violin. Reinecke's work—especially his admirable instructive material—is invaluable to us in our musical progress, and one of the most satisfactory evidences that we are attempting in serious earnest to make this progress is to be found in the fact that San Francisco is a pretty good customer of Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig, who publish most of his compositions.

The unusually attractive programme put forward for the next Quintet Concert—it fairly bristles with good things—will be accepted in many quarters as after all but poor recompense for the accompanying announcement that this is to be the last of these delightful performances. But the end of all good things must come sooner or later; that of a concert season arrives when, on making up the accounts, the balance is found on the wrong side of the page, and, this being the case, I for one am not disposed to find fault with Mr. Schmidt for preferring to devote the time and energies of his quintet to study and preparation for their Eastern tour rather than getting up concerts in this city when they do not pay. We have as yet too small a public for good music, while its presentation is attended with comparatively too great expense. When we have learned to look for good concerts ourselves, instead of compelling the concert-giver to lose three or four weeks in hunting up a sufficient subscription to cover his ex-

penses—besides laying out about one-fourth of the receipts for printing and advertising—and when we are prepared to accept a well carried out programme of chamber music, without insisting on the costly luxury of a singer (vocalists are very rarely included in such programmes abroad), we can possibly find a quartet party that can afford to remain in this city and give us some more music. Until then it is out of the question. Meantime Mr. Schmidt and his talented family go East, where, I have no doubt, their excellent playing will win them no end of success. The programme for next Friday is, as I stated before, very strong, and includes the piano-forte Quintet of Schumann, clarinette Quintet of Mozart, *Gavotte* of Bazzini for strings, *Aria* for violin by Bach, a *Ciaccone* for violin, by Vivaldi, *Romanza* for cello, by Bargiel, and the brilliant *Capriccio* in B minor of Mendelssohn (with quintet accompaniment) for piano-forte. Mrs. Marriner-Campbell will sing an *Aria* from *Pré aux clercs* with obligato violin, and a *Slumber Song* by Oscar Weill.

If Mr. Gee, of Trinity Church choir, had undertaken to make a special effort to assist me in the illustration of what I consider to be the true direction in which church music should be cultivated, he could hardly have succeeded more effectively than in the service which I heard sung at this church on last Sunday morning. Not that everything was well sung, by any means. This, with a volunteer choir that is still in an almost experimental state, and with an organ loft so badly constructed that the singers are obliged to string themselves out in a long row—some of them almost out of hearing of the organist—would be too much to expect. But the effort to perform the music of the service with a choir instead of a solo quartet—which is, after all, only the make-shift of indolence or incapacity—is of itself of great importance, and Mr. Gee's chorus already begins to show results of careful, intelligent training, singing pretty well in tune and nicely together, etc. That only good music is sung understands itself; I can not imagine Mrs. Mills singing, or an organist of Mr. Gee's training playing, anything else. The portion of the service that I heard included a *Benedictus* by Barby, a composition of pure style and much beauty, Spohr's *As pants the heart* (as an offertory, Mrs. Mills singing the soprano solo with all her accustomed charm of voice), and several hymns. These were given with the greatest simplicity and breadth—as they always should be—the choir forming a support, as it were, for such of the congregation as chose to join in the singing. A noble Toccata of Bach, played as a closing voluntary, formed a fitting conclusion to a service in which everything was orderly and in keeping, and in which the aim of organist and choir alike seemed to be only to make good music, and avoid everything like parade or a display of their own abilities. I think Trinity Church is to be congratulated on the success that has attended Mr. Gee's efforts, and hope that gentleman will persevere in the excellent work that he has undertaken.

It would be interesting to ascertain to whose artistic judgment this church owes the utterly atrocious arrangement of color on its walls. The prevailing tint is a chalky, lightish blue; this is intersected by a sort of string course of white, which is streaked and spotted with a deep, positive blue; below—near the base—are a series of panels of chalky, blueish lilac, that give a cold purple tone to everything that comes within their reach, and altogether the effect is something like a chill accompanied by a touch of toothache. I don't remember when I have seen anything uglier, unless perhaps in two or three of our swell houses that had been turned over to the tender mercy of the fresco painter for decoration. There is much about the interior of Trinity Church that is very good—some pleasant wood-work and nice stained glass—and it seems a pity that the effect of this should be killed, as it is, by the overwhelming ugliness of the walls.

I suppose I shall be told that church walls are outside the jurisdiction of a musical critic, and that it might be as well that I should attend to my own shop, etc. But the walls of a room in which music is performed are a part of my shop, for I maintain that the effect of music is largely influenced by the external surroundings that attend its performance, and am not alone in this opinion. I believe that some of my readers will recollect the story about an extra occasion—it is many years since—on which the directors of the *Gewandhaus*, at Leipzig, determined to brighten up their little *salle*, and replace its modest coat of creamy yellow (slightly relieved with gilt) with one that should make a little more pretension—a Fifth Symphony dress, let us say. So the fresco painters were called in, and the room was made splendid. But the music would not sound! It got a fair trial; they tried it with voices, quartet, and orchestra; they tried it by daylight and candle-light (they had no gas there in those days), and without any light; they tried it in every possible way, but they could not make it sound like the old thing. Then they held a solemn consultation, and determined to go back to the old cream color and gilt. The painters came, the old tints were restored, and with them the old charm of the music; it sounded. I was not there at the time, but heard the story in Leipzig, and believe it. A friend, who has seen a great deal of Richard Wagner, has told me how the Maestro has the greatest aversion to hearing music in rooms whose walls are white—that he can not write in such a room, and that he complains that the white color freezes up the tone. I understand this perfectly, and it is precisely the effect produced by the purplish, chalky tint of the walls at Trinity. They chill the music, and are ugly besides.

Mr. Stephen W. Leach gave his concert at Platt's Hall on last Monday evening, and in doing so only succeeded in proving what has been abundantly demonstrated in former attempts of the same kind, viz: that the public of San Francisco does not care for concerts in which the music is the only attraction, and will not go to them excepting under pressure. The only way to get houses in this city is to either coax or bully people into buying tickets; Mr. Leach only offered a very interesting and attractive programme carried out by some of our best artists, and has probably the bulk of the expenses to pay for his pains and misplaced confidence. The music was excellent, especially the old English part-songs; Mr. Leach's Chorus-Waltz—a well written and effective number—was also very enjoyable. S. E.

BOOK-COVER REVIEWS.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., of the Riverside press, are printing all the books, and Billings, Harbourn & Co. are giving them away. We have received from this house this week the *Biography of Leonardo da Vinci*, the wonderful painter, who flourished in the second half of the sixteenth century—the golden era of the middle ages, during which Shakespeare, Ariosto, and Cervantes wrote their immortal pages; when Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Giorgione were learning how to prepare their celestial colors (quoted). Leonardo was an illegitimate son of his father; this accounts for his genius; the other eleven children born in wedlock never amounted to anything. His famous work of the Last Supper is now seen in the refectory of a ruined old Dominican monastery at Florence—the first and best painting the world has ever produced. We say the painting is seen; not so—only the wall where it once was. It has been so often repaired, repainted, and retouched, that nothing of the original is visible. An interesting book is this life of Leonardo da Vinci. While we read it, it occurs to us to ask a question: how does it happen that while in almost every other department of art, of literature, and science, the present is comparable with those who flourished then? We call on Mr. Gil Williams for an answer, and we pause for a reply.

It will be interesting for our children to be informed that *The Melodies of Mother Goose* were written by a veritable goose—a real, live goose. This is a fact. On the 5th of July, 1692, at Boston, Elizabeth Foster, aged twenty-seven years, married a man by the name of Ver Goose, or Green Goose, an old widower fifty-four years of age, who had ten children. The new Mrs. Goose had six children, making sixteen in all. It was for this flock of goslings that Mrs. G. wrote *The Melodies of Mother Goose*. Children have better times nowadays than when we were boys. *Mother Goose's Melodies* were crooned to us by old nurses; now they are printed in splendid type on beautiful paper, illustrated in colors, and in green and gold, but they are to the little ones the same attractive melodies as when nearly two hundred years ago they were sung to the family of Boston by the good Mother Goose.

"Who had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem of "The School Boy" comes to us beautifully illustrated, suitable for a holiday present. *A Book of Stories* for children, by Sarah O. Jewett; and what most interests us, another cook book, entitled *Just How*, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Having arrived at that period of life when we live to eat, nothing can be more acceptable than a book that embraces the life-long experience of a good cook, telling us just how every dish should be prepared. *Memorandum*—We had written thus far when we were admonished that it was time for lunch. We had written this puff of Mrs. Whitney's cook book, having only examined the covers as is the custom among book reviewers. After our return from the Bohemian Club, filled with its incomparable bash, we chanced to look again at Mrs. Whitney's cook book, page 194, and to our utter astonishment read the following receipt for cooking cauliflower. Now cauliflower is our favorite vegetable; it is the most delicate and delicious of all esculents if properly cooked. In California the cauliflower grows to greater perfection than elsewhere in the world, and it is evident that Mrs. Whitney knows nothing about cauliflower, or how to cook it: "An hour before dinner put the cauliflower in a large porcelain kettle with a great deal of boiling water, salted. Let it boil steadily, but not in a furious manner to toss and bruise it, for an hour; prepare for it a cream sauce, etc." This produces a nasty mess of soft vegetable mush, unsightly to look upon and unfit to eat. The true and only way to treat this vegetable is to drop it into a kettle of boiling water like an egg; if small in size like a Boston cauliflower, leave it four minutes; if like a California specimen, as large as your head, leave it seven minutes. Serve hot with butter sauce. Mrs. Whitney may know how to cook Boston brown bread, codfish, mackerel, salt herring, Indian pudding, fry pork with molasses, and make coffee out of beans; she might wrestle with an apple dumpling or a mince pie made out of dried apples and boiled cider, or she might accomplish a pot of baked beans; but cauliflower is to her a hidden mystery. We do not wish to be harsh or over-critical, but we do not justify Houghton, Osgood & Co. in printing such matter, and we notify the new book house of Billings, Harbourn & Co. that they can exchange this cook book for a full set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or any other useful works of reference required in the editorial library.

From Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, we have the romantic story of *Carmen*, written by Prosper Mérimée, of the French Academy. It is from this romance that the opera of *Carmen*, as presented by Miss Minnie Hauck and Miss Kellogg, was dramatized. It is a most interesting tale and most excellently printed. It is issued in paper as a companion to *Fanchon*, noticed by us last week.

Roman & Co., impressed with our thorough manner of criticising book covers, our exhaustive review of the tables of contents, and the fidelity with which we announce the publisher, the author, and—what is altogether more important—the retailer, have sent us several most interesting—as we conjecture—books, of beautiful print and binding, which we shall notice next week, they being too late for this issue.

A Radical, heated by copious libations, was merrily singing the "Marseillaise."

"What makes you say 'opprobrium'?" asks a friend. "You ought to say 'opprobrium!'"

"I know it's opprobrium in the book, but I prefer opprobrium."

"But what does opprobrium mean?"

"Damfino, but it expresses my thought more clearly."

"You see," said the host genially at dinner, "there is nothing mean about me. All through the house everything is regardless of expense. My servants drink the same wine that I do."

"You mean," says a guest gently, "that you drink the same wine the servants do."

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Two Angels.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above :
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels, a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.
"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.
"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

'There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for
fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness, and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song, the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

WHITTIER.

The Lotos-Eaters.

I.

"Courage," he said, and pointed toward the land;
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced about the valley stood the noon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

II.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through waving lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-tops.
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with showery drops,
L'p-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

III.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West; through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

IV.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whose did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music to his ears his beating heart did make.

V.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said: "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang: "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

TENNYSON.

THE CHINESE AND SOCIALISM.

Translated for the Argonaut from "Revue des Deux Mondes."

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

Force alone has opened the vast empire of China, unto whose centre hardly any Europeans have as yet penetrated, but from which issues every year an ever-increasing wave of emigrants. "China," wrote two years ago an author who was thoroughly acquainted with the country, "will send forty millions of men to America without those who remain taking any notice of it. The race is so prolific that the country will obtain no perceptible relief from this exodus." The rigorous exactness of the assertion will strike any one who has had an opportunity of observing those compact masses, the innumerable multitudes in search of their daily subsistence.

In Australia the white race, menaced in its means of subsistence, demands energetic measures, and, under popular pressure, the Legislative Assembly is taking steps to keep out the Asiatic race. The complaints alleged against it are the same in Queenstown and San Francisco, with this difference, that in California the question has assumed a far more keen and threatening character. The socialist party, in fact, has taken possession of it in order to excite the masses, and it has succeeded in provoking manifestations of such a character that during some days the inhabitants believe they were on the eve of very serious events. Though the crisis passed without danger, the causes that produced it still exist. The conflict is only adjourned, and will certainly be renewed if satisfaction is not given to popular passions. Is this satisfaction possible? This is the question we must try to meet in an examination of the accusations brought against the Chinese, and the measures suggested to conjure away the peril.

The first charge alleged against them is as follows: They live on little, they have no family to support, they are content with the poorest wages. Their clothing is the simplest, they wear sandals; consume nothing but rice, salt fish, and tea; everything they want they bring from their own country. A hundred Chinamen will lodge in a space that will hardly suffice for ten white men; and not only do they add nothing to the public wealth, but, as statistics prove, they impoverish the country. The study of local statistics throws a curious light on the question. The Americans are a practical people, able to reduce everything to figures. From certain calculations of their economists it follows that the value of an emigrant of the white race is about \$1,500. In other words, the mean excess of his production over his consumption is estimated at this figure. It is his contribution to the overplus of social activity. According to them the Chinese not only do not contribute anything to this overplus, but they infringe considerably on the common capital. Bank accounts show that in the space of twenty-five years (from 1853 to 1878) they have sent to China the enormous sum of 900,000,000 francs. Now, during the same lapse of time the amount that emigrants of the white race have been able to economize out of their wages is estimated at only 300,000,000 francs. From the statistics of the custom house of San Francisco for 1877, it is known that the amount of silver exported to China reaches 90,000,000 francs, and this is not reckoning the sums the Chinese carry on their persons on the voyage. It is a third of the total exportation from California. The power of absorbing silver, whether in ingots or in specie, by China and the East Indies is a fact which has been often verified. Even before the discovery of California and Australia, Asia had almost exhausted the metallic stock of Spanish and Mexican dollars. In 1877 its importation of silver from all sources exceeded 525,000,000 francs. Southampton, San Francisco, Marseilles, and Venice are the principle ports through which this argentiferous movement is effected. The importation of gold to China is almost null, and for 1878 represented about 200,000 francs.

What strikes us in the figures given above is the prodigious economy of the Chinese emigrants, and their producing power. If these two qualities are a crime in the eyes of their adversaries, it is, they say, because the Chinaman does not establish himself definitively in the country; he obeys his fixed idea of returning to his native land, which alone benefits by the results of his labor. This argument wants logic, for it is evident that on the day when the Chinese become permanent residents, the invasion will march with giant steps, and the American population will disappear among those compact masses of Asiatics. Only for this double current, California would long since have become a Chinese colony. It is easy to understand the hatred of the white emigrants: they see in the new-comers successful rivals with whom a peaceful struggle is impossible. The Americans on their side feel themselves inundated by this rushing tide which they dread will not only ruin their country, but render it uninhabitable. After the economists, speaking in the name of material interests, come the moralists, who tell us that the life and habits of the Chinese are so different from theirs that their presence is a permanent danger in every respect. Their filthiness is extreme, and their dwellings are hot-beds of epidemics. They despise women; they have no respect for an oath; they are perjurers, profligates, without honor, without religion, and without faith.

However severe a judgment evidently dictated by passion may be, we cannot declare it entirely false. It is certain that Chinese emigration recruits itself from the very lowest classes of the population, and that among these classes there, as everywhere else, vice and ignorance hold sway. Is missionary teaching powerless among them? Can they not be brought under the influence of religious ideas? To this the missionaries can only reply by avowing their utter want of success, and their entire inability to make proselytes among the Chinese.

After the economists and moralists, men of politics in their turn declare that the Chinese, bending for centuries under the yoke of a crushing despotism, are incapable of becoming free citizens of a free country. "For a long time," they say, "we have been cradled in the idea that in every conflicting race the superior race must necessarily absorb the inferior, and impose on it its ideas, customs, and laws. History offers many examples of this; but theory is one thing, and fact is another. There are exceptions to general laws of humanity, and if we examine the matter the Chinese will prove it. So far are they from considering themselves our inferiors, that they look on us as barbarians, and manifest a

profound disdain for our civilization. They form a compact mass, inaccessible to every influence. They differ from us in everything—color, features, dress, language, morals, and religion. Can two races so distinct, separated by insurmountable barriers, live side by side, on the same soil, and under the same government? If union between them is impossible, one of them must yield and the other bend. Which? Number is strength, and strength makes right. They come in waves, driven on by an irresistible current, and to our complaints and protests they answer: 'We have on our side right and treaties.' Moderate men stop at this, but the masses, menaced in their interests, in their existence, have their own logic—brutal and violent, like themselves. Before we view them at work, let us examine briefly the measures by the aid of which they propose to remedy the danger.

However great the contempt professed for the Chinese, they are not the less masters of a vast empire with which the United States have a considerable commerce. There exists in China American residents, American interests, which were not established without trouble or created without difficulty, and which will not easily permit themselves to be sacrificed. It is not probable that China will seek revenge for a violation of treaties by declaring war against the United States. Her junks would certainly not come to bombard San Francisco; but who could prevent her from replying to these unjust proceedings by an order expelling American residents and by a refusal to admit the ships of the United States into her harbors? The massacres of Tien-tsin are not yet forgotten. Blood can still flow, and a frantic populace can include in one common hatred and revenge all foreign residents.

It is proposed to organize a general crusade of capital against Chinese labor, to come to an agreement not to employ any Chinaman, to give always and everywhere, at all costs, the preference to the white workman over the Asiatic, and thus place the latter in the alternative of dying of hunger or of quitting the country. In theory, very well, but how about the practice? What will you do with the refractory? There are ten to-day, there will be a thousand to-morrow. Here is a farmer—American, German, Irish, it does not matter—who employs twenty Chinese; he dismisses them and replaces them by twenty Irishmen who cost him daily three times as much. Will he sell his produce at a dearer rate and in the same proportion? And if he has a neighbor who, more careful of his own than of the general interests, persists in employing cheap labor, what will he do? Rivalry becomes impossible. The one is ruined, the other is enriched. Shall they employ force to insure the strength of this new league? But the law is opposed to it on one side, and on the other the time is past for sailing back against economic currents. Revolutionary measures can do nothing.

Finally, the revision of the treaties with China is suggested. The committee of Congress to which the examination of the question had been referred, after having developed at length in its report all the arguments that militate against Chinese immigration, concluded by recommending to Congress the adoption of the following resolution: "The President of the United States is invited to open negotiations with the governments of China and England, and to take, in concert with them, the measures necessary to arrest Chinese immigration to the United States." But, admitting that the Imperial Government would consent to this revision, it also would insist on regaining its liberty of action, and the first use it would make of it would be to reestablish the ancient barriers. This revision, then, would not be a solution; it would be necessary to modify and reconstruct the laws relative to immigration to the United States. Civilization does not retreat, and the artificial barriers raised against interests and principles are powerless dikes, promptly swept away by a more impetuous torrent.

These considerations strike the eyes of the more clear-sighted, but the popular current hurries them on; powerless to master it, they try to direct it. On the 16th of December Mr. Page, a representative from California in the Congress of the United States, addressed a letter to the President, in which he called his attention to the restlessness manifested through the entire State. He assured him that an insurrectionary movement was in preparation the consequences of which would be terrible, and concluded by begging him to take the measures necessary to dispel the dangers threatening California. This warning, in truth, only came in time. The discussion no longer turned on the more or less legality or efficiency of the plans suggested; the mob were prepared to act, and the socialist leaders placed themselves at the head of the movement; they aimed high and far.

If by socialist we understand every one who busies himself with social questions, every one is a socialist more or less. When we speak of the socialist party of the United States, we understand by the term those who undertake the solution of social problems by revolutionary means, and this is what those who direct the socialist movement in San Francisco claim to do. The Irish and the Germans are at the head of it, and this is easily understood. Labor is scarce; Chinese competition ruins them. From the start the movement has been purely social. The Workingmen's party, as it is termed, has, through the medium of its principal orator, Kearney, repudiated openly all alliance with the Republican or Democratic party. It confounds them in a common hatred, declares them corrupt and rotten, incapable of solving any of the questions raised, and claims to substitute itself in place of them. The theories of the International are dominant among its partisans. Political questions do not exist, they say; there are only social questions—people who possess and others who have nothing. Politics has created different nationalities; it has kept nations divided in order to force them to hate each other that it might the more easily rule them. The logical conclusion resulting from this, apparently, is to pursue with fire and sword the Asiatic race in the name of the great principle of the fraternity of mankind.

Kearney has not feared to affirm that he had 60,000 men of action behind him, ready for everything. "It is enough," he said, "to make the rich tremble and force them to disgorge." A few sentences will give an idea of the violence of his language: "To-morrow, probably, the press of San Francisco will treat you as cut-throats and vagabonds. The California press is in the pay of railroad thieves like Stanford & Co., and land-grabbers like Billy Carr. The municipal authorities are the most infamous scoundrels the world has ever seen. What are our representatives doing at Sacramento? They would sell Jesus Christ for a glass of beer.

Some misguided genius has established at the corner of the Faubourg Saint Denis, Paris, at the most crowded part of that most crowded of thoroughfares, two dials, the one white with black figures, the other black with white figures, and an inscription stating that the dials change color every five minutes. The consequence is, from dawn to dusk a crowd gathers on the opposite pavement, and at times numbers two hundred to three hundred. There they stand until the minute-hand points to a figure, and some go away contented at having seen the change. Many, however, remain; for a passing omnibus or van has probably eclipsed the dials at the momentous time, or possibly the observer's attention has been withdrawn for a second of time. It is only five minutes, and so they remain, recruiting their numbers by new accessions.

A community of Trappists has purchased a lot of land in western Pennsylvania with a view to establish a monastery there. The society will consist of two hundred monks from France, Ireland, and Turkey. The Trappists, the most austere of all the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, were founded in the seventeenth century by Armand Jean de Rance. They rise at two o'clock in the morning; devote twelve hours of the day to devotion, and the remainder to hard work, mainly in the field. No secular conversation is permitted. On meeting, they salute one another with "Remember death," and speak no more. They subsist on water and vegetables. Meat, beer, and wine are strictly prohibited. They sleep on a board with a pillow of straw. They never undress, even in illness. There are only 2,500 of them in the whole world, and that is enough.

There is more active fun in an ounce of kitten than in a ton of elephant.

A wicked New Jersey man says Talmage talks too much with his legs.

The perfectly contented man is also perfectly useless.

No more Chinese; buy powder and ball. As for your representatives, buy a rope and hang them high and quick. All who are in favor of it hold up their hands." (All hands are raised.) We see that the Chinese serve as a pretext for demands the most absurd, but also the most threatening. It is not with them alone that Kearney is concerned, but in the most seditious language he demands a radical revolution. The authorities were abused. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Kearney and the principal leaders. No sooner were they informed of this than they went insolently to the City Hall, gave in their names, and demanded, in accordance with law, to have the amount of their bail fixed. It was fixed at \$42,000, which was immediately subscribed. Encouraged by this first success, the boldness of Kearney and his partisans increased tenfold. In San Francisco they reckoned numerous adherents. The press was generally hostile to them; but the influence of the press in California is limited enough. Most of the journals are the property of a party or of a man. They are read rather for their commercial intelligence than for their political opinions. On the other hand, there was great wretchedness, and the exasperation against the Chinese was kept up in San Francisco still more than elsewhere by the numbers of them who were constantly arriving. Most of the local and federal authorities resided there. The leaders resolved to convoke a mass meeting, and, at its head, address a petition to the Mayor and Board of Supervisors, which they knew well how to convert into an imperious summons. The third of January last was fixed for the threatening demonstration, and on every side the necessary precautions were taken. The law could not prevent the meeting. Mr. Bryant, the Mayor, put the police in motion, enrolled special constables, while on their side the householders and capitalists organized themselves as a militia, ready to repel force by force.

At the appointed hour the crowd filled O'Farrell Street. A platform erected in an open lot served as a tribune for the orators. Wellock, the right arm of Kearney, opened the meeting by some significant words. "The law," said he, "gives food to the thief, it refuses labor and bread to the workman who is dying of hunger. We must have labor and bread." Kearney afterward spoke. "If," said he, "there is not a great change soon you will see the most terrible revolution that ever was." The procession fell into marching order, and went to the City Hall, when Kearney demanded that a delegation of which he was one should be received by the Mayor. The latter consenting, Kearney explained the demands of the workmen. "If," said he, "you refuse to do what is necessary, I declare that I will do nothing to restrain my followers, and that you expose the city to pillage. The peril is urgent. Speak to those men and give them work. If the law does not allow it tell them to rob a store get them arrested afterward if you can, and you will then be forced by law to give them bread." The Mayor, after much hesitation, consented to address the crowd. He declared that while sympathizing with the misery of the workmen he could not create work for them. "Then," cried a voice, "rid us of the Chinese." "I desire it as much as you," he returned, "and if we had not a single Chinese on our soil I would be the first to rejoice." He concluded by promising to ask the capitalists to hire as large a number of workmen as possible, and request the benevolent societies to come to the aid of the more wretched. His discourse, warmly criticized the next day by the party of resistance, only half satisfied his auditors, who, nevertheless, took note of his promises, and particularly of his declaration relative to the Chinese. Kearney and the principal leaders thought they had gained much already in bringing the Mayor to make common cause with them against Chinese immigration. "You have heard the answer of the Mayor. The common enemy is the Asiatic. His fortress is Chinatown." "Burn it; carry it by assault!" shouted the crowd. "Be it so," said Kearney; "but first let us organize. Listen, in a short time I will have 40,000 men, and then we will see what the police and Federal troops can do."

The next day a San Francisco journal replied that 75,000 resolute citizens would bar the way to Kearney's 40,000 men, and now that anarchy, violence, and conflagration were openly preached in the streets, and that the authorities were incapable or intimidated, they, and 70,000 others had determined to put an end to scenes so odious. The display of the 3d of January resulted in increasing considerably the influence of Kearney. On the next day he proceeded to the military and political organization of his partisans. It is beyond doubt that for a long time he kept up relations with the heads of the socialist party of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans. In all these cities the socialists have formed military companies, and under the protection of the law, they exercise themselves publicly in the use of arms; they know their leaders, and, though not exactly, the number of men they can dispose of. In the State of Pennsylvania, for instance, the estimates vary between 60,000 and 90,000 volunteers armed and equipped. In New York they are considered to number 50,000. Their party is chiefly recruited among the German and Irish emigrants. The first are the most numerous, and that they are the most influential can be judged from the titles of the principal journals of the socialist party: the *Volks-Zeitung*, *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, *Tagsblatt*, *Arbeiter-Stimme*, and *Sozialistische*, which are published at New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Germany is largely represented in the supreme council. Louis Huck directs the section of Bohemia. F. Leib, Paul Grotkan, condemned at Berlin, Gustav Lyser, Henry Ende, both escaped from the prisons of Frankfurt, and the latter of whom figured in the events of the Commune of Paris, are among the members. The French section, which is not numerous, has for leader B. F. Millot. One of the influential members in the supreme council wrote in May last: "We are at work not only in the large cities, but also in many others, and we are gaining ground with a rapidity that astonishes even ourselves. During the last ten months, since July, our number has quadrupled, and we have every reason to believe that our progress in this respect will be continued. In Cincinnati the companies drill every week, and from week to week the number of men present under arms increases from five to eight per cent."

At San Francisco Kearney adopted the same plan. In a few days companies of volunteers were organized, under the command of Knight, Wellock, and others. Recruits began to flock in. Was Kearney preparing an immediate movement, or was he waiting until things would be more advanced, and the signal for action given by the supreme coun-

cil? However it be, an incident precipitated events. The steamer *Tokio* was expected on the 17th of January; it brought on board a considerable number of Chinese. The most violent of the party resolved to oppose their landing, and Kearney accepted the direction of the movement. On the evening of the 15th the agitation assumed such proportions that the municipal and Federal authorities met secretly to consider the matter. Emissaries were dispatched to Sacramento, the National Guard was ordered to be put under arms, and the commander of the Federal troops prepared them to march. On the evening of the 16th, Kearney, Wellock and Knight were arrested and imprisoned. These measures—skillfully concerted and quickly executed—rendered the attempted riot abortive. A few days after Kearney was set at liberty under bail of 55,000 francs; Knight, Wellock, and the others, under bail of 25,000 francs each. At bottom, public opinion sympathized with Kearney in his crusade against the Chinese; but it stopped at this, being opposed to the violent means he used, and alarmed by the popular passions and socialist ideas which were let loose. Kearney not only demanded the expulsion of the Asiatic race; he insisted on an income tax, on the rate of interest being fixed at seven per cent., on limits to the rights of property, and other extravagances. Many did not care to follow him so far, and reproached him bitterly with compromising the credit of the State, shaking confidence, and injuring the very cause he pretended to serve.

What the heads of the socialist party could not wrest by force, they prepared to obtain by legal methods. Renouncing for the moment an armed conflict, the issue of which was doubtful, Kearney adopted as the rallying cry of his party the revision of the Constitution. The legislative assembly had voted it, fixing the elections for the 19th of June, 1878. Sustained and counseled by some of the members of the Assembly, who, in their eagerness for popularity, had rallied to his party, Kearney commenced a campaign of peaceful agitation. In all the electoral districts committees were formed, the lists of candidates discussed, and the principal orators of the party harangued numerous meetings. This time they wished to arm the State with sovereign rights, in order to solve the Chinese question. He claimed to free it from the international obligations contracted by the Federal Government, and to give it the power of legislation without taking into account the limits imposed by the Federal compact. This was to raise anew the great question of State rights, decided by the war of secession and the defeat of the South. The consequences resulting from such principles could not escape the two great political parties which in California, as in all the States of the Union, contend for the ascendancy. The Democrats and the Republicans—particularly the latter—saw with terror the new party, which confounded them in a common contempt, repelled all their advances, recruited itself from among their adherents, and threatened one day to raise itself on their ruins. In a conference held between the principal representatives of the Democrats and Republicans a fusion of the two parties was agreed upon with the object of defending threatened social interests. The candidates, selected in almost equal numbers from the two parties, presented themselves for the suffrages of the people as "non-partisans."

On both sides preparations were made for a struggle the issue of which did not seem doubtful. Kearney could not, it was said, make headway against such a coalition. Observers of public events were, however, wrong in their calculations this time. San Francisco gave a large majority to Kearney, whilst outside of the city thirteen counties elected Workingmen. The official result, proclaimed on the 12th of July last, shows that the Non-partisans elected 83; Kearney and his followers, 51; the Republicans, 11; and the Democrats, 7. Most of the Non-partisan representatives engaged themselves beforehand to vote with the Workingmen on the Chinese question. The day after the voting the socialist journals announced that Kearney proposed, as soon as the result of the election should be officially proclaimed, to go to New York, where, they said, fifty thousand adherents were waiting to hail the head of the party in California. Thence he would go to Chicago. We know the important rôle that the latter city played in the railway riots—M. Cuheval-Clarigny has described in this review, with rare impartiality, the bloody changes of the drama, the first explosion of socialism in the United States. We know the causes and aim of the riot, its point of departure, its excesses, and its repression. No doubt Chicago would have given to the *ci-devant* drayman, promoted to the rank of statesman, enthusiastic honors. But Kearney—like the promoters of the socialist movement in New York and in the other great cities of the Union—does not possess the notoriety and influence necessary to rally in one mass those scattered and destructive forces. Like them, he has succeeded in carrying the populace with him, in gaining an unhealthy and blustering popularity; but his violent and impassioned harangues have alarmed interests and frightened the moderate. A chief was wanting to the party. He has just appeared among a class where one would hardly expect to find him. He is a man whose career is well known in the United States, whose name has crossed the Atlantic, who has occupied high military and civil positions, and who aspires openly to the presidency of the Republic. On the last Fourth of July General Butler pronounced a discourse that resounded throughout the Union, in which he declared himself the head of the Workingmen's party, and solicited its votes for the presidential election. Parties are seldom scrupulous in the choice of men and means; therefore, while viewing General Butler with legitimate distrust, the Workingmen's party has received this new recruit with transport, whose ability is well known, and whose ambition aims at the supreme magistracy. In opposition to him the Republican party is putting forward already the candidature of General Grant. His authoritative manner, his aristocratic tendencies, the great services he has rendered, mark him out as head of the party which wishes to maintain, at all hazards, with the Union, the Federal bond, already becoming somewhat strained.

Every one feels that the problem to be solved is complex, and that, if in some States social principles form the difficulty, in all and for all the question of autonomy is again being raised; on its solution the maintenance or rupture of the Union will depend. Between the Northern manufacturer, the Western farmer, and the Southern planter there exist profound divergencies of views and interests. The States of the North have succeeded in establishing a protectionist régime,

under the shadow of which their industries are growing, perfecting themselves, and preparing at no very distant day to enter into dangerous competition with those of England. The States of the West, entirely devoted to the cultivation of cereals and stock raising, complain that they have to pay an excessive price for objects of the first necessity which they formerly procured at a cheap rate on account of European exportations. Articles of furniture, clothing, tools, everything has grown dear since an exorbitant tariff has been laid on foreign productions. "We owe taxes to the State," they say, "but not premiums to our fellow-citizens." They consider it unjust to have to pay Eastern manufacturers very dearly for what they can get cheaply from Manchester, Leeds, or Glasgow. Hence a discontent which is making itself felt more and more every day in the discussions of Congress, and a significant understanding between them and the South.

The latter, conquered and disarmed, have preserved their hatred and their hopes. They, too, suffer cruelly from the economic régime imposed by the victorious North. To the bitterness of their interests is joined that of their pride. It was they who founded the great republic. It is the work of their generals, their statesmen, their diplomatists, their admirals, and seamen. They governed it until the democratic element, constantly increased and strengthened by European immigration, finally got the better of its aristocratic traditions, destroying at one blow slavery, which served them as a basis, and the autonomy of the States whose sovereign rights they alone defended. For a time their servants became their masters. In South Carolina, of the one hundred and twenty-five members of the lower chamber ninety were negroes. Baron Hubner, in his remarkable work, *A Journey Round the World*, describes with rare faithfulness the fury, the despair, the hatred accumulated in the hearts of the whites, not against their former slaves, but against the North—in their opinion, the author of all their evils. That which was true in 1871 is still more so to-day. Then, the late President of the Confederation, Jeff Davis, made a triumphal progress through the country, electrifying his hearers with the words: "Silence and hope!" Their hopes have grown big; the hour approaches; and, with ear strained to hear the threatening rumors that come from the West, from Chicago and San Francisco, the planters of the South, the women especially—more impassioned than their husbands and brothers—dream of revenge and a successful insurrection. In the vehement complaints of the West they find the feeble echo of their own griefs; and if socialist theories are repugnant to their instincts as well as their traditions, they see in their rapid progress a threatening weapon directed against the North, an appeal to that right of secession for which they have struggled and suffered, to which they have sacrificed everything, and which they do not despair of seeing yet triumph.

If that day comes, the great American republic will be separated into three distinct groups, perhaps four, if California, Oregon, and the Pacific territories are strong enough to assert their independence. Will a federation with limited powers be substituted for the actual federal bond which is strained to excess? Will the rupture be complete, or will the partisans of the Union succeed in maintaining the *status quo* by means of a dictatorship? What is certain is that great events are in preparation, and that, without consciousness or volition in the matter, the Asiatic immigration is called to play an important part in the history of that American continent of whose name and existence China, fifty years ago, was utterly ignorant.

"To-morrow I will utterly confute all that I have proved to-day, by stronger arguments," said Simon of Tournay, at the close of a lecture in which he vaunted that he had proved all the great mysteries of religion; on the morrow he was laid low by apoplexy. George Valla was hurrying from his lodgings to deliver a lecture on the probability of the immortality of the soul, but before he had reached his classroom he had solved the problem, for himself at least, by dropping dead on the way. The impious and profligate Pietro Aretino, who boasted that he had libeled everybody dead or alive, with the exception of the Almighty, whom he had spared because he knew nothing about him, terminated his existence characteristically. He was drinking and enjoying himself with certain other ecclesiastics, and one of them telling a story of Aretino's sisters, little enough to their credit, the wit leaned back in his chair to laugh with full freedom, slipped, and dashed his brains out on the marble floor. Edgar Allen Poe gasped out a life the world could ill spare in the agonies of a drunken debauch. Who has not cursed the fatal brawl which robbed us of Christopher Marlowe? "Death," says Sir Walter Scott, "creeps upon our most frivolous as well as upon our most serious enjoyments," but of all the scenes on which he ever obtruded his unwelcome presence, none surely was more alien than that foul haunt at Deptford. There, amid the refuse and filth of humanity, with their licentious songs ringing in his ears, the dagger of a bully plunged into the brain of him, who at twenty-nine was the rival—the superior—of Shakespeare. They were born in the same year, and the work which Shakespeare had produced at that age was far inferior to that of his ill-fated fellow-dramatist. It is curious to observe how many tragic writers have terminated their existence in a tragic manner—in a manner, we may add, which corresponded only too closely with the character of their lives. Robert Greene, worn out with debauchery, and completely shattered with diseases which were the consequence of his ill-guided indulgences, was carried off, it is said, by a surfeit of red herrings. There is no sadder book in literature than his dying homily, "A Groat's Worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance." That Otway died miserable it is clear, though it is not easy to learn the precise manner of his death, but it is lamentably probable that the immortal author of "Venice Preserved" and "The Orphan" perished of actual want. His remains are mouldering away in St. Clement Danes churchyard, with no stone to mark the spot. In the same place, too, sleeps his friend Lee, who also "died like a dog." Poor Lee! his "Rival Queens" is certainly one of the gems of the later drama, and his other plays with all their bombast are full of beauties. He had been, it is said, carousing with a party of his friends, none of whom had the grace to see him home. In the morning he was found dead in the streets, which were covered with snow. A dray had passed over his body whether before or after death was uncertain.

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 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

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M. D. Boruck, of the *Spirit of the Times*, did faithful service to the Republican party as the Secretary of its State Central Committee. He worked faithfully, intelligently, and gratuitously. The duties of the position were arduous, and occupied his time for half a year. To him more than to any one man in the State is due the victory that gave Hayes its electoral vote. This vote made him the President. When it came to the distribution of the honors and offices resulting from this hard-won political victory, Mr. H. L. Dodge was appointed Superintendent of the Mint. Mr. Dodge is a respectable merchant, who, so far as we know, had not spent an hour of time nor a dollar of money in the campaign. After his appointment Mr. Boruck asked him to appoint a laborer in the Mint. Mr. Dodge replied: "I am not here to reward politicians." This was a damper to our friend Marcus. Mr. Boruck, who publishes a weekly journal, very naturally sours over this kind of treatment, and scolds, and in our opinion he has a right to scold. He says—and it is true—that the cast-off relative of some Senator, Congressman, or other official—not even excepting the President of the United States—is sent out here to fill a place which by right, by every sentiment of justice, by party honesty and honor, by the recognition which meritorious services are entitled to, should be held by a Republican, native and to the manor born. Now, another and a very important election is coming; upon the vote of California may depend the next Congress, or the next President. All the Federal officers, contractors, administration pets, Treasury favorites, people at Mare Island, all the hangers-on upon Federal places, will expect a campaign to be carried on in California with enthusiasm. The politicians at Washington will send Mr. Gorham out to manage our affairs, and they will suggest for us a programme; and we who write for journals will be expected to "enthuse" the masses; and those of us who have the gift oratorical will be called upon to stump the State—and this, among the mountains and long distances of California, means a summer of arduous labor. And those of us who have money will be called upon to contribute for the expenses of the campaign. And the rank and file will be expected to rally, parade, and bear torches, and finally on election day to vote early and often. And when the contest is ended, and the victory won, the house of Seligman & Co.—who compose with others a syndicate to manage the national finances, place bonds upon the market, and handle the bullion of the nation—will designate a superintendent for our Mint, and this superintendent will tell us, who write, and speak, and pay, and vote, that he is "not here to reward politicians."

There is a patriotic side and a money side to politics. We are not discussing the patriotic side of this question just at present. We know that coin comes from syndicates, from the Alaska fur contract, from railroad subsidists, from the naval construction bureau, from army supplies, from Indian management, from the distribution of official patronage, from the public lands; and we know that the money motive is more powerful than patriotism, and that it, and it alone, is the strong incentive to active party exertion. There is at Washington and all over the country a mob of officials, some few of them content with honors and moderate pay, but in addition to these a great army of greedy money-makers. Abroad in foreign lands are commercial agents, consuls, and ministers plenipotentiary, very ornamental and very useless. We know that the average Congressman and Senator get rich on \$5,000 a year after only a few years of official opportunity. We know that in California and Nevada more money is expended for a Senatorial election than the salary of the two terms would pay. We hear it asserted, and we do not hear it contradicted, that our Secretary of the Treas-

ury entered the Senate a poor man, and that now he is worth his millions. We know that many millions of public money from the National Treasury are annually expended to secure party rule. Hence, we are not surprised when a man like Mr. Boruck has served the party faithfully, and gratuitously, and successfully, that he should be angry at being told by an official, who has come into the vineyard to get his penny after the heat and burden of the day is past, that he is "not in office to reward politicians," and that he should scold and resolve in his own mind that the man who got the loot should make the fight.

We know that this is not the high-toned, patriotic view to take of politics. We know that when we write editorials and make political speeches we ought to ignore all these base considerations and rise above all thought of self, or place, or money. We know we ought to enlist under the party banner, keep step to the party music, fight the party fight, and all for the most patriotic of purposes. We know that party orators and party editors ought to proclaim danger to the Republic unless their side wins, and ought to find arguments to make it perfectly clear that the nation will come to grief in the event of the success of any party other than their own. This is the orthodox way of making a campaign. We know it would not be honorable for an independent journalist like Mr. Boruck to ask any money to print and publish partisan arguments for a partisan triumph. We know that honorable and high-minded men are above being paid for any campaigning, and that the oratorical part of the business is done gratuitously, and yet we also know that money is paid out like water to a band of mercenary politicians, Bohemians, and rabble masses; that promises are made to those who will sell themselves, and the only class of workers who are defrauded of their just claims are the honest, zealous, respectable class, who are in the party from principle and too decent to exact money for party work. When a man of this kind asks place for himself, or in his necessities seeks a party favor, he is met at the threshold of the Mint with the declaration that it is a place to coin money and not to reward politicians.

The politicians of the Eastern States, and the Federal officials of this, tell us that our California congressional election is an important one; that upon its result it is possible the Presidential election and the majority in Congress may hang; that it is of the gravest consequence that this State should go Republican. Now, we are not so overwhelmingly impressed with the consequences of a Republican defeat as some of our office-holding and party-aspiring friends would wish us to be. We are Republican, as everybody knows, and all things else being equal, would prefer the success of that party. But—indeed there are many buts and ifs in the way of our desiring its continuing to remain in power. We know that the long continued exercise of political power is likely to lead to abuse. The Republican party has committed gross abuses; it has intrenched itself with rogues in office, till we are calmly considering in our own mind whether it would not be well to allow it to go into a minority and give the opposition an opportunity to drive the national coach for a term. This State is now under Democratic party government, and this city under the same party control. Candor compels us to say that the affairs of the State are well managed, and that it would not be a calamity if its administration should continue another four years in the same direction. Mayor Bryant is making an excellent mayor; and if the Board of Supervisors, only part of whom are Democrats, and the Superintendent of Streets, who is a Republican, and some other of the subordinate officers, were more honest than we think them to be, our city would be doing very well. So, unless the Republican party make respectable nominations, and in a respectable way, there will be great indifference as to the result in California. If our State Convention is packed, and a pre-arranged programme put upon the party by the Washington and Federal clique, or by the secret manipulations of any local interest, the Republican rank and file will revolt. If we may be permitted to borrow a somewhat vulgar but forcible expression, it will jump stiff-legged like a wild California broncho. Hence, we take the liberty of saying to George Gorham and George Evans, and to the men who would make governors and members of Congress, go slow. We would say to the Federal officials, be modest, and do not undertake to convince anybody that your shrieks for bread and butter are the disinterested howls of patriotism.

It is only necessary to recall some of the prominent events of our history in California to illustrate how easy it is to destroy the supremacy of either party in this State. The Gwin-Broderick quarrel demonstrated to the Democracy, after several defeats, the necessity of party union. The same necessity compels the North and South, Ireland and Chivalry, to coalesce. It is fire and water commingling. When Gorham became a power in the Republican ranks, and when the little band of Douglas mercenaries came into the Republican party, it was divided, rent asunder, and torn to pieces. It has been compelled ever since to scratch gravel for a political existence. Whenever the Gorham faction has come to the top the party has gone to defeat; whenever this element has consented to keep out of sight the Republican party has been triumphant. When Gorham was nominated

for Governor he went to grass on the first round, and the party was knocked out of wind for four years. Booth was not elected Governor till he had first achieved a victory over the camp-followers and mercenaries in his own party. Horace Davis was sent to Congress from San Francisco because he was unknown to the Republican party, and the trick of his nomination was not discovered till after his election—a ruse that never succeeded with the same person twice. When that most excellent and otherwise honest man, Guy Phelps, allowed himself to become the tool of this Federal faction as its nominee for Governor, the *Chronicle*, disposed to be the organ of the Republican party, and desiring to do service for it, gave one swing of its editorial blade, cut the party into two parts, and gave the State to the Democracy; the same sword of Damocles hangs by a hair over the Republican party in California to-day, and no continuance of politicians, and no combination of mercenary interests can be brought about that can insure party success. An honest Republican Convention, with honest leadership, and honest, capable, honorable candidates, can carry this State for the Republican party; any of these elements wanting the State will go Democratic.

It will not be wise to assume that the Republican party has an easy walk-over in the coming contest. Parties are very nearly equally divided, all things working together harmoniously. The disturbing element to the Democracy is likely to be this new Workingmen's organization, the operations of which can not be calculated, for the reason that it is an unknown quantity, the force of which can not be ascertained except after a political contest that measures its strength. There are several possibilities connected with this departure in politics. It is conceded that the Kearney movement is one within the Democratic organization. Take from the Democracy all the foreign and criminal and demagogue element that goes to make up the new party, and its rank and file is very largely absorbed. We see a tendency among Democratic leaders to go off with this mob. When such men as Judge Terry, Volney E. Howard, Larkin of El Dorado, Senator Gwin, and others show this disposition, there occurs to us the Dundreary conundrum, whether the tail may not wag the dog, and whether the conflict may not come to an issue between the Republican party and the Workingmen's. When we remember the fact that in this State the Democracy has become a happy family of strange reconciliations, embracing the political criminals of all sections, nationalities, and creeds, we must not calculate too largely upon the fact that it may not present itself in solid front at the polls. It may absorb Kearneyism into its capacious maw, and in its platform embrace all the ultraisms of this modern tendency to communistic and agrarian results. So far there has not developed in the Constitutional Convention or elsewhere one Democratic party leader who has had the boldness, or the moral courage, or the honesty, to express his convictions in opposition to the new faith. There will be a contest between what seems to us to be but two wings of the same party for control, and the Republican party will be called upon to meet a single enemy fighting with its forces massed in solid column. It is not improbable that the Republican party may be placed on the defensive with reference to all questions of public importance. Subsidies to railroads, encouragement to corporations, creation of monopolies, financial burdens, extravagances of expenditures, profligacy of rings, will be laid to the door of the party that for twenty years has governed the country. The popular mind does not reason logically, and it may be somewhat difficult for the Republican party to relieve itself from the position of defensive explanation.

There is another question which, in this State, will absorb and override all others. It is the question of Chinese immigration. The party that bids highest for the anti-Chinese vote will get it. The platform of both parties will be unequivocal opposition to Chinese immigration. It is possible the Democracy may commit itself to the ultraism of Kearney, that "the Chinese must go." The platform that pronounces the extremest doctrine upon this point will be the one that will most commend itself to a very large voting population. If the resolutions of the two parties balance each other, then the question will come up for discussion. Which party gives the best promise of aid in the anti-Chinese direction? Governor Irwin will answer for himself and his administration: "We could do nothing, as we are hampered by the Federal laws." The Democratic orator, in apology for the inaction of a Democratic House of Representatives will say: "This Chinese question is one belonging to the treaty-making power and the Executive. The Senate has been and still is Republican; the President is Republican, and the Democracy have been powerless in this direction." There is force in these arguments, because they are true.

Madame Modjeska is having a special palace car built for her and her troupe, and it is asserted that this coach is having painted on each side, in glaring capitals as long as a link of sausage, the words: "Modjeska, Countess Bozenta." Republican simplicity is working its sweet will upon even this daughter of the Old World aristocracy. At home she would have been too stuck up to ride in an advertising van.

AFTERMATH.

In the Senate of the United States, Blaine of Maine has sounded the war note of the next Presidential campaign. He does not flaunt the old banner of the bloody shirt with its offensive stains of negro blood, nor echo the dying shrieks of martyrs, who have died that the Republican party might live, but ingenuously gives utterance to the wail of the defrauded and oppressed North. The solid South sends a solid Democratic representation to Congress, and thus the Southern white men obtain an undue proportion of representation and political power over the white men of the North. Senator Blaine presents some startling figures in support of this anomalous condition. It was clearly the intention of the Republican Senators to sound their slogan before the holidays, so that it might have time to reverberate through the Northern hills and across the Western prairies, unanswered by a Democratic echo. But Senator Thurman of Ohio, evidently prepared for this political and strategic sortie, answered the Senator by charging upon him and the other men of his party, that the present political condition at the South is the legitimate and natural outgrowth of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution; that it was the Republican party that drew the color line, and that the supremacy of the white race over the black race is a natural consequence; that property and intelligence will necessarily control the propertyless and ignorant, and of a right ought so to do.

Senator Lamar followed Mr. Thurman with some very pertinent comparisons, showing how disproportionate was the representation of Maine and New York in the National councils, and how vastly disproportionate is the representation of New England in the Senate compared with the growing and populous Middle and Western States.

From the brief epitome we have of this debate it does not occur to us that Messrs. Blaine and Edmonds (who also participated) gained any advantage over Messrs. Thurman and Lamar. Having always opposed negro enfranchisement, and having always protested against giving to black ignorance the elective privilege, we are not surprised at the political condition of the South. When the Republican party endeavored to make the negroes of the South the instruments to punish white disloyalty, it was a blunder. It was an attempt to build up the party by securing the black vote as a permanent antagonism to the white vote, and no party ought to succeed in its endeavor to antagonize local interests for such a purpose. So long as a solid Republican North and a nearly solid Republican South could be secured for the Republican party the danger was not apparent to Senator Blaine. Had the Southern States no black voters, and no Congressional representation by reason thereof, this unfortunate condition of things had not existed.

A New York actuary has compiled statistics of bank robbery in that city during the last dozen years, and finds that the burglars have got away with fifteen millions of dollars. This is a pretty fair showing for "the honest poor" who, Mr. Wendell Phillips says, do not "rob depositors." So far as our observation goes it is the poor who do most of the robbing and stealing in this world. It is a poor man who explores your pocket in a crowd; a poor man who garrotes you in a lonely street at midnight; who chloroforms you in your bed, fills your body with buckshot when you won't hand down Wells-Fargo's treasure box from the top of the stage, takes your overcoat from the rack in the hall, and makes off with a brace of your yellow-legged pullets in the sweet silver light of the moon. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of the forthright, naked, and unashamed crime of the world are committed by the poor. The rich plunder otherwise.

Canada and Nova Scotia, and all the British possessions of the Dominion, and all the officials, and all the people, are in a state of most enthusiastic gush over the arrival of a Gaelic Marquis and a royal Princess to rule over them. It is almost as good as to have a king and a royal court. It is the next best thing to the genuine article, this double-gilded, pinchbeck imitation of a real crown, this vice-regal substitute for royalty itself. We wish Canada joy of her new acquisition, and may the change of climate bring an heir to the ducal house of Argyll and add one more pensioner to the throne of the British and Indian Empire.

The President of the United States has appointed Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, of California, of Washington, of Tennessee, and now carpet-bagger of Louisiana, to be Superintendent of the Mint at New Orleans. We do not cry out at the appointment of Wade Hampton, or Mosby, or Longstreet, or any other gallant Southerner who was loyal to the rebel cause and took up arms in defense of what we thought the wrong. But we shriek at the appointment of this venerable carpet-bagger, whose whole political life has been an effort to so straddle the fence that he might hold office. Henry S. Foote betrayed the State of Tennessee. When it had determined to stand by the Union, and had, by a decisive majority, repudiated the ordinance of secession, he arrayed himself against Parson Brownlow, Horace Maynard,

and John Bell, and, by the arts of the demagogue, made Tennessee the frontier and battle-ground of the slaveholders' rebellion. We are sorry to see such men rewarded by the Republican party, and think the President and his advisers indicate only great moral cowardice in thus attempting to conciliate the South. In our judgment there are and were but two honest classes developed by the civil war—those who were openly and unqualifiedly for the rebellion, and those who were unreservedly opposed to it. Henry S. Foote belonged to neither, and should have office from neither.

Mr. Sam. Davis writes us from Virginia City: "I notice in your last issue a poem entitled 'Judge Not,' which you say is 'attributed to Harry Larkyns.' A few days after Larkyns' death a lady called at the *Stock Report* office, and, placing the manuscript poem in my hands, asked me to publish it. I did so, and also, at her request, returned the manuscript. She said that Larkyns wrote it shortly before his death and left it with her for perusal. The poem was in Larkyns' handwriting." Mr. Davis provokingly withholds the name of the lady.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell brings suit against the *Chronicle* for calling him hard names, and the Doctor, taking advantage of his position in the Convention, denounces the *Chronicle* therefor. The *Chronicle* reiterates the charges, and dares the Doctor to the contest of characters. The Doctor responds in another action with the venue laid at Sacramento. We have abstained from giving our opinion in reference to the law of libel, but we make the suggestion whether it would not be well to give an equity court jurisdiction in all libel and slander cases. Let the case be tried upon the issues found by a master in chancery, and let him, in a sort of judicial scales, weigh the characters of both parties and strike a balance. If a careful analysis of Doctor O'Donnell's life should disclose the fact that he had no character to lose, why then, of course, no damages would lie. We hear a great deal about the license of the press; and assuredly it is a cowardly and indecent thing for a journalist to assail character for any other reason than to promote the public good. Errors may occur; false information may be given in any well-regulated newspaper. Such incidents, properly explained, should absolve the proprietor from damages.

It is a manifest wrong to subject a journalist to a multiplicity of suits for the same offense. It is a manifest wrong also to allow a many-thousand-tongued newspaper to defame an individual, assault private reputations, and scatter defamations broadcast over the land. We are not quite certain that the best way to settle such controversies is not, after all, by the wager of battle. The code of the duello has its unpleasant features, is a relic, doubtless, of a barbarous but chivalric age; but if we are correct, the conduct of journalists more reputable in those countries where, and in those times when, the editor was held responsible for his printed utterances. If a newspaper given to the exposition of official and political abuses, and to the exposure of those crimes that affect the public good, can be intimidated and broken down by legal proceedings, it will prove a calamity to the community. Women of pure lives and modest demeanor are seldom subjected to scandalous detraction. Officials and public men who are honest, and private citizens who keep within the circumference of their own affairs, are seldom assaulted by the press, and where they are the assault falls harmless.

"What is my crime? That I sold to the competitors the Examination Questions which came into my possession without any contract to conceal them. Can you call it fraud? No, for in return for the money received I gave a position in which the purchaser could make a far larger amount. You can not call it obtaining money under false pretenses, for I rendered a full equivalent; in fact, a livelihood. For what can you punish me? I have violated no oath. I have broken no statute." No. The statute books do not call it theft to steal from the parents the competent instruction for which they pay. It is not, legally, infanticide to starve the children who hunger for education. It is not known as murder to kill the expected good-citizenship of society. It is not technically treason to receive a bribe for admitting the hideous shape of Ignorance within the fortification of the State. You might justly complain of unheard-of hardship were we to bid you to go down to infamy as the inventor of a new crime.

Your front needs redden with no blush of shame;
You have but done—a Deed without a Name.

The wisdom of the Constitutional Convention, in providing for the appointment of a Board of Sausage Commissioners, is now evident. Recent disclosures have called the attention of the public to the fact that there is money in the sausage business, and it should therefore be under legislative control. Not many years ago a few scattered links of sausage represented this branch of industry in California; today we find that two great corporations, rich and powerful monopolies—the Segregated Bunker and the Consolidated Bologna—have gathered to themselves the whole production and entire control of the staple food of a million people.

Fattening for years upon the public, they have insidiously been forging the links of a mighty chain with which to bind hard and fast the people of California. Already the Segregated Bunker has stretched its ties from Mount Diablo to Davidson, and linked Nevada to the sea, while the great interior valleys of California groan under the oppression of the Consolidated Bologna. It is even whispered that these rapacious corporations are about to be joined into one monster combination, one great greedy-gut monopoly, a design fraught with untold danger to the State, a fell plot which legislation should promptly defeat.

It was argued before the Convention, by the paid hirelings of these corporations, that, as the Seg. Bunker and Con. Bologna companies had in the beginning risked their all in the enterprise, that as their success had reduced the rates of sausage here in California, and had attracted to the State the lovers of sausage from every part of the civilized world, they should be allowed to mind their own business and to vend their products at the prices fixed by their own selfish interests. These sophistries were met by the advocates of the people with the final and convincing reply that the State had an undoubted right to control a large and profitable business which concerned the very digestion of its people, and to check the unbounded greed of monopolies whose emissaries had, by secretly purloining untold numbers of harmless, necessary animals, made many a hearth-stone desolate; and that these corporations, uncontrolled, would soon, by their consumption and probable extermination of cats, drain the country of ninety-five per cent. of its vitality.

A cable dispatch from London informs us that the bill of indictment against Lady Gooch, "for conspiracy to palm off a spurious child on her husband as his son and heir," has been thrown out.

That e'er the law molested her
Seems surely very curious,
For nurses, wet and dry, aver
That children *all* are spew-rious.

Economical lot, our Eastern brethren: they wear reversible ulsters with a business surface and an opera surface. Trousers similarly constructed have not yet made their appearance—which would be a fine one.

The number of Americans who go to Europe is thirty thousand annually. They stay two years and spend one hundred million dollars in each year—a little more than thirty-three hundred per American. It is in nearly every case the most profitable use to which the money could be put. European travel is a school where the tuition fees are comparatively light, and the instruction is thoroughly sound. It improves everybody. It makes the refined woman completely refined, and the vulgar lady completely vulgar; the gentleman a more perfect gentleman, the jackass a more perfect jackass. It is a better business proposition than a wild-cat mine, a safer preparation for the next world than a full deck of rent receipts for a pew in Grace Church. We are not alarmed at the expenditure of a hundred million dollars annually "out of the country" if it takes the national conceit out of, say, one hundred American men and women, and intensifies that of twenty-nine thousand American ladies and gents. It all tends to broaden and blacken the line of social distinction of which we mean to be always on the right side, if money will keep us there.

The President was so unfortunate, so indifferent, or so cowardly in his message, as to ignore the Chinese question, and treated it as of secondary importance to that of cruelty to animals. These two questions are now prominently before the California public. One Pizzola, a sausage-maker, is arrayed before a judicial tribunal for cutting off the tails of cats, preparatory to making them into sausages; the California population, differing with his Excellency, the President of the United States, think this conflict of races, this invasion of heathenism, this incursion of barbaric hordes, of more importance to the future welfare of the nation and the future safety of the Republic than the cutting off of cats' tails; and if the next Presidential contest should turn upon this issue, we are quite sure the electoral vote of California would be cast for the friend of Christian civilization, and not for cat-tail Republicanism.

It is about time the following current slander on our city ceased its run in the Eastern press: "Boots are made in San Francisco with a pocket in the leg, for a pistol." The story refutes itself; if a man have a boot on what use has he for a pistol? With the boot he can kick; a pistol commonly does no more.

The Esquimau tramp goes to business clad in a seal-skin suit, and demands a quart of train oil to keep him from work. But he has the decency not to say that he was once the commodore of a gold mine, with an income of ten thousand dollars a year, secured by a mortgage on his liabilities, and that he is expecting the death of a rich father up at Melville Bay.

The most intolerable of traveled folks are those who have come back from everywhere without having been anywhere.

COMPENSATION IN CHARACTER.

"Nature hates monopolies."—EMERSON.

Every noble human attribute is dogged by its Shylock exacting with fiendish reiteration his bond:

"An equal pound
Of your fair flesh to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me."

As of objective burdens so of subjective—did we know the bitterness of our neighbor's heart we would not change with him. Each soul is aware of a rottenness in Denmark, and strives to hide it from both friend and foe, and in silence, and "the solitude of life more pathetic than death," fights with his hideous fate. Right through the sympathy of life runs this minor strain, telling the tale of nature's barter and the pity of it. You pay the price of pain for your pleasures, the price of hate for your love, the price of peace for your intellect. Some natures seem exempt from this usury, but look deeper and you will find the parchment of a bond, attested by an ancient seal, hidden away amidst the beautiful insignia of a godlike nature.

A trite compensation, and one superficial in its nature, is the balance between mind and body, or intellect and beauty. This is often a matter of direction of energy, rather than any inherent difference. A keen realization of necessity often drives a plain woman to study. Every animal has its means of defense or least vulnerable point, and in the absence of one expedient we find another. "A woman without beauty is a curse," I once heard a man say. Realizing that this "singular defect requires a singular substitute," she is driven to the castle of her intellect, and in a less progressive age was looked upon as an uncomfortable anomaly. Even conservative Paley must look upon a plain woman's skilled use of her tongue or pen as analogous to the "compensating contrivance" exhibited in the much-needed quills of the porcupine. On the other hand, a woman endowed with beauty naturally, if not stimulated by some external inducements, fights with the weapon put into her hand, nor endeavors to forge one possibly stronger and of truer steel. Again, often a difference of time and attention given to the matters of the toilet makes the world's difference between beauty and plainness, and a student has not time for both, or, having it, very wrongly scorns it. The question does not touch men, as they are happily exempt from the exacted toll of beauty.

A keen appreciative sympathy, capable of the highest æsthetic pleasure, is haunted by a perception and sensitiveness that sees and feels all human ills. The optimist turns the back of his perception on all that is monstrous, and calls his sight the only healthy one; the pessimist faces the monster, and calls his eyes the only true ones; but "the lot of humanity is on these children," and each, in his soul, acknowledges the great law of equity that broods us all. Contentment is often but a negative virtue, dependent on a lack of keen human sympathy, self-analysis, and a dearth of that progressive longing that impels our thoughts and hopes ever onward and upward, like silver spirals that wind up through the depths of blue ether and that pass the stars midway. There is a higher human contentment, and of truer tone, that comes from a harp that learns to-day a harder symphony than yesterday's reverie, and that gives out its purest notes at every touch, and responds to no hand but that of the master—Truth; but it is a peace that almost "passeth human understanding." With an even, narrow, contented nature comes an unconscious cruelty, that sees no needs and recognizes no feelings not bounded by its own small horizon. And nothing is so unconsciously devilish as the touch of one of these coarse-natured, phlegmatic hands across a

"Soul by Nature pitched too high."

It is the intellectual and moral purgatory. With a high-strung, poetic nature comes the fiend Unrest—a word that covers the ground of a never-satisfied intellectual thirst, a wearying sense of the world's friction, and the subtle imp, self-analysis—that tears at our unprotected vitals forever, and to bear which and smile requires a stoicism that puts the Spartan boy to shame.

The spiritual demands of a narrow nature—"feeding, toiling, sleeping, an insensate, weary round"—are easily satisfied; nor does it often wake to a sense of its own great blindness and loss. But in a broad nature, the usury demanded of its greatness is an ideal seldom realized. In love, the greater capability of the sovereign gift, the higher looks the heart for its idol, above and beyond the "ear-kissing arguments" of flattery, that would drag it down and chain it to a damning mediocrity. And such a soul is called cold and cautious! Cautious? Yes! As we step aside from the mire of the highways and choose our steps lest we fall from our nature's high estate, and fly to fragrant, sunny lanes, where, without fear of falling, we can walk with uplifted eyes and read the truths of eternity.

Elizabeth Browning offers this highest compensation to such a heart:

"God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols—
Albeit he denied
That our close kisses should impair their white."

Physical courage is often a lack of sensibility—it has nerve but not nerves.

As Wellington stood with his aides watching a charge of his cavalry, his omnipresent eyes noted a man who reined in his horse and fell behind his unheeding comrades, and turning, fled; stopped, hesitated, turned again, and putting spurs to his horse in an instant had rejoined the ranks. Wellington said, turning to those present: "That is the bravest man on the field to-day." He had gained a greater victory than over the French that day—he had conquered his own greatest weakness. A moral courage that is dominant over a physical cowardice is the highest stamp of courage. Self-control argues the living presence of turbulence, held in abeyance and collecting its interest hourly. Experience lessens the rate of interest, often not until the heart is faint and sore from the struggle.

Some virtues are at first sight positive, mathematically exact in their limitations, admitting of no infringement; yet an innately truthful mind is often marked by an absence of imagination—that will-o'-the-wisp that acknowledges no laws of consistency, and jilts the memory at every turn. Virtue itself, in its accepted meaning, oftener bespeaks an absence

than a presence, and in many souls is purely negative, backed by a duenna-sense of *noblesse oblige*.

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot,
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot."

And yet there is ever another type that leads to a higher development, that has a worse-self and holds it by the throat.

Life, with its many lessons of disappointment, sorrow, and endurance, plows up these barren spots in our natures, and sows them with seeds that will surely give us ripe fruit and fragrant flowers; if not in the present sentient dispensation, in a development of it beyond. A true charity should be the offspring of a wisdom that has learned the existence of this universal spiritual scrofula, and should teach us to take every human being ("pied with black and white" like we ourselves) by the hand, to look with a clear, level glance into his eyes and say: "I recognize your power over mine in this, and mine over yours in that; let us bear with each other for the sweet sake of our common humanity."

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7, 1878.

One of the "Perils."

The *Chronicle* of Sunday last contains the two following editorials, which are reproduced without comment. They are entitled

DEWEY VS. FLOOD.

The point in this connection most apt to attract general attention is that Flood should so complacently admit that while Treasurer and Trustee of the company he had willfully made a false statement as to the financial condition of the corporation—a matter about which every stockholder had as good a right as Mr. Flood to be accurately informed. The falsehood could not even have the poor excuse of a desire to "sustain the stock in the market," for it had directly the opposite tendency. Indeed, it was designed to aid him in "freezing out" small stockholders preparatory to a deal. It is only a sample of the disgraceful expedients to which professional stock manipulators resort in order to carry out their dishonest schemes.

The whole history of this bonanza deal is a history of duplicity, fraud, and cunning venality, without precedent or excuse of any kind. There were mines of great richness, containing enough gold and silver to make each of the principal owners fabulously rich, richer than any man ought to be. They had but to let the miners take out the money. They could afford to pay well for all the work or supplies furnished them. They were in a position to be entirely independent of the stock market, and they could have redeemed the management of the mines from previous bad repute. In this way they might have been of inestimable service to the country, injuring no one and benefiting all. Their reward would have been an abundant fortune obtained by honest mining, and the lasting and universal respect of their fellow-men.

High-minded, public-spirited citizens would have eagerly improved such a golden opportunity. Flood and his associates did no such thing. From the very first they worked the stock market quite as diligently as the mines, seeking to get two dollars from the savings banks for every dollar in dividends paid to an outsider. They have won the unenviable distinction of having preferred to be millionaires by tricky stock jobbing, when they might have been millionaires by honest mining. So they must expect the natural reward—the hatred and contempt of mankind.

The Madrid newspapers do not like Grant, unfortunately, as sufficiently appears from the following extracts—the first from the *Constitucional Español*, and the second from the *Mundo Politico*:

"We have oftentimes asked ourselves the question: Why is this foreigner (Grant) lionized wherever he appears in Europe? That he may have distinguished himself in his own country, and achieved great deeds, we are willing to admit; but what claims to recognition he can have on this side of the Atlantic we fail to perceive, if we are to judge him according to his behavior here. He was preeminently honored by our august monarch and his ministers beyond any precedent in history; and yet he has been very negligent, not to say guilty of a gross breach of good breeding and etiquette, in having failed to pay his respects and congratulations to the King immediately after his lucky escape from the hands of an assassin, because, forsooth, the railroad tickets had been bought for Lisbon, and the loss of the sum could not, in his mercenary mind, be for the moment entertained. Had he been descended from royal blood he would not have hesitated. Our statesman, ex-Minister Silvela, in accompanying him to the station, and charging himself with messages of congratulations for the King, evinced a sad lack of taste; he should have left him to depart unattended.

"It seems that General Grant was guilty of excess in the banquet given him by Premier Canovas del Castillo at his residence; so much so, that he presented a much to be lamented spectacle a few hours later, in the interior of the Minister's box at the Royal Theatre. Such an exhibition was the only thing wanting to stamp him as unworthy of all the civilities showered upon him."

"Yes," observed a friend, "she certainly is very highly cultivated. She is very stylish, plays well, talks well, dances well, and rides well, and succeeds admirably in private theatricals. In fact," he added, "she's just the kind of a girl you'd like one of your friends to marry."

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

Tantalus.—Texas.

(The Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain (so-called from the means taken by the Mexicans to mark a track for travelers), is a large table-land in the west of the State of Texas, U. S., and is without a stream in its extent.)

"If I may trust your love," she cried,
"And you would have me for a bride,
Ride over yonder plain and bring
Your flask, full from the Mustang spring.
Fly, fast as western eagle's wing,
O'er the Llano Estacado."

He heard, and bowed without a word,
His gallant steed he lightly spurred;
He turned his face, and rode away
Toward the grave of dying day,
And vanished with its pining ray
On the Llano Estacado.

Night came, and found him riding on;
Day came, and still he rode alone.
He spared not spur, he drew not rein,
Across that broad, unchanging plain,
Till he the Mustang spring might gain,
On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a little draught,
Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed,
His flask was filled, and then he turned,
Once more his steed the *magnum* spurred,
Once more the sky above him burned
On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
His brain seemed boiling as he rode.
Was it a dream, a drunken one,
Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,
"So often true, so often tried,
Bear up a little longer yet!
His mouth was black with blood and sweat—
Heaven, how he longed his lips to wet!
On the Llano Estacado.

And still, within his breast he held
The precious flask so lately filled.
Oh, for a drink! But well he knew
If empty it should meet her view
Her scorn—but still his longing grew
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down, he wandered on.
Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone,
While upon cushioned couch you lie,
Oh, think how hard it is to die
Beneath the cruel, unclouded sky
On the Llano Estacado.

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell.
His day was done he knew full well,
And raising to his lips the flask,
The end, the object of his task,
Drink to her—more she could not ask,
Ah, the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio,
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,
She danced—and never thought of him,
The victim of a woman's whim,
Lying with face upturned and grim
On the Llano Estacado. —Temple Bar.

Twenty-One.

Grown to man's stature! O my little child!
My bird that sought the skies so long ago!
My fair, sweet blossom, pure and undefiled,
How have the years flown since we laid thee low!

What have they been to thee? If thou wert here
Standing beside thy brothers, tall and fair,
With bearded lip, and dark eyes shining clear,
And glints of summer sunshine in thy hair,

I should look up into thy face and say,
Wavering perhaps between a tear and smile,
"O my sweet son, thou art a man to-day!"—
And thou would'st stoop to kiss my wife's white.

But—up in heaven—how is it with thee, dear?
Art thou a man—to man's full stature grown?
Dost thou count time as we do, year by year?
And what of all earth's changes hast thou known?

Thou hadst not learned to love me. Didst thou take
Any small germ of love to heaven with thee,
That thou hast watched and nurtured for my sake,
Waiting till I its perfect flower may see?

What is it to have lived in heaven always?
To have no memory of pain or sin?
N'er to have known in all the calm, bright days,
The jar and fret of earth's discordant din?

Thy brothers—they are mortal—they must tread
On-times in rough, hard ways, with bleeding feet;
Must fight with dragons, must bewail their dead,
And fierce Apollon face to face must meet.

I, who would give my very life for theirs,
I can not save them from earth's pain, or loss;
I can not shield them from its griefs or cares;
Each human heart must bear alone its cross!

Was God, then, kinder unto thee than them,
O thou whose little life was but a span?
Ah, think it not! In all His diadem
No star shines brighter than the kingly man,

Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;
And the white banner of his manhood bears
Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

What lofty peans shall the victor greet!
What crown resplendent for his brow be fit!
O child, if earthly life be bitter-sweet,
Hast thou not something missed in missing it?
JULIA C. R. DORR, in *Sunday Afternoon*.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, December 15, 1878.

Tomato Soup.
Boiled Salmon, Anchovy Sauce, Mashed Potato.
Broiled Snipe on Toast.
Asparagus, Lima Beans.
Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Mince Pie.
Fruit-bowl of Plums, Figs, Apples, Pears, and Grapes.

To MAKE ANCHOVY SAUCE.—Prepare a rich butter sauce, and rub one teaspoonful of anchovy paste thoroughly through it; then add a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup. Do not salt the sauce, as the paste will make the whole salt enough.

BLOOD-AND-IRONY.

As Dr. Johnson had his Boswell, so Bismarck has his Dr. Moritz Busch, an *attaché* of the Prussian Foreign Office who accompanied the Prince of "Blood and Iron" during the campaigns of the Franco-German war, and has now published the great man's conversations, from which we extract the following interesting "bits." Speaking of Napoleon at Sedan, the Prince said:

When delivering Napoleon's letter, General Reille behaved most courteously and like a gentleman. In a conversation I had with him while the King wrote his reply, the General hoped that no harsh conditions would be imposed upon so large and valorous an army. I shrugged my shoulders, upon which the General said that, rather than accept severe terms, they would blow themselves up with the fortress. I replied "*Faites sauter*, that is your affair." I asked him whether the Emperor Napoleon could still rely upon the army and officers, and whether his commands were still obeyed at Metz. The General answered in the affirmative, and, as we subsequently learnt, spoke the truth. I really believe, if the Emperor had concluded peace there and then, he would be a respected reigning sovereign to this day. But he is a —. I said so sixteen years ago, when nobody would believe me. Stupid and sentimental.

The Duc de Gramont, whose indiscretion precipitated events, finds little favor in his eyes:

If I had been in his place I should have entered a regiment and taken my chances on the battle-field, after muddling affairs in the Cabinet. I myself was quite prepared to do this in 1866. If things had gone wrong how could I have shown myself again in Berlin?

Nor did M. Jules Favre succeed in gaining the Chancellor's respect during the negotiations preceding the conclusion of peace:

M. Favre says in his report to the French Government that he could not help shedding tears in one of his conversations with me. I must confess he looked as if he were about to weep, and I consoled him; but of this I am certain, that he did not shed a single tear. He tried hard, but he could not. He no doubt thought to impress me with his fine acting, as Paris lawyers are in the habit of imposing upon their audience. I am perfectly convinced that, to add to the pathos of the situation, he was painted white on his several visits to Ferrières; particularly the second time, when he had laid on an extra coating of pallid color, the better to impersonate the suffering and deeply moved patriot. I do not, however, deny that he felt his situation. But he is not a politician. He ought to know that sentiment and politics do not go together. When I dropped a hint about Strasbourg and Metz he looked as if he thought it was a joke. I might have told him what happened to me in a furrier's shop in Berlin. I wanted a fur cloak, and a high price being asked, I said to the shopkeeper, "I suppose, sir, you are joking." "Never in business," was the reply.

M. Thiers, who replaced M. Favre in the German camp, was likewise not a diplomatist after the Chancellor's heart:

He is a clever, attractive gentleman, witty, spirited, intellectual, but without talent for diplomacy. He is far too sentimental for the profession. Though more manly and dignified than M. Favre, he is altogether unfit for the trade. He came to me as a negotiator, when he had not gumption enough for a horse-dealer. He is easily staggered, and shows it. You can worm out of him whatever you like. I actually made him betray that Paris had full provisions only for three or four weeks more.

Of French statesmen, Thiers and Morny are the subjects of pointed anecdote. Morny's story has a bitter taste:

Of all the Napoleonic statesmen Morny best knew how to make money. When going to St. Petersburg as Ambassador, he arrived with a large number of elegant carriages, all fitted with silks, point lace, and ladies' ornaments. Each servant had one of these carriages allotted to him; each *attache* and secretary at least two; while as the Ambassador, he claimed six as his share. Being an Ambassador he had to pay no duty. A few days after his arrival the whole lot, carriages and all, were sold by auction and a trifle of 800,000 roubles realized. But though Morny had no conscience, he was certainly an amiable man.

Count Bernstorff, the late Prussian envoy in London—a deliberate, easy-going, but high-principled statesman—was never high in the Prince's favor:

Count Bernstorff certainly beats me in one thing. I never succeeded in covering reams of paper with dignified verbiage about nothing. He has just sent me another cart-load of dispatches, full of emptiness, and copiously referring to previous communications of the like intrinsic worth. The King always wishes to be informed about references to documents he does not remember. Goltz was nearly as bad—reams of dispatches accompanied by basketfuls of matter docketed "Private and confidential." Heavens, how much leisure he must have had at his command! Were he alive, and heard of Napoleon a prisoner and Eugénie in London, what would he say! Probably he would not feel much for the Emperor, but the Empress! However, in spite of his infatuation, he could not have been led astray as were some others.

An Austrian diplomatist may be next introduced:

I always listened to old Metternich's stories, and he loved me for it. I remember that, after spending a few days with him at Johannisberg, the old Chancellor said to Count Thun, the presiding member of the Diet: "Bismarck is an excellent man, and if you can't get on with him you can get on with nobody." Well, said I, frankly, to Thun, I will tell you how I manage him. I listen to all his long yarns, touching him up every now and then when he seems flagging. Nothing more delightful to garrulous old men.

"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be five hundred or a thousand years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man; "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

Bailey, of the Danbury *News*, never forgets what he reads. In his youth he diligently perused the Scriptures, and to-day, 'tis said, he carries the whole Bible in his head—gilded, nestled cozily in that ear which is the wonder and admiration of the country.



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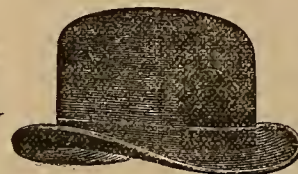
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TOLD IN LETTERS.

DEAR EM:—Some one was telling me the other day about an immense number of spoons and forks Vanderslief has been manufacturing to fill orders for the holidays, and my womanly curiosity being aroused, I immediately went down there. My friend was right. I won't undertake to say how many dozen there were already ordered, but its number was exceedingly gratifying to the proprietors, who have reduced the price of these articles to \$1.40 an ounce—quite an unheard of price. This firm was the first here to make the "Marguerite" spoon, with the white enameled and gold daisy on the handle of each. I saw something there that was rather odd, at the same time very pretty—a tea-caddy of beaten silver, the surface showing the indentations of the hammer like a quantity of fish scales. Frosted silver and gold gave the finishing touches. A great deal of the time work, from the Gorham and other factories, is also done here, and some superb tea sets in frosted silver. Of the cameos and painted sets you hardly need reminding, we have so often admired them together. There are some very choice ones, and sets in the pink conch shell combined with the tortoise shell, though not so expensive, are exceedingly well carved and effective ornaments. Sitting here this foggy morning, in one of those charming chairs that the Wakefield Rattan Company have made so famous on the coast already, a Kurrachee rug, in soft, warm colors—another specialty with this firm—under my feet, I really feel at peace with the world. If you haven't been in there lately, 38 Geary Street—do go at once, and see what an infinite variety of new and odd things there are there, just opened; little rockers for children, and the same size somewhat larger for nurses, are among them. These are specially pretty when trimmed up with colored ribbons, which are threaded in and out, and fastened by bows here and there among the open work of the back. Doll baby cribs, with mattresses and pillows, are something else that will delight the little ones. You know the particular merit of these things is not only their elegance and lightness, but their durability, which is really surprising, judging from their light appearance. Every point about them will bear the most rigid examination. The Lace House is holding out every possible inducement to people to buy and be happy this Christmas season. The display of laces, fairs, came's-lair shawls, and those delightful trifles that a good husband is aware are the most suitable offerings at the shrine of domestic affection, has never been better. Two fairs alone at the rich Point, that I saw there yesterday were enough to reconcile one to being a woman in order to wear them. A dozen or so of the "Perinet" kid gloves would not be an inappropriate gift either, it supplemented by a *fichu* of Point or Bruxelles, would it? If Cupid had not exhausted all his arrows, there will be several fashionable weddings before the new year is far on its way, and there will be so many elegant trousseaux to chronicle as coming from this house, for it is a matter of town talk that when a San Francisco belle enters the bonds, no matter where the remainder of the trousseaux may come from, the wedding dress itself must be made at Samuel's. I remember this moment a dozen weddings within the last year whose entire furnishing has come from here. Every one will be glad to know that Mr. Samuel's contemplates a removal from his present stand to one much more commodious and better suited to his increasing business. It is because of this intention that he proposes a grand clearance sale of his present stock. Among their new holiday books, Billings, Harbourn & Co., have a remarkable copy of Goethe's "Faust," illustrated both by photographs and steel plate engravings, by Professor Von Leiling. The binding, which is exceedingly unique, is of embossed morocco, of a gray color, and has the corners finished with heavy silver filigree work. On one side are six millions of silver, representing the principal characters in the poem, Faust, Marguerite, Mephistopheles, Wagner, Martha, and Valentine, placed at intervals, and the title in the centre is emblazoned in gold. On the other are the same corner ornamentations, and on both, at each of the four corners, are heavy silver knobs for the book to rest on. In quaint device, I have seen nothing more noticeable among the new books than "Viola Tricolor," by Count Pucci, wherein the illustrations of the story are all in colors, every figure being supplied with a palsy to simulate the face, the whole expression being dependent on the attitude of the figure and the position of the floral head. It is really a remarkable piece of work. "Rag Fair," a poem, by the author of "The Gathering of the Lal's," is another new book, exquisitely illustrated. Then there is "Switzerland, its Mountains and Valleys," with numbers of splendid engravings by Closs; Bryant's first and last poems, "Thanatopsis," and "The Flood of Years," filled with illustrations by Lantieri; and Oliver Wendell Holmes last poem, "The School Boy," which is elegantly gotten up; and—not to forget a prophet in her own country—Mrs. Dr. Torrey's last poetical essay entitled "Iris." In the more solid works are full editions of Dickens, Macaulay, and Thackeray, the latter containing all the original plates, an exceedingly valuable work; "The Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry," Knight's edition of Shakespeare and any number of others of the same kind. A not inappreciable present in these days of "culture," would be a handsomely bound Webster, a most faithful friend when one gets a bid spell. Among the new ones let me recommend a year's number of "St. Nicholas," in fine binding, and the same of "Baby-Land," for the little tots. Along with books, I must not forget that they have also very neat walnut book cases for sale, Queen Anne pattern, and cheap at \$35. The new Russia leather goods display is actually better at this store. A new style of album, both in red and deep purple leather, is mounted on a rotary stand and is surmounted by a silver card receiver; it is in turn topped by a silver vase for flowers. It is in fact, a double album having a book on both sides of the stand, one to contain call cards, the other for smaller pictures. Nothing exactly like them is to be seen anywhere else. Work-cases of the same material are made to simulate small bureaux; others are of satin, quilted and tufted within and without, and when closed, look like a small hand-bag. A pretty trifle is a cigar-stand of polished wood, which has a silver watch-dog on a base, and peeping from an apparent kennel in the side of the box. All these goods are displayed here simultaneously with their production in East, as they are what you might call the "advance sheets," and just from the importers. You perceive, my dear, these special numbers, 3 and 5 Montgomery Street, have a fascination for me; I can't really get away from them. Over the way, at Cressler's corner, there are some pretty novelties in the way of ties, lace, and handkerchiefs, and very great bargains in black silks, for which this firm is noted. Their embossed velvets, by the way, are especially fine, both in texture and design, and there

are a large number of new and lovely dress patterns in the rich Persian goods so much in vogue. If they are not already sold you really should see two scarfs there, one of Duchesse, the other of Valenciennes lace. I do not think you will find anything handsomer in a day's walk than the latter, the like of which in that particular lace is somewhat rare. I found Clara at Will & Fink's, on Market Street, yesterday, looking at their elegant cutlery and ivory goods. They were immensely busy as usual, and had just completed an order of fifty sets of carvers, knives and forks for Tiffany, of New York, for whom they manufacture all such goods, and in an incredibly short space of time—something like two days! believe it was. It is really astonishing what a lot of pretty things one can find where the severely useful would seem to be the rule. The fancy pocket-knives are a show in themselves; then all the various modern conveniences for the dining-room make another quite as an interesting. Make them a call, and while you are there look at everything, for there is hardly anything there that will not be pretty to give to some one, or, in default of friends, to keep yourself. A merry Christmas. *Aurora*, LILLIAN DI ROIS.

FASHION GOSSIP.

How to Dress.

The fashion in dressmaking should follow the recognized rules of taste in graceful conformation to the form, complexion, and age of the wearer. Harmony of color must not be overlooked, or else true taste will discard the ill-assorted materials. The trimmings must harmonize in material, color, and design. Experience and cultivated taste on the part of the dressmaker is the most important point to be obtained, as the patterns and styles appearing in the fashion plates will not suit every individual, and the final selection of the real costume often thus devolves on the judgment, taste, and experience of the dressmaker. Madame Lewis, the acknowledged leading dressmaker of our city, is one of those ladies of business in this department who has given her foremost rank in her department. This you soon recognize while visiting her elegant parlors. She comes into your presence without ostentatious ceremony, or annoying etiquette, lends an attentive ear to your needs and desires, and while she is looking over with you the latest Parisian styles in the periodicals that lie on her table, she is busy also in studying you—your complexion, your figure, your defects, and attractions, are all in her mind, and by the time you have decided on the style of dress you want, she has decided how to adapt it most becomingly to your personality. You thus have the full benefit of her remarkable power in taste and discrimination, and when the result of the visit is a dress, you may rest assured you have a perfect fit, the latest style, and that its general makeup is that which is most becoming to you, and the most satisfactory to yourself.

Seal Skins.

There are two kinds of seal skins that are now being used for Sacques, Dohlmanns, etc., viz: the Alaska and South Shetland. The latter are of fine quality, and are very scarce. On account of their coming from an island not claimed by any nation, they are captured without any regulation, and are therefore fast disappearing. The Alaska seals are protected by the laws of the United States regulating the number and the condition of the animals to be captured, and the result is seen in the increase of the number of skins and in the improvement of their quality. There are some skins that are obtained from the Copper Islands, off the Siberian coast. These skins are sometimes palmed off on the public by irresponsible dealers as a superior article, using the cant phrase "Russian" in order to secure their sale; but on inquiry of the Alaska Commercial Company it can be ascertained that at the London Sales Copper Island seal skins, misnamed "Russian," are purchased at full thirty per cent. less than the Alaska skins, on account of their inferior quality. The firm of H. Liebes & Co., Furriers, 113 Montgomery Street, deal only in the best quality of furs of all kinds, and the public may fully rely upon any statement made by this establishment as to the quality of the goods they are offering to the public. All the latest styles in Seal Skin Sacques, Dohlmanns, and Furs of every description may here be found.

Japanese Fine Art.

The connoisseurs in *bric-a-brac* will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Doyle & Co., of the Japanese Art Agency of this city, are to exhibit and expose for sale their large collection of Japanese art treasures at San Dashaway Hall, on Post Street. The sale is to commence on Monday next and continue through the week, both day and night. Those of our readers who have been fortunate enough to visit the establishment of the above-named firm under the Palace Hotel, New Montgomery Street, will remember the extraordinary collection there observed. These goods will be found at the above-named Hall, and visitors will find additional inducements to purchase their goods of *bric-a-brac* on account of a large importation just arrived from Japan, embracing the choicest specimens of porcelains, bronzes, lacquers, Cloisonne's ivories, antiquities, screens, relics, etc. The superior facilities possessed by this firm in securing genuine antiquities and curios enable them to offer inducements to collectors in this department of fine art that are unequalled by any other house on the coast. A member of the firm, G. T. Marsh, has been a resident of Japan for the last six years, and has traveled in the interest of this firm, collecting the above-named goods from all parts of the Empire. Although they have heretofore exhibited an unusually fine collection, they have added several beautiful descriptions of entirely new manufacture, notably the Awata or modern Salsuma porcelain, with the Ota decoration—heavy *porcelaine*—which, for fertility of design and beauty of finish, can not be surpassed. Mention may be made of some pretty conceits in Banko ware in various shapes. To a certain extent this resembles the Majolica—very highly prized in Europe—and can not fail to please every taste. The genuine antiquities which may here be found are highly prized; and it is well understood by those who have made their purchases at this establishment that this firm offers for sale unusual attractions in Japanese curios, at rates so low that they are brought within the reach of all lovers of this department of fine art. Those desiring to purchase holiday gifts will find this a rare opportunity. This firm have a wide reputation throughout the United States, and purchasers may rely upon their representations as to the class of goods sold by them. Our most fashionable and aristocratic families have, for a number of years, been their constant patrons.

Toilet Articles.

The ladies' toilet, when complete, is one of the pictures of American luxury. The very best and finest articles are selected, embracing all the fancy and delicate perfumes, colognes, cosmetics and fragrant soaps, that lend a charm to the mechanical process of morning preparation. The little delicacies that are found as necessary articles in this department are numerous, and almost fabulously in demand. The proprietor of the elegant Apothecary's Hall under the Grand Hotel has for a number of years been patronized by some of our most fashionable ladies. They have here found the famous Farina's Eau de Cologne, Lubin's celebrated extracts and soaps; also Gosnell's perfumes, that have found a place in many a fashionable lady's toilet; also Atkinson's delicate extracts, which are well known to be among the best. Among an extensive assortment of the fancy toilet soaps, may be mentioned here the old English Windsor and honey soaps, pomade, tooth powders, hair, nail and tooth brushes of the best manufacture, and other elegant toilet articles may be found here in an endless variety, together with a full assortment of ivory goods. Among the tooth wash and powders, the fragrant Oriental Tooth Wash and Powder may be classed among the favorites. Then we must not forget to mention also one of the popular articles manufactured at this establishment, which ladies have used with delight and perfect satisfaction, known as Thayer's Roses and Rosemary. In the Prescription Department fine chemicals and pure drugs alone are used. This feature is one of the specialties of this house.

Table Book of Art and California Pictures.

The "Table Book of Art" is a finely illustrated work now to be seen at the establishment of A. Roman & Co. The work deals only with authenticated history, beginning with a notice of Art as practiced by the ancients in Egypt, Assyria, India, China, Persia, Phoenicia, and Greece, dwelling upon the paintings and artists of Greece; thence transferred to ancient Rome, and then to the Byzantine Empire; back again to Rome and Florence, through the dark ages in Italy till the Renaissance; thence by each school and its great painters—the Italian, Dutch, Spanish, German, French, and English—till 1776, when, with our own West, we inaugurate the American school, and record at length the history of American painting, closing with the art and artists of the present day in every land. The work is invaluable to the student in art, and is readable and absorbing in its delineation. The price is exceptionally low—only \$6—and to the student in this department it will be received with pleasure and gratification. "California Pictures" is the title to another new volume that will be read with delight and profit by every one who takes pride in the Golden State. We will note this volume on another occasion more fully. All the illustrations are after drawings from nature by artists who have found their inspiration in the mountains and valleys of our own State.

Schiller Illustrated.

The works of Schiller have been illustrated by a series of paintings by Kaulbach. The paintings have been photographed, and now may be obtained in a large volume to be seen at J. B. Golly's, 31 Kearny Street. The series of illustrations commence with an elegant portrait of the great German poet, and continue with copies of paintings representing the greatest character scenes portrayed by the most remarkable poetic genius of Germany. The series is so large that we notice only a few of the most remarkable. The great masterpiece, "Maria Stuart," is a wonderful portrayal of passion and intense energy. The artist here selects the moment when the unfortunate Maria Stuart, after vainly endeavoring to move the heart of her enemy, wildly denounces her; Elizabeth, speechless with passion, presses her right hand upon her heart, as if a dagger's point had pierced it, and with her left, as if bent on revenge, she seizes a rose tree and kills a flower before its bloom. The "Maid of Orleans" is portrayed kneeling before the Holy Virgin, receiving the banner of France. Many others follow, that will live with the immortal works of Schiller.

We stopped a lady friend the other day on Geary Street, and inquired as to the unusual excitement we observed. She replied: "It is an open secret. The people of San Francisco have found a place to buy their Christmas goods cheaper than they have dared to dream of, and it's such a nice place! In fact all the latest novelties in fancy goods, card board mottoes, chromos, *pathegrams*, toys and almost everything in the holiday line. The place is easily found. It is at 24 Geary Street, and is kept by J. A. Spence & Co., and they show you all the goods with the greatest of pleasure."

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHEAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Book Auction.

The wonderful sale of books by A. Bartlett & Co., No. 3 Dupont Street, continues with crowds of purchasers. The books are being sold at such prices as to create a furore in the trade. The following books are finding numerous purchasers: Sages and Heroes of the Revolution; Gabriel Conroy, by Bret Harte; Garnered Sheaves, by Richardson; Illustrated History of Rome; In search of the Castaways, by Jules Verne; My Winter on the Nile, by Warner; Force and Nature, by Winslow; American Female Poets; Miss Muloch's works, and Wilkie Collins' novels; Arctic Adventures; Centennial Exposition, described and illustrated; Patton's Concise History of the American People; Battling with the Demon; the Poets of Europe and America, and choice holiday books in extensive assortments.

Go to the Yosemite Art Gallery, T. H. Boyd, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

Try E. H. Hubbard's Parisian Cream for the complexion. 923 Market Street.

RESIDENTS
AND
VISITORS.

Messrs. Anderson & Randolph invite all admirers of Industrial Art to call at their establishment and leisurely examine their extensive stock of Elegant Goods. In addition to their large stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware, they have also a varied collection of Bronzes, Marbles, and Fancy Novelties, specially adapted for Presents.

All goods are marked in Plain Figures at Lower Prices than similar Goods have before been offered in this city. Visitors incur no obligation to purchase.

CLOCK TOWER BUILDING,

Corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AT
B. H. & CO'S

The Largest Collection of

Standard Works of Fiction, History, Travel, Biography, Poetry, and General Literature, in Fine Library Binding.

ILLUSTRATED GALLERIES

Bound in half and full morocco.

JUVENILES

In sets and separate volumes.

Bibles, Prayer-Books, and Hymnals, Games, Toy Books, etc., etc.

RUSSIAN LEATHER

Writing Desks, Portmonnaies, Portfolios, Jewelry Cases, Work Boxes, Lunch Boxes, Music Rolls, etc.

Photograph Albums, Stamp and Autograph Albums, and

ELEGANT STATIONERY,

Embracing the newest styles of Wedding, Corresponding, Visiting, and Menu Cards.

Copper Plate Engraving
and Printing a Specialty.BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,
NO. 3 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda, now open.

Currier, 103 Dupont Street, makes the finest PICTURE FRAMES.

The finest baths are at the Terrace, Alameda.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

Yosemite Art Gallery; finest photographs, reduced prices; No. 26 Montgomery Street.

Go to the Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda.

Currier, 103 Dupont Street, has a fine assortment of VELVET FRAMES.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.
G. R. CHIFFMAN.....TREASURER

This Saturday matinee, at two o'clock, last appearance of
CLARA MORRIS
AS CONSTANCE HARLWOOD IN CONSCIENCE.

Saturday evening, December 14th, benefit of Mr. C. B. Bishop. "Happiest day of my life." "Seeing Bishop," "Miscellaneous Entertainment," and RICHARD III.
Sunday evening, same bill.

Monday, December 16th, and every evening, and Saturday matinee, Clara Morris in her original version of AR-TICLE 47.

Sunday evening, December 22d, first appearance as Macbeth of Master Louis Levy, the boy tragedian, supported by the great Baldwin's Theatre Company. Also first appearance on any stage of Miss Olive West as Lady Macbeth.

Monday evening, December 23d, first production of the grand Christmas piece, NOT GUILTY. First appearance of the Cameron Cadets in full Highland costume.

All the musical gems from the opera of Carmen. The scenery by Dayton. Music by Widmer.

REVELS.**BUSH STREET THEATRE.**

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

Saturday Matinee. Saturday and Sunday evenings, another decided success, Grand Spectacular Opera Bouffe, by Alfred Cellier, its first rendition in America,

SULTAN OF MOCHA.

ALICE OATES in her new role, "DOLLY,"
"The Lass that Loves a Sailor,"

Supported by

THE OATES ENGLISH COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

Next week, grand revival of

LE PETIT DUC.

Friday, December 20th,

BENEFIT TO ALICE OATES,

When a photograph of Alice Oates as The Little Duc will be presented each person attending any part of the theatre.

Holiday Announcement—Beginning December 23d, H. M. S. PINAFORE.

REVELS.**STANDARD THEATRE.**

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....M. A. KENNEOV.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....P. H. KIRBY.
TREASURER.....C. S. WALTON.

MR. JOSH HART

And his

GREAT NOVELTY COMPANY

Will appear next week in an entirely new olio.

The new burlesque,

WAS SHE LED OR DID SHE GO ASTRAY,

—AND—

THE TERRY JOINED THE GANG EXCURSION.

Seats six days in advance.

REVELS.**CALIFORNIA THEATRE.**

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Monday, Dec. 16th, second week and immense success of

MR. F. S. CHANFRAU,

AS

KIT,

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

VOEGTLIN'S PANORAMA

OF THE

MISSISSIPPI

Nightly received with tremendous applause.

Monday, Dec. 23d—Christmas week—magnificent production of the OCFORON. MR. CHANFRAU in his great character, "Salem Scudder."

Seats at the box office.

REVELS.

For the finest photographs, all styles, at reduced prices, go to T. H. Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

The finest candies in the city are to be had at the Clarendon, 213 Kearny Street, of Love & Goldstein. Try them.

Where can one thoroughly enjoy a swim? At the Terrace Swimming Baths, Alameda.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and attachable Flounces: Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

The finest French and purest home-made candies found at Vogele's, 915 Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

DIAMONDS.

The most attractive assortment of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC.,

And Novelties, for the selection of wedding and other presents, at

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.'S,

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.

NO. 136 SUTTER STREET.

**IMMENSE REDUCTION
IN SILVERWARE.****SOLID STERLING SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS,**

Of our own manufacture, at \$1.40 per oz.,

THIS BEING MUCH LOWER THAN THEY EVER HAVE BEEN SOLD.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AT LOWEST RATES.**THE
ONLY
PLACE**

In this city where a lady can find a Suit ready made, stylish, and cheap, is at

SULLIVAN'S,

120 KEARNY STREET.

DIAMONDS OF RARE PERFECTION

In single stones, and carefully matched pairs, set and unset.

EMERALDS, RUBIES, AND SAPPHIRES,

AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE

AT UNEXCEPTIONABLY LOW RATES.

BRAVERMAN & LEVY,

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

REVELS.

The improvements lately made in musical boxes are surprising; instead of the old tinkling, metallic notes made by the crazy instrument of our fathers, we have the richest and mellowest, with none of the prim mechanical character that used always to suggest the machinery. Paillard & Co.'s musical boxes—they have them of all kinds at every price—are delightful, exquisite, ravishing! "Age can not wither nor custom stale their infinite variety." For Christmas presents they are without a peer. 120 Sutter Street.

REVELS.**FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LAN-**

guages, 120 Sutter Street. French, Spanish, English, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, Portuguese, Russian, and Scandinavian languages taught, at moderate terms, by thorough teachers, with the shortest and best methods. Classes or private lessons day and evening. Take the elevator. Free school library for the students.

PALMER BROS.

726 TO 734 MARKET ST.,

Have a full assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISH-
ing Goods, Toilet Articles, Corsets, Embroideries,
French and Valenciennes Laces, a fine assortment of Veil-
ings and Ruchings, and the largest stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

And the best stock of
BOYS' CLOTHING AND HATS & CAPS
In the city.

AT THE

WHITE HOUSE

Next Week and during the

HOLIDAYS

Genuine Bargains in our

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

.....AND.....

FANCY ARTICLES

Suitable for

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**LADIES' INITIAL HANDKERCH'FS**

Reduced to \$3 per dozen.

POINT LACE HANDKERCHIEFS

Reduced to \$12—worth \$30.

We have just received the very newest styles in FANS,
BOWS, TIES, SCARFS, ALGERIAN
FICHUS, etc., etc., at

VERY LOW PRICES.

During the holidays the store will
remain open until late
in the evening.

J. W. DAVIDSON & CO

NORTHWEST CORNER

KEARNY AND POST STREETS.

PRICES REDUCED!

..... AT.....

SIERING'S.**HOLIDAY NOVELTIES!**

Just opened, consisting of

Card Trays, Baskets, Necessaries
In Canvas and Leather.

Perfume Stands,

Card Receivers,

Match Boxes,

Smoking Sets,

Historical Statuettes,

Clocks, etc.,

IN FIRE GILT, NICKEL, AND SIL-
VER BRONZE.

FANCY GOODS AND WORSTEDS.

A large assortment of

Ivory Brushes and Carvings.

H. SIERING & CO.,

LICK HOUSE BLOCK.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS.





Every man is a miserable sinner in church, but out of church it is unsafe to say much about it, except to a small man.

A new terror is added to death for country editors. Their bodies may be stolen, and not returned until \$100,000 in hard cash is paid down out of the estate.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes; or if they don't have 'em they're apt to get 'em, if they're too brilliant and too impulsive."

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon 200 pounds. "My dear," says he to her, "I shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she to him, "help the fence."

A thrifty Massachusetts father took his boy to a doctor. "If you can cure him for less than the funeral expenses," said he, "go ahead; but if you can't sonny'll have to take his chances."

A bad actor to Macready: "Mr. Macready, you don't seem to remember me. I once played 'Iago' to your 'Othello' at the Bath Theatre." Macready to bad actor: "Remember you? I shall never forget you."

What is the use of a man being a genius if he can't pick a single five-cent piece from among a pocketful of keys with a mittened hand, when he has but two seconds to catch a ferry-boat, and answer political questions at the same time without being disconcerted?

A Michigan gentleman whose education was considered fair, wrote to a bookseller as follows: "Dear sir; if yew hev gut a book called Danel Webster on a brige plets send me a copy. I want to git it ter-mor-row if I kin, caus my spellin teacher says I oughter hev it."

He had broken his promise to marry the girl, and her father wanted a money consideration to help head a wounded heart. The young man said he would consider a reasonable proposition. "Well, then," said the irate father, who was seeking justice for his daughter, "young man, how does a dollar and a half str ke you?"

A young American lady traveling recently in a French city, inquired the price of a small crucifix at a shop. "Fifteen cents," was the reply of the old dame in charge. "That's too much," observed the lady, laying it down. Shopkeeper, thereupon: "Mon Dieu! I offer you the Eternal Duty for fifteen cents, and you refuse."

Am reminded of incident. Was in boarding-school. Donutaries. Lots of boys. Few beds. Not very wide. Three in nine. Had for outside boy. Occasionally rolled out. Adopted a rule. Boy that fell to crawl in next to wall. Worked well. Except on cold nights. Continued struggle. One boy always in the air.

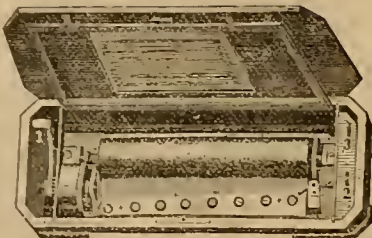
When an Austrian division recently occupied a village in Bosnia, which had just been pillaged by the insurgents, a ready-made clothier ran up to the commander-in-chief, and seizing the bridle of the latter's horse, sobbed: "Oh, General, if you give them rascals chase, do order your men to fire above the waist, for those rascals have run off with all my new trousers, and if your men don't aim above the waist, all of my goods will be ruined."

A lady was the mother of a bright little boy about three years old. The whooping cough prevailed in the neighborhood, and the mother became very much alarmed lest her boy might take it. She had talked so much about it, and worried over it, that she had infected the child with her fears to such an extent that he would scarcely leave her side. One night after the little fellow had been put to bed and to sleep, a jacksaw was driven past the house, and when just opposite set up his he-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of bed, screaming at the top of his voice: "The whooping cough is coming, mamma; the whooping cough is coming."

The genteel tramp mounted the landing and rang the front door bell. "Would you be so kind," said he, as the mistress of the house appeared at the door, "to exchange this piece of pie for a couple of hard boiled eggs and a cup of coffee? I am of a dyspeptic turo, and this is the ninth quarter of a mince pie that I tried to go through this morning. I can't stand it, it's too much of a sameness. If you accept my proposition, you can also have the satisfaction of telling the neighbors that Mrs. Robinson, across the street, uses allspice instead of cloves, and that the under crust is very slack baked." The temptations were great, and the genteel tramp had his eggs and coffee, and a large triangle of frosted cake as a bonus.

Some medical students who had dissected a "subject" took one of the feet into a New York street car and slipped it into the pocket of a tailor's ulster. Soon a terrible quarrel broke out. The tailor had put his hand in his ulster pocket and grasped the dissected human foot. He threw away the accursed garment, and sprang through a second story window, throwing an old gentleman into hysterics. They all stepped into "The Hamlet" and took a drink, and the tailor's ulster was formally presented to the bartender. An hour afterward the human foot was placed on the plate among the ham on the lunch counter by one of the doctors, and a butcher who called in and began to gnaw it went off bellowing louder than a cattle-pen.

MUSIC BOXES



OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND OF Standard Reputation, playing from one to over one hundred airs. The largest and best assortment in this city. MUSICAL BOXES WITH CHANGEABLE CYLINDERS always on hand. New and interesting styles constantly received. Call and examine our stock. REPAIRING OF MUSICAL BOXES thoroughly done in all their particularities.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Branch of House, 680 Broadway, New York.

O. F. WILLEY & CO

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Agents for the sale of Wagons manufactured by
BREWSTER & CO., New York,

W. D. ROGERS, Philadelphia,

C. S. CAFFREY, Camden, N. J.,

WOOD BROTHERS, New York,

H. KILLAM & CO., New Haven,

COOLING BROS., Wilmington

ALSO, AGENTS FOR

HARNESS MANUFACTURED BY WOOD GIBSON, TOMPKINS & MANDEVILLE, AND A. H. DUNCOMBE.

Also, a fine assortment of Robes, Blankets, Nets, Whips, etc.

For the best New Crop Japan
" " English Breakfast
" " Formosa Oolong
" " Mixed

...GO TO...

TEA LORING'S

922 MARKET STREET,

Manufactory of "THE PRESIDENT COFFEE"—put up in air-tight cans, retaining its purity, freshness and aroma.

USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS

MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT

135 MONTGOMERY STREET, NEAR RUSH.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE

For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. 23rd Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

THOMAS H. HOLT, NOTARY PUBLIC, No. 326 1/2 Mont-

gomery Street. Residence, 1203 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

SAFES AND SCALES.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN MOLLOY, 54 CLAY STREET.

12 New Articles Almost Given Away TO ADVERTISE GOODS.

Wagon Immense Lot of new correspondence, Agents Telephone, Blum, McCropper, Inexpensive Fountain Pen and Holder, Metal Clear, Silver and Wrought Iron, Solid Steel, Solid, Soapstone, French, Silver, Glass, Fine Engraving French Clocks, The Fire Alarm, with the system can report from their mouth (thousands of reports), Serpents of the Nile (top the rest of a pen which looked exactly like a snake's head). All the above twelve articles will be given away on receipt of 50 Cents. Will be ready for sale in the morning. (Papers, Europe taken). Catalogue of 2,000 new articles FREE. Address: "WIZARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, No. 3 CLAY STREET, NEW YORK."

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 2, 3, AND 4 SHEPHERD'S BUILDING,

Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco

(P. O. Box 707.)

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Compressed Engines,
Air Compressors,
Rock Drills,
Portable Hoisting Engines,
Marine Stationary and Portable Boilers,
Baby Hoist, complete.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE.

Direct-acting Pumping and Hoisting Engines,
Upright and Stationary Engines,
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Blake's Rock Breakers,
Smelting Furnaces,
Quicksilver Pumps,
Chlorodizing Furnaces,
Cornish Pumps,
Steam Pumps.

All manufactured by us of the best materials, design, and workmanship, and furnished at lower rates than by Eastern manufacturers.

PRESCOTT, SCOTT & CO.

THE LAST SENSATION!

"THE SOCIETY IN SEARCH OF

Truth: or, Stock Gambling in San Francisco." A

Novel, in Forty-four Chapters, by

I. F. CLARK,

A former member of the Pacific Stock Exchange. Now

ready. Read it.



DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Francisco, Dec. 7th, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 25) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was declared, payable on Monday, December 16th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 16 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1878. Transfer books closed on Monday, December 3, 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

ARIZONA SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Location of works, Unionville, Humboldt County, State of Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth (9th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 14th day of January, 1879, to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING.—OPHIR SIL-

ver Mining Company.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Silver Mining Company will be held on Wednesday, December 12th, 1878, at one o'clock P. M., at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close on Saturday, December 7th, at 12 o'clock M.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

stockholders of the Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 16th day of December, 1878. Transfer books will be closed on Friday, December 14th, at the hour of 3 P. M.

ALFRED K. DUREBROW, Secretary.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IZETTA GOODHUE, plaintiff vs. STEPHEN

GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which special reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein. Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By J. H. PICHENS, Deputy Clerk.

WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital\$200,000
Assets exceed..... 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 209 SANSOME ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

THOS. FLINT, President.

FRED. K. RULESecretary.

I. G. GARDNER.....General Agent.

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1 50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23rd day of December, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DUREBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, EMMA S. HOWE, wife of Charles W. Howe, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1878, the same being a day of the November term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing me in permitting me to act as a Sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, buying and selling real and personal property and mining stocks, and to keep boarding and lodging-house, and to loan and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to do and perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business.

EMMA S. HOWE.

San Francisco, Cal., November 18th, A. D. 1878.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P.

NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to David P. Nelson, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief thereupon demanded. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. L. WOODS and JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

WAKELEE'S AUREOLINE

PRODUCES THE BEAUTIFUL Golden Hair so much admired. Superior to the imported article by reason of its freshness and the care used in its production.

PRICE, LARGE BOTTLES, \$2.

Manufactured by

H. P. WAKELEE & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

Corner Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.

SHIPPING

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents for the

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET LINES.

204 AND 206 CALIFORNIA ST. - - San Francisco.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,

J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

RARE ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS,

CHRISTMAS, 1878.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE COL-

lection of fine Engravings specially purchased in

Italy for the Christmas trade. Nothing can be more appropriate

for a holiday or wedding present than a fine Engraving,

which is suitable for home decoration and at the same

time rare. W. K. VICKERY would respectfully invite an

inspection of his Engravings and their prices.

Please note address—22 Montgomery Street, opposite the

Lick House.

OPEN IN THE EVENING.

REDINGTON'S

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

ARE THE PERFECTLY PURE

and highly concentrated Extracts of

FRESH FRUITS

Prepared with great care. They are put up in superior

style, in a bottle holding twice as much as ordinary

brands of Extracts.

Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so

cheap.

Wherever tested on THEIR MERITS, they have been

adopted in preference to all others, and now are the

STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Of the Pacific coast. Dealers will find them to give better

satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are

respectfully requested to give them a trial.

REDINGTON & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RUPTURE.

BUY NO TRUSS

Until you see what has been accom-

plished by DR. PIERCE'S late in-

vention.

Call, or send for New Illustrated

Book. Prices reduced.

MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS

CO., 609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

MILLER & RICHARD,

SOLE MAKERS OF

EXTRA-HARD METAL

SCOTCH TYPE.

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR

THE CAMPBELL, HOE, AND PEERLESS

PRESSES.

No. 529 COMMERCIAL STREET.

And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.



WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

COMMENCING MONDAY, Nov. 18, 1878.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger

Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as

follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister,

Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way

Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects

with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the

M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey.

At STAGE connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-

tions.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, and

Way Stations.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-

tions.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Sta-

tions.

The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Sta-

tions is discontinued for the Winter season.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate

points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings.

Good for return until following MONDAY, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,

Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of

the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad

via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry

Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making

close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mobave, LOS

ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado

River, and YUMA.

Commencing Monday, November 11, 1878, and until further

notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco:

(Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays included,

Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington

Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at

Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Clover-

dale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lake-

ville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs, at

Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the

GEYSERS.

Connections made at Fulton on the following morning

for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods (Sundays

excepted).

(Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.)

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except

Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.

ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.

P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai,

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

February 18 December 17 January 16

May 16 March 15 April 16

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale

at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the

Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218

California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for

passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU,

November 25, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMER-

ICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN

PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST IN-

DIA PORTS, on the 5th and

20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS,

and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th,

20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents,

Corner First and Brannan Streets.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf

for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for

LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ,

SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern

and Southern Coast ports, leaving San Francisco about

every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertise-

ment in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

CHAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG.

FOX & KELLOGG,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-

chant Street, Room 16. Probate divorce, bank-

ruptcy, and all other cases attended to.

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, DECEM-

ber 5, 1878, and until further notice,

TRAINS AND BOATS

WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE AT FERRY LANDING, MAR-

KET STREET.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO

Steamer (from Market Street Landing), con-

necting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Cal-

istoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis

(Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing,

and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-

senger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Liv-

ermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting

with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriv-

ing at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy

arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC

Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern

Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville,

Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Pal-

sade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with

train arriving at Los Angeles at 3.40 P. M.

(Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MAR-

TINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK-

land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Hay-

wards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE

Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and

Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at

5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.15 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN

Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry)

to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch.

(Arrive San Francisco 9.15 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, SOUTHERN

Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern

Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton),

Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall

(San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles,

"Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Col-

ton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steam-

ers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and

Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,

Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), con-

necting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Wood-

land, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramen-

to with Passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee,

Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Val-

lejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,

Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street

Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

(Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH

Third Class and Accommodation Train, via

Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.)

connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on

second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-

senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards,

Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND

Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and

Northern Railway) to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all

trains, Sundays excepted, at "Melrose."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To

Oakland.

To Alameda.

To Peninsula.

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,

31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.



MUSIC

KNABE PIANOS,

IRVING PIANOS, ROGERS' UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Prince Organs, Waters' Organs, Sheet Music.

BANCROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,
733 MARKET STREET.



PIANOS

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

PIANOS

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



STOVES

FOR PARLORS, OFFICES, HALLS
BED-ROOMS, CHURCHES,
STORES, ETC., ETC.

THE LARGEST STOCK AND
the greatest variety on the Pacific Coast.

500

DIFFERENT SIZES, STYLES, AND PATTERNS to select from.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

NOS. 110, 112, 114, 118, & 120 BATTERY ST.

EUREKA STONE MFG CO.

EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A
specialty. None but the best brands of English
Portland Cement used.

FACTORY, 512 BRANNAN STREET.

GEORGE BARSTOW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 309 Cali-
fornia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DECKER BROS

DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

AWARD OF THE GOLD MEDAL.

FIVE DIPLOMAS OF MERIT

THE PARIS EXPOSITION HAS AWARDED THE DECORATION OF
the LEGION OF HONOR to MR. HENRY BREWSTER, senior member of the firm of

BREWSTER & CO.

(OF BROOME STREET.)

CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

Of the city of New York. Also, the Gold Medal, and five Diplomas of Merit to the several foremen of departments,
for an exhibition of Thirteen Carriages, a Park Drag, Pleasure Vehicles, and a Racing Sulky, at the late Exposition,
as a recognition of the superior excellence of the work of the firm.

W. J. DONLEY, the representative, is now in San Francisco, and may be found at
O. F. Willey & Co.'s, or at the Baldwin.

Messrs. O. F. WILLEY & CO., 427 Montgomery St., are Sole Agents in California.

BREWSTER & CO. (OF BROOME STREET.)

Broadway, 47th and 48th Streets, New York City.

MADAME SKIDMORE

FINE MILLINERY.

THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES CONSTANTLY RECEIVED.

1114 Market St., between Mason and Taylor, under Graham House.

CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK

TESTIMONIAL.

Referring to certain advertisements recently published derogatory to the quality of

CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK,

We beg to offer the following testimonial from the largest dealers in the city.

CALIFORNIA SILK MFG CO.

We, the undersigned, hereby state that we have sold the CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK for a number of years, and have found it to give entire satisfaction.

We recommend it to the public as equal in quality to any silk in this market, of either Foreign or Eastern manufacture. [Signed.]

DOANE & HENSHELWOOD, No. 1
Montgomery Street.

FRATINGER & NOLL, 10 to 14 Mont-
gomery Street.

F. CHESTER & CO., 34 to 36 Montgomery.
KANDLER & CO., Ville de Paris, corner
Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

J. SAMUELS, 28 Kearny Street.

THE WHITE HOUSE, J. W. Davidson &
Co., corner Kearny and Post Streets.

S. MOSGROVE & CO., 114 and 116 Kearny.

THE LACE HOUSE, D. Samuels, 104 to
108 Kearny Street.

BUYER, REICH & CO., 129 Kearny Street.

S. BINE, 130 Kearny Street.

LANDERS & GILMORE, 132 Kearny St.

SULLIVAN'S CLOAK & SUIT HOUSE,
220 Kearny Street.

THE SILK HOUSE, Samuel Leszynski &
Bro., 120 Kearny Street.

B. SCHONWASSER & CO., 222 Kearny St.

JACOBS & GLASS, 226 Kearny Street.

P. B. KENNEDY, 232 Kearny Street.

O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO., 111 to
115 Post Street.

O'NEILL, KENNEDY & STUART, 875
Market Street.

C. CURTIN, 911 Market Street.

J. J. O'BRIEN & CO., 924 to 928 Market St.

O'DWYER & EINHORN, 36 and 38 Third
Street.

PEIXOTTO & SILVERMAN, 42 to 46
Third Street. And hundreds of others.



WAREHOUSES, N. W. CORNER
KEARNEY AND SUTTER STREETS.

SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.

SHEET MUSIC,
MUSIC BOOKS,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS ARE THE

FINE BOOKS AT ROMAN'S FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Dore Gallery. 4to mor.	\$85 00
Paradise Lost. 4to mor. Illustrated by Dore.	40 00
Dante's Purgatory and Paradise. 4to mor. Illus- trated by Dore.	40 00
Dante's Inferno. 4to mor. Illustrated by Dore.	40 00
Italy. By Trollope. 4to, Levant mor., \$45; antique, \$35; cloth.	22 50
Switzerland, 418 illustrations. 4to, mor., \$25; cloth.	18 00
Meyer von Bremen Gallery. folio, mor.	50 00
Faust. Bayard Taylor's translation. folio, mor., \$50; cloth.	35 00
The Rhine. 425 illustrations. 4to, mor., \$25; cloth.	18 00
Spain. Illustrated by Dore. 4to, mor., \$25; cloth.	18 00
Don Quixote. Illustrated by Dore. 4to, mor., \$25; cloth.	12 00
La Fontaine's Fables. Illustrated by Dore. 4to, mor., \$25; cloth.	12 00
Great Painters of Christendom. 4to, mor., \$45; cloth.	25 00
Schiller's Song of the Bell. 4to, mor., \$20; cloth.	15 00
Goethe's Herman and Dorothea. 4to, mor., \$20; cloth.	15 00
India. 317 illustrations. 4to, cloth.	30 00
Schiller Gallery. folio, cloth.	35 00
Ancient Rome. Illustrated by Dore. folio, cloth.	10 00
Black's Atlas of the World.	25 00
Colton's Atlas of the World.	20 00
Table Book of Art. 4to, cloth.	6 00

Just received by express—
Rock of Ages. Illustrated. 1 50
Uncle Tom's Cabin. Illustrated. 3 50
Art in the House. By Von Falke. 15 00
American Painters. 8 00
American Literature. By Tyler 2 vols. Cloth, \$5;
half cloth. 10 00
Goethe Gallery. Illustrated. 10 00

OPEN EVENINGS.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
11 Montgomery Street,
use Block, San Francisco.

PACIFIC BUSINESS
COLLEGE,
320 POST STREET,
San Francisco.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,
Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the 12th day of December, 1879, an as-
sessment (No. 30) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the sixteenth (16th) day of January, 1879, will be
delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and
unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY,
the sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office—203 Bush Street, Room 10, Cosmopolitan Hotel,
San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of busi-
ness, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Vir-
ginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the tenth (10th) day of December, 1879, an as-
sessment (No. 60) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, northwest corner
Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the fifteenth (15th) day of January, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless
payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the
seventh day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine
and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

BEST KOHLER & CHASE
SAN FRANCISCO
& OAKLAND.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING

SEWING MACHINE,

The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine
in the market.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS

Elegant, stylish, and reliable.

J. W. EVANS, 20 Post Street, San Francisco.

STEINWAY & SON'S PIANOS

Two Highest Awards for the best Pianos and
Piano Forte Material,

U. S. CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION,
Philadelphia, 1876.

The Steinway Pianos alone were accorded the "highest de-
gree of excellence in all styles."

The First Grand Gold Medal of Honor, Ex-
position Universelle, Paris, 1867.

Grand Honorary Testimonial Medal, Society
of Fine Arts, Paris, 1867.

Grand National Gold Medal, from H. M.
King Charles XV. of Sweden and
Norway, 1868.

Academical Honors of the Royal Academies,
Berlin and Stockholm.

First Prize Medal, International Exhibition,
London, 1862.

Twenty-five First Medals at American Ex-
hibitions.

Testimonials and Certificates,
From the Most Eminent Musicians, Composers, and Artists
in the World, who all unite in the Unanimous
Verdict of the Superiority of the Stein-
way Pianos over all others.

Every Steinway Piano is Fully Warranted
for Five Years.

Illustrated Catalogues, with Price List,
Mailed Free on Application.

STEINWAY HALL. GRAY'S MUSIC STORE

117 POST STREET.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

I. MAGGIE WHEELER, plaintiff, vs. GIRAD B. H.
WHEELER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
GIRAD B. H. WHEELER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the
plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of failure to
provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life, and
extreme cruelty to said plaintiff, by the defendant, and that
the said plaintiff be allowed to resume her maiden name, to
wit: I. Maggie Saunders, as will more fully appear in the
plaintiff's complaint herein, to which reference is hereunto
expressly made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff
will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
twenty-fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

REVELS.

THE IRONWAVE



CHRISTMAS

SEWERAGE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The ARGONAUT does not charge itself with the guardianship of our municipal government, nor, as a rule, does it undertake to correct the errors of its Board of Supervisors, nor interest itself in the details of city affairs. There is, however, one matter so important, and to such an extent involving the health and welfare of the community, that we shall claim indulgence in calling the attention of the authorities and the people to it. The mode of sewerage of our city and the material to be used in the construction of our sewers and drain-pipes is one involving the health of the people, and addresses itself to the pocket of every property-owner and tax-payer. There are three kinds of sewers now being built: For our level land, where there are long reaches of sewers to be constructed for carrying the discharge of large areas, the brick, five-foot, granite-bottomed sewer, laid in brick and Portland cement, is indispensable. But there is a very large area of the city of San Francisco rolling and hilly land, where less expensive work and less capacious drains will answer all useful purposes. For this we have two kinds of pipe now in use, one known as "iron stone," and the other as "cement." It is asserted by those who claim to know that the iron stone, so called, is not iron stone, and that it will, by reason of its inferior material and inferior construction, prove entirely useless; that it will soften and disintegrate under the chemical action of our sewer discharges; that it will crumble and break under ordinary pressure, and that it is not at all calculated to answer the purpose for which it is used. The cement pipe, manufactured of gravel and Portland (English) cement by the Eureka Stone Manufacturing Co., is represented as a most enduring and imperishable article, growing harder and more indestructible for years; that when once properly laid it will last for hundreds of years, continually improving. It is charged against the so-called iron stone, that it is made of ordinary California pottery clay, and that the only part of it that is genuine and of vitrified stone is imported from Pennsylvania, and only enough of it used to make a thin outer coating; that in case of fracture it softens under action of water and becomes worthless. It is known, by those who know anything, that the Portland cement is the best in the world, and that cement is more indestructible than stone or brick. Hence the value to be assigned to the work of the Eureka Stone Manufacturing Co. is simply a question whether the pipe is made of the genuine imported material, or not. Its makers have offered to submit it to any test of pressure, or any scientific or practical test that may be asked of them to determine the quality of their wares. And now comes the strange part of this business, and this is the feature that justifies us in calling attention to what under other circumstances might be called ordinary rivalry in business. It is asserted, and we believe it is true, that the Board of Supervisors have refused, and do refuse, to allow the use of any cement pipe, but that the whole work of the city is assigned to the company who make iron-stone pipe; that miles and miles of this very questionable material is being used, and that the Eureka Company find it utterly impossible to make enough impression upon the Board of Supervisors to induce them to give the cement pipe even a trial. We believe we are within the truth when we assert that no European city ever attempted to solve the problem of drainage by the use of either pipe, and that all the best sewer works of Europe are constructed of cement. The city of Paris uses cement, and Portland cement, imported from England to France. San Francisco seems, so far as we know, to be the only city in the world that is using pipes of pottery, and discarding cement concrete pipes. The ARGONAUT is not quick to assume that all public officers are corrupt, nor that the Board of Supervisors is in its majority composed of persons who will form rings with manufacturers and contractors for the purpose of individual profit, or that its Street Committee is other than honorable and just, and impartial in its dealings with contractors and material men. If we are in error in this matter—we mean in reference to partiality and favoritism by the Board—we shall be glad to have ourselves set right. As to the question of the superiority of cement pipe over pottery pipe or iron-stone pipe, it is not an open one. Having personally examined both, we do not hesitate to pronounce the unquestioned superiority of the pipe made of cement, sand, and gravel, over that made of pottery clay, slicked over with iron-stone. If this question was one interesting only rival manufacturers we should not discuss it. But bad drainage—producing sewer gases, typhoid fever, zymotic diseases—involves considerations other than political, and questions of greater importance than how much money can be made by manufacturers, and divided between Supervisors. If there is any one question that is more important than another to the people of this city it is drainage. Sewerage is a subtle, deadly poison, stealing silently into chambers where we sleep, noiselessly moving through the mansions of the rich and the houses of the poor. The Prince of Wales was struck down with typhoid fever in his gorgeous house at Sandringham. The Princess Alice died in her royal palace with diphtheria. These diseases stalk abroad in San Francisco and Oakland; they are especially fatal to children. Hence it is that such material should be used in the construction of sewers as will best prevent the absorption, retention, and escape of these poisonous gases. This material is cement, and it is English (Portland) cement, and none other. Benicia cement is a failure. The hilly part of San Francisco should all be sewered with this pipe so that when once done it is done for all time. If our Supervisors tamper with this business for some paltry profit let them reflect that the price of their dishonest gains is human life. San Francisco with her rolling hills, her diurnal winds, her cool, bracing airs, her salt sea fogs, ought to be one of the healthiest cities of the world, and will be if honestly and scientifically drained.

Clara Morris writes to the *Dramatic News* that her husband only loves her when she plays to "big houses" and "paying business." We don't know that Clara could make Mr. Harriot love her any more, but she could make a much better man of him if she would hire Christine Nilsson to kick him once or twice a week higher than ever she raised a piano stool. When a man assumes the position of an only husband, dependent upon his wife for support, the gods begin to look around for something to smash him with.

A young lady on being asked where her native place was, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

The finest candies in the city are to be had at the Clarendon, 213 Kearny Street, of Love & Goldstein. Try them.

TOLD IN LETTERS.

RUE DE MONTGOMERY, Numéros 3 et 5.

Oh, I see that quizzical smile that is curling your lip at the date of my letter. You think, my dear Em, I have been there ever since I last wrote, but I give you my word I have not, though I faith it is a pleasant enough place to keep one even longer, there is such a charming variety of useful and ornamental things to be seen, such comfortable nooks where one may sit by the hour, dipping, beelike, in the honey of the newest books, and moreover, the most perfectly matched trio of partners in town. Every one knows them, Billings with his face like that of a St. John on a church window; Harbourn, always business-like, but gay and *debonnaire*; and Robertson, the one matrimonially unappropriated member of the firm—what shall I say of him? (They do tell me, Em, that he is sworn to some horrid secret society and has taken a dark and fearful vow of lifelong celibacy. Sad, isn't it? So young, so promising! *En passant*, he is permitting his tansure to grow again, so I have hopes of him yet.) I saw there this morning a new book, *Art in the House*, by Dr. Von Falke, one of the finest things of the season. It is illustrated by Prang, the great chromo maker, with etchings and colored pictures in the best style. *House Beautiful* by Clarence Cook, is another in the same line that every collector of artistic works should have; in fact, every housewife could greatly profit by it. Miss Abbott's new book, *Under the Lilacs*, is a great success. Some day I must tell you what a jolly evening we once spent together. Mrs. Whitney's Cook Book ought to be another. Don't you remember one of the stories that begins with a strawberry shortcake scene, and about the corner biscuits in another one of them? I didn't give you half an idea, in my last letter, of how much is being done for the children this year. A superb book for older ones is *The Arctic World*, and another, *The Mediterranean*, both profusely illustrated, and full of graphic information. *Aunt Louisa's Golden Gift* is a charming story, and every one knows what "H. H." is at her best, as she is in *Nelly's Silver Mine*. All the standard juvenile literature is represented, and an *Annual*—Strahan's—new to me, but I find, very excellent, and myriads of smaller books, linen and others, adapted to the destructive age. I fancy that a year's subscription to a popular magazine a very nice gift, for besides its own merit, it is a most pleasant monthly reminder of the giver, and our friends receive subscriptions for a large number. They have added quite a toy department, too, for the holidays, where there are several novelties, among them paper soldiers and dolls' playhouses made to take apart after the manner of the Crandall toys. Artistically, there is a very handsome show, the painted tiles especially being a very attractive feature. There is one capital dog's head there, and different designs in figures and flowers. Some beautiful painting is seen on the silk covered toilet bottles, and on leather pen handles that are finished off at the end with a metal holder to receive the pen. A most complete and compact writing desk, which is full of drawers, pockets, and handy places, and even has slabs of porcelain inserted on one of the inside covers for memoranda. The prettiest of picture frames, the handiest of handkerchief, glove, and work boxes, baskets, all sorts of quaint notions in iridescent glass, dressing cases filled with ivory dressing articles, graphoscopes, are some of the things I failed to mention last week. I came home by way of Nathan's where I found loads of lovely things in the way of crockery, glass, and *bric-a-brac* generally. The majolica from Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, is the queerest stuff you ever saw; and, as it is comparatively rare here, it is correspondingly prized. Quite as quaint, and almost as seldom found, are the tall, straight pitchers in the old Flemish style, from the Doulton factory, the figures—hounds and hunters—being etched in fine black lines on a creamy white ground. St. Clement's *faience* is another novelty, the designs being of the oddest possible order; vases in the forms of card and paper boats, and some of the prettiest little ice cream plates with long handles, like a sauce-pan. In Amsterdam ware, there are pretty plaques for wall decorations; one particularly pretty, is oblong with the raised figure of a mackerel in the centre; the author is Regout. Fanciers of the grotesque will seek the Barbiere ware, that imitates Palissy's queer notions so perfectly—satyrlike heads, grinning baboons, humpbacked monstrosities, all in the rich deep colors he so delighted in. Still further on, in ornamental articles, is the *Gien faience*, Choisy le Roi, and many lovely things in the Longwy crackle. For the dining table there are, of course, the usual displays of Royal Worcester, Dresden, Seares, India, the red and yellow Bombay ware, and some beautiful bits of English porcelain from Westfield & Brown's, that Mr. Dohrman tells me is becoming more popular every day. I have seen nowhere else the peculiar Irish china—Bellock ware, it is called—that they have here. It has a wonderfully fine glaze, equalled only by the famous Italian enamel of the sixteenth century; is lightness and durability itself, and looks exactly like a silvery sea-shell. It comes in fancy articles, statuettes, and in table ware. One more thing and I leave this, to me, fascinating theme: the vases of sulphureous glass, that are reproductions, by Webb, of England, of the articles found by Dr. Schliemann during his researches in ancient Troy. In form they are severely simple, with straight throats, and are entirely unadorned, only the base of the vase being of a globe shape; has indentations on all sides, as if a huge thumb had pinched it together when hot and left its impression. In substance they are quite opaque, the coloring being changeable like iridescent glass; only in the deepest shades of purple, green, and a glint of gold when the light strikes it in the right way. Altogether, these are an entirely new "sensation" in the pottery world. Come to think of it, Chester has some very handsome table linens and other napery, so Clara tells me, and is making a great run on some very pretty embroidered sets he makes for the holidays. I have seldom found prettier "Pekinades" than those displayed there, with velvets in the corresponding shades; and Mr. Chester says he has some black silks now that are calculated, figuratively speaking, to "remove the dilapidated linen from the shrubbery" of every competitor! (that slang isn't mine, I assure you, but a conscientious quotation); and embossed velvets, that are the handsomest ever brought to San Francisco. These last run, I believe, to \$6.75 a yard. Good-bye, till next year.

Yours,

LILIAS DUBOIS.

Mrs. Parker, of the Ladies' Depository, has opened a new store at 126 Post Street. Dolls dressed in all styles. New Lace Patterns.

Yosemite Art Gallery; finest photographs, reduced prices; No. 26 Montgomery Street.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Seal Skins.

The elegant Seal Skin Sacques and Dohlmanns that are to be seen at the fashionable establishment of H. Liebes & Co., 113 Montgomery Street, are made of the finest furs that are obtainable, and their trimmings are of the latest as well as neatest patterns. There are a large number of worthless seal skins now being made up by irresponsible dealers, and are being palmed off on the public at low prices in order to insure their sale. These worthless skins are captured on the Copper Islands, off the Siberian coast, and are called "Russian." They are recognized to be inferior by the trade, and are consequently placed upon the market at lower prices. The best, and consequently the most valuable, of the seal skins that are taken from Alaska and South Shetland. These last-named skins are the only kind that are sold by the above-named firm, and the public may rely upon their statements as to the quality of the goods sold by them. Of course our fashionable readers desire to obtain the genuine article, and the very best quality of the above-named goods, and we therefore deemed it a matter worthy of the attention of our readers that it will be well for them to be on their guard in purchasing furs from irresponsible houses. Those who have purchased of the above-named firm have never found reason to regret their visit to that establishment.

Nero.

This greatest monster Emperor of Rome has been painted by the great German painter Kaulback. The Emperor is portrayed in the back ground, surrounded by his mistresses, drinking wine, while he orders the massacre of Christians who are brought before him. The scene is a wonderful representation of one of the blackest pages of Roman history. This great work has been photographed, and may be seen at J. B. Golly's, 31 Kearny Street. Romeo and Juliet are also to be seen in a photographic copy of the original painting. The Roman Triumph, painted by Piloty; The Roman Chariot Race, by Kaulback; and a Hungarian Race, by Wagner, are wonderful triumphs in art. The intense enthusiasm of the two latter people is indeed wonderful. Their possession by art lovers will be an endless source of delightful study. Besides these Mr. Golly has a large number of magnificent copies of paintings from the hands of the masters that would be excellent additions to art collections by our readers.

California Pictures, American Painters, Etc.

Those who love nature for her own sake, and for her relations to the best art, will read with delight the new volume to be seen at A. Roman & Co.'s, entitled California Pictures. The unrivaled sublimity of our wild mountain scenery, and the beauty of our lakes and their surroundings, has left an indelible impression upon the minds of travelers of every land. The work above mentioned treats with masterly effect the picturesque beauties of our State. The American school in art, following the original genius of our immortal West, has achieved laurels that European artists and art critics have been compelled to award. A work embodying a history of American Art and Artists has appeared, that will be welcomed by every lover and student of art. This work contains engravings copied from original paintings by American artists, and is one of its principal features. It is elegantly bound and illustrated, and may be seen at the above-named art establishment. The choicest collection that could be obtained in the Eastern market and from abroad of holiday gift volumes and standard works may be seen here.

More Laurels for California.

We have just seen one of the finest sets of carvers without any exception that Mr. Price, the well-known cutter of our city, has ever made. They were made for Mr. Seligman, one of the well-known bankers of New York. We have seen other sets made by Mr. Price for various parties, notably among which may be mentioned Baring Brothers, Brown Brothers, and Mr. Wicker, one of the prominent distillers of London, but we think the set made for Seligman, above-mentioned, surpass all the others; not in temper, for all the goods manufactured here are made of the best material; nor in finish, but in style. The styles are constantly improving in design and beauty of outline. It may be mentioned, as a matter of national pride, that Mr. Price turns out all of his elegant goods from raw material that is entirely American. Some elegant holiday goods of the above-named description we also noted here that are a credit to the manufacturer and our city. Mr. Price has made California famous for the elegance in design and beauty of finish of its cutlery.

Messrs. Gibbie & Barrie, 615 Sanson Street, Philadelphia, are republishing in this country, from the French, a work entitled *Chefs-d'Œuvre of Art of the Paris International Exhibition 1878*. This is designed to be a literary and artistic *souvenir* of the exhibition, containing engravings of the very best and most famous canvases there. The engraving is done in Paris by masters, and the text of this American edition is translated from the French by competent hands. The work is issued in parts, each containing two fine mezzo-tint engravings, a whole-page woodcut, and six folio pages of descriptive and critical text, together with many fac simile drawings of the paintings by the artists themselves. The work is full of charmingly designed initial letters, bead and tail pieces, etc. When completed it will contain more than one hundred illustrations of medal pictures, and will be a portable gallery of the masterpieces of Europe's famous living painters. The Pacific Coast agency for Messrs. Gibbie & Barrie is at 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Those undecided as yet as to what description of a Christmas present they will make, we commend and recommend a handsome music box. It is a neat, a pretty, a valuable present, and its tinkling music a constant reminder of the giver. To get boxes of standard reputation and worth the purchaser should deal with M. J. Paillard & Co., manufacturers and importers, 120 Sutter Street. They have the largest and best assortment in the city; boxes large and small, boxes with chargeable cylinders, and boxes with the music hidden in the most ingenious and curious forms and shapes. Take a look at this stock before deciding your Christmas gift and you will soon make up your mind.

For the finest photographs, all styles, at reduced prices, go to T. H. Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

Auction Sale of Holiday Books.

Those who desire to make purchases of holiday books cheap will do well to attend the auction sale of books by A. Bartlett & Co., 3 Dupont Street. There will be found the following-named volumes, that are being sold at extremely low rates: The College Library, Ballantyne's novels, Smiles' works, 2500's Fables, The Poets, complete in sixteen volumes, Our Little Folks' Picture Albums, German Popular Tales, Wonders of the Deep, Life of Patrick Henry by Wirt, Animals and Birds, Stories about Birds, Stories about Animals, Little Wide Awake Pictures, Pussy Tip Toes' Family, etc.

A Crystal Palace.

A long-needed want of the *elite* has been filled by a New York gentleman, who has opened a magnificent store at 31 Kearny Street, the Gem Candy Emporium. Delicious candies, exceeding anything heretofore in this city, are offered at very reasonable prices. Marshmallows from the celebrated Whittman of Philadelphia. Opera and chocolate caramels, in quality which heretofore could only be found at Maillard's, New York. Elegant bonbon boxes, etc. This is the only candy store in the city which is closed every Sunday.

We stopped a lady friend the other day on Geary Street, and inquired as to the unusual excitement we observed. She replied: "It is an open secret. The people of San Francisco have found a place to buy their Christmas goods cheaper than they have dared to dream of, and it's such a nice place! In fact all the latest novelties in fancy goods, card board mottoes, chromos, *paperies*, toys, and almost everything in the holiday line. The place is easily found. It is at 24 Geary Street, and is kept by A. S. Spence & Co., and they show you all the goods with the greatest of pleasure."

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Dangerous State.

There is a great deal to be said against long engagements, particularly by the lady interested, as it is she who must bear all the small annoyances caused by gossiping friends. "Why doesn't John marry Sarah?" asks Mrs. Grundy. "They've been engaged these five years. Evidently he's in no hurry to give up his freedom." These and other remarks come to Sarah's ears, and she finds her position a trying one. Indeed, many of the difficulties and quarrels of lovers are the results of a protracted betrothal. The state of the engaged can never be thoroughly satisfactory to them. They are kept in an exacting mood, which often breeds unfounded jealousies. They enjoy the bliss of loving and being loved, yet they are not quite sure it is going to last. Somebody else may come along and capture the heart they so highly prize. Therefore engaged people are apt to exchange their vows frequently, both for the pleasure of listening to what they know already and to gain new assurances that they are first in each other's affections and immovably fixed there. This period of joy and trial may be extended for a reasonable time—for months, and even a year or two—but after that there is the danger of a break in the engagement which may be beyond healing. It is best for all parties concerned that marriage should follow an engagement as soon as possible. But, if for any good reason an early marriage is not practicable, engaged people must be very patient with each other. If they are too exacting, and so much pre-occupied with their sentiments that they neglect their ordinary duties, they are apt to get into a morbid state, which will result in their estrangement. A long engagement, to reach a happy ending, must flow on in a peaceful course. Numerous quarrels will finally separate the most tender of lovers.

Go to the Yosemite Art Gallery, T. H. Boyd, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

Try E. H. Hubbard's Parisian Cream for the complexion. 923 Market Street.

The Graphic calls [Sitting Bull the Akhnoond of Squat.

BOSTON DRESS REFORM.

California "Worth" Princess Suits, Skirts, and detachable Flounces; Cashmere and Merino Union Suits for ladies and children; ladies' and misses' shoulder-brace Corsets; Abdominal Corsets. No. 430 Sutter Street. A. W. BAKER, the only Dress Reform Agent in the city.

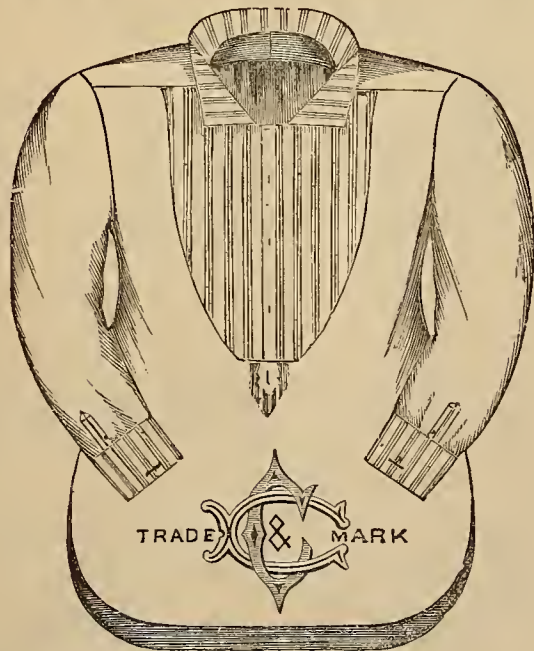
New York's unwritten law provides that cooking clubs shall consist of four or six ladies, and that the meetings shall take place either weekly or fortnightly, and that the hostess shall invite as many gentlemen as there are ladies in the club. The suppers at these meetings may be either hot or cold, but must be very simple. The bill of fare is selected by lot from several prepared by the guest, and the greatest liberty of criticism is allowed.

The finest French and purest home-made candies found at Vogeley's, 915 Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

The improvements lately made in musical boxes are surprising; instead of the old tinkling, metallic notes made by the crazy instrument of our fathers, we have the richest and mellowest, with none of the prim mechanical character that used always to suggest the machinery. Paillard & Co.'s musical boxes—they have them of all kinds at every price—are delightful, exquisite, ravishing! "Age can not wither nor custom stale their infinite variety." For Christmas presents they are without a peer. 120 Sutter Street.

DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER!



MEN'S FINE FURNISHINGS,

CHOICE NECK DRESSINGS, GLOVES, ETC.

GARMANY & CROSETT,

25 KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

C. HERRMANN,

Importer and Manufacturer of

FINE HATS AND CAPS,

LADIES' RIDING HATS AND CAPS.

College and Band Caps Made to Order.*Fine Children's Hats and Turbans a Specialty.*

THE LARGEST STOCK ON THIS COAST.

*The Finest Goods at the Lowest Prices!*336 KEARNY STREET, BETWEEN BUSH AND PINE,
& 910 MARKET STREET, ABOVE STOCKTON.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.



GREAT REDUCTION IN PHOTOGRAPHS!

THE FINEST WORK AT LOWEST PRICES.

FULL LENGTH CABINETS, INTERIOR OR RUSTIC, \$5 Per Doz.

THE POPULAR GRAY TINT VIGNETTE CABINETS, \$6 Per Doz.

The Elegant Cameo Glace Cabinets, Usually Costing Elsewhere \$10 and \$12 Per Dozen, Only \$8 Per Dozen.

Card Size Photos., Cameo Glace Finish, \$4 Per Dozen. Card Size Photos., Gray Vignettes, \$3 Per Dozen.

Every improvement of the present day has been added to the Gallery, so that now all Photographs are taken so quickly that only Superior Pictures are obtained.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY!

T. H. BOYD,
YOSEMITE ART GALLERY,

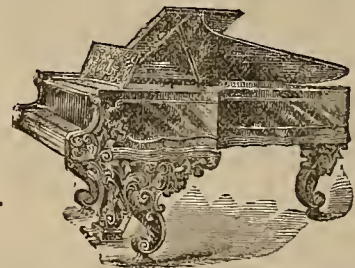
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PIANOS SOLD ON EASY INSTALLMENTS.

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PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

California is the land of gamblers, and its community is devoted to games of chance. We were born gamblers; we are gamblers by choice or from necessity. It was a gamble to come to the country in the early days. It was a toss-up with Indians for one's scalp in crossing the plains. It was a set-to with fever, malaria, and death to cross the Isthmus of Nicaragua or Panama. It was a chance-game with storms and tempests in rounding the Horn and braving the dangers of two oceans. It was throwing dice with the devil to endeavor to live in the country during the first decade of its settlement. Gathering gold was a gamble against "the ivories," loaded with fevers, diarrhoea, and scurvy. Placer, deep river, cañon, and quartz "diggings" were only other names for faro, monte, roulette, and chuck-a-luck. There was no game ever played upon the green cloth that carried with it so many hazards, in which the percentage against the players was so great as in mining. There is no gambling game extant that begets greater demoralization than to search in the earth for the precious metals. The grim and bearded gambler and desperado who sits behind his heaps of glittering coin, with bowie-knife in his boot and pistol in his belt, dealing waxed cards, does not guard his treasure with half so many tricks of dishonest practice as the mysterious god of chance, who hides his gold-dust in the rocks and ravines and mountain gulches, and then tempts the miner by its occasional display to spend his youth, his manhood, his age, in searching for it, and to waste his life and peril his soul in the pursuit. It looks as though the whole scheme of life and the entire business of the age was one of chance; as though the earth and its creation were an accident, formed in caprice and thrown together at haphazard. We know there is a philosophy that teaches order in creation, and a divine and intelligent purpose running through the entire scheme from the beginning of time, and a preëxisting arrangement of events, even to the minutest detail of man's existence. We know plenty of people who know all about this divine purpose, and carrying themselves beyond the region of speculation can tell all about the creation of matter, the beginning of time; just how the creator was created, when chaos took the form of order, what occurred, and how it happened that the universe existed. They have the same fixed and definite opinions concerning the future as the past; they will roll the heavens together as a scroll, fix the ultimate day, and pack away humanity with entire confidence. The human soul, its origin, existence, destiny, are all as clear to their perceptions and as easily to be understood as the page of a printed book. Ask them who created the creator?—what existed before the beginning of time?—when eternity will end?—whether the pullet laid the first egg or from the egg was hatched the first pullet?—and the answers are prompt and conclusive. Speculations regarding the heavenly bodies are not speculations with them. Theories concerning the origin of matter, the formation of the earth, its interior structure, are with them not theories, but fixed and certain conclusions evolved from that inner consciousness that stands them in lieu of knowledge.

It appears to us as though the whole thing might be a simple game of chance, without any rule or system, and that this earth was a great roulette table whirling in space, with its red and black spots, and its eagle-bird-by-chance set in motion by celestial gamblers, who sit and watch its revolutions, now and then dropping an aerolite, and betting their ambrosia or their golden harps whether it drops on sea or land; now sending down upon us an epidemic, to speculate upon the numbers of its human victims; now a desolating war, that they may hazard a calculation of the numbers immolated upon its bloody altar; now a famine, to see it sweep away a race. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that in the economy of the great original purpose among so many planets, this little and most insignificant one was flung to the fiends as a gambling tool for them to sport with. We know there are fiends in the upper realms, devils who fought for supremacy on the golden ramparts, and is it not quite possible that this earth-spectacle was assigned to them and their imps for a plaything? If this theory can be maintained, it accounts for thousands of things that upon any other hypothesis seem utterly unaccountable. It would answer a million of questions that wise men, philosophers, theologians, and scientists are now speculating about. If this earth is governed by fixed laws, how about storms at sea and earthquakes that shake it to its centre? How about epidemics that carry death in their mysterious marches? How are the metalliferous formations so variable, the mountains so lacking in uniformity, the lands and waters so wanting in systematic order; the seasons so changing, and all the supposed results of natural laws so entirely uncertain? If our suggestion is admissible, that this earth was formed to allow bad angels to gamble over it, we can then understand all the eccentricities of its organization. When it began to form, and was in atoms, swinging in nebulous chaos, we can fancy the airy old sports on the "upper deep" watching its development, and risking red checks upon the shape it would assume, the functions

it would perform, or the kind of animal life it would maintain. Every step in its progress from nothing to its present rounded symmetry of form would have been a betting point among the dark intelligences that had nothing better to do.

This theory would account in a measure for the mental character and moral make-up of the earth's inhabitants. It would account for the fact that all of the earth's races have been gamblers; that among the lowest orders of human intelligence and among the highest gambling has been a natural pursuit. It would account for the seeming fact that almost every incident of life is mere chance, mere luck, mere accident. It is by chance that we are born at all; it is by luck that we survive the incidents of childhood, and it is by luck that we go stumbling through the world. The whole scheme of our lives, therefore, is a mere gambling venture. If, when one's father had diffidently popped the important question, one's blushing mother had declined with thanks, and married some other fellow, one might have been still an unborn soul drifting in spiritual cloud realms. If Bloody Mary had borne a son to Philip of Spain, England would to-day have been a Catholic country. If Elizabeth had married the Earl of Leicester, Victoria had not become the Queen of England. If Hortense, the royal bride of Holland, had been faithful to her king, there would have been no Napoleon III. If Karl Otto von Bismarck Schonhausen had not married Johanna von Puttkammer, he had not become a Junker, an ultra Royalist, and the Prussian throne had not been exalted and Germany unified at the cost of France and her provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Had it not been for a chance encounter between Juan Perez Marchena and a poor sailor at a road-side convent in Andalusia, America would not have been discovered, and General Jackson, General Grant, and General McComb would never have been distinguished in the military annals of this continent. If the father of Washington had not married a second wife, the country would have had no Father, and we should have remained a dependency of the British crown. If Rutherford Hayes had not married, we should have no President of the United States. If the breeding had broken on a down grade, and the horses had run away and the coach had tumbled over a precipice, and the driver had been killed, the Second District of California might have been represented in Congress by some inferior statesman in place of the Hon. Frank Page. If it had not been for a series of political accidents, our State might never have developed that bright galaxy of distinguished political leaders that now adorn the ranks of the Republican party, and the eminent law-makers who now cluster around the Hon. Jo Hoge, Chairman of the Constitutional Convention. Gorum might have still been fiddling in mountain bar-rooms, Sargent at the printer's case, Carr bunking in an engine-house, Kearney gathering clams upon the Irish beach, Freud making corsets, Vacquerel with paper cap and cotton apron cooking for a restaurant, and Paul Bonnet frizzing hair on Sutter Street. If the bonanzas were not placed by the merest chance in the great fissure of the Comstock vein, and if it were not the merest luck to find one, the crowns of the bonanza kings might have been placed upon other heads; and if Squire P. Dewey had not shorted dividends, he might not now be enacting the rôle of the sow that the devil sheared.

"Luck" is the word. Everything turns upon luck; and because no human intelligence can see one moment into the future, or foretell any event, or draw aside the curtain of death to see beyond the portals of the tomb, every event to happen is a gambling point—nothing certain but death and taxes, and there are exceptions to these rules, still leaving betting points at odds. Elijah went up to heaven in a chariot of fire; and so long as the present Supreme Court exists, there is no telling whether taxes can be collected for the opening of Montgomery Avenue or not. Medicine is an experimental science, and it is not even yet quite determined how many doctors nor how much medicine it takes to make death certain. The law is a speculative science; the verdict of a jury is like a square deal at faro, if you give the dealer the benefit in case of a "hung" verdict. Theology is a conundrum harder to guess than the string game, chuck-a-luck, or three-card monte. Every church plays its thimbles and arranges its loops in ways that make it impossible to guess where the little joker lies or to put your finger in the untangled skein of dogmatic mysteries. Commerce is a gamble, pure and simple; it requires some skill, some experience, some judgment, some knowledge of human nature, some knowledge of the resources, credit, and character of the parties with whom the trader deals, and the more the better. It is the same with the game of draw. It requires genius and judgment to play poker with any degree of success. A cool hand, a steady nerve, an unflinching cheek, an eye that never blinks, facial muscles that never twitch, resolution that never falters, courage that never fails, are all essential to the game of draw. The farm, with its fields of grain, orchard, vineyard, meadows, and pasture, may be likened to the green cloth over which the cards are spread. If the season is dry, the farmer must copper his grain crop; the curculio destroys his vines, worms eat his fruit, and if he

stands to win under a plentiful harvest of grain, Liverpool and Mark Lane go back on him with a glutted market, and the middleman takes all the percentage of the game. Manufacturing, finance, politics, war, diplomacy, marriage—all are games of chance. It is all luck.

The old Californian Argonaut remembers the early mining camp; its great saloon or its spacious round tent; its music, bar, and glittering heaps of coin and dust; its wild scenes of revelry and riot, and its tragic incidents of sudden encounter, passionate struggle, and frequent deaths. The old San Franciscan recalls the time when Portsmouth Square (the Plaza) was the centre of a gambling hell; when the evening was a carnival and the night a saturnalia of wild revels; when grave judges, professional men, and merchants whirled in the mazy dance at the California Exchange in company with the fair ones who flourished in the pre-nuptial era of our fast lives. This seed bore fruit, and the business man who gamed at night gambled the next day in merchandise; cornered goods in the market, studied invoices to arrive as cards in the pack, took advantage of long voyages and lack of information as he would from aces or a flush. The telegraph and railroad drove these hogging games out of existence, and the silver discoveries gave us a new game of hazard—one that beat all the old ones, and the result of which has been to drive legitimate gambling almost out of existence. It found us a community of gamblers, tired of the old tricks of the old games, and eager for a new one. Stock-gambling was a new one. It was respectable. We dedicated a temple to it on Pine Street. We appointed high priests to minister at its altars. We carried our treasures and our earnings to it as gifts to its gods. It eats us up, and still we are devoted to its worship. It consumes our substance, destroys our children, debauches our women; for it we swindle and steal and overreach our neighbors, sweat and struggle and toil, plot and scheme and intrigue. In the olden time a few tens of thousands limited the game. We have since taken off the limit, and our last exploit in "bucking against the tiger" of Pine Street was to lose thirty-two millions in thirty-two hours! If California ever raises an altar to the god of her idolatry, it will be a colossal statue, with smiling countenance: The God of Chance, with gamblers worshipping at his shrine.

We do not intend to correct this tendency. We are not quite sure that we wish to bring about any reform in this direction. We propose to accept the situation and make the most of it. In the early and golden days of our State, gambling was a recognized pursuit, and its professionals were men of highest honor and strictest integrity. Start not, dear reader! We know what we say, and we speak by the card. We could name a score of splendid fellows—knights of the green cloth—who would scorn to do an ungentlemanly act, and who into all the relations of business life carried souls of honor. They would lose an arm sooner than to draw a dishonest card. They were generous, just, and charitable; they were intelligent, brave, and genial. They would not allow a young boy, or a clerk, or one holding a fiduciary trust, to play at one of their games. Billy Chapman sent General Joe Hooker to the battle-field, paid his passage and his outfit. Whipple gave largely to the sanitary fund during the war, and when the law frowned upon the "tiger," became a successful—and was an honorable—merchant. Charles Burrows could quote you Shakspeare, and was a gentleman by birth and education. We have a kindly memory of those olden times when the games of faro, monte, rouge-et-noir, roulette, were played openly and honestly in the glare of light to the sound of music. Less harm in gambling then than now, when driven to secret dens. California will always have a community of gamblers. Its climate, its mines, its everything tends to the temptation of hazard; and so long as it will be so, had we not better recognize the fact and make our efforts tend rather to elevate it than to endeavor to abolish it. The German Government has driven gaming from the Kursaals at Hombourg and Baden-Baden. The French refuse to license it at their watering places. Monaco is now the only other place than San Francisco for openly playing the gambling game. We are not now justifying the vulgar gambling with cards; the day of the "tiger" has passed; this is the reign of the "wild cat." Let us keep down gambling with dice and card-board, but let us keep alive our stock exchange. Let us invite to our Kursaal of Pine Street the gamblers of the old world, and beg them to risk upon our mining stocks the ventures they have been wont to stake upon the green cloth of their fashionable health resorts. It strikes us that a community of gamblers ought to be a very jolly and a very prosperous one, and if we can gather here all the sports of Europe and the East, to risk their money upon our stock certificates, it will make money plenty and times good. It will help business. Our streets will be thronged with fashionable people, real estate will advance, elegant houses be constructed, and we of the small and virtuous minority, who can lay our hands upon our waists, beneath which our honest hearts beat, and truthfully assert that in life, in marriage, in society, in business, in religion, and in death, we never took a risk, or run a venture, or hazarded an even—why, we, perhaps, had better emigrate to some better country.

THE FAMOUS SAUSAGE PIZZOLA BUILT.



This is the sausage Pizzola built.
This is the stuffing
That lay in the sausage Pizzola built.
This is the bowel so nice and thin,
That held so closely wrapped within
The fragrant stuffing
That lay in the sausage Pizzola built.



This is the medal, preserved with care,
The Italian took at Mechanics' Fair—

All for the bowel so nice and thin,
That held, so closely wrapped within
The mysterious stuffing
That lay in the sausage Pizzola built.

This is the shop on Dupont Street
Where people rushed to get the meat
That took the medal, preserved with care,
The Italian got at Mechanics' Fair—

This is the boy with the brimless hat,
Who came to the place with a Thomas cat,
Came to the shop on Dupont Street
Where people flocked to get the meat—

This is the woman, short and fat,
Who frightened the youth by hollering "scat,"
Frightened the boy with the brimless hat
Who came to the place with a Thomas cat—

This is the cleaver, covered with blood,
That lopped off the tail with an awful thud,
Sickening the woman, short and fat,
Who frightened the youth, by hollering "scat"—

This is the salt, that was kept in a pail,
To put on the stump of the Maltese tail
Made by the cleaver covered with blood
That lopped off the tail with an awful thud—

This is the yell that rent the sky
When the guillotine dropped, and the fur did fly
Into the salt, that was kept in a pail,
To put on the stump of the Maltese tail—

These the boys who followed the trail
Of the bob-tailed Tommy o'er hill and dale,
Led on by the yell that rent the sky
When the guillotine dropped, and the fur did fly—

This the policeman, tall and thin,
Who found the neighbors all in a grin,
Watching the boys who followed the trail
Of the bob-tailed Thomas o'er hill and dale—

This is the warrant describing the sin
By which "Old Sausage" was "taken in"
By the policeman, tall and thin,
Who found the neighbors all in a grin—

This is the evidence given in court
By the hoodlum boys, who sold it short,
Endorsing the warrant describing the sin,
By which "Old Sausage" was "taken in"—

This the statement, not overwrought,
How twenty cats for a dollar were bought,
Given in evidence told in court
By hoodlum boys who sold it short—

This is the plea that was made so well,
But received with sneers and a blunt oh—
Well, this is the record, not overwrought,
Given in evidence, told in court—

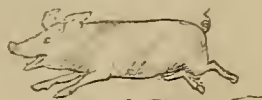
This is the break in the breakfast bill
When the papers got hold of the sausage mill,
Discussing the plea that was made so well,
Asserting that somebody lied like—

This is the man who was found stone dead
With a lump in his stomach heavy as lead,
Who had read of the break in the breakfast bill,
When the papers got hold of the sausage mill—

These are the butchers all forlorn,
Who in 1850 came round the Horn,
Cursing the man who was found stone dead
With a lump in his stomach heavy as lead—

This is the fraud, so promptly spiked,
For which Pizzola got disliked,
And the miserable butchers, all forlorn,
Who in 1850 came round the Horn,
Cursing the man who was found stone dead
With a lump in his stomach heavy as lead,
Bewailing the break in the breakfast bill,
When the papers got into the sausage mill,
Discussing the plea that was made so well,
But received with howls and a fierce oh!—
Well this is the statement, not overwrought,
How twenty cats for a dollar were bought,
Given in evidence, told in court

By hoodlum boys who sold it short,
Endorsing the warrant, describing the sin,
By which "Old Sausage" was "taken in"
By the policeman tall and thin,
Who found the neighbors all in a grin,
Watching the boys who followed the trail
Of the bob-tailed Thomas o'er hill and dale,
Led on by the yell that rent the sky
When the guillotine dropped and the fur did fly
Into the salt that was kept in a pail
To put on the stump of the Maltese tail,
Made by the cleaver covered with blood,
That whacked off the tail with an awful thud—
Sickening the woman short and fat,
Who frightened the boy by hollering "scat,"
Worried the boy with the brimless hat,
Who came to the place with a Thomas cat,
Came to the shop on Dupont Street,
Where people rushed to get the meat
That took the medal, preserved with care,
The Italian got at Mechanics' Fair,
For the festive bowel, nice and thin,
That held so safely wrapped within
The cat-meat stuffing
That lay in the sausage Pizzola built.



"Not too much of it."

A. K. B. CLUB CONVERSATION.

Discussing the Succulent and Toothsome Canvas-Back.

BY A. S. BENDER.

"Is all our company here?"

"All but T—, who will be on time, so you need not

'Call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.'

It takes fifteen minutes of seven. Please go on, M—, with your lecture; it will interest B— as much as any one, and he will have something to say also when you have done."

"I was saying that there is no difference between the canvas-back of the Atlantic waters and our own bird. The fact is established that this duck does not nest anywhere in the Eastern States, though it does so in the West. It breeds in the Rocky Mountains, from latitude 49 deg. northward. Its young have been seen while still unable to fly in the Cascade Mountains, and Captain Dall saw them in summer in abundance on the Yukon River. I have heard, too, that when the annual flight southward commences, the great multitude divides and streams away to the East and West—the old birds presumably leading their families back to their own feeding grounds of the last season. Certain it is that they make their nests here and in Chesapeake Bay at the same time.

"Everything which has been published regarding the habit of this duck has come from Eastern pens, and is founded upon experience had in Eastern waters; and we learn about as follows: His scientific name is *Aythya vallisneria* or *Fuligula vallisneria*. He arrives at his feeding grounds about the first of November, and selects such as furnish abundantly the *zostera vallisneria*, upon the roots of which he prefers to feed and from which he takes his specific name. The plant grows on shoals where the water is eight or nine feet in depth, and which are never entirely bare; its root or stem lies horizontally in the mud and somewhat resembles small celery; its leaves are narrow, grass-like blades, two or three feet long, which are left by the duck spread in long rows upon the water. He dives for the root, and having torn it up rises to the surface, being of course unable to swallow it while under water. Often before he has shaken the water from his eyes he is robbed by the widgeon and redhead, which cannot dive, and being equally fond of this root obtain it by robbing the industrious canvas-back.

"It seems to be admitted on all hands that the peculiar and delicious flavor of the duck is derived from this root. 'Frank Forester' (H. W. Herbert) says that 'what renders the canvas-back of the waters of the Chesapeake the very best bird that flies is the wild celery which he eats there, and cannot get in Long Island Sound or on the Jersey shore, where he is at best a fourth-rate duck.'

"A writer in a late number of a sportsman's paper says, regarding shooting canvas-backs on the Susquehanna Flats on the first of November, that 'although it is sport of the most exciting character, fit to make a hearty sportsman's blood thrill, yet it seems like useless slaughter. The game is hardly worth carrying home. At this season it is *rank*, though exceedingly fat, from the unlimited supply of food. Later in the season, when the ribbon grass is washed out and nothing but celery can be had, the birds are prime for the table.' Another writer in the same journal speaks of this duck (as well as others) as often 'suffering from the pangs of hunger on first reaching the feeding grounds;' but adds that after cleaning themselves with long and vigorous splashing in the water and with great flapping of wings, and carefully arranging their feathers, they begin their search for food, and in a week or two become fat and juicy. There seems to be a little conflict of evidence here as to the condition in which the duck reaches the feeding grounds, but all the writers agree that he owes his fine flavor to a plant which they call 'wild celery;' though it is not celery at all, and does not resemble it in the least except slightly, as has been already said, in the shape of the root, but is simply the aquatic plant *Vallisneria spiralis*. No mention is anywhere made of his eating any other food than the grasses, and it is presumed that he is considered a vegetable feeder only.

"I have referred to these published statements in order to compare them with our own experience of the same bird on these shores. The canvas-back comes to us in the last days of October, and is then in as good condition and as ready for the table as at any time in the season. Whether he comes from the far north, where the Russian Telegraph Company's explorers found him nesting, we do not know. There may be breeding places nearer to us, though to birds of such power of flight distance is of small consequence; or there may be mountain lakes, as yet undiscovered, where the flavor-giving plant is to be found. It does once in a while happen that the birds are in bad case when they come. It was so last year, and, although owing to the widely spread waters of that season comparatively few were brought to market, all those which I saw throughout the whole time were very poor; but the general rule is as I have said.

"In the bays of San Pablo and Suisun and their wide sloughs, and in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, the canvas-back of this part of California spends the long gentle season which we call winter. If at the other side of the continent he haunts by choice, as has been said, the edge of the thin ice and the waters just upon the point of congealing, he is obliged to forego that enjoyment here; but here he remains in seeming content until April. In flocks and clumps of goodly size, though not in such multitudes as in and about the Chesapeake, he feeds and keeps fat and delicious until the later part of the time, and then begins generally to get rank and to acquire a coarse, fishy odor and taste. Once in a while one is killed at the end of the season that has not done so, but the case is rare.

"I have said that he feeds, and keeps fat and delicious. But what does he eat? It is agreed that the Eastern bird owes its excellence to the root of the *Vallisneria spiralis*, and we may not gainsay it. It is agreed among us, who are acquainted with and have eaten both, that our bird has the same condition of flesh and the same marked and excellent flavor as his relatives of the other coast. Our duck dives, to be sure, but he leaves no long rows of grass-blades floating on the water; robbed he may be by the widgeon and the redhead, but not of the root of the *Vallisneria spiralis*, for I can get no evidence that the plant grows in our waters.

What shall we say? Have all the Eastern sportsmen and epicures been all this time in error in ascribing the flavor of the canvas-back to this particular plant? Have we another which gives that same flavor? In this distinguishing quality inherent in the bird, only needing food of a certain delicacy to be developed, and can it be that it is only absent in exceptional cases, as in the last season, when a wide spread of water with its great deposit of sediment may have destroyed or covered up every kind of food but the coarsest?

"And one question more. Is it certain that the canvas-back is a pure grass-eater only? Is it certain that he does not seek the sea-slug, and the little delicate pearly-shelled clam, and the minute crab, so plentiful along the shores in some parts of the upper bays? Is that strong bill given him to pull up by the roots a plant which two, certainly, of our botanists have never seen in this State? And what is he plunging and dipping for so merrily, and busily, and persistently alone the line of the retiring tide on the bay side of Mare Island, on a flat where there is not a semblance of vegetable growth? Perhaps he does eat these, perhaps many hunters know the fact, but it has never been declared; and if it is true, how is it that the bird keeps his delicate flavor so long? But I have said enough. I hope some one will some time answer my questions. I have told all I know about the bird, and something more. What have you to say, B—, about hunting and killing him?"

"I will begin, as you did, by a reference to the Eastern bird. It used to be set down as established that he would not fly to decoys, and must be killed from a floating battery or sink, from a blind on a point over which he must fly from one reach of the bay to another, or by tolling—that is, enticing a flock by the gambols of a trained dog to swim toward the shore, which a fatal curiosity always impels it to do, and, when it comes within range, pouring in the contents of all the guns hidden among the rushes on the bank. This is, I believe, still practiced; but gentlemen shooting for sport are gradually coming to prefer the method so commonly followed by us, of setting out decoys in front of a shore blind, and shooting the birds as they wheel to and sweep above the wooden counterfeits. The pot-hunters have a murderous way of rowing down to the feeding grounds at night in boats, carrying in the bow a light and reflector, and shooting right and left among the bewildered birds who have been attracted almost within arm's length; but this is regarded with disfavor, and I am not sure but it is illegal. Our way of dealing with the canvas-back is pleasant and easy; as the climate is moderate, we seldom suffer from cold while sitting in the booth or while setting out and taking in the decoy. With a stool of fifteen or twenty well made imitations, in a spot judiciously chosen, off a point projecting beyond the general line of the shore, just enough to make the bunch a little conspicuous from either direction, and a breeze sufficient to *shake up* the water a little and make the ducks disposed to move about, you will hardly fail to get as many shots as you desire, and to have as many ducks as you will wish to walk under if you are far from home. M—, there, who is, however, rather a crack duck-hunter, and another man, bagged forty-five, besides losing by their diving some eight or ten wounded ones; and, though the men were a longer time in the blind, I believe the birds were all killed inside of two hours—all single shots, too, and no slaying half a dozen at once as they swam in a body up to the decoys. M— killed and bagged more than thirty of the number, and they were all killed clean and dead. He used a gun of fourteen calibre and No. 7 shot—which may be an item worth marking by some of you who believe in gauges of nine or ten and No. 4. But nearly all of you have had practice in this sport, and require no teaching from me. I will not ask you why the canvas-backs flock into ponds about Suisun Bay, and why this bay duck abounds in Tulare Lake, for you could not answer; but as this is the first time of our meeting for a regular canvas-back dinner, I will ask P— how he has ordered them to be cooked, and what we are to eat with them?"

"Before answering your question, I will, in imitation of you, my two fellow-lecturers, say a word about his treatment in the Eastern States. It is so long since I shot or tasted a canvas-back on the other side, that all ways of doing either may have changed completely since; but I remember me of a bird roasted for fifteen minutes and sent to the table, where he was carved like a chicken, the pieces laid in a chafing-dish over an alcohol lamp, and stewed in his own gravy, mixed with wine, currant jelly, red pepper, and doubtless other things. It was good undeniably, but it might have been any other duck as well. A late article in an Eastern paper says a quick oven will roast a canvas-back sufficiently in twenty-two minutes, and that it should never remain in over twenty-five. The article generally shows good knowledge of the subject, but we consider the time named far too long. The writer says truly that no gravy need be prepared, that much depends on the carving (and tells how to carve also), and adds that dry champagne or burgundy is a fit companion. I differ with him a little, and so, without quoting him further, will say that your ducks as soon as drawn were wiped dry; that before cooking a tablespoonful of very salt water will be poured in, and the duck turned round and over to distribute it—that is all the seasoning that is used by the cook; next, the bird will repose in a hot oven for *seventeen* minutes; it will then be removed, placed on a hot, dry dish, and brought to table. The fork will be placed across the breast-bone with one tine touching it on each side; the knife shall deftly follow the bone closely along, pass skillfully through the joints of the wing and leg, and one-half of the bird in a single slice shall slip gently into the gravy that will be rapidly pouring into the dish; the other side shall be similarly treated, and only the carcass shall remain upon the fork. One of these slices shall be placed on the hot plate which will be given you, a share of the rich natural gravy shall be added; you shall have a slice of lime and some *aji*, or if you prefer it some cayenne pepper shall be at your command. A portion of that celery salad which the Doctor is so carefully preparing shall be given you, and the bottle shall be within easy reach. Thenceforth you are under your own guidance; you shall season, you shall divide, you shall eat as you will. Thus dine those who love the canvas-back for himself alone. But here is T—. Let us take our glass of vermouth, our few spoonfuls of preparatory *bouillon*, and then—our canvas-back duck."

Industry need not wish.—Franklin.

LITERATURE.



From his new volume, *The Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry*, "comprising," he says, "the best poems of the most famous writers, English and American." Mr. Henry T. Coates explains that it has been his aim to exclude that class of work which "would tend to undermine any one's faith, or destroy a single virtuous impulse." This is perhaps not a very high standard of exclusion, if we may use the term, but it may be necessary in a "fireside" encyclopedia. Most of the people who know anything of, or care anything about, poetry are not afraid to encounter a passage of questionable morality here and there. Their "faith" and "virtuous impulses" are not at the mercy of even the most "powerful rhyme." And then some of them are destitute of faith and virtuous impulses already.

Captain Chaworth Musters, who published some years ago, a remarkable work on Patagonia, and is now British Consul for the Portuguese possessions in Eastern Africa, is a grandson of the Mary Chaworth, Lord Byron's romantic youthful passion for whom, he produced one of the finest poems in any language. "Jack Musters," whom the gentle Mary had the prudence to prefer to the fledgling rhymster, was a stolid, dram-drinking country squire—something like the fellow whom Tennyson's "Cousin Amy" preferred to her poet—but notwithstanding these advantages he did not turn out very well. But it was an error on the right side, to marry a granger instead of a poet.

A New York journal of rather radical character has "acted on the advice of the American Philological Association" by dropping the final "e" in the words "give," "have," and "live." This is a modest enough beginning in spelling reform to satisfy the most conservative. We hope our contemporary will in time make the bold venture of dropping the useless "o" in the word "stough."

Houghton, Osgood & Co. have issued a second edition of Haug's *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsis*. The Parsis are the fire-worshipping descendants of the old Persians, who emigrated to escape massacre and persecution at the hands of the Mussulmans. They live in India, and constitute a prosperous, highly intelligent, and deserving people. They are Aryans, of the same race as ourselves, though of purer blood; but they worship a god that we use to cook the heretics who deny ours.

M. Thiers left in manuscript a philosophical work, of which he wrote to Mlle. Dosne: "If God does not suffer me to enjoy my glory—for this work surpasses all my historical works—you, Elise and Félicité, will enjoy it." Mme. Thiers has just put it into the hands of M. Mignet to edit. It is curious to learn that a part of it had to be rewritten because M. Thiers, as late in life as 1873, had taken up the study of botany and astronomy, of which he was previously ignorant. Observe the inconvenience entailed by acquiring new knowledge.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett continues to pour out his poesy like water—or milk-and-water—in the magazines. Some of his sonnets (the sonnet is his favorite method of uttering himself) are pleasing, none of them great, all of them—too many. Shakespeare wrote one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, more than any other famous English poet, and Shakespeare is immortal. It appears to be Mr. Fawcett's ambition to write one hundred and fifty-five, and be more immortal than Shakespeare.

It was our intention to notice in this column the Christmas numbers of the various magazines, but we have disqualified ourselves for the critical function by losing our mental equipoise in admiration of our own.

Some maniac has published at Padua a microscopic edition of Dante's "Divina Comedia." It makes a volume of five hundred pages, two inches long by a little less than an inch-and-a-half in width. The text is said to be in the smallest type ever used. As if the "Divina Comedia," in addition to being unintelligible, must for the sake of consistency be illegible also, and worry the eyes as well as the brain!

Literature has been enriched and the cause of human progress advanced an inch by the publication of two volumes on art—*A Practical Treatise on China Painting in America*, and *The Art of Flower Painting*—the one by a Frenchman, the other by a woman. We hardly know which subject is the more important to the temporal well-being and spiritual salvation of the race, but as to authors, we think we could spare the Frenchman better than the woman if the Foolkiller should unhappily compel us to make a choice. One likes painted China well enough, and one can endure painted flowers, but one does not want to know how the thing is done in either case, unless it is one's trade. Shall any impudent person presume to tell us how our boots are polished, or our doors grained?

AL HARITH.

Al Hamadani, wonder of his time,
Relates how Harith, blessed with goodly store,
The owner of an hundred steeds and more,
Grown overwise and restless, in his prime
Set sail upon the desert seas of yore.
From Irak to Damascus, bold of wing,
He braves the tongue of flame, the Simoon's blast;
Backward the iron hoofs of his courser fling
The dust of travel, till he stands at last
Beside the blessed gate of Ilah, where
The shining city sits beneath the palms.
His face toward Mecca, first he bows in prayer,
As all good Moslems should, bestows his alms,
And then betakes him to the bath, then pays
His service to the Kadi, to express
With due decorum all the grave excess
Of oriental greeting: length of days,
Increase of store, for thus, in Eastern lands,
With gracious speech, the Moslem greets his guest.
And so the soo of Irak folds his hands,
And sits him down by Syrian streams to rest.
To oriental cars no sound so sweet
As sound of running waters; while he makes
The pilgrimage of life in dust and heat,
He fondly hopes, when'er his soul awakes
In Paradise, to realize his dreams
Of singing bulbuls and of babbling streams.

Damascus, gold withal and grime without;
With here and there a narrow tortuous street
Through which the living tides flow in and out.
We catch a glimpse of palms above the walls,
And in the transient hush of hurrying feet,
We hear the tinkling tones of waterfalls.
Within the portals, sheltered from the heat,
When sultry days succeed to lustrous dawns,
Are cool arcades where shining waters run,
And tessellated courts, and terraced lawns,
And marble fountains flashing in the sun.
'Twas much the same a thousand years ago.
The dreamy Moslem life pulsed to and fro
To the same sensual round, when Harith found
Its mosques and market places crescent-crowned.
A mart of splendor by a sea of sand,
Her khans were filled with wares from every land:
Spices and gums, frankincense, musk, and myrrh,
Amber and coral from the Indian seas;
Brocades and arabesques from Nishampur,
Embrought with gold and silver filigrees;
Embroidered silks and satins, rare perfumes,
Rubies from Ava, pearls from Hindoostan;
Cambrics and tapestries from Persian looms,
Caftans from Fez, and shawls from Khorasan.
Rivers of wine and oil ran down her streets,
While, tossed and travel-stained, the desert fleets,
With freights from Egypt, Khiva, and Cathay,
Beside her sacred gates at anchor lay.

Hot is the heart of youth; what wonder then,
As in his veins the streams of molten lava leap,
That he of Irak should, like other men,
Forget the words of wisdom, and despite
The warnings of the Prophet fall asleep
In some forbidden palace of delight.
Meanwhile the moons of Syria waxed and waned;
And he, enchanted first, and then enchained,
A willing slave in silken meshes lay,
Where broad-browed nymphs with sombrous waves of hair,
And lustrous eyes that shrouded the light of day,
Like Veus veiled in phantom robes of spray,
Were idly swaying in the perfumed air.
Change follows change in all material things,
The dawn gives place to day, the day to night;
Our treasures, as the Prophet says, have wings,
And like the mists of morning take their flight.
Love tires of its delicious pain, and power
Is but the fleeting phantom of an hour.
Perhaps the still small voice, by night, was heard,
Which comes to us unbidden and unsought;
Perhaps the ghost of loves forsaken stirred
Once more the turbid current of his thought.
If vows were made, or expiation done,
The text does not disclose, nor can we tell.
But this we know, he broke the Circian spell,
And swore by Allah that the morrow's sun
Should see him on his way; and when the dawn
With rosy fingers had in part withdrawn
The mantle of the night, he stole away,
Leaving the dancers at their revels still,
And with his camel drivers waited, till
The earth unveiled before the full-orbed day.
Beyond the gates, beside the sacred well,
In abject squalor on his leathern mat,
Abu Ben Zayd, the prince of beggars, sat,
And told his wondrous tales, and sought to sell
His amulets: "This, from the holy shrine,
Will guard thee, son of Islam, from thy foes;
And this, peace be with thee and thine,
Will comfort thy distress and soothe thy woes;
And this, if thou should'st chance to go astray,
Will lead thee safely back." "Upon my word,"
Al Harith said, "I do believe
Thou'st best; and as the spider weaves his web for prey,
So thou dost weave these pretenses to deceive."
The Prophet in the seventh heaven heard
The impious scoff, the dervish bowed his head:
"Ilah il' Allah!" God is great, he said.

A steel-blue sky above, and on either hand,
As far as the eye can reach, a sea of sand.
In all of the great white space no sound nor sight;
Only the glare of day, only the hush of night.

Curses have followed like wolves, as they march
Day after day, under the arch
Of the pitiless sky; no joy and no rest,
For omens are thick in the thin white air;
And the camel-drivers forget to jest
When Fear looks into the face of Care.
In the door of his tent Al Harith sits,
And his face wears a troubled look, for lo!
On the rim of the desert a shadow flits,
And it seems like the cloud of the coming foe.

He hears their hoof-beats nearer and more near;
No hope in flight; and, paralyzed with fear,
He calls on Allah, but he calls in vain;
Across the wide expanse of arid plain
Full half a hundred horsemen dash;
And, foremost where the circling sabres flash,
Behold! the face of him who sought to sell
The amulets beside the sacred well.

The wise man says: "Give ear, O sons of men!
Obey the precepts of the faith, and then
Accept the preordained decrees of fate,
Ilah il' Allah!" Only God is great.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1878.

L. H. FOOTE.

Smiles are the language of love.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.



Uncle Ned, he sed: "Johnny,
you know ol a bowt Santy Cloz,
and Crissmiss trees, and hangin
up yure stockns, and pertickler
you know a bowt terkys and
pudns, and sech nollidge is mity
vaille, but, Johnny, tween you
an me, can you tel me wot is
Crissmiss?"

Then I spoke up real quick an
sed: "Bet your life I can!"

Then Uncle Ned he looked at
me long time out of his eyes, like
preecher's eyes, and sed: "Johnny, the xpression wich you
have preferd for to use in this connecksn is a strongn for a
litttle feller, but I spose you can justify it by yure anser.
Now wot is Crissmiss?"

Then I sed: "Its the day wen Crissfer Clumbus got lick
like smoke by Genl Washton, ten millon hunder thousen
Brittishers a wollern in their gore, and ole King George a
bustin thru the brush like zebries for to safe hisself, and John
Maccoom a slottern fokes offle, hooray!"

And wen I had sed it I was so xcited I fel over Mose,
wich is the cat, and Bildad, that's the new dog, snook
under the stoffe and burnt the hair ol off the spine of his
back, and yeld like Injins!

Then Uncle Ned he laked a stonish a wile, and then he
blode his nose, and then he sed a other time: "Johnny,
yure Uncle Edard has ben in Injy and evry were, and he has
worship the deeties of ol nations, from the sacrid cracky dile
of Egipt to the silver dollar of the hethen Madgigaskers.
He is a pious man in ten languages, and can keep the stopper
in his temper wen the mometer stans at a hundrd in the
shade of a ice hous, but, Johnny, I'm golly be gum dasted
to slipery elum if you aint the dum bustedest mulligaloot on
this side of ole Gaffer Peterses new barn!"

Wen I ast Uncle Ned wot was a mulligaloot, he jest
smiled sweet like he was sick to his stumick ake, and said,
Uncle Ned did: "Johnny, I was only tryne to say in
broken Pattigonian that if you was bein' xamined for to teech
error to the ignorant, and if you had been giv the questions
and ansers forehand, you wude get a first grade stiffiket,
sick like a wistle!"

But wen it comes to wissles I can make em out of willer,
and Billy, thats my brother Billy, he can do it in his 2
fingers, loud like a engine. My mother she has tole me wot
Crissmiss is but I cant tel you, cos its got swearin in it.

Las time it was Crissmiss I had a litttle picter card giv me,
and it sed on it in poetry:

"Crissmiss comes but once a year,
But wen it comes it brings good cheer."

And Missis Doppy, wich has got the red hed, like a house
a fire, she was to our house, and she makes poetry, too, so
she said: "Jobany, Ile finish this verse for you an make it
jest nice." So Missis Doppy she rote be lo the other poetry:

"And when the cheer is brought aed set in
It teeches us Crissmiss aint a day for to fret in."

Wude peckers has red beds, too, and tungs, pinted like
a fish huke, and one time a wude pecker had made a bole in
a log and seen a worm in the bottom of the hole, like down
a wel. So the wude pecker he put his tung in a litttle way,
and the worm it loked up and sed: "If yure a goin a fishn
wy dont you thro in yure line were there is sum woter?"

Then the wude pecker it sed: "Thats wot I was jest a
thinkn my own selfe, but I gess I better put some bate on."

Some times it rains worms, and then the fishes is jest
dlited, same as me and Billy wude be if it wude rain fishes,
and I gess the liens and tigers wude be tickeled if it wude
rain me and Billy.

Once there was a fish, and it sed to a other fish: "It
looks mity black this mornin, like it was goin for to be a
shour, we better go under the bank or we will git wet."

Then the other fish he sed: "Les wait a wile and see
wether its agoin to be drink or wittles."

Jest then there was a red worm cum down, and the fish
wich had spoke last he bollerred: "Hooray! I tole you so,
here gese for the first drop!"

So he snacht the worm, but it was unto a hook, and he was
cot, the fish was. Then the other feller he shuke his head
and swind away, a sayn to hisself: "I notice that dinners
wich is sent from Hevven ol ways begins with soop."

But my father he says: "Yes, and the soop is follered by
fish." But a nice Crissmiss terky is hi upper than a hock.
One time Mary, thats the house maid, she seen a hock sack
roun and roun, up, up, up hire than steeples, and she sed:
"Wot keeps it up?"

Then my father he sed: "Mary, the scientiffical expina-
tion is that hocks is supported by the air."

But Uncle Ned he spoke up and said: "Mebby so, but
the popler bleef is that thay are suported by spring chickins
and hop todes."

Hop todes is mity good for worts if you let em alone, and
ole Gaffer Peters has got a big one on his nose.

Ole Gaffer has got a boy wich was a saler, like Jack Brily,
and the boy grode up and stopped in Spain, and got marrid.
One time he rote to ole Gaffer, and sent the letter to my
father for to be giv him, but my father he opened it his own-
self, cos he thot it was hisn. The letter it had a photy grap
in it, and the photy grap was ole Gaffers gran son, wich his
father, thats ole Gaffers boy, rote was a fine feller and loked
mity like ole Gaffer. But my sisters yung man he snook
out the photy grap, and put a other in, wich was a man wich
had a hed like a jackous. My father he didnt kanow, and
he giv the letter to ole Gaffer, wich loked at the picter and
then red the letter carefule, and then thot a wile, reel sollum,
and then he sed: "Wen a yung feller makes a rule of his-
self, and gits marrid to a wild Spannerd, his boys dont look
like fokes one bit."

But my father he sed: "Wy, Gaffer, I never seen sech a
likenis to you as that picter."

Then Gaffer he put his spetticles on, and loked at it a
other time, reel long, and then he shuke his hed agin and
sed: "Wel, wel, wel, ole age is onnable, but it makes a fel-
ler luke like a dam rabbit!"

OUR ART CULTURE.

No one who has watched the progress of art matters in this city for the past ten years will be likely to refuse us credit for a certain appearance, at least, of advancement in the direction of art culture. We have spent our money freely upon it, at times; have talked and written a deal about it—such talking and writing as it has been; have taken it up, in fact, and made it a fashion. This, it seems to me, as I look around for the appreciable results of our ten years' *culte*, is about all there is of it: another favor to pin upon our sleeves, one more liveried servant who ministers only to our vanity and gratifies our love of display. I have said that we are entitled to credit for the showing of some progress, but I fear I must also add that with this display the matter is nearly at an end. In saying this I hope I do not undervalue the work done by our School of Design; I certainly do not mean to. I believe that in the main it has wrought all the good that was possible under the circumstances, and that had these been more favorable, or less attended by unfortunate limitations, it would have accomplished much more. I believe that even now, if this School could be put upon a firm financial basis—one that would place it above the necessity for accepting any pupil simply because he pays, whether talented or not, whether in earnest or only trifling with art, and one which should permit its excellent masters to fully carry out their ideas with regard to its management—it would fulfill its mission and be helpful to the entire community in a matter in which I fear the community is ill prepared to help itself. We have bought pictures, to be sure, and statues; have followed the newest fashions in house furniture ("household art" is the modish term for it) and *bric-à-brac*, gone into pottery and Japanese fans, and whatever else there may be of it, to a very considerable extent; and in so far we make our showing. But behind all this there lies what to me is the important question in such matters, viz: To what degree have we done these things intelligently or wisely, and in how far has this seeming esthetic culture been the result of an inward want, of a genuine craving after what of beauty there may be in these latest acquisitions? Are they a real element in our lives, a part of our everyday existence, so to say; or are they after all mere new toys with which we replace the old ones that have been cast aside? Dare we be candid with ourselves and ask ourselves this question? Are we ready, any business man of us, to say that we are willing to lose the chance of a profitable speculation for the opportunity of studying a drawing of Durer? How many of my lady readers—even my Eastlake-furniture or Cloisonné-enamel-mad lady readers—could be induced to go to a swell party in an old gown for the sake of possessing a drawing by Holbein? If we ask ourselves seriously whether our art feeling is more than skin deep, whether it is even skin deep—I am speaking of "ourselves" now *en bloc*—I fear we shall not get much comfort out of the answer. And this is why I fear it: When I see the art tendency first breaking out on the inner walls of a house I have my doubt about it. When I find the outer walls of that house the architectural *banalité* that one is forced to call ninety-nine out of every hundred of our best San Francisco structures, I am past all doubt. When I see a hideous carpet giving way before one of artistic design or harmonious arrangement of color because the artistic one is in the fashion, I know just how deep to look for the art feeling that prompted the change. When people talk *bric-à-brac*, and buy the kind of stuff that is mostly put before them by the dealers, it is enough for me. I do not care to look deeper than the skin. The fact is, and in our heart of hearts we know it—or shall if we are quite honest with ourselves—we are cultivating, not art, but the outward semblance of it; not the true spirit of beauty in our homes, but rather the mode of decorating them that has received the sanction of the leaders of fashion; not a true thing at all, but a sham and a pretense. A true art culture should come from within; with us it comes mostly from the shops. The genuine love for the beautiful is modest withal; with us it flaunts itself in the glitter and glare of the drawing-room, and wears its price labeled upon it. Our artists have long since ceased to give us their best work; there would be no buyers if they did, and they must sell pictures to live. Our dealers bring—what will pay; occasionally a good picture among the many bad ones, but generally (if they are wise) those that are loud and can assert themselves. Our School is doing but a small part of what it could and should. Of the better Eastern work but very little comes to us; Inness, William Hunt, La Farge, Colman—the best of them—are almost unknown and unrepresented. For this market an artist must have notoriety; the good artists have only reputation. A picture of La Farge or Colman must be ordered and waited for; they are rarely in the hands of dealers. And we Californians cannot wait; if it is the proper thing to have pictures, we must have them at once, in time to furnish the new house that is to be built and ready for occupancy in ninety days at the furthest, and if the dealers don't bring us the "art" and tell us what it is, how are we to know anything about it? Study? Oh, we have no time for that! Besides, we don't care anything about it; if it's necessary to have the pictures, we are willing to have and pay for them, but bother the studying! Now, I am not finding fault with those who do not care to study art, although I believe—yes, I know—that they are daily losing out of their lives much of what is best worth living for; it is rather of those others who assume to care for it without making the effort to know, who talk and buy themselves into somewhat of influence, and through their ignorance and arrogance exert this influence only to the injury of the true art cause, that I am thinking. Mere ignorance, a conscious, honest ignorance, would be a blessing to us. It seems to me, indeed, to be the only condition from which there is any chance that we shall ever progress in a sound, healthy direction, though how we are to attain this desirable status—and, above all, the right consciousness of it—is more than I can imagine: or rather, let me say, more than I dare to hope for, since the manner of its attainment does not lie so far from us after all, had we but the moral courage to be quite true to ourselves. This we must have before we may hope to know anything of what is best worth knowing in art. Modesty and reverence are born of that conscious ignorance that is almost one with the highest knowledge, and out of these qualities only can spring that love for, and appreciation of, the beautiful that is of itself the beginning and ending of a true art culture.

OSCAR WELLS.

良安芳鋤

OH, THE CHINESE MUST GO!

In Frisco, California, from China far away,
There lives a little Irishman, who used to drive a dray;
But he tired of the business, and gathered once a week
A lot of idlers like himself, who came to hear him speak.

A newspaper reporter, who was dying for a joke,
Wrote this Dennis Kearney speeches, which the little drayman spoke,
And, speaking, got so very bold that recklessly he swore
That if we didn't leave this coast, he'd drench the place in gore.

So every Sunday he poured forth abuse of the Chinese,
On the sand-lots of the city, where are many, many fleas,
And the people of his own kind—some ignorant and low—
Yelled wildly when he shouted, "The Chinaman must go."

But, strange to say, he always calls the tramps who tread the sand
The Sons of Labor, and declares he has a horny hand.
But this can not be, he only talks, and then—
Asks money from his followers, who are not workingmen.

The men who write on newspapers, he says, are "lying slaves,"
The lawyers are all "slimy imps," the judges "thieving knaves;"
And that he'd lead a band of men to set this country free,
To drive out all the Chinamen and drown them in the sea.

And yet this man, my countrymen, the leader in this cause,
Came here, like us, to earn his bread and keep this country's laws;
Although to hear him talk, and see him thump his freckled hand,
You might suppose the Kearney tribe for years had owned this land.

Yes, he lifts his voice and hollers, calling many people fools,
Of bloated bondholders, and all his followers fools,
Because perchance they don't make haste to crush the rich man's pride,
And all the golden goose's eggs with "hoodlums" divide.

Some time ago this Kearney departed for the East,
To slaughter English grammar, and swear "the lecherous beast;"
And a little "beast" named Butler, gave him counsel if he would
Tell the gentle sons of honest toil that he was great and good.

But the laborers wouldn't have it, they didn't care a pin
For Butler, or for Dennis, so the "squint-eye" didn't win;
Then Kearney branded Butler as a traitor, though he'd paid
So dearly for the music this "flannel-mouth" had made.

One day a message came to say the little cuss was bust,
That he could no longer get his board and lodgings East on trust,
That if they wanted him back again, the coin must come along,
And then he'd drive the Chinese back to Shanghai and Hong Kong.

Well, Kearney he came back again, and on the sand-lot told
The people that he'd never touched a cent of Butler's gold,
That the story was a fable that was started by his foes,
But the people who stood round him "put the finger to the nose."

For two years now he's elamored "The Chinaman must go,"
But we don't skip worth a copper, for we "moon-eyed lepers" know
That they can't get on without us, "so near and yet so far,"
Are the gentle hoodlums' "short bit" and Sam Kee's cheap cigar.

It's very strange, in spite of all these threats against our lives,
We every day call at their doors, receiving from their wives
Sheets, and shirts, and other things, to wash, for which they pay (P)
And give us work that keeps us here, though wishing us away.

The overalls that Wellock wears, and Carl Browne's broad-gauge shoes,
The slippers that the followers of Dennis Kearney use,
Are made by us in Chinatown, and now I'd like to know
How they will purchase what we make, yet cry that we must go.

Sing To does Irish washing; Ah Sam, of Jackson Street,
Sells them parsnips, carrots, cabbages, potatoes and salt meat;
They buy from us because it's cheap, yet on the lots of sand
They swear that Sing To and Ah Sam are curses in this land.

We work in people's kitchens, we cook and serve their food;
Why do they keep us if they find the Irish just as good?
They say their girls are saucy, and wasteful, and displeased,
And after all, there's nobody that suits them like Chinese.

There is a very splendid man, whose name is Colonel Bee,
Who went East, and who told the truth about "these vile Chinese;"
Then the Irish got together, to vent their wicked spite—
To hang the smiling colonel—but they broke up in a fight.

And now, my sweet Celestials, the time is drawing nigh,
When Kearney and his howling crowd themselves will have to fly,
Or else keep very quiet, for Americans, I know,
Say if they don't behave themselves—"The Irishman must go!"

[* NOTE.—The piece of Oriental literature herewith presented is the work of one Sing Lee, a writer or corresponding secretary with one of the large Chinese wholesale establishments on Sacramento Street. Lee is a very intelligent Chinaman, and about the time of the publication of the celebrated Kwang Chang Ling letters became an enthusiastic admirer of the ARGONAUT, coming to the business office regularly every Saturday with his ten cents to buy the paper. Becoming thus acquainted with Sing Lee, and finding that he was not only an intelligent and well-informed Celestial, but a scholar—of the seven button, or classical degree—we suggested that he write an article on "The Chinese must go" problem, treating it in his own way, and in his own language. He promised to do so, and the first of last week walked smilingly into the editorial rooms with eleven large pages of handsome gold-bespangled paper, on which was beautifully painted the promised contribution. Of course we were much obliged—very much pleased—but would Mr. Lee remember that space was valuable, and would he kindly reduce the essay from its formidable proportions to the modest limits of a single column? Lee would, and Lee finally did, his efforts resulting—after being furnished with the exact size of the column—in filling up the entire space and putting the bead on afterward, obliging us finally to saw it off, and put it in another column, in order to get the poem inside the chases. Having secured the original, the next thing was to get an intelligent and comprehensive translation. Lee furnished enough of an idea to show that the production was a metrical satire on Kearney and the sand lot. Other translators were called in, and finally, after three or four days' hard labor, and the total wrecking of the combined intellectual force of the establishment, the very free translation above given was decided upon as best representing the sentiment and spirit of the poem, if such it can be called. Those who read it in the original will be kind enough to begin at the top of the right hand column, reading down; thence to top of next column and down, and so to the interesting and thrilling end. It looks hard to read, and it is, being brim full of "wise saws and modern instances."]

埃李市党目名哩尔者野子狼心妄自尊大前为御事之夫今乃貪圖安逸每礼拜日在呀结街新衙门前沙坦地方談論華人賤其工值吩咐党羽肆其兇殘以為藏身之固並作登財之路誦語酬言比作工人魚肉舞智弄術逞祿自己真心而此等番報不分清白甘為党奴每將其驅逐華人之言猶加增于日报以佈遐迩尤可惡者又一逆賊名呼殊罇如同火炭頭欲作堅尔之後嗣常捧堅尔之陰囊又有一狀師与審事官堅尔殊罇四人狼羣狗党串同棍騙各自肥已何有盖于尔等工人也此等會党常道華人賊其工值何以尔等所穿之鞋向華人鞋店採買堅尔一家所着之衣服皆交与吳慎街華人亞祖衣崇館洗浴而所食之菜又向華人亞三採買尔等會党尚且喜其價平則各等番人何猶不然幸得末士啤狀師光明正大曾在祖家奏明党惡自當誅戮茲各皆親愛華人萬望天主教父憐憫華人各將惡虎驅逐則我花旗大華共樂昇平豈不休哉

BRODERICK'S MORAL COURAGE.

How Single-handed he Stayed a Revolution.

BY A. J. MOULDER.

Jenkins had been hung the night before—June 10, 1851—hung from the projecting eaves of the old Adobe Building, then standing on the northwest corner of the Plaza, and the whole city was in a state of suppressed excitement. The people were thoroughly roused. It was known that a Committee of Safety, comparatively few in numbers, but strong in influence, had been in session late into the night, while the masses slept—had condemned the culprit and executed him at two o'clock in the morning, and all were looking for the next move. A mass meeting was called, and held on the Plaza, June 11, 1851, but adjourned to meet the next afternoon. At the time appointed, 5 P. M., a great concourse of people had assembled in front of the portico of the Old Adobe. This ancient building, one of the relics of native California rule, was a long, one story structure, facing the east, built of adobe and roofed with tiles. It was raised upon a foundation some four or five feet high. At this altitude a wide porch, or portico, guarded by railings, about three feet high, stretched around three sides of the building. The eaves projected as far as the outer edge of the portico, forming a complete covering from the weather. The approach was by a flight of five steps, leading from the ground up to the portico, on the east. It was on the platform, at the head of these steps, that the meeting was organized, by the election of Mr. Hiram Webb, as Chairman.

Never before had so vast a throng assembled in the city—at that time containing not a sixth of its present population. Ten thousand excited men, prepared for anything, packed the space in front of the stand, and clustered upon every elevation in the neighborhood. The fence around the Plaza was black with eager spectators. After the chairman had stated the object of the meeting, Mr. Hoag appeared, and presented a series of resolutions for adoption. The preamble declared that the people had a right to change their laws whenever they became nugatory and insufficient—that under existing laws, crime had flourished, and criminals stalked unpunished through our midst; therefore, the people should resolve themselves into their original elements, return to a state of nature and commence again. To make that commencement, a series of resolutions followed, declaring that the people, in primary assembly, enacted that the crimes of grand larceny, burglary, street robbery, drugging, and arson, as well as murder, should be punished with death. An election by the people was provided for, and a committee named to fix the time and place, and appoint the officers of election in each ward, to adopt or reject the above resolution. It was also provided, that there should be at the same time an election of a people's judge and sheriff, unless the judge and sheriff under the existing system should acknowledge the supremacy of the people's new laws. The new court should have jurisdiction over all criminal cases, and every man solemnly pledged "his life, his property, and his sacred honor," to support the new laws and the new court, in opposition to the judgments under the existing system of jurisprudence. The new code and court were to be sustained by voluntary contributions. This, of course, was revolution, pure and simple. In their excited mood, the great heaving mass were prepared for anything. They were ready to vote for any measure, however extreme, that the wildest demagogue might present. The resolutions were received with a hoarse roar of approval, and were about to be put to the vote, when a disturbance occurred on the outskirts of the crowd. A compact body of about fifty men were seen forcing their way, in no gentle fashion, to the front, and at the head of them strode David C. Broderick.

After a violent struggle, he mounted the steps and stood upon the portico, facing the expectant crowd with a fixed and determined expression—every one knew him. A deep silence fell upon the multitude, for they expected that he was about to speak in support of the resolutions. He quickly disabused them, for his first words were in strong condemnation. He denounced the resolutions in most emphatic terms. A moment of silence followed, until the crowd could take in the full measure of his audacity, and then such a roar of rage and fury went up as only a wild mob can utter, followed by cries of "hang him" from every quarter.

Broderick, even at that early day, was the idol of the so-called "shoulder strikers," a class of men who had become notorious for their deeds of violence, and who, for a long time, exercised a terrorism over peaceful citizens by their reckless audacity. Broderick was with them, but not of them. He could wield their brute forces with absolute sway, and it was a compact body of these devoted adherents that had surrounded and accompanied him in his forced march to the front. There they ranged themselves around the steps, acting as a body-guard. When the cries of the mob against their chief went up, they bristled and showed their teeth like bull-dogs, turning to the right and to the left, shaking their clenched fists at the crowd, and swearing vengeance against the first man that committed an overt act of violence. So resolute a front, from so formidable a body, in a little while commanded a murmurous peace. Mr. Broderick then proceeded with his address, urging the people not to bring disgrace and civil war on the city by the passage of such revolutionary measures. He was no orator, and at that time had had no experience in public speaking. He was a man of nervous temperament, and had not yet learned the art of the skillful stumper, who ignores unpleasant interruptions, unless he can twist them to his own purposes. He was incessantly interrupted by insulting cries from the crowd. "Hang him!" burst out repeatedly from some excited auditor, and Broderick would turn furiously on the offender, and answer him back. His bull-dogs would bristle and show their teeth. He spoke for about twenty minutes, the only effect being to exasperate the crowd, who knew and hated the shoulder strikers, and to make them more fixed in their resolves. The chairman then put the resolutions to a vote:

"Those in favor of the resolutions say 'Aye!'"

"Aye," went up in a roar from ten thousand hoarse throats.

"Those opposed say 'No!'"

"No," cried the little body-guard, with a prolonged howl. It was as the squeak of a puny whistle to the roar of a steam pipe. The chair declared the "Ayes" had it; but with refreshing coolness, Mr. Broderick swore the "Noes" had it. The chair, who was a mild mannered gentleman, overcome by the vehemence of Broderick, at last consented to put the question again.

"Its of no use," said Mr. Broderick; "we'll vote it down again."

Here a scene of wild confusion ensued; a hundred furious men rushed upon Broderick, and attempted to drag him down the steps into the crowd, but he was a powerful man, and struggled fiercely. With a yell that could be heard far above the deep growl of the mob, his faithful body-guard fairly leaped over the heads of the assailants, to the rescue of their chief. They were just in time, for Broderick, borne down by weight of numbers had been bent backward over the railings, and in a moment more would have been flung to the wild beasts in the arena. His followers, now lashed to fury, dashed his assailants to the right and left. Intimidated by the savage assault, some leaped over the railings, some were pitched headlong to the ground. In a moment the portico was clear of the enemy and the little band of fifty held possession—with flashing eyes and savage mien confronting and defying ten thousand. Something like order was restored, and Broderick again took the stand, and sought to move the crowd from their purpose. He asked them in earnest tones "if they were prepared to overthrow by violence the laws and the constitution?" Cries of "Yes, yes! We're the people! We are supreme! Down with the shoulder strikers!" At length, as night approached, Mr. Broderick, tired of the profligate wrangle, intimated that it was time for all good citizens to go home.

"All in favor of adjourning say 'Aye.'" The body-guard fairly split their throats in their long cry of "Aye."

Without putting the negative, Broderick announced that the "Ayes" had it, and declared the meeting adjourned.

"Come, boys," he cried, "this meeting's adjourned."

With wild shouts and the waving of hats, the little band made a rush down the steps, striking the compact throng in front with such violence that they reeled for a moment from the shock—then opened and allowed the assailants free passage to the rear. The adjournment was a failure. In a moment the crowd closed their ranks, the chairman once more took his stand, resolutions in hand, and business recommenced.

"Come, boys," says Broderick, "we must try it again!"

Another wild rush—a moment the crowd swayed to and fro—then yielded, and once more Broderick and his followers carried the steps, and portico by assault. He seized the resolutions from the hand of the chairman, and with an audacity that was amazing, tore the paper into shreds in the very faces of the infuriated mob. The roar that followed was frightful. Hundreds nearest the stand made a rush for the audacious offender—they swarmed up the steps—seized him, and hauled him now here, now there, despite his powerful struggles. His guard, however, acting with concert of purpose, swooped down upon the disorganized assailants—"Crack—thud—thud," rained down their blows. In a moment the attack was repulsed, and the little band held the pass. Mr. Broderick, panting, and pale from the rough usage he had encountered, but with a will inflexible, again attempted to address the crowd. It was useless, however. The cries and uproar were incessant, and not a word could be heard. By this time the vast throng had been standing on their feet for nearly three hours, and night was fast closing in. Once more Broderick, under cover of the dusk, put the question to adjourn, and declared it carried.

"Now, boys, adjourn them this time, sure! Spread yourselves!"

A wild hurrah—a frantic waving of hats high overhead—a fierce rush—and the crowd gave way. The little, but compact, band wheeled and charged, now to the right, now to the left, carrying everything before them, until the masses slowly gave way, and retired from the ground, fairly worn out—beaten by the indomitable pluck of one man!

For that night's work, Mr. Broderick was to me ever after a hero. Single handed, he had averted a revolution!

I could admire the nerve, because I felt so few could imitate the moral courage that, in defense of the right, could singly face and defy a great multitude, wrought up by excitement to such a pitch of unreasoning fury that, could they have laid hands upon him, would have torn him limb from limb!

Evidently the Princess Victoria is following in the footsteps of her mother as regards the domestic training of her children. One day the imperial party started for a drive up the Salzburg, and, when quite near the summit, their carriage broke down. What was to be done? The distance was too great to allow of walking, and to send one of the carriage-horses down to Homburg for another carriage would insure a long, and, for the children, a perhaps injurious delay. However, the Prince was on the point of dispatching his messenger, when a peasant passed, driving an immense hay wagon. Instantly realizing the situation, and recognizing the imperial party, he sprang from his seat and implored them to make him the proudest and happiest farmer in all Germany by getting into his wagon and permitting him to drive them home. The royal pair laughed and consented. The whole party were accommodated with seats amid the fragrant hay, and in this guise the future Emperor and Empress of Germany, with their "angust offspring," as the papers call the little princes and princesses, came riding back to the swellest watering place in all Germany.

The Old Gentleman of Neglected Education asked his son, who had just brought home a prize for geography from the Apollo Academy:

"What does g-u-l-p-h mean, Jimmy?"

"Tisn't g-u-l-p-h, papa; it's g-u-l-l."

"Well, then, what does g-u-l-f mean, Jimmy?"

"I don't know."

A French writer has described a young lady as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve and begins again at twenty.

"Is that a funeral?" "Yes, sir." "Who was it that died?" "The man in the coffin, sir."

JOVINA.

A Legend of the San Carlos Mission.

Many legends of the Missions, in the pleasant days of old, Round the hearth in Spanish households, when evening falls, are told. Many tales of love and daring, and woman's faith, that last In the archives of those people who reverence the past.

In the cold, material present it is well to catch a glance Of those dim and mouldering pages of a country's brief romance.

One evening in December, half a century ago, On the Mission of San Carlos fell the sunset's wintry glow.

From the belfry the Angelus was musically rung; In the aisles the hymns were chanted in the soft Castilian tongue.

Padre Juan, with hands uplifted, the kneeling faithful blest, Then dismissed them—and the Mission was wrapped in sleep and rest,

Up rose the moon, its soft light in tender shimmer lay On the bosom, cypress shadowed, of Carmel's tranquil bay.

Round Point Pinos' rugged headland, by ocean breakers swept, By the west wind gently wafted, a tall-sparred schooner crept.

And ere had ceased the rattle of her noisy anchor-chain, At her peak streamed out her ensign, the flag of haughty Spain.

Next morning, in the Mission, her commander and the priest Sat down to friendly converse to a hospitable feast.

Count Alfredo told his story—how his idol and his pride, His faithful wife Jovina, but a week ago had died,

And now the hopes that filled him of name and fame were gone, He'd lift anchor on the morrow and return to Spain alone.

He had loomed to bring back tidings of this unknown northern shore, But ambition had departed; he was stricken and heart-sore.

He would leave his little daughter with the padre till again A larger, safer vessel should arrive from distant Spain.

Then he called the little maiden, who among the rose trees played, And her hand within the padre's with graceful reverence laid.

The good priest kissed with tenderness the sweet upturned face, "May the Virgin help me," said he, "I will try to fill your place."

A dozen years passed over, and the padre, old and gray, Looks seaward from the Mission; for never since that day

The Count Alfredo left him Jovina for his ward, Had aught that might concern the captain's fate been heard.

And she, the fairest daughter of the Mission, like the rest Of maidens, felt love knocking for admittance at her breast.

Her tender heart was given—nay, her pure and earnest soul— For what Spanish maid who loves well surrenders not the whole

Of her being to her lover? But the youth Jovina loved By the good folk at the Mission was very ill approved:

Carlos Sanchez, brave and handsome, whom careful mothers said Wandered round, guitar on shoulder, when 'twas time to be abed.

The old priest, sighing, murmured: "I am full of years and rust; Yet a few mouths and this chancel will open for my dust."

"And Jovina—who can fathom a youthful maiden's mind Whose fancies are as various and fickle as the wind!

"I have told her of her father; I have taught her all I could Of the fortitude and bearing that belong to noble blood."

"And this Sanchez—but she loves him," "Padre mio!" at his side Keels Jovina. "Ah, my daughter, so soon to be a bride,

"Blessings on you, mi chiquita, may your future be as bright As yon mellow sun now bathing this dark hair in his light."

Christmas eve—the bells are ringing, and the mission maids are gay In mantles and mantillas for Jovina's wedding day.

It lacked an hour of sunset when on the ocean's rim The white sails of a vessel loomed indistinct and dim.

Another hour, a great ship her anchor drops, and flies The Spanish ensign, greeted from the shore by many wondering eyes.

Padre Juan stands on the wet sands; the first that leaps to land Rushes fast toward him, and grasps his outstretched hand.

"My daughter?" "She is yonder," said the padre, with troubled face, And the Count strides toward the Mission in fierce, impatient haste.

The news has traveled quickly, and the Mission maidens grieve: Jovina and her lover will not wed this Christmas eve.

For the bride has kissed the bridegroom she will never see again, And sleeps aboard the vessel that will carry her to Spain.

The night is dark and stormy, and the anchor watchmen creep 'Neath the forecastle for shelter, where all their comrades sleep.

The plash of oars they hear not, so loud the storm's wild wail, Nor see the muffled form now bending o'er the rail.

They only hear from Pinos the breakers on the strand, Nor see the tossed and spray-lashed skiff that struggles toward the land.

Christmas day—the sun dispelling the early morning haze Gleams through the fringing pine trees; its broad and golden rays

Rest on the old church belfry, then mercifully fall On the long black tresses—veiling the body like a pall—

Of a woman, drowned, disfigured, and cast up by the tide, And clad in wedding garments, for death had claimed a bride.

Nor was the bridegroom wanting, for farther down the shore Lay Sanchez in his death-clasp grasping still a broken oar.

And the Mission mourned for them, and still old gossips say The roses bloom the whole year round above their graves to-day.

OAKLAND, December 19, 1878.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

At Parting.

Some day—some day of days, when you have passed Quite from the circle of my life, to lands

Where palpitant waters throb on silver sands, Where you have vanished as a shadow cast

Wayward from flying pennons on some mast—I may reach forward to the time which stands

Rock-like, immutable before my hands Outstretched in vain to clasp yours at the last.

No presage have I—to relieve your pain— That I shall ever need you at my side;

No hope I offer that would not be vain, No solace that I would not have denied.

O friend, I know we shall not meet again When we are parted by this fluctuant tide.

NORTH COLUMBIA, December, 1878.

MAY N. HAWLEY.

Oh, how rapidly develop,
From mere fugitive sensations,
Passions that are fierce and boundless,
Tendrest associations!

THE END.

HUALAPI.

By J. W. Gally, author of "Big Jack Small."



In a primitive quartz-mining town situated to the eastward of the main range of the Sierra Nevada, in North America, there is great neighborliness by reason of the scarcity of water and the narrowness of the glen, or cañon, in which the houses are situated. Water is a great democrat, and willing to enter into anybody that is dry and absorbent without distinction of person; but fresh water in the Great Salt Lake Basin is mostly found in the arid, rough, stony gorges of the mountains, and there oftenest in a single spring to each gorge; and thus by reason of the innocent fluid the inhabitants are persuaded, while by the positive commanding topography they are forced, to come together.

The nearly naked rock-surface of the more or less perpendicular mountains, rising on two and sometimes three sides, makes a sort of natural Coliseum in which the various noises and voices of mining industry are echoed about, until, wasted by the weakness of repetition, they languish into silence.

Going from the neighborhood of the spring by a sort of irregular radiation are certain roads and trails, which climb the stony soilless surface of the hills, zigging here and zagging there into and out of the time-worn gutters which wrinkle the solid faces into holding places, where the route may cling and climb toward the "dump," or pile of waste earth, that newly shines among its weather-beaten surroundings, as a landmark to lead the inquiring eye in its search after the cause of this invasion of Nature's most exclusive solitudes.

In this sort of a mining town you may expect to find silver more than gold, but need not expect to find either silver or gold in such form or colors as your uneducated eyes are accustomed to, from contemplation of your spoons, watches, and metal ornaments. The silver and any other accompanying metal is in a state of ore, which may be green, black, blue, yellow, or a "pinio" combination of all these.

When you get "a job"—why should a permit to labor be called "a job"?—up at and down in one of the openings in the hill where you see the dump of new earth I have pointed out, you take a tin-pail of lunch in your hand and climb one of those trails I have told you of till you get to the shaft or mouth of the mine, at which last place you step into a bucket, if the shaft is perpendicular, or into a car if it is an incline, and, going down into the darkness, you work eight hours, be it in the day-time or in the night-time. At the end of this eight hours, you are relieved by another gang of men who take your place for eight other hours, and so the work goes on without pause, day or night, Sunday, holiday, or any other day. As you go up the trail, lunch-pail in hand, if your "shift" comes on in daylight, you can look down upon the town and the town can look up at you, until, like a prairie-dog, contemplating a railway train, you turn tail and pop into the hole in the hill; or, if you go along the trail at night-time the town looks up at you and winks its hundred red eyes as much as to say, "Hurry down again, old boy, and we'll have another drink." So, as you will see, everything in this kind of mining town, animate or inanimate, is on a sociable or neighborly basis.

If there is a good joke or a bad accident at one end of this town of ours we know it immediately at the other end, and thus have instant opportunity to laugh or look sad as the case may require. Our sociability is increased and made potential by the fact that the mines do not change gangs—or shifts—at precisely the same hour day or night, but are always changing at their appointed times respectively; so that at all hours many men are liable to be in the streets, saloons, etc. Far into the night the restaurant man, with his table spread and his red broiling coals sleeping under their ashen coats, nods in his chair, with napkin over his arm, and, like an anxious housewife, waits and waits for the crumpling footfalls of the heavy boots to thud into supper—while the saloon man over the way worries with the late "bum," who essays to sing him the mystified remnant of a song anent the "Beautiful Maids of Ostraly," as he keeps watch for the men who deem it necessary to take stimulating spirits internally, previous to eating or falling asleep.

So that altogether, one way or another, in our town there is something not strictly private going forward, or perhaps is going backward, but, at all events, there is something going.

In the day-time once, about noon, I was in the office with my lawyer, adjusting some legal papers, when a pervasive shout, mingled with explosive laughter, attracted my attention.

"What's that?" I inquired of the legal man, having reference to the noise outside.

"The boys have got something up. We'll go out and see in a minute, as soon as I file this paper." By the term

"boys" my legal light referred to such of the able-bodied miners and other stalwart persons as were above ground and abroad "all on a summer's day."

There was but one street in the town, and it occupied the evenest part of the sole of the cañon with a very perceptible up-grade. In this street was a crowd of various men, of various weights and sizes, costumed more or less elaborately, with coats, and without coats. No women or children, but here and there an Indian, male or female. The saloon man, with elaborately done hair and immaculately white shirt sleeves tucked up under elastic bands or garters; the miner, with slouch hat, woolen shirt, and pants *not* stuffed into his boots; the blacksmith, with apron and hat on; the shoemaker, with apron on and hat off; the butcher, blooming in white all over except as to his head, his feet, and the middle of his back; the bare-headed merchant, with a Faber pencil behind his ear, and the baker with a high, puffy, white cap on his head; to say nothing of the cold-looking, well-clad gambler, and other characters—watching Sam Crain's dog.

Sam Crain's dog was a black dog, mostly shepherd, though he may have combined a variety of choice breeds, but he was not a very big dog, and he had a sharp nose, long hair, and a drooping bushy tail—a sort of heavily fringed tail—that saved itself from dragging on the ground in relaxed or careless moments by curving gently upward just before it came to a point. I wish that my reader would regard this dog's tail, because a tail is to a dog what a nose is to a man's face—a very prominent and indicative feature—and the particular kind of tail that went about with Sam Crain's dog was what you might call Roman tail, the same as you say Roman nose, and indicates great powers of mind and executive ability. I hope I may not forget to say that this dog, which as I have before said belonged to Sam Crain, had a yellow or tan spot, about as big as \$2.50 in silver (remonetized) in the centre of his breast—a sort of yellow shirt-bosom peeping out from under a black cloth coat and silk cravat; and also an exceedingly delicate tipping of white in the end of his tail, just enough white to make him out a dog of three colors (when you want a good dog, or cat, always get one of three colors), and his Christian name was CARLO.

When we arrived in the street there was, in addition to the crowd of citizens on foot, a man on horseback riding about in an aimless sort of manner—a limber, half-drunk kind of a ride—jingling the great Spanish spurs at his heels and swinging the end of a riata around and above his head while he shouted out, "I can beat anything that wears hair, from a single jump-up to a half mile—honest measure. For coin I can, and money talks!" swaying about on his horse and striking his pocket till the gold pieces clinked audibly under the blow.

"For how much money can ye beat my dog a hundred and fifty yards, up this street?"

"Yer dog?"

"Yes, my dog."

"Where is yer dog?"

"He's right yur. Yur, Carlo, come yur."

"What, beat that collie? That dern sharp-nosed, yaller-eyed, trundle-tail purp—I can beat him for his weight in coin!"

"Wot with?"

"With this identical broncho that's now between my legs!"

"I've got a twenty that says ye can't beat Carlo for a hundred or fifty yards, with no hoss ye ever owned, er ar' goin' to own; and money talks!"

"Put up, or shet up!" said the man on the horse, drawing a twenty-dollar gold piece from his pataloons pocket.

"Up she goes!" said Sam Crain, drawing a similar piece from the same style of pocket.

Now there was instantly a taking of sides—some for horse, others for dog—and clamor about who were to hold stakes, also about who were to judge of the starting and who other of the outcome. It was finally agreed that the chilly-looking gambler should take his hands out of his trowsers pockets long enough to take in the money and hold it for stakes.

"As for judgin' the start, ye don't need nary judge," said Sam; "for I'll guarantee that Carlo don't start till the hoss does; but I'm 'greeable for a judge, ef ye want him."

After a season of vehemently profane gesticulatory discussion, it was ordered that the blacksmith and the shoemaker should wear both hats and aprons, and, so attired, should measure off the ground, set the scores and judge the outcome; while the "butch" with his white apron on, should umpire the start.

"Now," said Sam, "I want to walk my dog once over the course and have some confidential remarks with him. Yur, Carlo, come yur."

Carlo, who had sat around among the crowd changing his seat as often as his master, in the heat of the discussion, faced about from one point to the other—Carlo arose at his master's bidding, bearing with him the serious air and smileless countenance of the true humorist, and, walking sedately with drooping tail by the side of his master, passed out of the crowd down the street some paces in the rear of the blacksmith, the shoemaker, and the butcher; which trio of honest sons of toil were going down to set the starting-score and measure off the ground.

"Now, Carlo," said Mr. Crain, in his most solemn and paternal manner, "don't ye go back on me. This is business, old boy, and means money. D'ye und'stan' me, Carlo, hey?" Carlo slowly and quietly wagged his tail, looked up the street after the men measured off the distance, and lay down, as imperturbably as a Chinaman, with his fore paws across the newly made starting-score; while Mr. Crain proceeded with the measuring party back toward the outcome, and the butcher looked about for something to sit down on until business should begin.

"Who is that feller on the hoss?" asked the baker of the saloon man.

"Damfino," answered the saloonist.

"Dig & Wiggles' vaquero, 'n a gay boy. Up for anything he is," remarked the clerk to the crowd in general.

"All ready!" shouted the shoemaker. "Make yer bets, boys; the game is made. Put up yer money and stop chinin'!"

"Yur, Sam, wer's that dog?" asked the blacksmith.

"He's all right. Ef ye don't find him on time I'll put up twenty more for forfeit."

"You bet he's all right," said the saloonist, pointing down the street. "Look at him yender at the start, waiting for

business. Don't you see him? Looks like a peck 'n half o' charcoal spilled off 'n a wagon."

"Go ahead, Hualapi, with yer hoss; the little dorg's a waitin' for ye!" cried another horseman, who by this time had arrived on the ground.

"Is his name Hualapi?" queried the saloon man, with emphasis on the "his."

"No, don't reckon 'tis his name, but the boys call him Hualapi; and he pronounced the word as though it were spelled Wollop-eye."

Swinging the coils of his riata about the flanks of his mustang, Hualapi tore away down the street, flinging the gravel from under his horse's feet. As he passed by the butcher and across the starting-score, Carlo lay perfectly still and flattened his nose between his fore legs, merely looking askance out of the corner of his brown eye toward the butcher, as much as to say, "Butch, there is no nonsense about me!"

Hualapi wheeled about, and as he came back to the score on a full run his horse's head this time pointed toward the outcome, the dog raised himself slowly to his feet, and the butcher yelled at the top of his voice, "Go!"

And they went, not standing on the order of their going, as one William Shakespeare saith it, but each getting up and dusting to the end of his ability. It was a brief race, and a close one, amid much shouting, some heavy swearing, and a great deal of laughter.

"All quiet there, you fellows! Silence in Court!" shouted the Deputy-Sheriff—"tell me yhear who wins."

"Five dollars on the dog," shouted somebody.

"Give ye two per cent.—double the bet—and take it!" ejaculated another.

"Two per hell! Talk English!" retorted the five-dollar man.

"We decide," roared the blacksmith, as chairman of the judicial committee, "that the dog wins by a length."

"What sort o' length—hoss or dog?" asked somebody.

"Dog length," responded the smith; "that 'er is, the dog was one dog's length ahead of the hoss, at the outcome."

"Bullee for the dog!" squeaked a wizen-faced boy.

The coin was duly paid over to Mr. Samuel Crain, whereupon that hombre invited the horseman yclept Hualapi, and everybody else, to come in and drink.

During all the proceedings, while at the starting-score, Carlo had kept close to his master, watching his face as keenly as a Californian watches a barometer through a dry winter; but now, when Sam went hailing away to the saloon in the midst of a crowd, the sagacious animal knew by experience the probable result, and with head and tail drooping started quietly but resolutely down the road to his master's wagon and camp. For be it known, though I have not herein before so stated, Mr. Crain was what they, over in the Great American Desert, call a "bull-puncher"—the dictionary slang for which is, ox-driver.

There was much loud talking and praise of Sam's dog while the drinking was in progress.

"Whe'd ye git sich a d—dog?" asked Hualapi.

"I didn't git him—he got me. I was a drivin' along one day on the desert from Stockton station to Ragtown, and by the tracks on the road and all about there I should say there must a been as many as five thousand sheep ahead o' me; I didn't see no sheep, but as I was walking slow along with the team something cold come up behind me and touched me on the hand. I jumped round to see what it was, and there was a little black dog, about half-growned, flattenin' hisself down in the dust, waggin' his tail, and lookin' up at me with tears in his eyes."

"Pore little purp," sez I, and picked him up as if he were a little black lamb, and walked along with him in my arms. He began a lickin' his paws and then I see he was foot-sore with traveling and cactus thorns, so I put him in the wagon on my blankets and drove along. Two days after that I met the sheep man at Ace Cañon's, and I asked him if he'd lost any pup, and, sez he, 'Yes, but ye may hev him if you've got him.' Well, I had him ye know, or he had me. That's how I come by Carlo."

"Where is the d—dog?" inquired a sympathetic listener, looking about the saloon floor to find him.

"Oh, you needn't look for Carlo in no saloon! He's too high-toned for that!" said Sam.

"He is, hey! Yes, you have been lickin' him when you was drinkin'," said the sympathetic man.

"No, I swear I never laid a cross finger on that dog in my life. He's slep with me, on the road and off the road, for goin' on four year, an' I never even talked cross to him half a dozen times. In this country, ye know a man kin make much of a good dog, because there is no fleas yer."

"Well, where is he now?"

"Gone down to camp," rasped the wizen-faced youth. "I wissced to him, and butch offered him meat, but he just waltzed off down the road."

"Well, you see, he's a bettin' with himself that I'll get drunk afore this is over," said Sam.

"Yes, 'n he's got a good thing. I'll go him halves on it," said the gambler.

"Oh, well now! I don't get drunk so derned often, Mart, do I?"

"The dog says you do."

"No, he don't," answered Sam. "Taint my drunks he's down on—it's the whisky. He despises whisky."

"Sensible dog," growled the gambler.

"You bet he is! You see, I'll tell you how it is. Once when Carlo was about a year old Big Burroughs an' me was teaming together, and a course camping out. Well, one night Big, he come to camp half-light, with one o' these yer olue gallou-kegs full of whisky, and we both got tight; and, Big, he wanted to make Carlo drink, and then kicked him because he bit at him when Big tried to drench him."

As soon as Big kicked my dog I kicked Big; and at it we went, down into the camp-fire and every way; and Big Burroughs would 'a put a head on me—'cause you see I'm a light weight—if Carlo hadn't bit a purty fair supper of 'round steak' out of him. Ever since that Carlo don't go a cent on saloons, nor drinks. He won't come nigh me when I'm drunk, night nor day, unless somebody jumps me; and when I ain't drunk he won't go away from me a minnit, 'less I send him."

"Sam, will me that dog when you die, won't you?" said Hualapi.

"Don't know," answered Mr. Crain. "Can't say what I'll

do when I'm dead; but we'll have something more to drink at present. Set 'em up, my handsome cuss with the purty back hair! Boys what'll it be?"

Thus the drinking bout went forward, until, from satiety on the part of some, and business engagements on the part of others, the crowd was reduced to Mr. Crain, Mr. Hualapi, and a few shameless, hardened hangers-on—the latter doing faithful and efficient duty every time either of the former put up the money for more stimulants.

Hour by hour the after part of the day wore away, and as the long evening shadow began to paint one hill against the canvas of another, our two racing worthies came weaving out of the saloon, arm in arm, with hats cocked over noses, each protesting that the other was the "best feller, and the d—dest whitest man in the mountains."

Unhitching the Hualapi horse from the post in front of the saloon, where he had stood during the greater part of the afternoon dreaming of far-off fields and pastures green, they wended or wobbled their way down the middle of the road, with the disconsolate horse leading in the rear, it being the muddled intention of Mr. Crain to offer to Mr. Hualapi the hospitality of Mr. Crain's camp and a share of his bed, blankets, board, and a feed of hay to his horse, at the rear of the wagons.

It has long been presumed that they reached the wagons in a meandering way about sunset, and, scorning so unimportant a matter as supper, tied the horse, unrolled the bed, and lay down to a drunken sleep.

That night about midnight, Hualapi was found by two travelers, far down the road, beyond the camp, lying with his head in a pool of blood and a great wound in his skull—dead.

The travelers proceeding up to town reported their finding, which report caused a party toward daylight to arrive at the place in the road as designated by the travelers. This party found the stain of the blood, the marks of men's feet as if struggling, and the tracks of a medium-sized dog in the dust.

Instantly the mind of each member of the searching party worked backward over the events of the preceding day, and each by his own process arrived at—Sam Crain. The horse of Hualapi tied to Sam's wagon increased the suspicion; while finding himself sound asleep with his now watchful, growling dog at his feet, only intensified the suspicion as to his crime and heartlessness.

"Sam! Hi, Sam! Wake up and tell us where Hualapi is. We want him," said one of the party, as they all stood about the out-door bed of the sleeping teamster.

"Humph?" grunted Sam, boring his knuckles into his boozey eyes against the shock of the now open daylight.

"Yes! Never mind humphin' and boring your eyes. Where's Hualapi?"

"Hualapi? Yur he is in bed with me," answered Sam, looking over his shoulder as he rested on his elbow in the bed. "Yes, we—why, hell! where is he? Carlo, you wasn't drunk, where's Hualapi?" The dog sat up on his haunches and looked seriously down the road.

"Get up, Sam, and come up to town. Hualapi's dead. We want you to tell the magistrate who killed him."

"Killed him!" exclaimed Sam, jumping up. "Killed him! Boys, yer joshin' a feller. Why, there's his boss tied to my wagon. He must be somewhere's around."

"Well, you get your hat and come along with us—may be you can find him for the Court."

CHAPTER II.

Not every one in this world knows that there are regions of country, on the planet they have the honor to inhabit, where a bed out under the open sky is the usual refreshing and pleasant night-lodging of many human inhabitants. The pilgrim to Palestine thinks he is quite an adventurer when he sleeps in a guarded tent and wakes in the night to listen to the laughing howl of the same family of jackals which served the sportive Samson in his pyrotechnic assault upon the cereals of his neighbors; but if this pilgrim is a pious Anglo-American, it is pretty safe to say, unless he is an "innocent abroad," that he does not realize the amount of out-door sleeping there is to be enjoyed in his own United States. Safe to say that he does not know where the Holy Land is in the United States; the land where all the world seems either to be descending into or rising out of an alkali flat, or else to be crossing a mountain; where the whole earth is so thirsty it swallows all the rivers, and the soil is so dry that neither fog nor dew softens the sun at morn nor the moon at night; where no sweet song-bird carols to the dawn, and only the wide wing of the raven casts its black shadow in silent motion gliding o'er the plain at noon. A land of drought, of sinking Jordans and Dead Seas. A land without a history, or else so old that Nature has forgotten and wiped out whatever marks historic creatures left. A land so gray and dry, so wrinkled and so deaf, that silence sits enthroned among the hills with her sad finger on her pallid lips, listening—listening—listening for the unreturning feet that carried here and there the giants of the darkness that has been. A land of wandering pasturage for the herds—where wells are wealth, and springs are few and far—without a record.

At present it is the land of a peculiar people—they are tramps, but industrious tramps.

They tramp not by twos and by threes only, but by towns, counties, cities and states. They advance upon the silence of the wilderness and the echo of industry jingles aloft upon the ancient air. They tear open the bosom of the rock-ribbed hill to find the medals of commerce—and finding them, they stamp them with a winsome woman on one side and a cruel old rooster on the other. They sleep out under the sky, while the coyote on noiseless feet keeps watch, with his wild eyes peering from the outer darkness; they snore in the ear of the rattle-snake till the frightened reptile glides away into the chilly night, forgetting to ring the bell in his back-action; they lie down with the deadly tarantula and sleep with the stinging scorpion. And they are not afraid.

To come upon a camp in the morning—the camp of a solitary man who drives a team—in the silverland, is to find two or three or more heavy wagons strung together by strong iron chains, and from the largest and most forward wagon a line of yokes and chains, like a gigantic rosary, lying among the sage-brush in the dust, just as though the cattle had dropped out of line into some magical trap and

left their gearing in place. Beside some wheel of one of the wagons is the bed of the camper; and not far from his bed his fire or the remains of it, surrounded by his kitchen utensils. Why does he not sleep in the wagon secure from reptiles and "varmints?" Because the dry ground is warmer in the after part of the always chilly night, and he knows it. Why does he not sleep under the wagon, so that if the oxen come they will not tramp on him? Because he knows that no work-ox is going to be caught near his own working place so long as food can be found elsewhere, and because he belongs to a peculiar people who are always ready for battle, and the under side of a wagon is a poor place to get out of bed in a hurry, and battles generally begin in a hurry.

Under about such circumstances as these they found Sam Crain asleep in the early morning, with his black dog lying at his feet, and they awoke him to charge him with murder.

Sam Crain a murderer!

Nobody who ever looked square into the laughing twinkle of his honest eyes would believe, without heavy testimony, that Sam Crain would feloniously take the life of a fellow-man.

But then the circumstances! Yes, the circumstances were against him; he was the last man seen with the deceased; he knew the deceased had money; they were both intoxicated when they left town together; the horse of the deceased in Sam's possession, etc., etc.

"Well, boys!" said Sam, "this is mighty rough on a feller. I've been waiting here now for five days for the mule teams to come in with my load, and I've take me to jail for a murderer, I'll lose my load an' that'll break me."

"Tis rough, Sam, but the way things looks we've got to take you."

"All right! I'm a comin' soon's I roll up my bed an' put my traps together. An' that hoss," added Sam, as he fussed about, throwing his loose property upon the wagons; "somethin'll hev to be done with him—nothin' more yur for him to eat, an' no water."

"We'll take him to Court, too," said one of the men moving over and untying the broncho.

"No! Let him be there!" said another. "Let the Court send for him—taint far to town. He's better evidence tied where he is than anything we can say."

"Ain't you rather anxious about evidence?" asked Sam, turning upon the last speaker abruptly.

"Guess not!" coolly answered the man addressed. "I want facts, that's all I want—and facts at first hands is always best for all hands."

"All right; I'm ready. Go ahead with yer old murder case! We may be happy yet!" rejoined Sam, cheerfully.

The little party passed by a few strides out of the brush into the road and away deliberately toward town, talking, chewing tobacco, and gesticulating, Carlo seriously, if not sadly, following close in the rear.

The town was awake; in fact, part of it was met on the road down to the scene of the murder.

"Come in, boys!" said Sam, as they neared the saloon of yesterday's drunk. "Come in! Taint every man that kin get accused an' rested for murder. I'm gettin' to be a distinguish' cuss, 'n I want to treat on it: if" added he, as they stepped up to the bar, "if Dan'll trust a murderin' midnight 'sassin'."

"Have you been killing some people, Sam?" asked the saloon man, in a yawning, sleepy way, as he placed the required tumblers on the board.

"That's what they tell me," answered Sam.

"About how many did you get away with?"

"Well, only one's fer as heered from, but the returns haint all in yet. 'F I killed anybody, I didn't stop at one man—such a desput cuss 's I am," and Sam smiled, as he made the ferocious remark, adding after drinking the cocktail: "Dan, put him on the slate to remember me by. I panned you out all I had about me yesterday. Now, boys, take a feller to breakfast and then—to Court, me noble lords, to Court!" and he strode out into the street like the gloomy king in a high tragedy.

Sam Crain was a small man with no waste material about him, not even in the matter of hair, for this tasteful natural covering was so thin at the top of his forehead as to amount almost to baldness, giving to his face, when his hat was off, an unusually high up and wide open countenance. A phrenologist would say that his two controlling bumps were conscientiousness and humor, for his head bulged out between the eye and ear on either side, and this, with a good heavy back head, gave base to a dome composed mainly of suavity, firmness, and conscientiousness; in other words, he had a good hard head for homely fun or honest business. He had rather small, twinkling, blue eyes, fair hair, and no beard save a meagre moustache; a nose something the shape of the best class of Indian nose, but a flexible, lively sort of nose—a nose that seemed to enjoy itself in its own way in the play of human emotions which gave great expression to Sam's eyes and mouth. In short he was what the Missourians call a "pearl little cuss."

The information of the prosecuting witness had been filed, charging Samuel Crain with the "commission thereof," etc., etc.

"What have you to say to this charge, Mr. Crain?" queried the J. P.

"It's a charge of murder—aint it, Judge?" asked Sam.

"Yes, a very serious charge, perhaps the most serious that man can bring against man. You will understand," added the Judge, "that you are not compelled to make any statement, nor are you required to take oath as a witness; but you may do both, or either, or neither, as you may elect."

"Well, the meanin' of it all is did I, or did I not, kill a feller called Hualapi, what was a spreein' with me yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's where you've got me! I won't swear I didn't kill him, nor I won't swear 'at I did. I'd like to see his dead body before I'll believe that anybody killed him."

"The testimony here taken this morning is strongly to the effect that his lifeless body was found, after midnight last night, in the public road, near this town, with the skull crushed. Its removal since then, by parties unknown to this Court, does not lessen the suspicion that surrounds you. Any explanation which you can make tending to remove such suspicion I need not say will be promptly taken into consideration by the Court."

"Well, I'm a thousand times obliged to you, Judge, but I swear I dunno what to say. I don't recollect killin' any-

body, or wantin' to kill anyone. 'Pears to me I was in a durned good humor last night. Wasn't I, boys?" and Sam looked around the room on the crowd which nodded silent assent to his query. "An' if I'd wanted to kill any man it wouldn't 'a been Hualapi, for I was just dead struck after that young feller; an' the last thing I remember thinkin' last night, after we was both safe in bed, was that we'd had a jolly old time, lots o' fun, an' no row nor nobody hurt. Then I went to sleep an' don't remember knowin', hearin', or seein' anythin' till the boys hustled me out early this morning. That's all, so help me God, Judge, that I know about it."

"Were you intoxicated and quarreling during the day yesterday?" asked his Honor.

"Yes, Judge, I was intoxicated, but not quarreling, as far as I recollect."

"Can you remember what you do and say during a spree, after you become sober?"

"Sometimes—well, generally I can; but there has been once or twice that I could not. That's a fact, Judge."

Then there was silence for a few minutes while the J. P. wrote out some notes for his own information.

"Is that all you have to say about the matter?"

"Yes, Judge," said Sam.

"You cannot think of anything else tending to throw light upon the case?"

"No, sir!" and Sam turned his hat rim about in his hands and smiled upon the boys.

Then there was a long silence while the J. P. wrote diligently, off and on looking into his law books.

"I'll read the substance of your statement to you that you may correct or amend it if you desire."

Sam listened attentively to the reading, remarking at the conclusion:

"Kerrect!"

"Do you wish to add anything?"

"Nothing."

"Please sign it."

Sam signed it with a slow scraping pen.

Then there was a longer silence, in which the Judge wrinkled his brow, scratched his head, and consulted divers pages in his books.

"Mr. Crain," said the Judge.

"Sir," responded Sam.

"If what our law calls the *corpus delicti*—ahem!—was within the purview of our Court, I should feel bound to commit you without recourse, and I am not perfectly certain that it is not my duty to so commit you as it is; but, as there is room for doubt that a murder has been committed, though a strong probability points that way, I take it upon myself as a matter of common sense and average justice, considering that our public jail is not a wholesome place, and that the county is poor, to bind you over to the District Court in the sum of one thousand dollars gold coin of the United States. Are you able and willing to give such bond?"

"I'm willin', Judge, an' if you'll let me out o' here till I can rustle round I think I'm able."

"I'll go on his bond!"

"I, too."

"Dot's me, too!" said "butch."

Sam had arisen to his feet to make his request about rustling round; stood looking from one to the other, as they volunteered to go upon his bond, then the tears coming into his blue eyes, he said:

"Boys, by—" but he sat down with his face buried in his soft hat in his hands, and left his profane sentence unfinished; while the dog Carlo came forward and laid his black head on his master's knees.

The parties thereto being all present the legal formula of fixing the bond was soon gone through with; that is to say, comparatively soon, for the reason that J. P.s, though often of sound judgment, great patience, and good intentions, are seldom "lightning strikers" with the pen.

Previous to adjournment, it occurred to Sam Crain to ask the Justice:

"About what time will this Gran' Jury be arruand, Judge?"

"At the Fall term of the Court; that is, in the latter part of September, and it is now the earlier part of August," answered the J. P.

Then the Court adjourned, and Sam was numerously congratulated upon not having to go to jail.

"Yes," he responded, "I'm glad the old man didn't lock me up; 'cause now I can make my trip down with the load, get my freight money, ye know, leave the bulls down there, and come back on a hoss in time to do what the Gran' Jury says. But I say," he added, "does any of you fellers know how it is? Does a feller in my fix have to go in before them Gran' Juries, or do they come an' set on him like a Karren-er's Jury on a dead man?"

"Where's Rattler?" queried a bystander. "Rattler ort to know, he's been there."

"Hi, Rattler!" Sam called out.

"What is it?" responded the person addressed. The question was put to him, and he continued: "I dunno how it is when ye're on to bail. I never got no bail in mine; but when ye're in jail, if the Grand Jury send fer yer, just send for yer lawyer an' ast him. Ef he posts ye up and sez go, you go—ef he sez fer ye not to go, yer don't."

"That's the pint! Why didn't I think of it afore? A lawyer's what I want now. Come on, Carlo, let us go up-town an' see old man Damas. So long, boys! If I don't see some of ye afore hangin' time, come and give me a good send-off. I'll go like a little man, you bet yer life!" And with his faithful, silent follower he wended his way to the lawyer's office.

Sam's case was discussed throughout the camp all the remainder of that day, and more or less for many days; most of folks holding him innocent on his generally known character for kindheartedness and frontier amiability; but there was still a quasi-logical, stubborn minority, as there ever is in any case, who pointed to the circumstances, assumed the guilt, and wisely censured the Justice of the Peace for admitting him to bail; one of the minority going so far as to declare, with a knowing and defiant sneer:

"Yes, that's mighty smooth, lettin' him go on a thousand dollars! He'll just make his trip, get his freight money, sell that bull-team, make his sureties safe, and scoot! An' he's a damned fool if he don't."

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A CHRISTMAS PLAY FOR CHILDREN.

By J. F. Clark.



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. ANITA PEERLESS, a young widow.
MR. ALONZO BACON, a young bachelor in love with the young widow.
GEORGE PEERLESS, five years old, children of Mrs. PEERLESS.
MAMIE PEERLESS, three years old, children of Mrs. PEERLESS.
MRS. WINSTANLEY, mother of Mrs. PEERLESS.
VIOLET WINSTANLEY, her sister.
STANLEY WINSTANLEY, her brother.

Enter MAMIE, who speaks the prologue:
We're going to have a little play,
Just to amuse our friends.
We hope you will not go away
Until the acting ends.

ACT I. SCENE I.—Enter MRS. WINSTANLEY, disguised as a gypsy.

MRS. W. I've waited for this chance for many a day;
It's come at last—I'll carry her away.
[Exit MRS. W., carrying MAMIE.
MAMIE screaming.] Mamma, mamma.

[Enter ANITA PEERLESS.]

ANITA. I thought I heard my Mamie scream;
Perhaps I only had a dream.
Upon my couch where I was napping,
I fancied there was some one slapping
Poor little Mamie; so I came
To comfort her. It is a shame.

[Enter ALONZO.]

ALONZO. Madam, you seem in great distress.
ANITA. I thought I heard my Mamie crying.
ALONZO. Madam, there is no use denying
That just as I was passing by
I thought I heard your Mamie cry,
And said there's something wrong, I fear.
That is the reason why I'm here.
ANITA. 'Tis sad to be a widow. Every trouble
Comes on me now; it seems to double
All my cares. I shall go wild.
ALONZO. No, don't, for I will find the child,
Or lose my fortune and my life—
[Aside] A hundred times to win her for my wife.
ANITA. Where can my Mamie be?
ALONZO. Madam, wait here—I'll go and see.

[Exit ALONZO.]

ANITA. Some gypsies passed along the way.
I saw them early in the day.
And one tall hag with visage wild
Cast longing eyes upon my child.
She's gone and left no trace behind her.
Oh, how I hope that he will find her.

SCENE II.—Enter MRS. W., VIOLET W., and STANLEY W., all disguised as gypsies, leading MAMIE.

MRS. W. I've got her now, the little queen.
A pretty time I guess there's been
Up at the Hall. What fuss and bother!
The servants each will blame the other;
I'm really sorry for her mother.

VIOLET. If that is so, then tell us, pray,
Why did you bring the child away?
STANLEY. If you feel sorry for Anita,
This is a funny way to treat her.

MRS. W. It may be so, but she will find
That we have not been so unkind
As may to her at first appear.

STANLEY. Mamie's tired. Poor little dear!

VIOLET. They say Anita's got a bean,
And this is what I wish to know:
Who is the man who wants to win her?
Most likely some old hoary sinner.

STANLEY. I'll bet it is some learned scholar.

VIOLET. Or a smart knave without a dollar.

MRS. W. My children, pray you, cease your gabble;
It is at most but idle babble.

But, hush! we must no longer stay—
I hear some footsteps. Up! away!

[Exit all.]

SCENE III.—Enter ANITA, leading GEORGE.

ANITA. Where did you see your sister last?

GEORGE. Out in the garden, running fast

After her ball, which on the ground

She kept on rolling round and round.

ANITA. When was it?

GEORGE. Half an hour ago.

ANITA. Where is she now?

GEORGE. I do not know.

ANITA. O dear! O dear! what shall I do?

O Mamie, Mamie, if I knew

Where I could find you, I would fly.

GEORGE. O mamma, dear, now don't you cry.

ANITA. Why don't Alonzo come to me?

He told me he would go and see

If he could not my Mamie find.

He does not come—it is unkind.

I've vowed I would not have him off;

But now, in this my great distress,

I wish that he were here.

[Enter ALONZO.] Madam, I am here.

ANITA. I did not know, sir, you were near.

Pray tell me, have you Mamie found?

ALONZO. Nay, madam; I have searched around

And offered all rewards I'd handy—

Two bits, a knife, a pound of candy.

I've looked in every nook and corner,

Thinking she might, like young Jack Horner,

Be sucking at a sugar-plum.

ANITA. Is it to jest with me you come

At such an hour? I'm broken-hearted.

Mamie's vanished—lost—departed,
O cruel, cruel, cruel man.

ALONZO. Indeed I'll find her if I can.

ANITA. Why don't you find her—bring her here?

Oh, that I could once more behold her,

And to my broken heart enfold her,

I'd give the world—I'll give my heart

To any man—

ALONZO. Oh, here's a start—

ANITA. Who brings my Mamie back to me.

ALONZO. Then I shall have it—you will see.

I've loved you well for several years,

And now your eyes are wet with tears.

My heart is—

ANITA. I am going wild!

Don't talk to me; go, find my child.

ALONZO. She means it now. I think I'll go.

[Exit ALONZO.]

ANITA. Men are so fast, or else so slow.

I hope he is not quite offended;

For if he is our love is ended.

And I shall have to dwell alone, forsaken,

And every morning think I've cooked my Bacon.

But where, oh, where, can Mamie be?

Why don't they bring her back to me?

And oh—I've made a solemn vow.

Suppose some man should bring her now,

Some ancient, tawny, grizzly fellow,

All gray and shriveled, lank and yellow,

And say, "I've brought your child, you see,

And now you've got to marry me."

Alonzo, O Alonzo, dear,

Find Mamie, quick, and bring her here.

What shall I do?

GEORGE. Mamma, don't cry;

We're sure to find her by and by.

ANITA. Bless you, my boy. We'll wait and see.

GEORGE. I'll go outside and shout. She'll come to me.

[Exit GEORGE.]

Enter MRS. W., VIOLET, and STANLEY, who stand in the background.

ANITA. This trouble weighs upon my mind.

Who will my darling Mamie find?

My heart is breaking with despair;

I think I'll go and—fix my hair.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Enter MRS. W., VIOLET, and STANLEY.

MRS. W. My children, we have raised commotion;

To try Anita was my notion.

We heard that she had got a bean—

Who is the man? We want to know.

VIOLET. Why should she wish to keep it from us?

STANLEY. Perhaps he is some stupid Thomas,

Or Jim, or Jack, or Bill, or Mike,

And she may think that we would strike.

MRS. W. To find the truth we came upon this journey.

VIOLET. I fear he is a working man like Kearney.

MRS. W. I trust that such is not the case

(True, honest labor's no disgrace),

But we are of another race.

Anita will not stain her blood patrician

By marrying beneath her own condition.

VIOLET. Then why this secrecy? I cannot tell.

STANLEY. May be she loves not wisely, but too well.

MRS. W.—Violet, fetch our Mamie here;

I want to see the little dear.

[Enter VIOLET, leading MAMIE.]

VIOLET. See, here she is.

MAMIE. I want Mamma.

[Enter ALONZO.]

ALONZO. I've found you! You're my lucky star.

[To MRS. W.] Woman, what does this outrage mean?

It is the worst that I have seen.

Flood, Mackay, Fair, or Johnny Skae,

Ne'er acted in a viler way.

Their movements set the people wild,

You have done worse: you stole a child.

Now, go with me. March, straight before.

All make your exit through that door.

STANLEY. Mother, it is my chum by whom we're taken,

The son of your old friend, Judge Bacon.

[Exit all.]

SCENE II.—Enter ANITA, leading GEORGE.

ANITA. Where is Alonzo? Where is Mamie?

He's left me. Oh, it is a shame he

Don't return. I am a widow lonely;

I have no other friend. If only

He would now come here—

GEORGE. There's some one coming, mamma dear.

[Enter ALONZO, driving MRS. W., VIOLET, and STANLEY before him.]

ALONZO. Madam, I bring you great relief—

I've found your child, and caught the thief.

MAMIE. Mamma, mamma!

ANITA. Dear little pet.

[To ALONZO.] Your kindness, sir, I won't forget.

Where did you find her?

ALONZO. On the road.

She had been captured by this load.

[To MRS. W.] Woman, you've merited a choking;

Six feet of hemp would stop your eeloaking.

I'd like to douse you all in tubs,

Yourself and both your gypsy cubs.

MRS. W. I am no gypsy.

ALONZO. Why?

MRS. W. [dropping her gypsy cloak and hood.] Because

You see that I am Santa Claus.

[To ANITA.] This meddler has upset my plan;

I shall get even, and I can.

[To MAMIE.] I've candy for you and a toy.

[To GEORGE.] And here is some for you, my boy.

ALONZO [kneeling.] Before you blame me, Santa Claus,

I beg—I pray—one moment pause.

MRS. W. I am not Santa Claus.

ANITA. O dear,

What mystery is hidden here?

Not Santa Claus! Then tell us who you are.

MRS. W. You see that I am Mamie's grandmamma.

[VIOLET and STANLEY drop cloak and hood.]

Her uncle Stanley, too, is here,

And this is sister Violet dear.

ALONZO. O madam, may I hope to be forgiven.

MRS. W. Mercy is the prerogative of heaven.

No longer kneel, sir; rise and stand.

Fate and Anita placed you in my hand.

I know you well, and think you worthy of her—

You have my blessing—take her—love her.

[Places ANITA'S hand in ALONZO'S.]

EPILOGUE.

GEORGE. Our play is ended here to-night.

We hope you think it came out right.

The praise the actor understands

Is when the audience clap their hands.

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

A Scholarly Presentation of the Chinese Problem.

BY W. N. LOCKINGTON.

From Asia, the earth's largest and central continent, all that we call European—so far as it relates to humanity—has sprung. From Asia came Paleolithic and Neolithic man, and after them the Celt and the Teuton. From Asia came, brought by the invading races, all our domestic animals—the horse, the ass, the ox, the sheep. In Asia arose that dualistic philosophy which acknowledges two principles, one of good and one of evil, by whose interaction the existing state of things was brought about. This philosophy still maintains its hold in our modern creeds, although we have reduced the evil principle to the rank of a vanquished foe. In Asia arose monotheism, and Brahmanism, the oldest monotheistic religion, is to-day the creed of a hundred and fifty millions of human beings; its sacred books antedate the Bible, and contain within them the essence of that lofty morality afterward taught by Christ. In Asia arose Christianity, the creed so proudly held by all European races, but so fearfully perverted from the intention of its founder, who said, "Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you" and "Love one another." Had these doctrines been acted upon by Christians, their religion would indeed have regenerated the world; but the history of Christianity is a history of blood!

Thus from Asia, as we learn from history, archæology and geology, came our creed, our morality, our rule over the animal world, and even ourselves. How, then, can we afford to despise Asia, which even now contains at least six hundred millions of men, whose civilization, if less advanced than our own, is far in advance of what ours was five centuries ago, and contains within it elements which must inevitably come into contact with ours, and as inevitably modify ours. Proud of our recent advances in freedom, in riches, in power, of our achievements in science and art, we are apt to forget how much we owe to Asia; and even when we grudgingly acknowledge that we acquired, in comparatively modern times, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, and perhaps the germ of the printing-press, from China, and that still more important discovery, the system of notation, from India, we are apt to forget that our creed, morality, animals, and our own ancestors came thence also. After all this has come from Asia, why do we inquire, like Nathaniel, "Can any good thing come out of Asia?" Split up into a number of little monarchies, each subdivided into dukedoms and earldoms whose ruling families were kings within their narrow bounds, and able to defy the king by combination among themselves, Europe, for several centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire, could scarcely call itself civilized. Occupied in perpetual petty wars, without manufactures and without commerce, the nations of Europe, Teutonic and Celtic, were not for several centuries influenced by Asia, and most assuredly they did not influence Asia.

Then came the Crusades, undertaken in the name of religion, resulting in the death of millions of Christians and Mussulmans, but resulting also in the acquisition from our enemies of several Asiatic inventions, and in the increase of commerce with the East. Then arose manufactures; gradually towns sprung up, free from the oppression of the nobles; and little by little the germ of freedom grew, till the whole of Western Europe burst its bonds, and feudalism was dead. Answering to its more favorable environment, the human mind awoke from its lethargy, weapons of war and implements of peace were alike improved, and adventurous men pushed forward over the ocean east and west, in quest of those rich countries from whence came the silk and the cotton, the spices, the tea, the coffee, the shawls, the precious stones, and the thousand and one other articles necessary for the increasing luxury of the West.

They found America and possessed it, destroyed its weaker but not lower civilizations, and colonized it, killed its natives by forced labor in mines and on plantations, and introduced negro labor in its stead, till the colonies rebelled against the exactions of the mother countries, and exacted commerce on equal terms; till the negro question culminated in a bloody civil war in the most powerful of the new States; and till the despised native, by sheer increase of numbers and greater adaptability to the environment, again took a share in the government of the southern republics of the continent. Meanwhile the irrepressible energy of the Europeanized Aryan race had regained, by an oceanic route, the country of their ancestors, and had advanced still further east upon Cathay. First the Portuguese and Spaniards, then the Dutch, the French, and the English, carried on with the Orientals a mixture of trade and stealing—trade when the natives were willing or when it seemed more profitable, stealing when trade was less easy or the booty too tempting for Aryan cupidity to withstand. But these nations, united in their treatment of the Orientals, were inimical to each other, and finally the English remained masters of India—a conquest obtained by force and fraud, but almost justifiable by the subsequent use made of it, since the Hindoo of the present age, freed from feudal oppression, enjoys an almost European liberty, and is advancing in knowledge and in social ideas.

Since all that a people can gain from its government is freedom and protection, India will remain under English rule as long as she receives both; but the Hindoo and the Englishman must be on perfectly equal terms, or else, with the growth of new ideas, India may, some day, choose to govern herself. But it is not so much of India, important as that rich country, the home of two hundred and forty millions of people, now is, and more important though it may be in the future, that we wish now to speak; but of China, the dense population of which has overflowed on to these shores, and has given us a problem to work out.

Let us, then, very briefly, before considering the present or probable future of our relations with China, review the past intercourse between the Aryan and Mongolian civilizations. Oldest of all existing civilizations, the Chinese should neither be compared with the extinct civilization of Egypt, Persia, Greece under the successors of Alexander, and Rome under the emperors, than with that of any modern European nation. It existed when Nineveh and Egypt flour-

shed; it flourished when Rome was young, continued flourishing after Rome fell, and still exists, though fallen into feudalism and stereotyped formalism. Ever a quiet, commercial people, the Chinese feared their more warlike Mongolian neighbors, people of the same great division of the human race, but differing from them as the Goth differed from the Roman, or as the modern Gaul from the modern German. They built the Great Wall of China, a work more wonderful than any of the seven wonders of the ancient western world, to keep out the barbarians; but stone walls could not supply the place of iron muscles, and the Tartars passed the wall and conquered China. But it happened to the conquering Tartars as to the Normans who conquered England and the Franks who conquered France. Fewer by far in numbers than the people they had vanquished, they became, to all intents and purposes, Chinese, while the Chinese retained their ancient customs and modes of life. With a vast horde of Asiatics, composed of the various nations he had overcome, the successor of Genghis Khan, the first of the great Mogul dynasty, burst over Western Asia and Eastern Europe like a destroying angel, overwhelming the dawning civilization of Russia, born from the relations of that country with the court of Constantinople, utterly defeated the Poles and Hungarians, and made the west of Europe tremble. In Dalmatia the conqueror stayed his advance, perhaps from magnanimity, more probably from other motives more likely to influence conquerors.

It is useless to speculate on what would have been the result had Genghis marched against Western Europe. Divided and thinly populated as those regions then were, he might have conquered, but assuredly could not have retained his conquests. That the weapons of Europe, even at that age, were not inferior to those of Asia is proved by the Crusades, which commenced prior to the invasion of Genghis and continued after his death, in which the mail-clad hosts of Western Europe, united temporarily in a common cause, repeatedly vanquished the Saracens and Seljukian Turks, nations far more warlike than the Chinaman or the Mongol. But they could not long retain their hold on the vanquished but not subdued countries they overran, neither could the successors of Genghis retain their hold on his vast conquests, which rapidly dwindled into the present empire of China. It is useless to argue that Genghis was not a Chinaman. Alexander was not a Greek, yet he led the Greeks to victory and founded a Grecian empire. William the Norman was not English, yet his successors became so; as English they fought the French, and English history, with most Englishmen, commences with the alien conqueror. Genghis founded that dynasty and that empire of China which still exists, and doubtless is to an educated Chinaman just what William the Norman is to an Englishman.

From the time of Genghis to the sixteenth century, China and Europe were connected only by the indirect chain of a traffic which passed through the hands of the Arabians and the Venetians. Then came the age of maritime discovery and of the bold half traders, half pirates, whose devastations are so eloquently deplored by Kwang Chang Ling. Then China attempted to close her ports, fearful of the aggressive strangers, and Japan, after a hazardous experience, did the same. The policy of exclusiveness, which California is imitating, was commenced by China, and resulted in failure, as such policy, in the very nature of things, is bound to do. When one nation supplies what another nation needs, the avenues of trade cannot long be closed. "With apostolic blows and knocks" England forced her opium on China, and the Chinaman, on his side, was glad to trade, for he wanted money for his teas, and had no great objection to opium. By the impetus given to the Eastern trade the United States profited, and the better to protect Americans resident in China she entered into a special treaty, in which she guaranteed protection to Chinamen here. But the Chinaman was not conspicuous on our western shores at that date, and his peculiar traits were not known so thoroughly, or the treaty would scarcely have been made. Had it never been made, the fall of wages in California might, perhaps, have been delayed a year or two, and some of the industries now taken up by the Chinaman would probably have been pre-occupied by the white laborer from Europe or the Eastern States. None the less, wages would have fallen, as they have fallen, and as they must fall until they are on a level, or nearly so, with the Eastern States, or with Europe. None the less, though perhaps a few years later, the white man would have had to compete with the Chinaman, who, if not as yet quick to invent, is quick to comprehend everything that he can turn to account, and who, brought into contact with the white man in China itself, is learning whatever in our civilization is useful to him.

It is as impossible, at this stage of the world's history, to isolate ourselves from the Chinese as it is for us to turn backward the stream of time, and grow younger as the years fly by. Europe is crowded; the race for wealth, the rivalry between the nations, is a struggle for life also. The nations that have the greatest Oriental trade are richest, and their people, as a whole, most prosperous. If any nation ceases voluntarily to trade, another nation will step in and reap the benefit. Steam and the telegraph have brought mankind together, and China, powerful still in its decay, both from the value of its products and the vastness of its population, cannot long be left outside. We must compete with the Chinaman whether we will or no; if we endure him here, he can live where a white man will starve; if we turn him out, he can make cheap goods, and send them here to undersell our own labor; if we put high duties on Chinese goods, we must live without Chinese produce and without the Chinese trade.

There are two methods, and there are no more, of dealing with the Chinese question. The one is to so regulate our relations with China as to lessen the shock of the collision of races, meanwhile learning from them some of that watchful, unceasing industry and economy of time, materials, and food which now give the Chinaman the advantage over our improvident working classes; the other is to totally exterminate the Chinese race. If we cannot do the latter—and the other nations of European stock would not permit us to do it if we wished—we must take the former alternative or succumb in the struggle. The trouble is that we stand first; that the white workman of California, the most highly paid and certainly not the most hardworking of Aryan laborers, suddenly finds himself confronted by the most underpaid of men, by men whose whole lives have been a keen struggle for bare subsistence. The two opposite ends

of a chain of civilization stand facing each other on the shores of the Pacific, and their contact naturally generates some heat.

Kwang Chang Ling, in his recent communications to the ARGONAUT, endeavors to prove that Chinese civilization is at least as high as ours; but, in the course of his argument, he admits the feudal condition and squalid poverty of the mass of the Chinese people, and in admitting this he admits the inferiority of his civilization. A recent writer in the ARGONAUT draws two conclusions:—

(1) That the Mongolian and Caucasian races do not assimilate.

(2) That the mixing of inferior with superior civilizations subverts and destroys the superior.

The first of these conclusions is as yet unproven, and it will need centuries of close contact between the races to prove or disprove it. The second, fortunately for us, who really have, on the whole, the superior civilization, finds no warrant either in human history or in that far larger and nobler history, which grasps all Nature from nebulous chaotic matter up to man himself—the history of Evolution. Evolution teaches us that all life must be in harmony with its environment. If the environment changes, the organism must adapt itself to the changed conditions or perish. To a certain extent, however, the organism reacts upon the environment, and modifies it so as to ameliorate its condition.

The life of an individual, of a nation, or of a widespread civilization depends, first on its power of adapting itself to its environment, and second, to its power of modifying the environment to suit its needs. The earth was not made for man—man has nothing he has not fought for, nothing that he has not wrested from opposing forces by conquering them or by adapting himself to them.

The white man has become what he is through a series of civilizations, each, except the present one, affecting only a small portion of the Aryan races, each overthrown in turn by a more vigorous though ruder branch of the same race, but each leaving to its successor a legacy of art, literature, and science, which has aided it to take a higher flight, until at length the whole mass, civilized in various degrees, and divided into several nations, has developed the most astonishing enterprise and the most wonderful fertility of invention under the pressure of competition.

The Chinaman has become what he is through a single long civilization. Throughout all revolutions and wars, China has been the central mass of the Mongolian world to which all others have gravitated, and her civilization, if it has changed, as doubtless it has, has changed mainly from inherent and internal causes, not from the effects of outside influences. Industrial and agricultural for so many ages that war-like propensities have almost died out, and inhabiting a comparatively narrow region, hemmed in by mountain and desert, the continually increasing population of China has been forced to continually increasing frugality and economy in every transaction of life.

The Aryan brings to the contest a power of invention, a spirit of freedom, a love of enterprise, an amount of physical strength, a tendency to change, which the Chinaman can only hope to rival after long association with him; but at the same time he is improvident, he despises the day of small things, he rushes over the world and through his own life too fast to make out of them the most possible.

The Chinaman brings to the contest a slow and plodding industry, an unceasing watchfulness for the slightest opportunities, a power of making a little go a great way, which the Aryan can only learn by passing through a period of comparative hardship.

What, then, must be the result of the intercourse of the races?

Clearly the resulting civilization of both Europe and China must be different from that of either now. The Chinaman must develop some enterprise and inventive power, or the whole nation may become the slave of some European nation—to the certain ruin of that nation, certainly, but not to that of European civilization as a whole. The Aryan on his side must learn frugality and economy, or a peaceful invasion of Chinese may eat him out, as the ground squirrels eat out the farmer.

There is no denying there is a great danger ahead, that we are nearing a period of transition for the human race, a period in which there will surely be much suffering to a large portion of its population, but which will usher in a time when one civilization similar in kind, but varying in detail, shall spread over all the earth. To soften the shock, to prepare the masses for the competition that must come, to get ready to fight the Chinaman with his own weapons, those of peace and industry, and at the same time to retain our superiority in the weapons of war, and in invention, and enterprise, should be the aim of all thoughtful men of our race. We have crowded in cities, and there, producing nothing, have lived by manufacturing the produce of other countries, or, more artificially still, by being middle-men between consumer and producer. To find employment for our masses, too large now for the needs of our factories, we must teach them to return to the soil, to learn of Nature Nature's ways, to leave no stone unturned, no foot of ground untilld, to take with them labor-saving machines and use them themselves, to join hands in peaceful coöperations to accomplish works they cannot do alone; in a word, to think and act intelligently as the higher, by which I mean the more educated, classes of our society are compelled to do.

Our civilization is in more danger of being overthrown by the illiterate masses of society than by the Chinese; but if the higher strata advance without pulling up the lower after them, what else can be expected? The educated of our race need never fear the Chinaman; let them endeavor to educate the masses, and then those masses will cease to fear the Chinaman also, and at the same time cease to be a menace to our civilization. Do not misapprehend me when I use the word "educate." By education I do not mean reading, writing, and arithmetic, useful though these are; still less do I mean classics and mathematics. I mean the knowledge of all that constitutes a man's duty in this world: first to himself, to keep himself in health; second to his family, to support them; third to society, to keep himself and his family from becoming a burden to it; to do his duty as a citizen; whenever called upon to be ready, with whatever surplus of time or wealth may remain to him, to aid or instruct his less fortunate fellow-men, and to "do unto all men as he would they should do unto him."

SEVEN FAMOUS SONNETS.

[Of all English metrical compositions the sonnet is the most difficult. In its narrow plot the poet is bound about with iron rules, and beset with pitfalls fatal to any but capital genius and consummate art. Of the poems given below (in our judgment the noblest seven sonnets, by seven hands, that our literature contains) not one is faultless in matter, and only one in form. Their splendor is in mercy not unclouded; it dazzles but it does not blind. It is significant that of these incomparable examples of the kind of verse in which Petrarch poured out his love to Laura, not one is inspired by that passion; and we have the lack of patriotism to confess that it is probably something more than accident, also, that none are American. As there is just now in this country an outbreak of sonnetteering—for which Mr. Edgar Fawcett, if not responsible, is at least liable—we have thought it might encourage the ambitious bards to present the master works by way of enabling them to more clearly apprehend the altitude of the shining summits to which they so resolutely aspire.]

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flower the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

SHAKESPEARE.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve there with my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I foolily ask: But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our heart away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers:
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.

Eternal spirit of the changeless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard! may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness long concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind.
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne
Yet never did I breathe his pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS.

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive (stamped on these lifeless things)
The hand that mocked them and the heart that led.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

SHELLEY.

ELEVEN DAYS IN THE HIGH SIERRA.

By George B. Bayley.

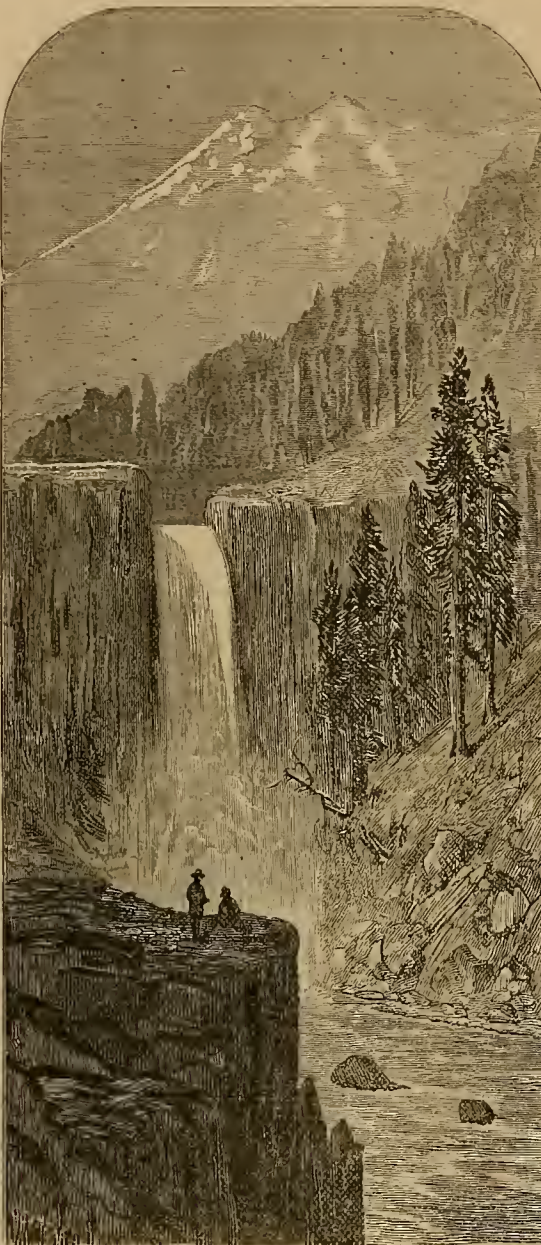
Grand and beautiful as are the scenes of that incomparable spot of earth, Yosemite Valley, the tourist who contents himself with a sight of its majestic walls and peerless cataacts little realizes how much of the picturesque in nature he might have enjoyed within a short ride of its perimeter. The beaten paths of tourist travel are trodden by thousands, but to the adventurous few who depart therefrom is reserved the enjoyment of new undescribed wonders. I believe there are very few who know anything about the region lying to the eastward of the Valley, or deem it worthy of a visit. For the benefit of the traveling public I purpose narrating some of the incidents of a ten days' horseback ride through the elevated, rugged region that forms the backbone of the State, expanding the notes of a hastily kept diary. The party was five, three ladies and two gentlemen, all of San Francisco, with Manuel Flores for guide—the best and about the only intelligent guide for the region about and beyond Yosemite—and Chas. E. Perego of Mariposa, formerly proprietor of the Mountain View House between Yosemite and Clark's, presiding over the indispensable culinary department. I mention their names for they have few equals in their specialties, and I can recommend them most heartily to any inclined to follow in our footsteps. We started from Yosemite June 24th, at 10 A. M., climbing the southern wall by the tortuous trail to Glacier Point, our outfit consisting of blankets (three pairs for each person), a light tent for shelter, and the necessary "grub," cooking utensils, etc., condensed into two packs of about one hundred and eighty pounds each. From the Glacier Point House we struck off to the southward, passing between Mount Starr King and Sentinel Dome, crossing the Bridal Veil Creek, and leaving the Valley of the Illouette to the left. Our first camp was at Dead Horse Meadows—an unattractive name, but a beautiful spot, and what was of more importance having plenty of feed for the mules.

Tuesday, June 25.—Broke camp at 7:30 o'clock traveling a little east of south and skirting the flanks of Buena Vista Peak. The route lay through the virgin forest, untouched by the axe of man. Enormous sugar pines and firs towered rank on rank along the mountain sides, an unbroken phalanx of giants for miles. By noon we had reached the shores of Crescent Lake, twenty miles from Yosemite, and near the boundary line between Mariposa and Fresno counties. The lake is in the exact form of a crescent, with both horns pointing westward. Its shores are densely wooded on three sides and on the fourth towers a vertical cliff of rock, from which one may look down a long gateway in the hills and see the San Joaquin plains in the dim perspective. The water of the lake is clear as crystal, and very deep. On its border is a log cabin inhabited in summer by a mighty Nimrod, Jim Duncan, who has killed forty or fifty bears within the past six years of his occupancy of the cabin. The country abounds in game—deer, cinnamon bear, an occasional grizzly, and smaller game *ad infinitum*. It is due east from Clark's, from which it can be reached in a distance of twenty miles—an easy half day's ride. Leaving this delightful spot we continued our route, visiting Lost Lake, an emerald gem set in the hills with such care that it requires an expert to find it. At half past two we crossed the south fork of the Merced, descending into and climbing out of a deep narrow cañon, and by five o'clock had reached our second camping place at Chiquito Meadows at the head of the Chiquito Joaquin, a large tributary of the San Joaquin. In this day's ride we had crossed the divide between the headwaters of the Merced and San Joaquin, and completely turned the western flanks of the obelisk group of peaks, of which Mount Clark, Red, Gray, and Black Mountains are the most prominent. The entrance to the Chiquito Meadows is very rugged. Riding was impossible. We could only pick our way, leading our straggling animals over the debris of ancient glaciers. Rugged though it be, it is the only possible way to pass from Crescent Lake to the Chiquito Meadows. Once at this lofty resting place, our animals enjoyed an abundance of grass and were rested from their painful journey.

Wednesday, June 26.—Continuing on a southeasterly course, we traveled over an easy rolling country, reaching the Jackass Meadows at noon. These remarkable meadow lands lie at the foot of Black Mountain, forty miles from Yosemite, or about twenty-two due southeast as the crow flies. They are four or five miles long and intersected by long tongues of tamarack and pine timber that divide the meadows into a succession of grass-grown parks fringed with trees. Here we found hundreds of horses and the first band of sheep encountered on the trip. We traveled through these droves of animals for several miles and then struck off due east, reaching Granite Creek, a tributary of the San Joaquin, at three o'clock. This stream is very wide, deep, and swift, and the horses were obliged to swim. The passage was made in safety, however, although our packs were slightly wet. We made camp at four o'clock in some beautiful meadows on a mountain side overlooking the north fork of the San Joaquin, where feed was plenty. We began to be sensible that we had reached a great altitude, as the nights were extremely cold, and ice formed on the borders of the streams.

Thursday, June 27.—We were on our way early, and after riding a few hours met three of the most villainous looking fellows that ever assumed human shape. We surprised them eating breakfast and imagined we had fallen into a bandits' encampment. One of them who was minus an eye, and flourished a huge knife in his hand, looked as though he would cut a throat with as much *sang froid* as the hunch of venison he was slicing. It was questionable, however, which party was the most surprised. They told us they had been sent out by sheep men to put the trail in order, and as we afterwards found indications of their work we could not disbelieve them, but the ladies experienced a sense of relief when they were no longer visible. About one hour after leaving them we crossed the north fork of the San Joaquin, a stream which is here 120 feet wide and 15 to 20 feet deep, swift and clear, fresh from the snow banks encircling Mount Ritter some fifteen miles away. A huge tree that must have

been two hundred feet high when growing on the bank had been felled across the stream, its upper surface smoothed off with the axe and rough railings placed on the sides, forming a very secure bridge, barely wide enough for a horse to pass over. We had been steadily ascending until we were getting into the region of almost perpetual snow, and at twelve o'clock halted for lunch on a vast snow bank where our last bottle of cocktails was drunk, cooled deliciously by the crisp crystals of congealed vapor. The whole country was covered with snow. The solitude was unbroken by the sound of bird or beast, no footprints were visible. We were alone with nature amid the deep hush that pervades her in her grander forms. At two o'clock we reached the summit of the San Joaquin pass 9,500 feet above sea level, the lowest depression in the range in this section of the country, although not precisely on the dividing ridge between the waters of Owens view and the San Joaquin. It was rather a sag in a spur of the Minarets. In ascending to the pass we rode over miles of snow, sometimes crossing a summer rivulet on a bridge of snow and anon tramping through the slush and ice that filled all the hollows and meadows of the heights. Drifts of snow from fifteen to thirty feet deep lay on both sides of the pass, a most fortunate circumstance for us, as the way was so rugged that even with the snow to aid us it was well nigh impassable. You will ask what was the view



NEW FALL DISCOVERED ON THE UPPER SAN JOAQUIN.

from the summit? My pen is incapable of picturing its grandeur. Mount Ritter and the Minarets lay directly before us, rising up from their surroundings in sheer, precipitous pinnacles and towers, so steep that even the snow could not cling to them, but lay piled in masses at their feet. Nearer than these was a lesser peak over whose summit a combing snow drift seemed to hang like a frozen wave suspended in mid air, and reflecting tints that would have inspired the pencil of Bradford as no arctic iceberg could have done. Behind us, away beyond, over the snow fields, the broken country we had passed, mellowed by its mantle of forest and leveled by the smoothing-iron of distant perspective, stretched away as far as we could see in a billowy landscape. In an hour and a half we had picked our way through the pass and descended to a stream called by our guide Warren Creek (probably erroneously, as I think Warren Creek proper is further north), a tributary of the San Joaquin that rises in the Minarets and goes brawling down a narrow valley over a rocky channel, like "Isar, rolling rapidly." We found the water ten or twelve feet deep, sixty feet wide, very swift and icy cold. Another rustic bridge of two parallel logs had been made by sheepmen here, but it was too insecure to bear our animals and we were obliged to unpack, "tote" our "plunder" across on foot, while Manuel and I swam the horses over. We camped on this creek, about three miles below the bridge, and half a mile above its junction with the middle fork of the San Joaquin. The camp

was in the loveliest spot that human fancy can conceive. I cannot describe it, but will ask you to imagine a rich grassy meadow interspersed with fine evergreen trees, a foaming cascade tumbling over rounded and polished granite boulders in "the way the water comes down at Lodore," a tall, sombre volcanic cliff, somewhat resembling the Palisades of the Hudson, rising in perpendicular height 2,000 feet above the meadow at its feet; mix up a good deal of moonlight and starlight with it all, and you have the principal ingredients of a scene which kept us at the camp fire till after midnight absorbed in its beauty.

Friday, June 28.—The incidents of this day were to be the climax of all we had yet passed in point of interest and enjoyment. Manuel Flores, our sagacious guide, who had brought us thus far safely over a trackless wilderness without the shadow of a trail, had told us that two years before, near this spot as he thought, while traveling from Long Valley to Clark's he had lost his way and found a number of blazes that led him to the brink of a cliff, from which he had caught a glimpse through the trees of a beautiful waterfall, rivaling those of Yosemite. The blazes had doubtless been made by hunters who were lost like himself. At the intimation of scenery of this kind in the vicinity we at once resolved to search for it. We left our camp on foot and descended to the mouth of the creek, half a mile. Here it joins the middle fork of the San Joaquin river, which is at this point a stream as large as the Merced in Yosemite, although so short a distance from its source. Ascending this stream a quarter of a mile we found we were obliged to leave its bed and climb up the wall on the northern side about two hundred feet to a terrace overlooking the river. We had not gone far before some one shouted, "See the spray." A dense cloud of mist appeared, a roar of descending water was borne on the wind, and a sudden turn confronted us with the falls. The view that we had of them from our standpoint was entrancing; on the north side a bold dyke of bare volcanic rock, on a shelf of which we were standing, seemingly thrust up through the crust of the earth, half a mile high, scarred and seamed with narrow crevices down which we could rattle thin stones that must have descended hundreds of feet before reaching bottom; on the south a sloping mountain covered with trees; before us the whole river made a vertical leap from over a ledge as square cut as a stone mason could make it, descending into a deep pool that was perfectly inaccessible, and having as a back ground to complete the picture the snow capped peak whose wondrous tints had captivated our senses all the day previous. We estimated the falls to be three hundred feet high, an estimate which is rather under than over the mark. The stream is from eighty to one hundred feet in width at the brink. It impresses one with a sense of beauty, grandeur, and power quite as deeply as the Vernal Falls of Yosemite. Manuel and myself succeeded in clambering down to the very brink of the falls, where we could look into the chasm below. Above the falls the river glides over a smooth bed of flaky slate, and seemed totally devoid of all sources of attrition—sand, gravel, or mud. These remarkable falls are almost unknown to the world. Much as I have climbed through the Sierra for many years past, I never before heard of them. They have never been described to my knowledge, and as they are off the natural lines of travel which those whose pursuits take them through this section would be apt to take, it is possible that we were the first to visit and appreciate them. After enjoying this wild scene to our satisfaction we returned to camp, and at nine o'clock were again on our way. Passing over a low divide we descended to the middle fork of the San Joaquin, a few miles above the falls, and crossed on a log that had been felled and prepared as a sheep bridge. A few miles further and we were at the summit of the Sierra Nevada. So easy was the ascent, however, that we scarcely realized it, and were at a loss to know just where the waters parted. But when the view of Long Valley, stretching away into dimness like an emerald ocean, burst upon us, we comprehended that we were descending into Owens River basin on the east side of the range. Distance lent such enchantment to the sage-brush plain that we almost thought we were getting into Paradise. Beyond the valley we had a view of the Inyo range for one hundred and fifty miles, overtopped by the White Mountain peak, which is said, by the Inyo people, to be the highest mountain in North America. At twelve o'clock, after a very abrupt descent we came upon Mammoth Lake, a handsome sheet of water two miles long and a mile or more in width, set down deeply in the hills and surrounded with peaks ten thousand feet high, their summits covered with snow and their sloping sides clothed in forests of yellow pine, cedar, and silver fir. This is the real source of Owens River, which is, however, fed by a chain of silvery lakes half a dozen or more in number in the immediate vicinity. Three years ago I had spent a summer vacation in traveling over this section on a visit to Mt. Whitney, to the southward, but saw no sign of habitation. Now, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a busy mining district, with some six hundred or seven hundred miners busily engaged in sinking shafts, running tunnels, putting up log huts and tents, etc. Some prospector discovered silver ore here a year ago, and the croppings proving rich, others were attracted to the spot, and the developments made give promise of the most flattering character. General Geo. S. Dodge, of Oakland, is owner of the Mammoth mine, the largest of the district. The settlement is called Mammoth City and there is not a woman in it. The houses are of logs and canvas and make quite a showing for a town. A saw mill has recently been put in operation near by, furnishing lumber for the embryo city. The town is seventy miles from Independence, with which it is connected by a good wagon road, and over which all supplies are hauled from Mojave, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, over two hundred miles across the desert. It is also connected by road with Aurora and Carson City. Mammoth City, whose high sounding title gives it a positive advantage in the struggle for existence, is at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, sixty miles in air line from Aurora and thirty miles south of Mono Lake. As we rode into it the people turned out in a body to receive us, and they seemed fairly bewildered with the distinction of a visit from real live ladies. In answer to the question as to whether they had any good mines about there, one of them quaintly remarked, "Mines? The richest damndest mines

in the country, stranger, don't you forget it." Four miles below the town in the alkali plain are some interesting geysers and mud springs, where the water perpetually boils and hot mud sputters and fumes like so many pots of hot mush. The water is strongly mineral, sulphur and iron predominating. From the spring the water runs over the ground four hundred feet before it is sufficiently cooled for bathing. Here at four P. M., we halted for the night at the base of a rock forty feet high, which was so perfect a representation of a skull that we named our camp Golgotha. A mile below is another geyser, where three years ago I saw a column of water spouting up to the height of thirty or forty feet.

Saturday, June 29.—At nine o'clock resumed our line of march in a northward direction, riding for sixteen miles or more over a country upon which the curse of Jehovah seems to rest. It is a long alkali plain, interspersed with low, desolate hills and ancient lake beds long since drained by the sun. It has evidently been the scene of violent volcanic action and disturbance of the earth's crust. There is a place near here where, in the middle of a forest, the trees have all been killed by subterranean heat for a space half a mile in diameter. Eleven years ago this place was so hot it was impossible to camp or travel over. In another place the land has sunken 100 feet for an area of a couple of hundred acres, the cleavage lines being abruptly vertical and the trees still growing at the bottom of the pit. Where the alkali plain surges up to the line of pine forest we came upon Grant's Lake, a superb sheet of water, two miles long and a mile wide, connecting by a short link of water with Silver Lake, in which the water was so warm that it was not possible to drink it with any degree of comfort. Here we concluded to camp, having an abundance of fresh water from tributary streams. Silver Lake is filled with myriads of a species of shellfish resembling shrimps or small lobsters, and which are considered by the Mono Indians as quite a luxury.

Sunday, June 30.—Rush Creek is the largest stream of water that takes its source in Sierra snows, and flows eastwardly. It drains numerous lakes that nestle among the bolder spurs of the summit range, and goes tearing down the steep declivities with noisy murmur, that is only hushed as it calms down into an occasional lakelet, spreading for itself a mirror with which to reflect its surroundings, and finding its way at last into that alkaline sea—Mono Lake. We discovered that we were near one of the most remarkable cascades in this stream, and started out to spend the Sabbath in an exploration of our surroundings. We rode to the foot of the cascades, three and one-half miles distant, and, leaving our horses, scrambled up to the top. The mountain face stood at an angle of more than forty-five degrees—indeed it was nearer sixty degrees—so that for about four hundred feet in the centre the cascade is nearly vertical, gliding down a polished surface into a clear pool fringed with ferns and pines. The entire height of the cascades exceeds 1,000 feet. Reaching the top, Manuel and I started to climb a high peak between our standpoint and Mount Ritter. It proved an exceedingly hazardous and difficult undertaking on account of the steepness of the slope and the treacherous uncertainty of the friable surface rocks that made up this dead volcano. Its altitude was about eleven thousand feet; and, once upon its summit, a more comprehensive view of the contour of the country was afforded than we had yet had. To the west, the one grand feature of the picture was the unapproachable Mount Ritter, "goring the sky with ragged horn"—the matchless monarch of the Sierra. We had, in our past week's journey, seen it from the west and the south; we now saw it from base to pinnacled crest only ten miles away. South of it, in the chain of summits, was the Minarets; while directly north stood Mount Lyell, proud of the living glacier that poured down its sides. Mono Lake lay far below us to the north. We counted no less than thirty-one small lakes from the summit of this peak, each from a quarter of a mile to two miles in diameter, the greater number being simply enlargements of Rush Creek.

Monday, July 1.—Broke camp at seven o'clock, following the course of Rush Creek from the Cascades several miles to a place where we could swim the creek, when we continued down its western bank for three miles until it opened out into a large lake. A short ride across country brought us to Joe Bohler's ranch, the Mecca of all sagebrush travelers. Bohler is a character worthy of study. A tall, athletic German, he leads a lonely, frugal bachelor life in the hills, subsisting on an anchorite diet of bread and water, with a hobby for "hygiene" (as though anybody could be ailing in that climate!), raising hay on his scattered meadows for sale to the mining settlements in the valley. He is the very soul of hospitality, and indulged us in fresh milk to our hearts' content. Four miles from Bohler's is Mono Lake, one of the most remarkable bodies of water on the continent. I was vividly reminded of an eventful experience endured on a visit to this lake three years ago. As an account of the adventure may be a warning to other venturesome tourists, I may be pardoned the digression to narrate briefly one of the most thrilling episodes of a somewhat checkered life. Our party at that time consisted of four gentlemen, one of whom was a geologist well known in California, whose tender love for nature has earned for him the appellation of "the Thoreau of the Pacific." In the course of our wanderings we found ourselves one July day at the ranch of Louis Sammon, on the western shore of Mono Lake. Having expressed a desire to visit the islands in the lake, Louis Sammon volunteered us the use of an old flat-bottomed boat and his company as guide. When we started out in the morning the lake was calm, and we had a pleasant row of six miles to one of the islands that seemed to rest upon the water the perfect semblance of a turreted monitor. Its surface was covered with lava, sand, ashes, and pumice-stone, and seemed fairly alive with gulls, whose eggs were scattered over the ground by thousands, some new laid, some hatching, while the fluttering young birds but just out of the shell were under our feet wherever we walked. The island was, perhaps, half a mile in diameter, and after satisfying our curiosity by a thorough inspection of it we again embarked to visit a much larger island two miles distant. This one was about two and a half miles long and two miles wide, and showed unmistakable evidence of having been the crater of some long extinct volcano. It was a mass of rugged irregular lava, with occasional coves and flats of alkali dust. A more desolate spot can not be conceived. In coasting about the island we discovered off the western shore some boiling sub-aqueous springs, making the lake water so hot as to

scald the hand thrust into it. About two in the afternoon we started to return to Sammon's. We had got but a mile or two when a sudden squall broke over the lake from the west, quickly churning its surface into formidable waves that placed us in constant jeopardy. The boat was a leaky tub, and one man was kept busy bailing out the water that came through the seams as well as over the sides of the wretched craft. It was decided after a hasty consultation that it would be folly to attempt to reach shore in such a gale, and that our only safety lay in returning to the island. We did so, but came within a hair's breadth of going to the bottom several times before reaching terra firma. The gale continued to increase from hour to hour all the afternoon, and not till nine P. M. did the wind die down. Meantime we wandered about the desolate island like shipwrecked mariners, sinking to our knees at every step in the fine, flour-like alkali. Not a drop of fresh water was to be found and we were perishing with thirst. To think of passing the night in such a place was too horrible, and at ten o'clock a majority of the company gained the reluctant consent of the rest to reembark for a second attempt to reach the shore. It was desperate folly as we soon found, for although the wind had subsided the waves were still high, and tossed our frail boat mercilessly about. M. sat in the bow to break off the waves with his broad back, and keep them from swamping the boat. B. plied the bailer with unremitting zeal. O. and myself pulled faithfully at the oars, while Sammon managed the rudder. It was bright moonlight, so we could see to steer for the nearest shore. We had got about half way when a sudden gust careened the boat so that she half filled with water. We all thought our last hour had come. I slipped off my boots and observed that M. had silently done the same, expecting that in case the boat sunk we might possibly swim to shore. It was a vain hope for in that intensely alkaline water it would have been an impossibility to survive. We should have been eaten up and boiled alive even had we managed to float. Luckily, providentially, we were not forced to this emergency. Quick work with the bailer kept the staggering craft afloat until suddenly we glided into smooth water, where the waves had subsided and all was still. "Is this a miracle?" I asked. "Providence," said M., quietly. We found on investigating the matter next day that we must have encountered the narrow current of Rush Creek where it sets strongly into the lake, producing a counter-influence to the surface agitation. At all events we had no further trouble in reaching shore, and at half-past two o'clock in the morning, with thankful hearts, again set foot on dry land. We were several miles from our starting point, but we were safe, and felt that we had been delivered from the very jaws of hell. Our joy knew no bounds. We cared not where we were to sleep, but, encountering a little filthy cabin, threw ourselves on the floor and slept soundly till morning, awaking with the startling discovery that we were in a den of hissing rattlesnakes that were gliding about the room. Fortunately none of the party were bitten and we escaped all dangers to reach home alive and well. But to return to my diary.

Tuesday, July 2.—Left camp early, passing through Bloody Cañon on our westward course, reaching the summit of Mono Pass at 10:30 A. M. Bloody Cañon is very properly named. It is studded with sharp, flinty rocks, that cut the mules' feet and legs, so that no animal passes through it without leaving a bloody track. At the summit of Mono Pass we could readily imagine that we had passed through the transition from summer to winter, as the wind blew a heavy gale from the west, sweeping through the snow-clad pass with marrow-chilling force. Snow lay in enormous drifts everywhere about us, fixed in masses unmoved by the wind by the compacting influence of the summer sun. The top of Mono Pass, which is 10,500 feet high, is marked by a strange and unexpected natural curiosity. It is a little lake of that peculiar, rock-bound, fathomless type which the tourist through the higher Sierra so frequently encounters. Its waters are clear as crystal, and on a calm day must reflect on its bosom the image of Mount Dana, lying directly north, as well as Mount Gibbs, over a shoulder of which the trail passes. The lake is considered almost bottomless; no one pretends to know how deep it is, possibly because no one has come to it prepared for deep-sea soundings. It bears the name of Sardine Lake, from the fact that in 1863 or '4 a pack mule loaded with sardines made a fatal misstep from the trail and slipped into the lake, never more to appear. Into this ice-cold and snow-bound lake Muir and I had, three years before, taken an elegant "header" from a rock some fifteen feet high, scrambling out upon the snow of its margin, after a few strokes, fairly glowing with the delicious shock. Such a plunge is worth a hundred dusty miles of travel. At half-past one o'clock we reined up our steeds at the famous Soda Springs, in the Tuolumne Meadows. As an agreeable beverage, the water of these springs is preferable to any springs in the State. It is highly charged with carbonic acid gas, which keeps it perpetually bubbling and boiling, as it pours up from nature's laboratory. We found a cabin at the springs, owned by a man named Lambert, who bottles the water and takes it to Yosemite Valley, where it is the only soda water in use. The Tuolumne Meadows, in which the soda springs are located, are seven or eight miles long, stretching in an unbroken, gently descending slope of grassy meadow from the base of Mount Dana westward to Courthouse Rock, the main Tuolumne River flowing through the centre. Pursuing our course down these charming meadows, we were confronted by two of the most beautiful crags in all the Sierra—Cathedral Peak and Unicorn Peak—both rising up out of dense forests of silver fir interspersed with the graceful Williamson spruce. Unicorn Peak rears up a slender horn of rock, gradually diminishing to a little point, on which there is barely room for two persons to stand, as I have demonstrated by a somewhat arduous climb. The peak overhangs at its summit, and altogether has a most striking and picturesque appearance. Cathedral Peak is no less remarkable in outline, its summit being divided into vertical shafts, pinnacles, and sculptured spires supported by massive buttresses. It is forbidding in appearance to the boldest mountaineer, but its stupendous massiveness, combined with its airy, cathedral-like architecture, convey to the observer a deep sense of sublimity and awe. Between these two peaks, deeply hidden in the forest that surrounds it, lies Echo Lake, the wild scenery of whose shores demands a more skillful pen than mine to depict. We found a charming camping place that night on the shores of Glacial Lake,

some miles further on, but our animals suffered from the lack of feed, and although it was in the middle of summer, a roaring fire and warm blankets were most acceptable and essential to comfort. Glacial Lake—of which the artist Munger has painted a picture that does it justice—would delight the scientific heart of the geologist looking for a support to the glacial theory. On one shore the bare granite has been polished and striated by the erosive force of resistless rivers of ice firmly holding their granite chisels. The glacier has even left its tools still stranded on the shore—huge boulders borne from some distant mountain. The forest bounds the lake on one side, reaching a tongue of hardy pines down to the very edge of the narrow outlet of the lake, that conveys its waters by an almost vertical plunge of two thousand feet into Lake Tenaya.

Wednesday, July 3.—We were so near Yosemite again that we might have returned in a half day's ride, but resolved to spend another day in further exploration. Accordingly we started out early in the morning, and skirting the head of Tenaya Cañon, and making directly for Mount Hoffman, in whose wild ravines heads Yosemite Creek, that rushes thence in rapid course to the terrible leap into the Yosemite, known to all the world as Yosemite Falls. On the way we passed Court House Rock, a wondrous shaft of granite, whose sheer precipitous walls rising twenty-five hundred feet perpendicularly above its base impress one even more deeply with awe and majesty than the far-famed South Dome of the Yosemite. At one o'clock we reached a point of interest for which we were searching—Lake Hoffman, a very deep, intensely blue sheet of ice-water set on the bosom of Mt. Hoffman, just at timber line, jealously guarded by surrounding crags. Here we did justice to Peregrine's luncheon, feasting our eyes as well with the distant views of all the outlying domes, crags, peaks, and forest slopes that surround Yosemite: Sentinel Dome, South Dome, Cloud's Rest, Mts. Lyell and Dana, Cathedral and Unicorn Peaks, Mt. Starr King, Mt. Clark, and all the most striking landmarks about the valley were spread out as a panorama before us.

Thursday, July 4.—Saddling up at a moderately early hour, we rode leisurely to the ruin of the northern wall of Yosemite, at the head of Indian Cañon, followed the brink to the top of Yosemite Falls, lunched on the edge of the precipice where the stream takes its vertical plunge of 1,600 feet, then resumed our course down the zigzag trail by the side of the fall, reaching the hotel from which we had started ten days before at 3:30 P. M. We had swept around a circle whose centre I will place at Mount Lyell for convenience (the common corner of Mariposa, Fresno, and Inyo counties), and whose periphery by the winding and erratic course we traveled measured some two hundred odd miles. We got back without accident, the ladies having endured the hardships and fatigue of the trip with remarkable strength and courage. Such a trip is rarely taken by ladies, and it may be well to remark that those of whom I speak were not novices at mountain climbing, having ascended the heights and ridden the animals of Yosemite for years past. The geographical position of our route may be traced on any map by the foregoing description, or it may be roughly imagined when I say that within the boundaries of the circle we had encompassed lie Mount Lyell, Mount Dana, Mount Ritter, the Minarets, Mount Clark, Gray Mountain, Red Mountain, Mount Starr King, Cloud's Rest, Cathedral Peaks, Unicorn Peak, and other lesser elevations. Of all these mountain heights, Mount Ritter is the most difficult and most dangerous to ascend, and it has been ascended by but four persons to my knowledge. Its crumbling rocks and vertical pinnacles do not invite the cautious mountaineer to a trial of his prowess. Mount Dana, at whose feet we rode in crossing Mono Pass, is very easy of ascent, and may be reached in two days' ride from Yosemite. From its summit you look down upon Mono Lake nestling far below and resembling a wash basin. It is a laundress's paradise, if Mark Twain's story be true, and a wash-basin that would be a fortune if some philanthropic Titan would set it down in the heart of San Francisco. The elevation of Mount Dana is 13,227 feet. Mount Ritter is estimated at a little in excess of 13,250 feet. Mount Lyell is 13,200 feet, while Mono Lake is 6,500 feet. The Soda Springs lie at an elevation of 8,500 feet.

I do not know that this narrative, for which my diary has given me the material, will incite any adventurous tourists to follow in our footsteps, but to all travelers in this region I offer this gratuitous advice concerning their equipment: Nothing save what is absolutely needful should be taken, two or three changes of underclothing, plenty of blankets, and the necessary provisions and cooking utensils being all that is required, no tent even being wanted unless there are ladies in the party. Stout shoes or boots, with the soles well studded with nails, are absolutely necessary for climbing, and a flannel shirt and the common blue overalls make the lightest and the most serviceable mountain costume. I may here mention that the ladies of our party all rode astride, and in no other way would it have been possible for them to have traveled over the rough country we encountered. It is the common-sense way to ride in the mountains, and is infinitely safer and less fatiguing, both for horse and rider. One other important point, be sure of the "doctor," i. e., your cook, for upon him mainly depends the comfort and pleasure of the cruise, and it is astonishing what a variety of well-cooked and appetizing dishes are at the command of a good mountain cook. From Lake Tahoe, on the north, to Mount Whitney, on the south, the whole range of the Sierra is one grand camping ground, and the whole extent of country between these two points, some three hundred miles, can be compassed in a summer's vacation. I have always preferred making my early start from the Yosemite Valley, partly from a desire to get a yearly view of it, but mainly because a good outfit can always be obtained there at a reasonable expense, but any mountain town near the Sierra will do as well, and in the next year when the new road to the Yosemite, via Fresno Flat, shall have been built, the tourist will be able to reach the Falls I have described in a day's easy riding from Fresno Flat over a fair trail, and can thence push on to Mammoth Lake, the Hot Springs and Geysers in five to six hours. From the middle of June to October, any of these trips can be made with safety and pleasure, the earlier month being best, as feed for the animals becomes very scant in the wake of the sheep, the summer pest of the mountains. Our eleven days in the Sierra were all too short.

NOTICE.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

THE ARGONAUT.

It will not be two years till the 24th of next March since we first attempted the enterprise of giving to the people of this coast a weekly journal. Following no model, attempting to rival no contemporary, and seeking to invade the province of no occupied field, we sought to find in our own way a place for ourselves. We determined that we would make a paper of original features, independent in the utterance of its opinions, and in order that we might be in a most marked and emphatic manner distinct from our contemporaries of the daily press, we resolved to be respectable. We do not aspire to be the most "brilliant and fearless," nor the most "enterprising," nor to have the "largest sheet," nor the "largest circulation." We do not claim that we are read by "the masses," nor that we are the "organ" of any class, or sect, or occupation, or party; but we claim that we are clean. The ARGONAUT has never made money enough to tempt us to consult blotter, day-book, or ledger, as to what opinions we should entertain or advance, and it never will. We are not watch-dogs at the door of State or municipal treasures. We do not contemplate ourselves as standing upon the public rampart, to warn of impending dangers. We are not spies to ferret out other people's weaknesses, nor detectives to sneak into the privacies of domestic life to expose human follies. We never hope to become severely literary or to make our paper so exceedingly nice and super-excellent that it will not interest ordinary people. We are ambitious to get circulation enough, and advertising enough, and thus earn money enough, to command the best thoughts and the best writings of the Pacific Coast; to make a paper that shall more than fill the field left vacant by the *Overland Monthly*; to encourage and develop the literary taste of the Pacific; to pay for the best writings, and become a vehicle for the best thoughts. Our readers, in measuring our journal, must consider the conditions under which it is printed. We have a jurisdiction on this side of the Rocky Mountains of less than one million of English-reading people, hence we must freight our vessel with a miscellaneous cargo, some politics, some story, some poetry, some society and theatrical gossip, some wit and humor, in order that by addressing ourselves to all tastes we may secure a circulation. If the ARGONAUT were printed in New York, it would have for its market 40,000,000 of readers. It would, by an arrangement with an enterprising news association, be promptly and cheaply distributed throughout the nation. We labor under difficulties incident to our isolation; difficulties that we shall endeavor to overcome, by making an arrangement to place our journal upon the news-stands of six thousand Eastern agents of the American News Company during the coming summer. So far, we have made no efforts to have the ARGONAUT distributed in our State, leaving it to make its own way by its own merits. We have not, as yet, overmuch bored people to take our paper. It has obtained a large circulation, and in the coming season we shall push it by an earnest and systematic canvass of the entire coast. We present to-day a thirty-two page number. It is a specimen of what we can do, and what we intend to do. We are ambitious to have a weekly journal of brilliant original matter, breezy of the Pacific, independent in its opinions upon all questions, earnest, honest, respectable, clean, and decent. We mean it to be entertaining and acceptable to families and readers of the better class. In its paper, type, presswork and general material, we shall make it as good as the mechanical facilities of the coast will permit. As this enterprise is not a purely mercenary one, we think we have a right to ask those of our readers who are persons of property, business, and social position, who are interested in preserving a

healthy public opinion, and in upholding social order, property, and good government, to encourage and aid us. Our increase of circulation is steady and healthful, our enterprise is upon a solid financial basis. It is intended to be permanent, and to grow as the population of the State increases. The *Overland Monthly* obtained a large circulation at the East, and was a welcome guest in all Eastern literary circles. After its first two years, it had not so many Eastern subscribers nor near so large a sale as we now enjoy, hence we feel encouraged to push ourselves to a broad and national recognition. There are many brilliant writers upon this coast, to whom we are even now paying large amounts for original matter, and we promise that our encouragement to this talent shall keep pace with our own prosperity, and that we shall deal as generously with literary people as the public deals with us. On our initial page will be found a design drawn by Mr. Jules Tavernier, and engraved by E. Largarde, of the establishment of Harper Bros., emblematic of our name and venture, representing primitive California, in the shape of an Indian maiden, who from across the bay at Berkeley is shading her eyes to watch the first vessel as it glides at sunset through the Golden Gate, the forerunner of our nervous life and civilization. It is our trademark, henceforth a permanent heading and title-page; for the ARGONAUT will never be changed to a daily, as many of our friends suggest. It will never become a monthly, as others desire; but so long as its present proprietors control it, it will remain in its present shape, and will be content to hold that safe middle ground between the hastily gotten-up and sensational daily journal, and the more carefully arranged and stately, but unprofitable magazine.

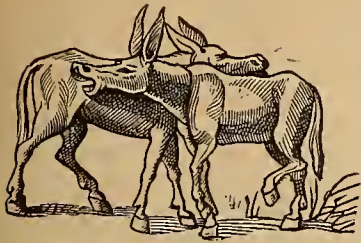
It is believed by the Christian world that nineteen centuries ago, in the village of Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, Jesus the Christ was born miraculously of a virgin mother by the power of the Holy Ghost, a birth heralded by signs and foretold by prophecies. To the shepherds watching on Judean hills, the angel of God appeared in glory, announcing the birth of a Saviour of the world, of the royal line of David. From Persia came wise men, magians of the East, to the infant at Bethlehem, with adoration and bearing royal gifts. They saw his star in the heavens, and followed it. It rested over the manger in the stable where between ox and ass the royal infant lay, and there they worshiped him. To-day, hundreds of millions, embracing the most cultured men of the most advanced civilizations, greet each other with joy, exchanging gifts and salutations, and rejoice at the birth of Jesus the Messiah, the Son of God. His flight from Herod, his marvelous teachings, the purity of his life, his sublime moral code, his miracles, his betrayal, his death, his resurrection and ascension, are the stories of our Sacred Writings. He found a world in idolatry, and changed it. His teachings and example confounded the wisdom of ages. He laid broad and deep the foundations of a system that now dominates the world. He overturned and mastered the superstitions of centuries, and gave to the nations a religion that, marching apace with the highest culture, keeps abreast with the intellectual progress of the age, and enrolls among its votaries the brightest of human minds. Science arrays itself against none of the teachings of Jesus. The subtlest intellects find no flaw in the perfect moral code of this inspired teacher. His was a wisdom deeper than all human learning; his a code more consummate than re-scrip-t of emperors or edicts of kings; his a philosophy surpassing that taught in academic groves; his an example of loving self-denial transcending all human example. To-day, in the imperial palace of the Czar, and away northward on the frozen sledge-paths, wherever the Greek Church holds dominion, the salutation is given, "Christ is born!" and the kiss exchanged. From the Tiber, and wherever in distant lands the Church of Rome has borne the religion of Jesus the Christ, this is hallowed as the natal day of God's Only Beloved Son. Wherever in all the world the Protestant faith is taught, there joyous bells proclaim anew the glad tidings that the angel of the Lord announced to the expectant shepherds on the lone Judean hills. This is the Christian world's best holiday. In our mother land it is a day of holly and ivy, of yule log and Christmas carols, of feasting and religious service; in ours it is a day for exchanging gifts, a day of social reunions, of toothsome dinners, of mince-pies and plum-puddings, of morning thanksgiving and of evening jollity and dance and song. In Roman, Protestant, Greek and Lutheran circles, by the authority of church and by the sanction of custom, it is to be regarded by old and young as a merry day. To all our readers, then, we wish a Merry, Merry Christmas!

At the Church of the Holy Trinity in the city of New York, a few weeks since, there assembled a convention of intelligent believers in the Second Coming of Christ. The venerable Dr. Tyng, of the Episcopal Church, presided; bishops, pastors, professors and laymen, of all the evangelical churches were in attendance, all of whom are believers in the personal and pre-millennial coming of the Lord Jesus to rule the world, not in a spiritual sense, but coming with actual personal presence—not as before the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, without place where to lay his

head, but glorious as the heir of God, possessor of the kingdom to rule the earth, and as a civil potentate to give laws to mankind. He is to herald the dawn of the millennium. His royal presence is to illumine the world, and drive sin, ignorance, and folly out from it. It is claimed that this doctrine is proved by the natural and faithful rendering of the New Testament, and does not depend upon the fanciful interpretations of prophecy. Under this interpretation, believers in the Second Advent look perpetually for His coming. The time and hour they have not dared to fix. Unlike the Millerites, who recently flourished their fanciful arithmetical calculations of years and days and periods, exhibiting curious pictures of beasts with horns, of altars and vials, with sensuous images of a royal incarnation, with absurd antics in preparation for an ascension, with insane ravings, and with sacrilegious nonsense, these more intelligent adventists await with patient and receptive hearts for the new and resplendent incarnation of the Divine Presence. They calculate not the day of His coming, but believe that it is near at hand, and that when it does come it will be instant and glorious. He will burst upon the world in all the irresistible Majesty of His God-like power, the King of Kings to rule the earth. This doctrine is taught, not by an ignorant and vulgar mob of fanatics, but by trained and scholarly minds, who profess to have given attentive consideration and careful, earnest study to the interpretation of the language of revelation and the teachings of the New Testament in reference to the Second Coming of Christ. It is our province to note this new direction to the current of theological thought, not to discuss it, not to express an opinion concerning it. This is the Christian's holiday; this is the fitting time for all who believe the Christian doctrine of the First Coming of Christ, or who hold opinions regarding the Second Advent of the Redeemer, to rejoice and be exceeding glad.

We have never doubted the authority of the General Government to deny to any class of foreign people the right to come to the United States of America. It is a proposition the denial of which would be to declare that the United States of America was not a sovereign power. We have never doubted that a State had authority to deny access to her shores of any class of foreign people, whom her political authority may declare to be dangerous to the welfare, health, morals, or repose of the community; to deny this is to declare that States are not sovereign. We have regarded every law made in the endeavor to vex and annoy the Chinese by State and municipal authority, in California, as a cowardly attempt to gain, by indirection, an end not attainable by honest and open legislation. We have always looked upon those who assault the Chinese, and who are guilty of acts of cruelty and violence against them, as barbarians unworthy the name of American citizens. The proposition introduced to the Constitutional Convention by Colonel Barnes to remove the Chinese from the State by legislative and judicial action, and to enforce penalties against all who employ them, has at least the merit of directness. It is taking the Mongolian ass by the ears and brings the consideration of the question to the legislative and judicial departments of the State Government, and at the same time presents to the General Government a direct issue; an issue that ought to be decided by the courts, and, when determined, ought to be acquiesced in by the people of this coast, unless they shall decide that the grievance is one that justifies rebellion against Federal authority. The proposition referred to is at variance with all our ideas of honor and generosity. The Chinese, who are among us, are here by virtue of an international law, entered into at the earnest solicitation of the Government of the United States with the Imperial Government of China, and we are bound by every consideration of law, honor, and humanity to recognize the law, abide by its consequences, and treat all Mongolians in our midst in the spirit of its provisions. We are in favor of an immediate revision of the Burlingame treaty, and of the passage by Congress of such laws as shall moderate the volume of Chinese immigration now pouring in upon us. This is, we believe, the feeling of all the better and more intelligent people of this coast. While we are impatient at the noisy and cowardly vaporings of our own ignorant masses, and still more indignant at the shameful moral cowardice exhibited by all the Democratic leaders, and by many of the Republicans upon this Chinese question, we are equally angry at the shameful indifference manifested by intelligent people at the East, and their studied determination to decide this question in ignorance of the true condition of things, and to subordinate all facts to their sentimental ideas. We are equally indignant at the political authorities at Washington—the President and his Cabinet—because they will not give to this question the consideration its importance demands. In view of bringing the authorities of the Pacific States to an early and decisive collision with the authorities of the Federal Government, we favor the adoption by the Constitutional Convention of the unconstitutional, illegal, and otherwise impolitic clause suggested by Colonel Barnes. It will bring about one of three results—a modification of the Burlingame treaty, or an armed uprising that shall terminate in a subjugated people, or an independent empire on the Pacific Coast.

PRATTLE.



My son, when thy life shall have reached its highest point, and thou findest thyself sinking, throw thou overboard a vice, and thereafter, from time to time, another and another, relinquishing thy last foible with thy last breath.

So shalt thou retard thy descent, and by well-timed renunciation of gluttony, drunkenness, tobacco, the ladies, late hours, and such-like ballast, come to earth with an amiable collision that shall not disturb thee. And for the better ordering of thy descent, after this fashion, fail not, my son, to start with as much ballast as thy health can lift.

"Kisses," observes a poet, "are sips of the wine of love." It is royally good wine, too, but when a fellow crushes a flask of it with Susan B. Anthony he observes that the vintage of 1740 is a shade too dry.

A life insurance company in Memphis refuses to pay one of its risks, because, although the policy-holder is as dead as Abel, the doctor, who should have certified to that fact, is himself as dead as Cain. The clergyman, whose certificate would serve in a pinch, is deadlier than either. The widow is an interested party, the undertaker has six feet of solid earth above him, and there are no living neighbors, unless some have revived since burial. On the whole, the financial future of that luckless policy is so discouraging that no fewer than five hundred speculators have already sold it short, and there is a powerful syndicate trying to make a corner in it to "bust" out the bears.

Elder Orson Pratt, of the Latter-Day Saints, is going to London to procure the publication of a new and revised edition of the book of Mormon. This book is an audacious plagiarism of the Bible; so an injunction will probably issue for protection of copyright, for the author of the earlier work is considered in London a British subject and a dignity of the Church of England.

The *Post* entreats the theatres to put their orchestras out of sight under the stage. I favor this reform in the case of every theatre except Baldwin's. If I should advocate depriving the audiences there of the pleasure of looking at Mr. Widmer's back hair, some sand-lot orator would denounce me as a selfish monopolist.

Tavernier, leaving Monterey,
To seek the City by the Bay,
Said, as he shook the dust from off
His feet, "I dare no longer stay."

My truthful genius would not stoop
To draw a ragged, greasy group
Of villagers as saints, nor make
A palace of each chicken coop.

But though I fly this pleasant spot,
I pardon those who made it hot;
Indeed, I'll send friend Marple down
To paint the beggars as they're not."

I wish Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard would, in his next letter in the *Sunday Chronicle*, tell us something about the man he never "chummed" with, if such a man there is? When he gets to the end of his literary career, through having "chummed" the present generation to death, I suppose he'll do business with posterity, and display a sign something like this:

Chumming Done Here.
Orders executed with Neatness
and Dispatch, and
Parties served at their Residences. No Connection
With any other Establishment.

The *Christian Intelligencer* holds that the Welsh, because they are all Protestants, are all moral. Yet Sam Williams, of the *Bulletin*, is a Welshman, and Evans is a Welshman, and Taffy was a Welshman! I pause for a reply.

"My child, have you heard of the difference between Mr. James C. Flood and Mr. Squire P. Dewey?" "Oh, yes, my teacher, I know all about it. It is a difference of depth expressed in their names; the one is an inundation, the other a dew." "Well answered, lad. Now tell me—considering these gentlemen's watery names—can their quarrel be justly termed a naval engagement?" "I have already well considered that point, may it please you, and I think not." "Why?" "Because if it were an engagement of any kind Mr. Dewey would have broken it long ago." "Is there no other reason why it cannot properly be so called?" "Yes; those words are already in use to describe the nature of Mr. Dewey's former connection with the bonanza—before Mr. Flood severed the umbilicus." "What!" "Twas but a sudden pun—'tis gone. Pray give me your arm, and let us leave this place."

The holidays are fairly laid on, the prosperous merchant commits his unusual excess in advertising and the local poet garners a harvest of dollars. For his palm has been crossed with silver and he puts into rhyme the merits of his patron's wares. Pegasus is become a peddler's pack-horse, soaring to the "highest heaven of invention" and "dropping down with costly bales." All other things being equal, the man who can write the worst verses gets the most money, but he who can sing them when written has a distinct advantage over him who can only declaim them. Dave Nesfield, caroling the worth of the Automatic Sewing Machine grows fat and prosperous; Dan O'Connell, reciting the splendors of the I. X. L. Store, achieves a less considerable competence, while I, who have neither song nor eloquence, can but thrust my metrical eulogium of Muller's Brazilian Pebble Spectacles into unwilling hands for a pittance, for which Judas Iscariot would have scorned to fill an order. Dan and Con Mahoney, I hear, are doing pretty well writing odes to a patent stereoscope and embossing them for the blind.

When Eve and Adam first were made,
Ere fairly they'd been shaped and laid
Upon a sunny slope to dry,
A Chinaman was passing by,
Who woke our father from his sleep,
Grinned, and said, "Washing done d— cheap."
(This scamp's success still displays
A sign inscribed so to the gaze
Of Adam's children—'tis a pity—
On C street, in Virginia City)
Now Ad. took in, when out of trance,
The situation at a glance;
Then said—the while his eyes were turned
On Eve, whose tender skin they burned,
Raising a little curl of smoke
Where'er they fell—"I think you spoke
Of washing; I am destitute."
In truth, I've but a single suit,
And that—well, John, you may expect it
If this fair lady should reject it."

The foregoing verse, or rather the shining pun which illumines them with the radiant effect of a bright red pumpkin in a field of sombre buckwheat, was suggested by a conversation of which I recently heard this much: "My dear fellow, you are blue since your return; did you make no conquests while gone?" "H'm! well, I asked a devilish fine girl to marry me." "And did she reject your suit?" "No; she accepted it—not the whole suit; only the breeches."

A respectable contemporary gets afoul of Colonel Bob Ingersoll and drubs him stoutly because, he as what we may call a practicing infidel, "would leave us without a light or guide, to grope in entire darkness. He should not attempt," says this mindless parrot, "to tear down unless he can build up for us something better—but he has nothing better to offer." I fatigue and fall ill of this hoary, decrepit, and doddering protest of brainless imbecility; it is the first, last, intermediate and only argument of mental vacuity. In the mouth of a Christian it is an unconscious, but unconditional surrender, for it distinctly implies that there may be something better than Christianity—that Christianity is a make-shift. On the lips of one who is himself a sceptic, though a theoretical one, it is an indecent assault upon common sense, for it means that any kind of error is better than truth. It is this kind of creatures by whom it is commonly and most shamelessly paraded. I thank heaven I have no prejudice either for or against religion, but I should like to write a history of religious controversy on the prepared ears of some of its assailants and defenders, and I would engage that if supplied with a sufficient quantity of the ears the work should extend to not less than ten thousand volumes.

No man of sane intelligence will plead for religion on the ground that it is better than nothing. It is not better than nothing if it is not true. Truth is better than anything or all things; the next best thing to truth is absence of error. When you are in the dark, stand still; when you do not know what to do, do nothing. To say "don't take away my faith unless you can give me another" is to beg the question—to assume the very point in dispute for the taker-away denies that you need a faith. If you think you do that is your affair. He is right to rap the skull of what he thinks error whenever and wherever it is thrust up; as to that it is not permitted to men to differ, but only on the question is it error. We do not ask a snake if snakes are useful, or if it is itself better than another snake; we only ascertain if it is a snake. Sometimes it is a harmless, necessary hangman's rope.

Speaking of religion, hangman's ropes, and such like moral agencies, I am reminded of an execution I once witnessed, at which a brace of miscreants assisted on the scaffold, and some thousands of not very sympathetic soldiers below it and about. It was at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in war-time, and the fellows were hanged by the military for a murder of revolting atrocity, committed without orders. At the critical moment one of them began a self-righteous assertion that he was "going home to Jesus." As the words left his mouth a railway engine standing near by uttered a loud and unmistakably derisive *Hoot—hoot!* It may have been accident, it may have been design; at any rate it expressed the "sense of the meeting" better than a leg's length of res-

olutions; and when the drop fell from beneath the feet of that pious assassin and his mate the ropes about their necks were actually kept slack for some seconds by the gusts of laughter ascending from below. They are the only persons I know in the other world who enjoyed the ghastly distinction of leaving this to the sound of inextinguishable merriment.

I once saw a cavalry soldier shot for desertion. He was seated *astride* his coffin, a black bandage about his eyes, his arms bound behind his back. The officer of the firing squad gave the commands "Ready—aim!" and a dozen loaded carbines were leveled at his breast. We heard him call out, up went the guns and the officer was seen to step forward and bend his ear to the man's lips. Then the officer stepped back, repeated the commands, and a second later the poor fellow was a thing of shreds and patches. "What did he say to you?" I afterward asked the officer. "Wanted to know if he couldn't have a saddle."

If the poem that accompanied the Beaconsfield testimonial has been published, I had not the good luck to see it, but the initial couplet appears in one of the morning papers as follows:

"The nations cease from war—safe, happy, free;
Thanks, noble Beaconsfield, to God and thee!"

It is to be hoped the whole poem was a gem worthy of the casket which Mr. Stott's genius created, but the conclusion of these two seems to be censurable in the highest degree, as not duly recognizing the relative rank of an English nobleman and the Deity; "thee and God" would have been a better sequence. I fear Lord Beaconsfield will consider the verses irreverent.

For example, now, what could be nicer than to take up the *Morning Call* at breakfast and see staring at you the head lines of Dr. Quackhunters' nine hundred and tenth letter on catarrh, with a description of the symptoms, which makes you chuck your soft-boiled egg into the middle of next week, and get up and blow your nose with the folding doors?

The forerunner of a new religious dispensation has appeared in England, where he has already a large following. This ecclesiastical tramp goes clad in sheepskins, trimmed with red flannel, has straws in his hair and bears aloft a blackboard inscribed: "I am the Prophet Elias"—which isn't likely. No, he can't be Elias—nor Elisha, nor Elijah. These were all prophets, but they're dead. Has anybody seen Eli Perkins lately?

"Who's got old Stewart," Mr. Hilton cries,
"His rotten body," Seligman replies,
Was taken by some robber from its hole;
"But you, my friend, have got his rotten soul."

A foolish contemporary is afflicted with the opinion that "the time is nearly gone by when the doctors can humbug plain people with their Latin names of diseases and drugs." Let us prepare to welcome the better era when every disease and every drug will have as many names as there are languages and dialects, when the medical knowledge of one country will be a sealed book to the medical students of every other, when a prescription cannot be filled ten miles from where it was written, and when the uninstructed instructors of the people shall perform grave bygone gambolling of joy at the second advent of the sainted old woman with her "mixtures rank of midnight weeds collected." But O, thou just and beneficent heaven, take not from us in these few remaining dark days the amusement of curiously considering how fools distrust the wise, and how ignorance is impatient of knowledge.

For how long must one have been dead in order to be body-snatched without blame to the snatcher? We curiously dig in the old Indian *raucherias* and pack off the bone of the departed brave without compunction and without reproof. The "mound-builders'" melancholy remains are held sacred by nobody, and may be ogled and pawed in every museum. A skull, a femur, or a few vertebrae from the field of Shiloh or Gettysburg is an acceptable souvenir of "the late unpleasantness." Schliemann makes no bones of not only uncovering those of Agamemnon (Schliemann's Agamemnon) but robbing them of their ornaments, which respectable Christian gentlemen purchase. Considering these pleasant customs, and the honors accorded to those resurrectionists who make a notable and interesting "find" in some freshly-opened grave or broken vault, is it not a little finical and carping to howl about "desecration," "sacrilege," "ghouls," and the like, when a dead relation of a dead President is haled out of his hole into a dissecting room, or the rubbish of a departed millionaire lugged off in a sack? If a man freshly dead has rights which we are bound to respect, at what stage of the unpleasant business in which he is engaged does he forfeit them, and why?

A correspondent would like to know how to sound the final j in the name of Wilhemj. It is not intended to be pronounced; it is merely a rude hieroglyphic, or symbol, representing a bit of cat-gut, and indicating that the fellow is a fiddler.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF AN EARLY CALIFORNIAN.

Contrasting the Present Metropolis of the Pacific Coast with the Hamlet of only Thirty Years Ago.



YERBA BUENA, OR SAN FRANCISCO—1847. VIEW OF COVE AND GOAT ISLAND BEYOND.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30, 1847.—We cast anchor before this town, called by the Spaniards Yerba Buena, on the 26th March, at 5 P. M. The *Independence*, *Cyane*, and *Lexington* vessels of war, were near us, besides several merchantmen—I slept that night at the Portsmouth House, on the Plaza kept by a man named Brown, where I met the Alcalde, Leidesdorff, late American Vice-Consul, Dr. Robert Semple, a six-footer in buckskin, one of the bear-flag party and editor of the *Californian*, other residents, and several navy officers—our old friend, Frank Conover, among them. As six months had passed since we left New York, I sat up listening to the news. From all accounts, Stockton and Fremont have disturbed, rather than quieted, the people of the country, who were favorably disposed toward us at the time Commodore Sloat raised our flag at Monterey. Everything seeming peaceful, he went home soon after, leaving Stockton in command of the squadron. About the same time, a lieutenant of the marines, named Gillespie, arrived here, and proceeded north with dispatches for Fremont—probably letters from Senator Benton, informing him of the intentions of our government. Fremont was on his road to Oregon when Gillespie overtook him. He turned back, and, reinforcing his band with a party of emigrants who had raised the bear-flag, seized horses from the rancheros to mount them, and cattle to feed them, and marched toward Monterey. At Sonoma, some of our best friends—General Vallejo, his brother, his brother-in-law, Mr. Leese, an American, and a Colonel Prudhon—were made prisoners. At this place, where Stockton was received with honors—procession, dinner, etc.—numerous Californians assisting, he informed them that he and his army would wade ankle-deep in blood, if necessary, to conquer the country. The officers of the army, and of the navy outside of Stockton's own ship, believe the late troubles have been caused mainly by those who were ambitious to make history for themselves. The *Independence* and *Cyane* left here the early part of the month. We do not know their destination, but suppose they are to blockade Acapulco or Mazatlan. Last Sunday I rode to the Mission of Dolores, three miles from here, in company with Leidesdorff, Captain and Mrs. —, etc., etc.—eight in all. The priest, Padre Santillan, is an Indian. He was assisted in the service by several boys clothed in priestly garments. A numerous congregation of Californians were kneeling as we entered the church door. The interior was decorated with pearl shells, and many gilt and tinsel ornaments, and illuminated with candles. The women were dressed in rich colored silks and satins, with colored mantillas, or *rebozos*, drooping from their heads, and the men in blue jackets, and *calzoneros*, with silver buttons, and red and blue *serapes* on their shoulders—the effect was beautiful. We did not remain through the service, but walked about to examine the Mission buildings. They formed three sides of a hollow square, and were all built of adobe; some of the garden walls are composed of bullock skulls, and horns piled up and stuck together with adobe—all in ruins, with the exception of those near the church. A corral shows where the bull fights are commenced. I hear the animal is not confined to it, but often rushes through the

anything of the kind I have ever seen. He is very entertaining and hospitable, and his house is a great resort; a hearty welcome and a cup of delicious coffee await his visitors at any hour. There is only one garden in the place—Leidesdorff's—which has been made by scraping the decayed leaves from under the scrub oaks and forming flower-beds of the loam. His Scotch gardener has succeeded wonderfully in this enterprise. You must know that the land hereabout is covered with sand, excepting in the heart of the town. At the Presidio, and about the Mission, where the winds have full sweep—a northwest gale blowing daily during the summer, from 11 A. M. till sundown—the sand hills are thickly covered with scrub-oak woods, which lean away from the winds as though they would avoid them.

May 31, 1847.—This letter will be brought to you by General Kearney's party. Every one regrets his leaving. He has the esteem of all who inhabit this country, Californians as well as foreigners. Fremont is with him under arrest. Colonel Mason is, of course, left in command. News of the taking of Vera Cruz by General Scott, and of General Taylor's great victory over Santa Ana, sent by the British Minister at Mexico, has come to us from Mazatlan. We celebrated here with the greatest enthusiasm by illuminating the town, firing salutes, burning tar-barrels, etc. If military successes, such as any army might be proud of, fill your soul with joy, think of the effort they produced upon his children of the republic, in an unfriendly territory, and so far separated from it. But for all this glory, how much we shall rejoice in peace—a peace that adds California to the Union. If it is restored to Mexico, you may depend upon it that we shall fight for it upon our own hook, for wherever an emigrant has obtained a piece of land he will defend it till death. Farms of the Spaniards, lands that have never been cultivated before, are worked on joint account, and will eventually be in their possession. The Californians work but little, and, receiving large incomes from their growing farms, are enabled to lead easy lives. Bob gave a fandango at the Mission of Dolores last week. There were some thirty señoritas present, besides the Mormonitas; three of them were quite pretty, and one married to a man named Andrews, of Salem, Massachusetts. Two of her brothers were shot by Fremont's party. Notwithstanding their gracious manners I could not help thinking they hated us for our American blood. The dancing commenced at nine o'clock, and we left them still at it at five in the morning. We ride on horseback almost every day, each resident having a cavallada of from two to a dozen horses, cared for by a vaquero. On the few days when the fog will allow us to catch sight of them, the views from the road to the Presidio are very fine, and varied. At one moment you are picking your way through the thickest scrub-oak shrubbery, and the next galloping over a beautiful plain; your path through the woods in the early morning before the northwester has set in, and while the sun is unveiled by fog, is overrun with rabbits and quail, and if you choose you may give chase to the coyote, who jogs along unconcernedly not very far ahead of you. Wild flowers are scattered far and wide over the plain, brilliant in color, and beautiful enough for the choicest garden; and *madules* (strawberries), just ripe, are waiting to be picked here and there, and all along the road. Of a clear day the beauty of the Bay of San Francisco, and of the hills and mountains which encompass it, are beyond my powers of description. Our rides extend to an old fort near the entrance to the Bay, but on our return, we always call upon the officers at the Presidio, to tell the news, or to listen to one of Captain Lippitt's stories.

June 29, 1847.—Last evening I was introduced to Commodore Stockton, at General Vallejo's. He has just purchased a large and valuable estate near Santa Clara, and is on his way home over the mountains. We have heard of the capitulation of San Juan d'Ulloa, and of our army being within one day's march of the City of Mexico. Where will you find laurels sufficient to cover the victors? We have had glory enough; send us peace. Business is dull. Land speculations occupy every one's attention at present. Think of fifty vara lots (one hundred and thirty and a half feet square,) in San Francisco being sold for seven hundred and fifty dollars! It seems like 1837 on a small scale.

October 15, 1847.—Governor Mason paid us a visit about three weeks ago, which he said he enjoyed much. We did our best to entertain him. Dinner parties were given him every day of his sojourn, and a ball, which surpassed any before given, enabled him to see collected together "our best society." We sent all around the Bay for Spanish ladies, and had quite a fine collection of them, including Doña Dolores, the belle of the Contra Costa.

December 6, 1847.—An overland express (Kit Carson) has arrived at Monterey, and we have just received a very probable rumor that Santa Ana is killed, and the City of Mexico is in possession of our forces. If such is the case, peace must soon follow. We all pray for it here. Mr. Davis, of the Sandwich Islands, has lately married a daughter of Señor Estudillo, of Contra Costa. The wedding has brought all the neighborhood into town. We have given up our sleeping rooms to the señoras and señoritas, and have slept in our stores for two weeks past. Dinners, and suppers, and balls have followed, one upon another, so that we scarcely know how we stand. Think of dancing three nights in succession, and two of them until eight o'clock in the morning!

March 29, 1848.—Our town is increasing fast; it is three times larger than when I arrived. Politics rage to an ex-

tent known in all American cities. We have just heard a rumor of peace from Mazatlan, that Santa Ana is shot, and that we are to hold New Leon, New Mexico, Upper and Lower California, Tehuantepec, and Mazatlan. Hope we shall soon have this confirmed. Owing to the failure of the government to pay its just debts, the withdrawal of the squadron to Mazatlan, where its money is at present spent, the economy of the military government of California, the large amount of cash received for duties and locked up by the United States Quartermasters, the failure of the rancheros to pay what they owe us in consequence of the government having taken their horses and cattle for military uses without remuneration, and the recent custom of our merchants in paying cash instead of hides and tallow for goods, business is seriously affected. From all accounts we are to have a large immigration from the States this year, and from Oregon, where the Indians have begun a war of extermination. But the great inducement to immigration hereafter will be the news soon to reach the United States of the discovery of the richest gold placers ever known. Although in former years it has been found by the Indians in small quantities and brought to the notice of the priests, they had discouraged them from meddling with it, foreseeing how much it would interfere with their plans for proselyting, and for a long and peaceful occupation of the country, and no one in those days supposed it so abundant as to render its search very remunerative. Unsought and unexpected, it may be said to have discovered itself; in consequence, however (and let us not forget it), of the enterprise of Captain John A. Sutter, who feeling the necessity of a good supply of timber for himself and for the immigrants arriving and settling about him, determined to build a saw mill on a branch of the American River, where woods were plenty. The mill was constructed and running the early part of this year. Last month a man named Marshall, who had charge of it, while looking into the race one morning (second of February), observed something sparkle, and scooped it out. On examining the little scales, he thought they might be gold, and without saying anything about the matter to his workmen, told them that he was going to the Fort. You may be sure the forty-mile ride was a hurried one, and that the eyes of the Captain and himself were never larger than when they secretly tested and proved that the particles before them were of the pure stuff. Just before dinner one day, as I sat writing at my desk, our neighbor Davis came into the store with two strangers. He held in his hand a small buckskin bag, and asked me if I could tell virgin gold when I saw it. I answered that I did not think I could, but would see; whereupon he poured from the bag some delicate little yellow scales, much lighter in color, however, than what we call guinea gold. Davis said that the men wanted to buy goods for half cash and half gold dust, at the rate of \$14 per ounce, and that if it was gold, there would be a large profit on it at that price; but how were we to test it? "That is easily done by going to Bu.ka'ew's" (a jeweler who has opened a shop at Clark's Point), said I. So away we started, all four, and to the wonder of Buckalew laid the treasure before him. A touch of his nitric acid (I think it was) soon settled the matter to our satisfaction, and home we went to trade. Day after day, others came down the river to see if they really could buy anything they wanted with the dust so easily scraped together. As the stores were soon gleaned of what was most desirable, other articles long resting forgotten on the shelves were taken; in fact, anything that came to hand, as gold seemed too plenty to be worth much in the long run. Silver is hoarded, and has become so scarce that it is difficult to get enough to pay our launch hands, and bakers, and washerwomen. They "don't want gold dust any way." Larkin was here on his way to Sacramento the other day. He thought the discovery would ruin San Francisco, as a place of business, that Benicia would become of more importance, and that some place at the headwaters of the Sacramento, and near the mines, would become the future great city.

May, 1848.—Gold is sold for \$9 the ounce, for silver dollars, and very few of these in circulation. It is found so easily and in such quantities that the miners seem anxious to exchange it for all kinds of commodities, and many are fearful of its depreciation. I heard of a man in camp who, being out of tobacco, and seeing a Californian prepare a cigarrito, asked him what he would take for it. "Una onza?" He deliberately paid out the gold, and soon turned into smoke what would have brought him \$16 in Mexico.



LEIDESDORFF'S COTTAGE, PRESENT SITE OF ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING.

Talk of the luxury of Rome! Does not this equal the drinking of dissolved pearls? At Benicia is a country store, much patronized by launch hands to and from Sacramento, principally for drinks. The gold scales are rounded playing cards, attached with cotton cords to a wooden beam. The wooden beam is held up by another cotton cord somewhere near the centre. And the weights are little junks of lead cut to suit—no one objects. The dust is scattered carelessly, and the earth under the shanty will become a small mine at no distant day. I have seen sailors take pinches of gold dust from their waistcoat pockets, and when in stress turn them inside out, and shake them upon the counter. There



NORTH BEACH—1847. J. ANA BRIONE'S HOUSE.

plaza. As there are but few of us residents here, we are very intimate, meeting at each other's houses unceremoniously, often inviting ourselves to breakfast, dine, or sup, as we happen to fall. Besides Americans—principally New Englanders—there are a Dane, two Russians, a Swiss, and a Sandwich Islander in our little circle. Next door to the hotel lives Don Juan Vioget, a native of Switzerland, at one time a lieutenant in the Brazilian navy. He speaks four or five languages, draws skillfully, and has surveyed and made the plans of this Pueblo of Yerba Buena. The ceilings of his parlors have been painted by him in tasteful designs; and a panoramic view of the Bay, in pen and ink, exceeds

is no end to the stories that are told as to the acquisition and profuse expenditure of gold. At present we seem cut off from the rest of the world, having a superabundance of the precious metal, but being unable with it to pay wages or buy food, or even to pay duties to the custom house authorities (military). However, they receive it at \$12 per ounce, to be sold at auction a few months hence. There are very few scales in the country, and you would be amused to see what kind of crockery is used for gold jars. I don't know how better to describe the state of feeling among the workmen about us, than to say that I remonstrated with one of them for squandering his store. "Why, sir," he answered, "what difference does it make? I know a spot where I can go and get just as much as I want." They seem to think it inexhaustible, the quantity indeed so enormous that it must fall in price, and that they should enjoy it while they may.

June 1, 1848.—The gold discovery has been serious in its effects. Farmers have left their ranches, mechanics their benches, seamen their vessels, and even traders their stores, to dig gold. The average amount collected per man is said to be from \$15 to \$20; some have collected \$60 and \$100 a day. Men are offered from \$8 to \$25 a day to work, cook, etc., for the miners. The old towns will hereafter be occupied only by wholesale merchants, and new ones will rise in the Sacramento country. Over fifty volunteers have deserted from their command, and our town from being the noisiest and busiest of places has become the quietest and laziest.

July 22, 1848.—The town is almost deserted; so is every town in California as far south as the news has reached. Coin is very scarce; it is much needed for duties at the Custom House. Although so many have left, we managed to assemble a sufficient number for a ball on the night of the Fourth by sending for the señoritas in all the country round. The last news from Mazatlan was not at all peaceful, and the squadron will remain there until September or October. When will the government open a way of communicating with us? Your last letters were dated January; this is too long to wait. The storekeepers are actively employed from early morn till eleven at night. Their customers are a strange-looking set, made up of Californians, trappers, Oregon emigrants, and a very few late from the States—all from the mines, ragged and dirty, having perhaps landed from launches which came in during the night. Each man has his little bag of gold, and buys blankets, boots, shirts, fine tooth combs, and soap, paying the prices asked without question, and promising to return, after cleaning and feeding, to trade. They have from \$500 to \$5,000 apiece. Vessels are beginning to arrive from the Sandwich Islands, Peru, Chile, Canton, Manila, and the States, and many of them must remain for a while, as the crews all leave for the mines whenever they have a chance to desert. The United States soldiers—rank and file—are also leaving.

August 10, 1848.—Most of the inhabitants have either removed to the mines, or are on the wing to and from stores or posts near "the diggings." A few merchants remain, receiving cargoes from below, and selling and distributing them with their launches to different points above. Notwithstanding the income from ports along the Pacific Coast, from the Sandwich Islands, and from home, the place looks bare. Many prophesy its decline and the uprising of a great commercial city somewhere above us, either at Benicia, or the *embarcadero* of Sutter's fort, or at other points equidistant from all the mines. Larkin has been shaking his wise head and lamenting over the departing glories of San Francisco; and Dr. Semple is all smiles, and, in his enthusiasm over the promised success of her rival (Benicia), almost dislocates the fingers of every hand he shakes. He was the *inventor* of Francesca, and of the sale of its lots as advertised, and when Yerba Buena became San Francisco, he changed its name to Benicia, "to prevent San Francisco receiving any advantage which might come to it from the confounding of names." To-day I paid \$100 for hundred-vara lot No. 113 (the present corner of Townsend and Third Streets). As no survey has been made, and no stakes are driven in that part of the town, I don't know exactly the position of the lot, but will find out in due time. The water lots are receiving more consideration and will become valuable in time. At the late sale some of them brought \$400. The lots are one-third as large as a fifty-vara lot. The most desirable property lies between Sacramento Street and North Beach. Leidesdorff's cottage, its *adobe* walls and the lot on which it was situated having been purchased from Bob Ridley, is the last house on Montgomery Street toward the Mission—no, not the last, for an old watchmaker named Russ, who came out in Stevenson's regiment (bringing his family with him) took out a fifty-vara lot some distance beyond him on the other side of the sand-hill, which hides it from the rest of the town. On it he has placed an old ship's caboose, to which he made additions sufficient to accommodate his wife and children, who have moved in from the Presidio.

November 20, 1848.—After many efforts and long waiting our public school is opened. Dr. Fourgeaud is one of the trustees, and Mr. Thomas Douglas has been elected teacher, with a salary of \$1,000. The building is of fair size, standing near the old *adobe* custom-house on the plaza, and has already been in use for church purposes. Captain L. H. Thomas, a most estimable Welsh gentleman, reads prayers there every Sunday, and Mrs. Charles V. Gillespie has organized a Sunday-school, the first on the Pacific Coast. But the need of a minister who can preach, visit the sick and dying, and give consolation to those in trouble, being seriously felt, Mr. Gillespie has succeeded in raising \$2,400 by subscription, and the Rev. Mr. Hunt, now at the Sandwich Islands, has been invited to settle here as chaplain. A census has been lately taken, showing the population to be about six hundred.

December 13, 1848.—Mr. ——— and family have just arrived. They have brought with them three Chinese servants, perfectly trained—two men, and one young woman named (I suppose by themselves) Marie. They are curiosities, being the first natives of the Celestial Empire who have taken up a residence in California. They are much attached to Marie, and she is very faithful to them. The Chinese, they say, make excellent servants, and it may be, although lovers of their own country, that more may come to us. Kanakas, who were good-natured, served pretty well before the mines were discovered, but it is hard to keep any one at present.

JAMES C. WARD.

DEATH AND DESOLATION.

Poems by the late Colonel Richard Realf.*



EAD—DEAD!

I shall never die, I fear.
O heart so sore bestead,
O hunger never fed,
O life uncomforted,
It is drear, very drear!

I am cold,
The sunshine glorifying all the
bills;
The children dancing 'mong the
daffodils;
The thrush-like melodies of maid-
ens' lips;
Brooding thanksgiving o'er dear
fellowships;
The calm compassions and be-
nignities
Of souls fast anchored in trans-
lucent seas;

The visible radiance of the Invisible,
Far glimpses of the Perfect Beautiful,
Haunting the Earth with Heaven—they warm not me;
The low voiced winds breathe very soothingly.

Yet I am cold.

Years—years.

So long the dread companionship of pain,
So long the slow compression of the brain,
So long the bitter famine and the drouth,
So long the ache for kisses on the mouth,
So long the straining of hot tearless eyes
In backward looking upon Paradise:
So long tired feet dragged falteringly and slow,
So long the solemn sanctity of woe,

Years—years.

Perhaps

There was a void in Heaven, which only she
Of all God's saintliest could fill perfectly;
Perhaps for too close clinging—too much sense
Of loving and of Love's Omnipotence,
I was stripped bare of gladness, like a tree
By the black thunder blasted. It may be
I was not worthy—that some inner flaw
Which but the eye of the Omniscient saw,
Ran darkling through me, making me unclean.
I know not; but I know that what hath been—
The thrill, the rapture, the intense repose
Which but the passion-sceptered spirit knows;
The heart's great halo lighting up the days,
The breath all incense and the lips all praise,
Can be no more forever: that what is—
Drear suffocation to a drear abyss;
Lean hands outstretched toward the dark profound,
Starved ears vain listening for a tender sound;
The set lips choking back the desolate cry
Wrung from the soul's forlornest agony,
Will last until the props of Being fall,
And the green grave's deep quiet covers all.
Perhaps the violets will blossom then
O'er me as sweetly as o'er other meo:

Perhaps.

It is most sad:

This crumbling into chaos and decay.
My heart aches; and I think I shall go mad
Some day—some day.

[WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS SUICIDE.]

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" When
For me this end has come and I am dead,
And the little voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now
With the word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to the day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, natheless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
And benedictions from the black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
He smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the angust broadening of the light
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

Sonnet.

Love makes the solid grossness musical;
All melted in the marvel of its breaths,
Life's level facts attain a lyric swell,
And liquid births leap up from rocky deaths,
Witching the world with wonder. Thus, to-day,
Watching the crowding people in the street—
I thought the ebbing and the flowing feet
Moved to a delicate sense of rhythm away,
And that I heard the yearning fays say
"Soul, sing me this new song!" The autumn leaves
Throbb'd subtly to me an immortal tune;
And when a warm shower wet the roofs at noon,
Soft melodies slid down on me from the eaves,
Dying delicious in a mystic swoon.

* The verses which head this column, and the sonnet, were found among the effects of the late Colonel Realf, and purchased by the ARGONAUT from his widow. The memorable verses written the night before his suicide have before been published, but are reproduced to fill out in a measure the solemn and morbid sequence.

REMINISCENCES.

"Black Sand Jack."—A Joke of Early Days.

In the booming days of Placerville—then more commonly known as "Hangtown"—during the years '50 and '51 there was an immense canvas building, devoted to all the wickedness and cussedness that could be originated or imported from any land. Twenty or thirty gambling tables were kept constantly running—music, rum, and the necessary glitter.

Near the centre of the large room was a long sheet-iron box stove—for in those early days there was no cast-iron about—around which were common benches for the habitués to sit on, and warm themselves during the damp and cold winter evenings.

One dark and rainy night, when the room was packed full, a man dressed entirely in buckskin came in; he was well known—known too, as a brave, fearless backwoodsman; he always carried his rifle and powder horn, and moved and looked like a revolving arsenal. But this evening, an unusual thing for him, he appeared to be drunk; his clear, strong voice would occasionally rise above the murmured din and clink of coin, so that even the sitters round the stove seemed inclined to give him all the room he wanted.

At length, in a loud voice, he called for a drink, which was given him; and then he as loudly said:

"Boys, I have lived long enough."

From his powder horn he poured a lot of powder into his hand saying, "that is all right," and touched it off—the dull puff and whirl of smoke filled the air, and it seemed as if every eye was turned toward him. Then, apparently becoming furious over some imagined trouble, he tore the large powder horn from his side, advanced to the box stove, filled with blazing wood, and threw it in, crying in a loud and stentorian voice:

"Now, let every man wait!"

But there was no waiting—through the windows, out of the doors, even through the side of the house, over the tables, players, gamblers, lookers-on, all stampeded! There never was such a hurried wreck of a house before!

But as no explosion took place, those who had left large sums of money gradually crept back; for everywhere gold was scattered, and, of course, much was found that never went on the tables again.

The backwoodsman meantime had quietly stepped out the backway, mounted his horse, and rode away in the gloom. And it was well he did so, for the gamblers hunted him for a week afterward. But eventually everybody laughed at the joke, and he became known as "Black Sand Jack," for of course his powder horn was filled with sand, except the little he turned into his own hand as an experiment—but that little experiment bewildered the boys. SAXON.

The Nevada Schoolmaster.

Harry Floty was a university man, who had been some time in Nevada, and having bad luck, couldn't do better than to leave digging and take to school teaching. He was pale, slender, and scholarly looking, and the President of the Board of Trustees said to him, sorrowfully, as he brushed a tear:

"Mister, you may be book learned, but it takes more than that for a teacher in the Cranberry Gulch school, as you will find. The last teacher sleeps in yonder grave-yard; the one before him left an eye and one arm to show his incapacity; the one before was very much eaten by the eels when we found his body, and the three before him ran away with only about four eyes and six legs between them. Our boys are rough and don't stand no nonsense."

"Let me try," replied Harry mildly. "I'm weak, but I have a will. I'll open next Monday at 9 A. M."

At eight Harry went down to the school-house, with the key in one hand and a valise in the other.

Sixty scholars were loafing around in a good, big crowd to see what would turn up, while the undertaker stood near waiting for a job.

"Ready to slope if he finds we are too much for him," whispered the big, bow-legged, cross-eyed bully of the school, a devilish looking chap, nineteen years old.

The new teacher gazed pensively at the adjacent grave-yard, opened the valise, took out three navy sixes, and a long Bowie knife, whetted the latter on the leg of his boot, cocked one of the former, and then said sweetly:

"Ring the bell and we'll have prayers."

The big bully whom he addressed mildly obeyed. "We will arrange the classes," he said mildly, as he cocked a revolver and walked down the room.

One after another the boys were examined and classed. He called the first class to recite in geography; a whisper was heard behind him. Quick as lightning the teacher wheeled and covered the offender with a deadly aim, as he spoke sternly for the first time:

"Don't do that again, for I never give a second warning."

Recess time came, and the boys, very much cowed, went out on the play-ground.

One of them threw his ball in the air, and before it started to descend toward the catcher, the new teacher struck it with a bullet, and from that time Harry Floty has kept school undisturbed.

W. C.

It was the Police Court trial of an alleged abortionist in the early days. The prisoner was in his place, the lawyers were having it *à l'outrance*, and the damning proof of the doctor's misdeeds lay piled on the table in shape of some innocent-looking lozenges, which confection, it was claimed, had caused deceased to climb the golden pole.

When the trial was at its height, and everybody deeply interested, a reporter from the daily *Evening*—slipped quietly to his place at the table, and while drinking in the eloquence of counsel for the prisoner, he innocently nibbled away at the abortion lozenges with a relish. Just as the last one disappeared between his sticky lips the prosecuting attorney exclaimed, with a blanched face:

"My God, your Honor, this newspaper fellow has swallowed the evidence."

Sensation—not only in court, but in the belly of the reporter.

A SINGED CAT.

By E. H. Clough.



I. THE CAT SEEKS A NEW GARRET.

"Whoa haw! H'ho, Buck!"

The obedient oxen stood in their tracks, and the tall, gaunt driver, throwing the point of his "gad" forward upon the "butt," intently watched an approaching cloud of dust.

"What's the matter now?" shrieked a shrill voice from the interior of the "prairie schooner."

The tall man did not reply, but continued to gaze at the yellow cloud as it rose above the hilluck just ahead.

"What're ye stoppin' in the middle o' the road fur?" and the speaker opened the rear flap of the wagon covering, displaying a bronzed face, half owlish in its expression—it resembled the front of a hawk in every other respect.

"Haint fell in a fit standin' up, hev ye?" she asked with an asperity almost amounting to sarcasm.

Still no reply from the immovable statue looming beside the nigh ox.

"Silas, chuck suthin' at yer dad, he's gone deaf, dumb, an' blind agin. What're we stoppin' fur?"

These last remarks were addressed to another tall man—a young fellow seated upon a raw-boned gray horse.

"He's waitin' fur somethin' to rise the next hill," he replied, without taking his own gaze from the flying dust.

"I reckon the ol' boobey's afraid it'll skeer an' wont rise ef he speaks to a body. Darn this pesky rag of a dress, I wish—and the woman tore the skirt from a nail upon which it had caught when she attempted to leave the wagon."

As she stood in the dusty road, her figure would have served admirably as a study for a caricaturist. She was nearly as tall as her husband, and quite as gaunt, her angularities displaying themselves through a dingy calico gown. Her fiery red hair was coiled at the back of her head, and it only required the wings to complete the resemblance already spoken of, her beak-like nose and large blue eyes according well with the other characteristics. She was followed from the wagon by her counterpart, a young female, also unnaturally tall for a woman, also hawklike and owlish in features, also red-haired, and wearing a dress which was probably made from the same dingy piece of calico that adorned her mother's scraggy frame.

The group was a picture. A tall, roughly attired, tawny haired man, leaning upon his ox-goad beside two yoke of heavy limbed steers attached to a canvas-covered wagon; a few similes of the driver seated upon a horse on the other side of the team; and the two women leaning against the wagon bows—all gazing patiently, but not very curiously, at a cloud of dust in front of them. Around them swept pine-fringed hills and blue mountain peaks; on the left a deep, gloomy ravine; a long, dusty road behind, a gentle slope before them, and steep bluffs on the right.

"Thar he comes," said the young man, as a horseman appeared at the summit of the hill.

"Dust enough for a twenty-mule team," remarked the father.

"Was thet what ye stopped fur? Did ye think ye couldn't pass it?" sneered the elder woman.

"Mostly—mebbe," replied her husband, shifting his goad into the hollow of his arm, so that the point covered that portion of the road not occupied by his team and family, thereby blocking the further progress of the rapidly approaching traveler. The movement had the desired effect, for when the horseman reached the off ox of the team, he reined in and looked inquiringly at the tall man. His gaze was returned, but with such an idiotic expression and immobile cast of feature that the stranger could not refrain from laughter. The grotesque looking individual who barred his passage did not even smile, neither did he by word or action show signs of anger at the other's boisterous mirth. His family seemed to respect his silence, for none of them uttered a word or changed their positions.

"Well, old pine sapling, have you got a mortgage on this highway? I see your ladies have a lean on the caravan."

The traveler laughed again, a loud, aggressive laugh, but not hearty or contagious.

"Mammoth City?" sentimentally inquired the ox-driver, pointing ahead with the long goad.

"Mammoth City," answered the horseman, imitating the other's tone, and caricaturing the goad movement with a little riding whip which he carried.

"How fur?" asked the driver.

"Five miles," replied the man.

The driver raised his left hand above his eyebrows, and looked at the declining sun. Then he drove the point of his goad into the flank of his nigh ox, muttering as he did so the single word:

"Gee!"

The patient animals made an effort, and the wagon creaked with the strain.

"Haw!" The lumbering vehicle began to move.

"Whoa-o-o-haw!" and the driver tapped the off leader with the goad.

"Say, old man, you've cross-examined me and passed the witness, s'pose you allow the re-direct."

"Gee Buck, gee Grub, whoa-o-o-haw Buck," was all the reply vouchsafed by the driver.

"I object," shouted the man on horseback; "this case isn't decided yet. Look here, you old giraffe, stop your team, I want to talk to you."

But the oxen were tugging up the "rise," and the man seemed absorbed in his efforts to urge them forward. Not so his wife.

"Ye might ez well shout to that nigh ox, stranger; he won't answer ye."

"Who is he?"

"He's my ol' man, ef thet'll do ye any good."

"I don't doubt it—it's a case of long-standing affinity apparently. What do you call him?"

"Hiram Inch—is it good 'nough?"

"Oh, yes, but scarcely appropriate. If I had had the honor of naming him, I would have chosen some such patronymic as 'Tower' or 'Reed'—'Long' might do on a pinch—but then what's in a name, anyhow? Where do you hail from?"

"From the lakes, down Tulare ways."

"Are you going to locate in this vicinity?"

"I reckon ef it suits; ef it don't we can travel. But I say, stranger, mebbe ye wouldn't mind interdoocin' yerself, seein' ye've bin so clipper pumpin' me."

"There's my card, madam, and if —"

"Mister, don't you madam me, I aint no sich—I'm plain Samantha Inch an' nothin' else."

"All right, Mistress Inch, don't get angry at me. I meant no offense, I assure you. I suppose you observe by my card that I am an attorney-at-law, and if you should ever need my services, you will know where to find me."

"The ol' man will—ef he ever wants ye, but let me tell ye, stranger, it aint lawyers he hunts, it's lawyers hunts him w'en there's lawin' to be done. He beats all creation witnessin' for the Courts—he's a singed cat, sure's yer born."

"A what!"

"Jest what I said, a singed cat."

"And pray tell me, Mrs. Inch, why is he a singed cat?"

"Cause he's a derned sight smarter'n he looks. Mind what I tell ye—you'll be lumpin' arter him afore he shouts fur you. Come, sis, let's ketch up—dad's waitin' on the hill an' Silas hez got clean out o' sight. Good day, stranger, an' mind what I'm sayin'—Hiram Inch aint no sardine."

The woman and her daughter struck into the long swinging stride so common to border citizens, whether male or female, and left the lawyer musing by the roadside. He did not move from his position until the singular nomad and his family had disappeared over the brow of the hill. Then he jerked the bridle of his horse, and summarily cut short that animal's scanty meal of autumn withered grass.

"From the southern counties," he muttered. "Patent witness—singed cat—smarter than he looks—just the man I want; the old woman's right, I shall need this fellow. I think I begin to see my way clear out of that d—d Brower case. A singed cat—ha, ha, ha! All right, we shall see about that. Get up, Blackstone," and the mountain road once more offered free passage for the cotton tail rabbit and the ground squirrel, who had, with the chattering bluejay and the chipping quail, lain perdu in the underbrush while the scene described was in progress.

II.—THE CAT CATCHES A MOUSE.

Mammoth City is one of those half decayed mining camps in the Sierra, which has long since passed through its boasted "palmy days." Being the county seat, and the centre of a fruit-raising and agricultural district, it has retained more of its pristine vigor and importance than the surrounding towns—a healthy ghost of what it had once been. In perfect keeping with this dead-alive condition were the gleaming limestone boulders in the adjacent gulches and flats, looming bleak and bare, like tombstones erected in memory of the departed prosperity of the locality. Why the citizens remained, or what attraction there was for immigration, must ever remain a profound mystery. And yet, at the period of Inch's arrival, the place contained a comparatively large population—a congregation of isolated egotists, whose sole occupation seemed to be gossiping and fighting flies on the shady side of the main street in summer, and throwing snow balls, or drinking hot whisky in the bar rooms, during the winter. It was near this town that Hiram Inch concluded to locate for the time being. He camped in what was designated the "Tigre"—the Mexican quarter—and the next day he mounted his horse and scoured the country in search of a suitable place of residence. He astonished all with whom he attempted negotiation by his sententious questions and laconic answers or persistent silence, and excited their mirth by his simple, grotesque appearance and awkward manners. None of the places which he surveyed seemed to suit him—the prices were too high, the location unsuitable, or the appurtenances not exactly what he wanted. As he was returning home in the evening he observed a long, low, barn-like structure, tottering to its fall on a dreary flat about three miles from the town. He rode up to the door and ascertained that the place was vacant and that a tattered, weather-beaten sign gave notice that the building, and surrounding desert containing two hundred acres, were for sale—"apply to Henry Fogle."

A grunt announced Hiram Inch's satisfaction at the information which the announcement gave him, and he galloped back to his camp as fast as the weary horse could carry him. Arrived in the bosom of his interesting family, he sat down to a frugal meal of fried pork and potatoes, without volunteering a word, even to his wife. As soon as he had filled his mouth with pork and potatoes, Mrs. Inch handed him a note, which, she remarked, had been brought to the camp "by that galoot we met down the road yesterday." It was addressed to "Hiram Inch, Esq., Present—personal," and was as follows:

"Meet me at my office to-night at eight o'clock, on important business."

HENRY FOGLE.

Inch betrayed no sign of pleasure or annoyance at this summons, but passing the note to his wife, finished his meal and strode to the wagon. After a moment's search, he drew forth a little box which he carried to the camp fire and opened. He examined several packages of papers which the box contained, and finally, selecting one, placed it in his

pocket. Locking the box, he returned it to the wagon, and left the camp in the direction of the town, without having spoken a single word.

He had no difficulty in finding the office of Henry Fogle, and entering without knocking, seated himself in a chair in front of the lawyer as unceremoniously as if he owned the entire concern. The attorney elevated his shaggy eyebrows a trifle at this abrupt entrance of his visitors, and remarked: "I perceive that you are on time."

Inch made no reply.

"Do you drink? Here's some good whisky." Saying which, Fogle shoved a black bottle and a glass across the table.

The other simply nodded a refusal of the proffered hospitality, and looked at Fogle out of his sleepy eyes.

"You are a queer one, and no mistake. I suppose you are anxious to come to business. Well, so am I."

"My business," answered Inch.

"Your business!"

"Mine fust."

"What is your business?"

"Thet shanty out thar;" he pointed in the direction of the two hundred-acre desert.

"Sure enough. You want to buy old Staghart's place, I see; you can't lay around in the open air like a gypsy all the time. I guess we can make a trade. We ask five hundred dollars for the place, and it's dirt cheap at that, too."

"Too much!"

"Too much! Why, man, it's three hundred dollars less than we were offered a year ago."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Can't do it, Inch. If it was my own I would do it willingly, but old Staghart drives a close bargain."

"Three hundred dollars, cash."

"I can't think of it."

"He'll take it."

"Who? Staghart?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet you five dollars he don't."

"Shake."

"What for?"

"It's a go."

"Oh! the bet—all right; how'll we decide it?"

"Fetch him."

"I'll see if I can find him," and Fogle left the office.

Inch sat twirling his hat and blinking until he heard foot-steps approaching, when he closed his eyes as if asleep. A loud, double laugh sounded on the outside, and Fogle entered, followed by a short, thick set, fat faced, red whiskered man, whose nose seemed to curl with a chronic contempt for everything that was not in accord with his own opinion.

"Ha, ha! good joke—three hundred dollars! Blast me, Fogle, if I'd a come with you, if I didn't know that you've got a bottle of prime old bourbon here. What does the d—d fool take me for—a Chinaman? Never mind, he'll amuse me, anyhow." And the nose appeared to climb higher than ever.

"Mr. Inch, Mr. Staghart," said Fogle.

"Happy to know you, sir; delighted, I assure you," said Staghart, with mock politeness, grasping the limp, but gigantic hand of Inch.

The latter only grunted.

"So you think of buying a place, eh?" continued the fat faced man. "Well, I don't know as you can find a better or a cheaper place than mine—five hundred dollars isn't a bagatelle to its real worth."

"Tain't worth mor'a three hundred," growled Inch.

"You couldn't have it for that if I never sold it."

"How much to boot, 'an throw in the shanty," said Inch, handing a package of papers to Staghart.

"What are these? 'William Staghart, debtor to Fillup & Stirrit, drinks, ten dollars.' H— 'Whisky, seven dollars and a half.' What's this! 'My darling'—Where'd you get these? Who are you? By the living eternal, you shan't hold these over my head, anyhow," and Staghart tore the papers into minute fragments and threw them into the blazing fire place, his fat cheeks glowing with an unnatural crimson, and his eyes betraying the full trepidation of his soul.

Fogle did not attempt to conceal his astonishment at this scene, and Inch only grunted as Staghart threw the fragments into the fire. As soon as the blaze had fairly enveloped the troublesome documents, the imperturbable man coolly produced another packet, with the remark:

"Originals."

"Originals!" yelled Staghart. "Then, what in the name of Satan and his imps are those?" he asked, pointing at the fire.

"Copies," replied Inch.

"How much will you take for those 'originals?'" asked Staghart, now thoroughly overcome as the evil which these papers might accomplish dawned upon him.

"The shanty, the ranch, and a hundred cash," answered Inch.

"I'll do it. Here, give me the papers. I havn't got the money with me, but I'll pay you in the morning."

"Now!" The tone was decisive, and Staghart put his hand in his pocket, groaning as he did so. After placing a quantity of gold and silver on the table, he counted it.

"There, take that; it's all I've got," he said, waving his hand at the money.

"How much?"

"Seventy-eight dollars."

"One hundred."

"It's all I've got, I tell you."

"The ranch," replied Inch.

"Now, look here, Mr. Inch, I'm paying you too much for those papers, six hundred —"

"All right," interrupted, Inch sharply, at the same time returning the papers to his pocket.

"Well, take the ranch, too. How'll you have it? Do you suppose I carry that around in my pocket, too?"

"The deeds."

Staghart groaned again, as he looked at Fogle, who in answer to the glance opened a safe and produced the necessary blanks, while Inch was transferring the money to his pockets. A few strokes of the pen and the barn with its contingent desert had become the property of Hiram Inch.

"Now, hand over those papers," said Staghart, as soon as everything had been arranged.

Inch looked inquiringly, and said:
 "Your note."
 "My note—what for?"
 "Twenty-two dollars."
 "Oh, that's all right, Mr. Staghart's good for anything he owes," said Fogle.

Inch passed the package to Staghart, who snatched it convulsively, and broke the string with which it was tied.

An oath escaped him, and genuine anger overspread his countenance, after a hasty glance at the papers. He dashed them upon the table, and striding to the chair where Inch sat, shook his fist in his face.

"You've deceived me—those are not the papers—where are the originals?"

Inch pointed to the fire place.

"You lie, you thief, you lie. You've got them in your possession."

Throwing his hands up, Inch motioned to Fogle to search him, preserving his cool demeanor in spite of the oaths and epithets which Staghart heaped upon him during the process.

"I guess he's right, Bill," said Fogle, after a thorough examination. "Here's a scrap you've dropped on the floor, perhaps you can recognize the handwriting."

Staghart took the fragment, and after a moment's scrutiny pronounced it genuine—it was certainly his own writing.

"Give me another drink, Harry, and I'll leave you," said Staghart, in a calmer tone; "but don't you trust that—that—"

"Singed cat," said Fogle, laughing.

"I don't care what you call him, but don't trust him, I say."

With these words, Staghart swallowed his whisky and left the office, slamming the door behind him.

"Served him right—the old ground hog. He'd squeeze a dollar till the eagle squealed, and it will do him good to meet his match, once in a while," said Fogle. "Inch, you deserved the name your wife gave you, you are a singed cat, sure enough."

"Ready?" said Inch, stretching out his hand.

"Ready for what?"

"To pay."

"I don't owe you anything, do I?"

"The bet."

"Oh, I didn't think of that; five dollars, I believe. But, by the way, seeing that you are so sharp yourself, I think I'll split hairs in this transaction, and enter a demurrer. You bet that Staghart would take three hundred dollars. He didn't get anything but a lot of old papers, and he undoubtedly considered them worthless, for he threw them into the fire."

"Profit and loss?" inquired Inch, blinking so idiotically as he asked the question, that Fogle could not help laughing.

"Yes," he answered, "I guess that's the account you will have to enter it on—profit for you, and loss for Staghart. But, now for my business."

The consultation between Fogle and Inch lasted several hours, and it was almost dawn when the latter returned to his camp in the "Tigre."

III.—A DISSIPATED KITTEN.

It did not require many hours for Hiram Inch to transfer his family and his property to his own residence. With ready ingenuity and mechanical tact he soon had the old rookery in comparative repair, rendering it as comfortable as his hardy family desired. These necessary duties attended to, the chronic itching for money-making returned with two-fold force. He rambled around the various claims in the vicinity, and, without asking any questions, closely observed the methods pursued by the miners. For a time he seemed undecided whether to devote his energies to quartz-mining or seek for the gold of the gravel beds. After considerable prospecting and calculating, he decided in favor of the latter, and selecting a spot about two miles west of his home, proceeded to lay his pipe, arrange for water, and drive hard bargains for the necessary material and tools with which to prosecute his work.

While all these preparations were in progress, Silas Inch totally ignored his father, except when he wanted a meal or sleeping accommodation, preferring to associate with the wild young sports of the town. He joined the fire company, and speedily became a prominent member. He frequented the lowest saloons and doggeries, and spent his time and money at cards and for liquor. Night after night his shrill tenor voice would be heard issuing from the low dens of the Tigre, pitched in drunken notes to the words of some such bacchanalian song as—

"My name it is Joe Bowers,
 I hev a brother Ike,
 I'm jist from 'ol Massouri,
 I'm all the way from Pike."

Thus singing, drinking, gambling, and occasionally fighting, this young reprobate passed his time, and his father apparently took no notice of the wild courses of his son, but pursued his own occupation without remonstrating with or counseling the youth. Strangely enough, for a long time, he supplied the prodigal with some small sums of money whenever the young man asked for it, making no remark and asking no questions in regard to the purpose for which it was used. The mother and sister acted differently. They scolded, pleaded, and threatened, but all to no purpose. The young man heeded them as little as he did the moaning of the autumn wind across the paternal Sahara. Among the men with whom Silas associated were two who afterward played prominent parts in the history of his family. One of them was a little Polish Jew, named Levi Marks, one of those cunning, grasping men whose every thought centres upon dimes and dollars. He kept a cigar store, in the rear of which a poker game was in progress nightly. This, at last, became a favorite place of resort for Silas, and as he played an average game, and was acquainted with most of the common short-card trickeries, he managed to "keep even" against his opponents, and sometimes "made a killing," as he expressed it. The other acquaintance he termed "his running pard," and if accompanying young Inch to every disreputable place he wished to visit, and assisting him in his nightly dissipations, constituting "a running pard," Bob Ikes could certainly claim the distinguished

honor. Ikes was a "shoulder striker," a blustering bully, who loved to domineer over all with whom he came in contact, and at the first fire which occurred after Silas joined the Cataract Engine Company, attempted to take the pipe away from the new member, who had fairly earned it, by being first at the house after the alarm was given. A fight ensued, in which Ikes was not victorious, although not whipped, and, observing that Inch would not be imposed upon, made overtures by which a compact was entered into between the two, both offensive and defensive as regards the balance of the community. They "played into each other's hands" at cards, and by remaining together continually, kept their victims at bay whenever the latter imagined that their losses required redress. The crowd, of which these two young men were the leaders, was known as the "Hounds," a name applied to them on account of the peculiar barking sound with which they rent the midnight air when on a spree. They were not only an annoyance, but a positive injury, to the town, and at the session of every Grand Jury there was serious talk of indicting the entire gang, as a nuisance.

Time rolled on, and Silas, meeting with losses at cards, called more frequently upon his father for money, and finally met with a positive refusal. The boy was compelled to appeal to his companion, Ikes, for advice, and that staunch friend informed him that Marks often loaned small sums to the boys for a consideration. Young Inch interviewed the Jew, and succeeded in negotiating a loan upon a shot-gun, and in due course of time lost it or spent it, and had to pawn other property to replenish his empty exchequer. In a short time he had no collateral to offer, and, as a forlorn hope, asked Marks to accommodate him for a few days without the usual pledge. A singular smile illuminated the sallow face of the old man when he heard the request, and much to Inch's surprise, he granted it, only stipulating that Silas should "gifer node baber." This was readily agreed to by Inch, and twenty dollars was transferred from the till of Marks to the pocket of the spendthrift. These transactions were frequent, and Marks soon had a considerable quantity of Inch's "node baber," the wily old Hebrew always insisting that some witness should be present at each transaction. This witness was invariably Inch's "running pard," Bob Ikes, and it was highly amusing to hear the young scapegrace revile the old man for being so particular, and cursing him for a grasping, copper-squeezing bloodsucker.

"You blasted old vampire," he would exclaim, with honest indignation, "I believe you'd make your mother pay eighteen per cent. You're too mean to live, Marksey. Can't you take an honest man's word?"

"Vy, Iksey, ol' poy," Marks would reply, "who ish der loosher? Our frient gits der moonish, and Marksey gits der baber. Vash baber so goot oosh der coin, hey? Who'sh der vambire now, eh? Dwendy-von, dwendy-doo, dwendy-dree, dwendy-vour, dwendy-vive—dere's der moonish, my poy. Now, you vash, lishen ter me, Inchey, don't you go bokerin' mit dot Iksey. He vash too shmari like hail. Don't ye do it."

In the meantime, Hiram Inch was rapidly acquiring wealth. His gravel mine was the source of a fair income—sufficient, with the economy of his domestic arrangements, to afford him a large profit in coin. In addition to this he was an inveterate trader, and somehow or other always succeeded in getting the best of those with whom he negotiated. His interviews and consultations with Fogle were frequent and prolonged. The object of these counsels became apparent during the following summer, when the political conventions met for the purpose of nominating county officers. Under the shrewd management of Inch and the ingenious trickery of Fogle, the latter obtained both the Republican and Democratic nominations for District-Attorney, thus assuring his election. By the same manipulation of the primaries were sent to the Democratic Convention men who considered Inch himself the best man for Sheriff. The Republicans through the same influences were induced to nominate against him the most unpopular man in the county—William Staghart.

IV.—THE CAT INCURS THE HATRED OF A BULL-DOG.

One day while Hiram was assisting Fogle to further his political ambition, and at the same time feathering his own nest, a little dapper man, dressed in gray, strolled through the front gate of the Inch estate, and was met at the door by Mrs. Inch fresh from her domestic duties, her fiery tresses concealed beneath a soiled towel, and bearing in her talon-like fingers a well-worn broom.

"Hiram Inch lives here, I believe," said the man, placing his hand against the door-post.

"W'en he's at home he does," answered the lady of the house, speaking in her usual supercilious tones, and bringing the broom to a "rest arms."

"Is he at home?" asked the stranger.

"No, he aint," replied the woman. "Anythin' more partic'lar than common?"

"Personal business. He was thinking of having his life insured, and I am the agent. You don't know where I could find him, do you?"

"No, I don't, unless he is down to Fogle's office; he's mostly round thar w'en he aint out 'lectioneerin'."

"I inquired for him there, and they thought he had returned home. I'm going away in the morning, and I thought I would call on him here. He must be examined by a physician, you know, and there isn't much time to spare. When he returns, I wish you would tell him that I will be at the City Hotel during the afternoon and evening."

With these words the agent bowed and leisurely strolled through the gate again, Mrs. Inch gracefully bringing her broom from a "rest" to a "shoulder" by a single turn of her supple wrist, and closing the door.

When Hiram returned late in the afternoon, his wife informed him of the agent's visit, and Inch scarcely waited to hear the full particulars before he had mounted his horse and was galloping toward town.

Immediately adjoining the hotel, in a low brick building, was Marks' cigar store, and as Hiram rode by he heard loud voices issuing from the rear, and among them distinctly recognized the strident tones of his own son. He reined in, intending to investigate the cause of the quarrel, but the noise ceased just then, and as Marks, who was sitting on a tobacco case in front of the store waiting for customers,

seemed wholly unconcerned, he walked his horse to a hitching post in front of the hotel and dismounted. His business with the agent required considerable time, and it was dark before all the arrangements had been completed. Passing out of the hotel, he was about to mount, when Marks ran out of his store, shouting:

"Mishter Inch! Mishter Inch! dot Silas ish kickin' oop hail mit mine broderly!"

"Where?" asked Inch.

"Vere? vy, in mine shop. He keeks der dable ofer and vants der gill dot Iksey, und Iksey don't vash mettle mit 'im at all. Poot 'im out, Mishter Inch, or he damages mine goots, und who bays me der pill?"

By this time the riot in the rear of the store had attained such proportions that it was attracting the attention of the passers-by on the street. A dozen rapid strides brought Inch to the door separating the store from the rear room. Dashing it open, he caught sight of two men, in the darkness, locked in each other's arms, struggling against the opposite wall. Hiram did not wait to ascertain whether either of them was Silas, but sprang forward and grasping each by the collar, with one powerful wrench flung them apart and held them.

"Stop it!" Inch's voice was sharp and decisive.

"Who are you?" shouted Ikes, endeavoring to release the hold upon his collar.

"Let me go, d—n you, let me go. I'll cut his heart out. Let me go," yelled Silas, blinded by passion, and failing to recognize his father in the darkness.

"Stop it!" repeated the elder Inch.

At this moment Marks entered with a light, and Hiram released his hold upon the belligerents.

"The Singed Cat!" exclaimed Ikes.

"Dad!" ejaculated Silas.

And each of the young men hastily concealed a glittering weapon.

"What's that!" asked Inch.

"Nothin'," replied Silas.

"Hand it over," ordered the father.

"He's got one, too," growled the son, passing a long Mexican stiletto to his father.

"It don't matter; what's the row?" asked Hiram, placing the knife in his coat pocket.

"He was cheating at cards," said Silas, pointing at Ikes. "You lie, you thief, you lie."

At this rejoinder of Ikes, both young men dashed forward, but were prevented from coming in contact by Hiram, who flung them against opposite sides of the room as if they were children.

"What game?" he calmly inquired, as soon as the curses which this last display of physical power evoked, had subsided somewhat.

"Poker," muttered Silas.

"Poker!" sneered Hiram. "How much did they steal?"

"About forty dollars."

"Whar's the keerds?" asked the old man of Marks.

"I gits 'em pooty kvick, Mister Inch. Mine Got, look at der damages," and Marks gazed ruefully upon the battle field.

It was indeed a scene of wreck and ruin. The table was lying on the floor, cracked through the centre, and minus two legs; the chairs were scattered about the room, some of them broken and others piled together, in apparently inextricable confusion. A large mirror hanging on one of the walls was shattered, and the broken glass glittered on the carpet amidst the fragments of a shattered lamp and hundreds of playing cards that had been discarded in the course of the games played there that day. No wonder the parsimonious Jew looked upon the scene with a woe-begone expression.

"Who bays me der damages?" he wailed.

"Oh, shut up, Marksy, and get the cards," commanded one of the crowd of young men who had been one of the previous game, and who had remained during the fracas an interested spectator.

"Yes, get the cards," said another; "Ikes an' Inch 'il make up before morning."

Both young men, after glaring at each other a moment, sat down on chairs at opposite sides of the table, which Marks had raised, and hastily repaired preparatory to the game about to begin. The others assisted him in clearing away the debris, and in a few moments Ikes was dealing the cards to three players, two of whom were his friends, and the other, Hiram Inch.

It was "fifty cents ante," and from the start Inch played in remarkable luck, winning every large bet that he ventured, and "bluffing" with so much coolness and circumspection that the others could not overreach him. In three hours Hiram had not only recovered the forty dollars which his son had lost, but was twenty dollars ahead.

Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, Inch rose to his feet, and with his left hand lifted the light table above the heads of the players, at the same time pointing with his right hand index finger at a pile of cards lying on the laps of Ikes and his right hand companion.

"Thief!" he growled, as he replaced the table and turned to leave the room. For a moment Ikes sat like a statue. The whole action had been as rapid as strong muscles and supple sinews could make it, and the shock of discovery for a moment overcame the cheaters. It was not until Hiram had reached the door that Ikes spoke. He tried to be calm, but his voice trembled, and it was plain that he only lacked courage to make an assault upon the tall giant, who had twice during the evening handled him so roughly.

"I'll make you suffer for your treatment of me to-night. Both of you; you needn't laugh, I'll settle your hash the next time I see you, d—n you. I'm an Injin when I'm riled, and I'll make both of you pay for what you've done here to-night."

With these words he threw his chair back and followed his enemies out of the door.

"Go home," said Hiram to his son, as soon as they reached the street.

The young man obeyed, and when Inch saw that the boy was not followed, he mounted and rode after him, disappearing in the darkness, accompanied by the curses and oaths of the discomfited Ikes.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

In some people mountains develop legs, in other wings.

A CALIFORNIAN SHEEP-SHEARING.

By Robert Duncan Milne.

Custom has thought fit to cast a halo of romance round the scenes and dreams of a pastoral existence. Arcadian idylls have been chanted by Theocritus and Virgil, and attempts made to realize them in the pleasure-parks and palace-lawns of the Bourbons. The bluest blood of France took pleasure at one time, under the probable pressure of ennui, in masquerading in the guise of shepherds and shepherdesses. Shakspeare, who handles all subjects with equal knowledge and ease, has introduced us in the *Winter's Tale* to a little of the prosaic as well as the poetic side of pastoral life, and again touches upon it in the drama of *As You Like It*. But neither the sheep-shearing of "Perdita," nor the dialogue between "Corin" and "Touchstone," though sufficient to prove the intimate acquaintance of the writer with his subject, and ample for all purposes of the drama, treat the matter with that exhaustiveness of detail which the inquisitive faculty of the present age, so appreciative of facts, demands. The writer will, therefore, endeavor to supply this want by describing the general characteristics and *menage* of a "sheep-shearing" on one of the great primitive ranches of Southern California; and though the theme may be deficient in romance, it will at all events have the advantage of presenting a picture of actual facts in connection with one of the principal industries of our State, which may prove in some measure an atonement for details which, though not uninteresting, sink far below the poetic ideality with which custom or ignorance has invested them. Let the reader picture an eminence rising from the banks of a narrow streamlet, the further shore of which is lined for miles by a dense and almost impassable willow copse; on this eminence a range of buildings in the form of a square or quadrangle, the dwelling-house occupying the further side, flanked by two rows of one-story apartments; one forming the dining and sleeping rooms of the employes, and the other the offices; while opposite to the dwelling-house, which is a commodious two-story structure, stands a wall, and in this wall an immense gateway or portal—all said buildings being composed of *adobe* clay, painted white, and constituting the Mexican equivalent of the baronial hall of the feudal ages of Europe—and he will form some idea of the Cerritos rancho, in Los Angeles county, one of the largest and most typical of its class in California. Stretching for miles beyond the house in a northerly, easterly, and southerly direction lie level pasture lands—level with the exception of two low round hills to the east which have given name and distinction to the ranch (Cerritos meaning "little hills"), and affording ample grazing ground for as many as thirty thousand sheep. Let him imagine, also, that it is the month of May, approaching the heats of midsummer, and that he is standing at the back of the said quadrangle of buildings, as the day is cooling off toward sundown, and that the shearing will commence on the morrow. If he looks round him he will see a large area of dry, brown ground partitioned off into numerous *corrales*, or folds, by strong fences composed of movable hurdles, in a seemingly arbitrary manner, but the position and collocation of which is really a matter of careful and deep design. Presently he will hear a low, far-off murmur of bleating, which increases and grows louder every minute as evening falls, till a flock of sheep approaches with its attendant shepherd and dog, and is soon secretly ensconced in one of the largest of the *corrales*. If he investigates a little further he will come upon a shed, long, open at both ends, and floored with planking, the side next the *corrales* being supplied with a long table, about half the height of a man. On this table are placed a dozen boxes about a foot square, without any bottoms, and with four small nicks on their upper edges equidistant from the corners. These are the boxes used for tying the wool into bundles. He will also probably see one or two men engaged in unrolling and cutting up into three-foot lengths balls of twine, and hanging the product up on nails within easy reach of the boxes, so as to be ready for the morning. This is the string used in connection with the boxes for tying the bundles. Turning round he will notice a tall rectangular framework of scantlings about ten feet high, narrower at its top than its bottom, from an iron ring supported on the top of which already depends a woollack, its mouth firmly sewed to and kept open by the ring. This is the frame which holds the woollack in position, while it is in process of being filled with fleeces. In another corner of the shed he will see piles of sacks lying ready for use.

But hark! what is this clattering of hoofs and jingling of spurs over the court, and approaching the woollack? All doubt is removed by the appearance of a troop of mounted Mexicans—it is almost superfluous to say *mounted*, for no Mexican ever walks—who rein up, dismount, tie their horses to any available post or fence, unroll their blankets, and proceed to appropriate the loose woollacks from the afore-mentioned pile, and having lighted the inevitable *cigarrito*, choose their sleeping-places by fancy or judgment on the floor of the shed, and spread their beds of blankets supplemented by sacks. These are the shearers; and as the Mexican element almost monopolizes this branch of industry, some description of their manners and *morale* is necessary. Sheep-shearing all over the State occurs during the months of May, June, and July; the spring lambs are usually shorn in August; and not unfrequently, though it is not a rule on all ranches, the old sheep are clipped a second time in the fall of the year. It may be roughly stated that a shearer finds employment for four months during the year. The wages of shearers are good. One who is master of his business, or can shear from fifty to sixty sheep a day, at five or six cents a head, which is the normal pay, can clear from three to four dollars a day. In rare instances, and with clean sheep, men have been known to shear as many as eighty or even a hundred a day, but such work is quite exceptional. A shearer usually depends upon the money he thus makes for his support during the rest of the year, and will not work at any other kind of business. They go round the country in bands, with a captain at their head, who is nominally supposed to be accountable for their behavior, and with whom the business of the gang is transacted. The gang may number anywhere from ten to forty, and when they have finished with one ranch, they go on to another, engagements being formed in advance, and each gang going

on its merits. On a large ranch like the Cerritos, only the best qualified men are employed, the shearing lasting more than two months, and giving work to forty or fifty men.

But now, dusk has fallen upon us, and presently the welcome sound of a bell assails our ears, and being enveloped in the cloak of Fortunatus, we will accompany the Mexicans under the low mediæval archway or postern and across the court, into the comfortable *adobe* dining-room, where, if we were not invisible, we might be sure of a hospitable welcome, for no man leaves these doors unsatisfied, much less in shearing-time. Many are the men who have lived since the time of Horace, whose luxurious and encraving habits have caused them to bewail their disabilities of appetite, and to envy in less terse and graphic language than his the *ilia dura messorum*—"the hardy stomachs of the reapers." Yet we venture to say that that even the most *blasé* product of the city would not be untouched by the steaming savor of loins and legs of muttons, which with their accompaniments of certified milk and butter, or with the more modern details of tea and coffee, and other "tiny little kickshaws," as Jack Falstaff hath it, disappear like chaff before the wind into the aforesaid receptacles of our Mexican cousins who mean work. One by one they rise from the table with evident satisfaction and encouragement, for the way to the Mexican heart is not different from that of the common son of men, and as they appreciate good living—when they can get it—it is of the first importance to keep them in good humor and spirits at such an eventful epoch as this; and now, as they are somewhat tired by their long ride, and wish to commence operations early on the morrow, we will follow them to the *corral*, smoke a friendly *cigarrito* with them, and say "Good night."

Before daybreak next morning all is astir. Breakfast being finished, the shearers assemble in a long narrow pen just on the other side of the shed containing the table. The sheep which we saw driven into the large *corral* last night happen to be a band of ewes, with well-grown lambs from two to three months old, the old sheep numbering about sixteen hundred. Half a dozen men jump into this *corral*, and crowd the band with whooping and waving of old cloths or sticks toward a gate opening into the smaller pen where the shearers are congregated, whetting their shears upon fine stones, for much care is taken to keep the shears as sharp as possible, the time lost in grinding being amply recompensed by what is gained in shearing. When about three hundred have been driven into the smaller pen the gate is closed. Then each shearer makes a rush for the huddled animals, catches one by the hind leg, and drags it over to that portion of the *corral* next the table, and there rests it upon its buttock between his knees, in which position it is absolutely helpless and unresisting. With his left hand he holds and supports the body of the animal, leaning it over on its left side. Holding the shears in his right hand (though some shearers are ambidexter, they are rare), he inserts the points into the wool at the side of the neck and begins his clip, running clear down the whole length of the sheep. When this is done, he returns to the neck and cuts another swath in the same manner, making some seven or eight longitudinal swaths according to the size of his shears, or the dexterity of his manipulation, until he reaches the backbone. Half the fleece now hangs loosely from the sheep, and he then swings the animal over on its other side, and proceeds in the same fashion till he again reaches the backbone, when, if the shearing has been skillfully done, the fleece falls off in an unbroken sheet of wool. In the evening, when work is over, each shearer hands in his checks, which are counted, and credit given him for the number in a book, entitling him to receive an equivalent in money at the close of the shearing. Meantime the forty shearers have all been vigorously at work, fleece upon fleece has been handed over on to the table, and six or seven men are busily engaged tying them into bundles. A good average fleece of wool will weigh six or seven pounds, and a well-packed sack from three to four hundred pounds. But now all the sheep in the pen have been sheared, and as the foreman comes round to inspect them, some of them are found to be "scabby." Accordingly, it is decided that the band, as it comes from the hands of the shearers shall be "dipped," for "scab" on sheep is infectious, and requires crucial treatment. The shorn sheep are therefore driven into a side pen, and while our shearers are engaged upon a fresh batch, we shall follow the fortunes of the first. This side pen gradually narrows down till it ends abruptly on a long, narrow, deep tank full of a dark brown liquid, which is evidently hot, judging from the steam which rises from the surface. This liquid is in reality a strong solution of tobacco, and is kept at a certain depth and temperature by drawing upon a large boiler and furnace close by. Three men attired in the oldest and dirtiest overalls and shirts in their possession (for this is dirty work) now advance upon the sheep, and seizing them one by one cast them head foremost into the tank. The sheep immediately comes to the surface, swims to the other end, a distance of some twenty feet or more, and emerges therefrom upon another sloping pen, where it is allowed to stand till the liquid has drained off its skin. The whole penful is sent through with the utmost expedition, and then the shorn and doctored animals are let out to graze in peace, not to be harassed any more till next shearing season. And so the day wears on, and the shearers get tired, and rest by twos and threes at a time to smoke and chat, for the Mexican is very independent and free-easy, and will not be hurried; rest is taken for dinner; the afternoon passes like the forenoon, full of life and bustle and motion, and at sundown the band is shorn, and all are glad of rest. There is, however, one thing as dear or even dearer to the Mexican heart than even repose, and that is—gambling. If we were to go round to the *corral* at twelve o'clock at night, we would be sure to find a little knot of half-a-dozen or so seated round a blanket, eagerly intent upon a greasy pack of cards by the light of a solitary candle, and deeply enthralled by the fascinations of *monte*. The counters they have earned laboriously during the day are "bucked off" religiously during the night; and it not unfrequently happens that a shearer may work through a whole season without having anything to show for it at the end, and be just as happy as if he had, so lightly do the cares of life sit upon the sons of Mexico, and so easily do they accommodate themselves to every turn of circumstance. And now, though it may spoil his ideal, the reader has the reality of a California sheep-shearing.

ESOTERIC.



Kisses that one steals in darkness,
And in darkness then returns—
How such kisses fire the spirit,
If with honest love it burns!

Pensive, and with fond remembrance,
Then the spirit loves to dwell
Much on days that long have vanish'd,
Much on future days as well.

Yet methinks that too much thinking
Dang'rous is if kiss we will—
Weep, then, rather, darling spirit,
For to weep is casier still.

HEINE.

Transformation.

Beloved, when a week ago,
In my full spirit's overflow,
I asked you if you could forego

All higher dreams of happiness,
To front all sorrow and distress
For my sake, and you answered "Yes"—

When, standing on your parlor floor
In kingly mood than e'er before,
I drew you to me more and more,

And talked about our newer hopes,
The bells of light across the slopes
Of both our mystic horoscopes,

And told you of the glorious hymn
Sung by the unseen Seraphim,
Filling my soul up to the brim

With floods on floods of sov'reign tones,
Like those that swell along the zones
Far-reaching to the sapphire thrones;

And spoke of blessed fellowships,
Till all my life burst through my lips
As sunlight breaks from an eclipse;

And all the solemn majesties
Which sweep across the Poet's skies,
Stood flaming white before my eyes,

Until—so great the glory was—
I trembled as I saw it pass,
Reflected in the mirrored glass,

And felt my eyes grow dim with tears,
And wondered if the after-years
Could bring that holy day's compeers—

You did not then, beloved, know
That through long months of ebb and flow,
My life had watched your own life grow,

Shaping, in love and reverence,
To most divine and perfect ends,
The moments which the Father lends

For silent deeds of sacrifice,
And lofty hopes that crown and kiss
The brows of calm endurance.

You did not know you had so passed
Into my being, that at last
The willful-eyed Iconoclast

Slid sudden from his sullen pride,
And crept so to the other side
That all things seemed half-deified.

O my beloved! if it be
My blind soul's blind idolatry,
Which raises all things else through thee,

And gives the faces which I meet
About the market and the street,
A kinder meaning, soft and sweet;

A tenderer clasp to clasping hands,
And purer purple to the lands,
And warmer amber to the sands

That circle the encircling seas:
Oh, if they be idolatries,
Which cast me upon praying knees,

And to my soul clap wings of fire—
Not yet, not yet do I aspire,
My beautiful, my heart's desire,

To rise up panoplied and strong,
In the grave virtues which belong
To dusty manhood without song.

OAKLAND.

R. F.

INTAGLIOS.



Fragmentary Translations from Heine.

If thou hast good eyes and look'st
In my songs when thou hast tried them,
Thou wilt see a fair young maiden
Wandering up and down inside them.

Care not if my love I'm telling
Unto all the world around,
When my mouth, thy beauty praising,
Full of metaphor is found.

Swear not at all, but only kiss!
All woman's oaths I hold mist;
Thy word is sweet, but sweeter far
The kisses that my guerdon are.
These keep I, while thy words but seem
A passing cloud, a fragrant dream.

I'll not credit, youthful beauty,
What thy bashful lips may say;
Eyes so black and large and rolling
Are not much in virtue's way.

Strip away this brown striped falsehood—
Well and truly love I thee;
Let thy white heart kiss me dearest—
White heart, understand'st thou me?

The slender water-lily
Peeps dreamily out of the lake;
The moon, oppressed with love's sorrow,
Looks tenderly down for her sake.

With blushes she bends to the water
Once more her head so sweet—
Then sees she the poor pale fellow
Lying before her feet.

[SHE SPEAKS.]

In the garden fair a tree stands,
And an apple hangeth there,
And around the trunk a serpent
Coils himself, and I can ne'er
From the serpent's eyes enchanting
Turn away my troubled sight,
And he whispers words alluring,
And enthralls me with delight.

[ANOTHER SPEAKS.]

'Tis the fruit of life thou spiest—
Its delicious flavor taste—
That thy life until thou diest
May not be forever waste!
Darling dove, sweet child, no sighing!
Quickly taste, and never fear;
Follow my advice, relying
On thy aunt's sage counsel, dear.

The lotus flower is troubled
At the sun's resplendent light;
With sunken head and sadly
She dreamily waits for the night.

The moon appears as her wooer,
She wakes at his fond embrace;
For him she kindly uncovers
Her sweetly flowering face.

She blooms, and glows, and glistens,
And mutely gazes above;
She weeps, and exhales, and trembles
With love and the sorrow of love.

Stars with golden feet are wandering
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they can not Earth awaken,
Who in Night's arms are asleep.

Listening stands the silent forests,
Every leaf an ear doth seem!
How its shadowy arm the mountain
Stretcheth out, as though in dream!

What called yonder? In my bosom
Kings the echo of a tone.
Was it my beloved once speaking,
Or the nightingale alone?

The midnight was cold; in plaintive mood
I wandered mournfully through the wood;
I shook the trees from out their sleep,
They shook their heads with pity deep.

With tears through the forest I wander;
The throstle's sitting on high;
She, springing, sings softly yonder:
Ob, wherefore dost thou sigh?

"Sweet bird, thy sister the swallow
Can tell thee the cause of my gloom;
She dwells in a nest all hollow
Beside my sweetheart's room."

AN ESSAY ON BELLS.

By Albert Warner.

If another Locke were to write on the association of ideas, modern science would furnish him with a stock of new illustrations. Sound, like sleep, "has its own world," ranging in each individual consciousness from the dull mechanical routine hinted at by the morning drum or workshop whistle to that mysterious sphere on which the spiritually-minded enter with the key-note of a grand symphony. Some of the purely suggestive of master compositions have been caught from the voices of Nature, whose scale of harmony, extending from the roar of winds and waves to the rustle of grain and the hum of insects, breathes to attentive ears the whole external process of the universe. But of sounds derived from human invention and economy, there is none which, in the variety and permanence of the associations it awakens, compares with that of bells. The individual quality of their tone, the scenes amidst which we first hear them, the sacred or local memories intertwined with their vibrations, appeal to the memory with a distinctness seldom otherwise realized. Hence, the most aspiring of German poets availed himself of this fact to compose the immortal song of "The Bell." The most reckless and weird of our native bards, Poe, found in the graduated intonation and emphatic occasion of bells ample scope for the remarkable verbal and rhythmic ingenuity which marks his work. On the same principle, Gray touched at once the pensive strain of his "Elegy" by allusion to the curfew. There is something remarkably endearing in the sound of bells. Whoever has caught their distant peal when coasting along the Mediterranean shores, or has felt the summer stillness of an Alpine valley broken by the chimes from some venerable campanile, can imagine, as the mellowed intonations blend with the scenery and make the soft air melodious, how precious to native associations must be the familiar echoes. The bells of one's native place have been the theme for many a poet to ring the various changes of melody suggested to his fantastic mind.

"On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

wrote Father Prout, in praise of a celebrated chime in Ireland. The old bells that hung in the tower of the Limerick cathedral were made by a young Italian, after many years of patient toil. He was proud of his work, and when they were purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent near the Lake of Como, the artist invested the proceeds of the sale in a pretty villa on the margin of the lake, where he could hear the *Angelus* music wafted from the convent cliff across the waters at morning, noon, and night. Here he intended to pass his life, but this happiness was denied him. In one of those feudal broils he suffered the loss of his all; and, when the storm passed, he found himself without home, family, friends, or fortune. The convent had been razed to the ground, and his *chefs-d'œuvre*, the tuneful chime, whose music had charmed his listening ear for so many happy days of his past life, had been carried away to a foreign land. He became a wanderer. His hair grew white, and his heart withered before he again found a resting-place. In all these years of bitter desolation, the memory of the music of his bells never left him; he heard it in the forest and in the crowded city, on the sea, and by the banks of the quiet stream in the basin of the hills; he heard it by day, and when night came and troubled sleep, it whispered to him soothingly of peace and happiness. One day he met a mariner from over the sea, who told him of a wondrous chime of bells he heard in Ireland. An intuition told the artist that they were his bells. He journeyed and voyaged thither sick and weary, and sailed up the Shannon. The ship came to anchor in the port near Limerick, and he took passage in a small-boat for the purpose of reaching the city. Before him the tall steeple of St. Mary's lifted its turreted head above the mist and smoke of the old town. He leaned back wearily, yet with a happy light beaming in his eyes. The angels were whispering to him that his bells were there. He prayed, "Oh, let them sound me a loving welcome. Just one note of greeting, oh bells! and my pilgrimage is done." It was a beautiful evening. The air was like that of his own Italy, in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The bosom of the river was like a broad mirror, reflecting the patines of bright gold that flecked the blue sky, the tower, and the streets of the old town in its clear depths. The lights of the city danced upon the wavelets that rippled from the boat as she glided along. Suddenly the stillness was broken. From St. Mary's tower there came a shower of silver sound, filling the air with music. The boatmen rested on their oars to listen. The old Italian crossed his arms, and fixed his streaming eyes upon the tower. The sound of his bells bore to his heart all the sweet memories of his buried past; home, friends, kindred, all. At last he was happy—too happy to speak, too happy to breathe. When the rowers sought to arouse him, his face was upturned to the tower, but his eyes were closed. The poor stranger had breathed his last. His own *chef-d'œuvre* had rung his "passing bell." The language of bells is cosmopolitan. It needs no polyglot to understand the meaning of those sounds, which, for fourteen hundred years, have announced from church towers worship, festivity, and death. We may be wandering thousands of miles from home, amidst a crowd whose garb and tongue are alien, or in a lonely distant region, where the very herbage beneath our feet and the branches above proclaim a foreign soil, yet the instant a bell's chime strikes our ear, we take up the broken link of our electric human chain, and are at home at once. "Bells," said the pious Latimer, "inform Heaven of the necessities of earth," and so also do they announce the identity of human wants, instincts, and destiny, and thereby indissolubly blend their cadences with the sentiment of life. The modern novelists have well availed themselves of this fact, as in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*, and Dickens' *Little Dorrit*. "The bell invites me" soliloquizes Macbeth on the eve of crime, and Hamlet can find no more delicate usage to betoken Ophelia's madness than "sweet

bells jangled out of tune." Moore sang of the "Evening Bells" in lines that will never be forgotten. A fire and a feast, a gratulation and a requiem, welcome to peace and call to arms, all find voices in bells. It was a beautiful reverence for their office that led the architects of old to lavish their highest skill on the towers wherein those vocal ministers of humanity were to vibrate. The Florence Campanile is a memorable instance. Its variegated marbles, its harmonized proportions, and its lofty grace, so effective beside the vast dome and the massive spread of the cathedral, associate the bells which call out the "Misericordia," and sound matins and vespers over the beautiful valley of the Arno, with one of the fairest trophies of the builder's skill. No wonder that primitive faith consecrated bells with song and prayer, or that science combines, moulds, and tempers the metals with vigilant care in order to develop the rarest charms of sound. One of the most affecting legends of which so many charming ballads have been written by the Germans is the "Blind Steed" of Langbein.

"What bell-house yonder towers in sight
Above the market square?
The wind sweeps through it day and night,
Nor door nor gate is there,
Speaks joy or terror in the tone,
When neighbors hear the bell?
And that tall steed in sculptured stone,
What doth the statue tell?"

The answer to this inquiry is, that the Fathers of the town created what they called the "Doom Bell of Ingratitude," that whoever felt that serpent's sting might therewith summon the ministers of the land, and have instant punishment awarded the offender. A prosperous citizen of the place owned a horse not less remarkable for beauty and fleetness than sagacity. His services were long and memorable, but in his old age his master turned him adrift to starve. He roamed about knowing at every chance twig, and at last—

"Once, thus urged on by hunger's power,
All skin and bone—O shame!
The skeleton at midnight hour,
Up to the bell-house came.
He stumbled in and chanced to grope,
Near where the hemp rope hangs,
His gnawing hunger jerks the rope,
And lo! the Doom Bell clangs."

The judges meet, and are astonished to find such a plaintiff there, but consider 'twas God that spoke, and compel the ungrateful master to take home and provide for his steed. Nature's daintiest products are the models of bells. How many flowers wear their shape! We have all read of "the floral bell that swingeth," and the delicate song in *The Tempest* says, "In the cowslip's bell I lie." Bells signalize to consciousness the most precious associations of travel. We seem to hear a voice from the past in the reverberations of cathedral bells in Europe. Near one of the wonderful old churches on the Danube, in Germany, or Italy, or in English cathedral towns, what a panorama of history and pensive retrospection does the sound of ancient bells awaken in the imagination, stranger! At Oxford and at Rome, at Rouen and at Nuremberg, what martyrs, reformers, saints, bards, kings, and artists, whose names blend with the local memories of the place, reappear to the fancy, as the bells which announced their advent or rang their knell fill the air with echoes from "the long, dim corridor of time." All over the continent are famous bells—that of Erfurth, for instance; some celebrated for antiquity, others for size, this because of its exquisite tone, that on account of some saintly tradition; and others are intimately connected with the fortunes of the church or town, wherein they have so long rung out their chimes. What a bloody history is unfolded before our eyes, when the Sicilian Vespers are sounded by the bells of Palermo. And then the different kinds of bells: the one that summons to the noonday repast; the one whose clang awakens the early toiler; the bell at the stern which sounds the monotonous flight of hours at sea; those whose merry click on arm and ancle times the Egyptian dancing girl's gyration; the loud, impatient clang of the departing steamer; the warning notes of the iron horse, and the solemn funeral knell; the tinkling bells upon the necks of browsing kine; the gay jingle of sleigh-bells; the mule bells tinkling down the mountain paths of Spain; the chime of happy wedding bells; the joyous peal of Christmas bells, and the hoarse note of the startling fire-alarm. The falcon had his little bell; "bell, book, and candle" were the old instruments of exorcism, and a cap and bells the court fool's badge. "Silence that dreadful bell," exclaims Othello, when the isle "was roused from its propriety," and how often on sensitive brain and quivering nerves does the ill-timed jar of the intrusive messengers awaken the same impatient protest from invalid and mourner. On this side the water the church bells lack the tone so mellow across the sea; their accents are business-like even in their calls to prayer. Yet there are notable exceptions. Whoever has found himself in Wall street, New York, on a Sabbath morning, and heard those deserted precincts of financial excitement resound with Old Trinity's harmonious chime, must have felt the solemn poetry of bells. In Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is a bell, which, even mute, appeals to every American heart by this inscription: "The ringing of this bell first announced to the citizens anxiously waiting the result of the deliberations of Congress (which were at that time held with closed doors) that the Declaration of Independence had been decided upon, and then it was that the bell proclaimed liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof!" One in Boston, long endeared, once drew crowds to the North End to listen. "Within the sound of Bow Bells" is the cockney way of claiming nativity in the city of London. The note of a bell is of all sounds that which comes nearest home to the local spell of a habitation. In cities where rural sights and sounds are wanting, imagination insensibly clings to the aerial and familiar tones; perchance they breathe over the ashes of the loved or have mingled with the labor and the pastime of years. Above the hum of trade and the voices of the thoroughfare, their clear, deep, prolonged refrain is, perchance, the only sound that whispers to the brooding heart of higher interests than the work and the pleasure of the hour. There is to the forlorn a greeting, to the reminiscent a charm, and to the meditative an inspiration in their music.

"What a world of solemn thought their monody compels."



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 19, 1878.

MY DEAREST MADGE:—A merrie Christmas to you, and "God bless us every one," as "Tiny Tim" says with a broad philanthropy which becomes contagious when the last December days are closing in. What are you doing with yourself away off there among the pines, with no tooting of tin horns, no shop windows, no theatre posters, no anything but a promise of snow and a shelf full of tales and legends to suggest that Christmas is here. I know you are wishing yourself in town to go to the spectacle, which you always consider as integral a part of the holiday as Kriss Kringle or the pudding itself. By the way, do you remember our first spectacle, *The Sheep's Foot*? Nothing of it comes back to me now but a tower in the coils of a winding stairway, with a pair of distracted and exceedingly well shaped lovers at the top, and a comedian whom I then suspected to be the possessor of a very high order of wit, who entreated us at intervals of five minutes, after making most extraordinary statements, "If we didn't believe him to ask Lazarillo." *The Sheep's Foot* was a very wonderful affair in its day and generation, but I do not think we ever quite understood what an English Christmas in the theatre might be until the Martinetti descended upon us with a genuine pantomime. What a mysterious fellow "Harlequin" seemed with a black visor; how graceful was "Columbine" with her mazy twinkling step as she skipped across the stage for no earthly reason that anybody could see; what an infinity of trouble had "Clown" and "Pantaloon," and what ineffable trash and nonsense it all does seem now. Picture the condition of that old Englishman's mind who for forty years has done nothing but study up new tricks and traps for the Christmas pantomimes. Think of the conservative English sitting down to this sort of thing year after year and decade after decade. We manage those things much better in America, do we not? For who would replace the bewildering extravaganzas of today for the four Italians of pantomime, with the hoar of tradition thick upon them? The extravaganza presents a delightfully wide field for various talents, and no one—from Donati, the one-legged dancer, to Leona Dare, the beautiful—need rest in mute inglorious ease. Has it ever occurred to you, Madge, that just when the weather is getting cold, and the mercury dropping far down, the stage managers begin to disrobe their coryphæes? I am quite certain that at about this time last year I saw one young woman dressed in a spangle and a yard of tulle, and yet every one exclaimed "What a beautiful costume!" She used to absent herself from the stage now and then, and upon such occasions it was always given out that she had a bad cold. Jack said the poor thing must have dropped the spangle. I think it was during this same season, at all events while the Kralfys were in town, that we had the snow ballet. Did you see Palladino? She was a charming creature with a bright, speaking, sparkling face, and she danced with an abandon and an expression which the spindle-legged De Rosa with all her art never managed to acquire. I recall Palladino especially in the snow ballet for her ample expanded skirts weighted with snow drifts—cotton batting of course, but what matter—and her pretty upturned eyes inviting the flakes to fall. You see I am quite masculine in my admiration for a pretty danseuse. Strange that a snow scene is so rare in a Christmas spectacle that this charmed by its novelty. Everything rather is tropical with that strange *bizarre* luxuriance of the stage, tropics which is like nothing in nature or art either, unless the *Arabian Nights* comes under one head or the other. What a moving mass of this glittering splendor was the scenery of *Ahmed*, the Christmas spectacle on Mission Street a year or two ago. How it sated the eye with the gold and silver tinsel, its pink and red trees, its blue and gold bushes, its amber and vermilion vines. What a glint and dazzle and glare it all was! What an odd thing it is really that they seldom play a Christmas story at Christmas time. The juvenile papers are always full of good little boys and girls who hang up their stockings and get them full of all sorts of delightful Christmas contrivances, and the newspapers and magazines are full of big boys and girls who hang up figurative stockings and figuratively get them full. But, although we conscientiously go to the Christmas spectacle, as a part of the holiday programme, we hear never a word of Christmas itself inside the theatres. Yet I could wish that the holiday play might be "chock" full of Christmas, as the youngsters say, for some day when Pictou declares a dividend Jack intends to buy for me, for my Christmas present, the matinee gallery; and I intend to fill it with boys, not out of any philanthropical intention, but simply for my own solid enjoyment. You may come and sit with me, if you will, in an upper box where we can watch the faces. I am not going into the highways and by-ways for ragamuffins alone. Any boy with a big capacity for enjoyment may come. I shall only stipulate that his mother let him come without any preliminary attentions. A thoroughly clean boy never thoroughly enjoys himself. The utter absence of all original dirt has as depressing an effect upon him as a last year's bonnet on a fashion leader. Think of it, Madge; two galleries full of boys, rising tier upon tier above each other, eager, noisy, dirty, happy, half believing in the wonders behind the curtain with childish faith, half doubting with masculine superi-

ority. They begin to sneer early, these bipeds, and a cynic of ten is not less amusing than a cynic of twenty. Still, they have their weaknesses, for never boy lived yet with a soul above a Christmas dinner or a new drum. Barring the drum, how little they out-grow themselves. I want a Christmas play for my gallery; a rousing, stirring, mystical, magical Christmas play. A boy's faith in "Kriss Kringle" is shattered too early. Long after they have ceased to believe, little girls of a similar age will stand before the shop windows and discuss the intentions of Santa Claus in the chimney act with most womanly, confiding, and a poetic recklessness of imagination. "Which would you'd rather in your stocking," asked one little maid of another the other day, "a gold diamond house, or a silver ruby piano?" Such are the lessons of the transformation scene, where these extraordinary combinations, to childhood so wondrous and so beautiful, are not impossible. Therefore, while one views with perfect equanimity the decadence of the pantomime, would it not be too bad to see the spectacle as a specialty of the Christmas time pass away? Two years ago at the California we had the *Mighty Dollar* for the holiday piece, and we are to have it again. Strictly speaking it can not be barred out as a spectacle, for Mrs. Florence's succession of toilets may be called transformation business. You never saw them, did you, Madge? It is a mystery, even to the ladies, how she gets into and out of them, for they look as if they had been neatly pasted on. If she continues to make her dresses a specialty it would almost be worth your while to come to town to see how a dress can fit. People wonder how, being so decidedly embonpoint, she can appear so slender. *Entre nous*, Madge, her corset strings are said to be as strong as steel wires, and she is unincumbered with drapery excepting the *balayuse*. Jack has gloomily intimated that all of the *Mighty Dollar* that will be around this Christmas will be on the posters; but, dear me, despite the hard times, Christmas is always jolly whoever croaks. At Baldwin's they are furnishing up a little, too. We are to have a drama, an ordinary drama, but they have sacrificed themselves to the spectacular so far as to include a body of Highlandmen in full dress—if I may use a figure of speech—as one of the attractions. It is quite a reversal of the usual order of things to see the short skirts on the men at this season, but it is all the more a novelty. Picturesque as it is, how rarely we see the Highland kilt upon the stage. And I think nothing is queerer than the tiny bit of plaid which the *prima donnas* introduce in *Lucia* or *La Dame Blanche*, as a mild concession. *Not Guilty*, I take it, is in some sort a military drama. We are to have the boom of fire arms and the clash of steel—and noise is one of the ingredients of enjoyment. Where are the two hundred young ladies coming in who were advertised for? Are they to be Highlandmen, or plain soldiers? The bill sayeth not. All I know is that Jack, who does know, is perfectly satisfied. But the spectacle *par excellence* will be *Revels*, at the Grand Opera House. There should be an injunction against opening this house except at Christmas time. I do not know of a more profoundly gloomy undertaking than a visit to the Grand Opera House under ordinary circumstances. As it happens, there are but few of sufficiently morbid temperament to make the experiment frequently. I have seen the house full three times—once for *Aida*, once for *Wachtel*, and once for *Ahmed*. There is also a tradition that *Snowflake* drew a good house the first night. *A propos*, I see that Annie Pixley has quite won the Bostonians as "M'liss," and a gushing admirer writes that "she has made a hit in the drinking song from *Giroflé-Girofla*." What a blessing was Catharine Lewis to the California songstresses, who have, one and all, attempted to copy her in this her *chef-d'œuvre*, and have one and all failed to catch the French piquancy of her style. There is, however, at least one advantage in Annie Pixley's singing it. She can not be singing "Pretty as a Picture" at the same time. Truly there is balm in Gilead. Now if some severe course of discipline could be brought to bear upon Miss McHenry, "Pretty as a Picture" might yet be effaced from the earth. This much at least can be laid to Alice Oates' credit, that however disreputable she may have made the entertainment for the public by a capricious bronchial tube, she has never yet inflicted "Pretty as a Picture" upon them. Honor to whom honor is due. Talking of Mrs. Oates, I understand that *H. M. S. Pinafore* will be a sparkling and strong Christmas attraction. I have it from good authority that all that lozenges, soothing syrup, and newspapers may do to allay that cough will be done. And yet with a cold three months old she has made Sullivan's *Sweethearts* all the rage. She sings it well, too, the little midget. As for little women, what will Ella Chapman look like frolicking around the big stage in the *Revels*? Like a Brazilian bug, most likely. I intend to be complimentary, for what is prettier? And I make no doubt she will be tricked out like a rainbow, so that all we shall see will be the flash of color, for she is nothing but a little suggestion after all. How will burlesque do in that great place—the grave of *Evangeline*? But the "Surprise" people bring good luck in their wake. I remember the ill-fated Winetta Montague, in one of those disastrous seasons, as "Venus," or "Luna," or one of those girls who wear very little toggery, but a very nice article of dry goods, so far as it goes. What a magnificent Junoesque creature she was in her white spangled diaphanous robe, and in all the glory of a beauty which might have been Hygeia's own. Those Beauclerc girls, in the same line, were very attractive, too, were they not? The tall one especially—I do not recall their names—who wore in one play a singular costume, which from one point of view was the ordinary burlesque dress, and from another the dainty toilet of a woman of fashion. But, dear me, you will not care for a thrice-told tale.

"Here's the end of my paper,
Good-night, if the longitude please."

I have rambled along about Christmas without really telling that anything is going on, for the simple reason that nothing is doing. We are all agog, waiting for the wonders of the coming week. Till then, with once more a merry Christmas, I am, dearest, your own BETSY B.

For full announcements of the Christmas attractions at the various theatres see programmes published on the twenty-eighth page. The specialties are: *H. M. S. Pinafore*, at the Bush Street Theatre; *Revels*, at the Grand Opera House; *Not Guilty*, at Baldwin's; and *The Mighty Dollar*, at the California.

SOLILOQUY ON THE ANCESTRY OF MAN.

Durain!—Thou reasonest well; else, whence this love,
Among the race of man, of savage things?
Why does the cruel hunter love to kill:
E'en though his greedy maw be gorged with flesh
Of slaughtered beast and bird?

Why does the angler,
With bated hook, beguile the harmless fish,
And snatch it from its crystal home for sport,
When not impelled by hunger?

Old habits tell! Man can't forget the time,
In the dim long ago, when with savage claw
He seized his prey, and tore with fanged tooth
His victim, limb from limb, and drank its blood
Ere yet its quivering heart had ceased to beat.

The stately dame and dainty damsel still,
Though clothed in glossy silks and snowy lawns,
In dress and gait give unequivocal signs
Of memories of the lost *ancestral tail*;
And jewel'd hand, and neck, and ear, but tell
Of savage times ere the historic fig leaf
Became the simple cloak of modesty.

The dreamy poet still delights to sing
Of running brooks, of wood, and meadow green;
Of wintry storms, and whispering breezes soft;
Because his native instincts lead him back
To the time when his naked ancestors
Dwelt in caves, and dens, and through the forest roamed
In search of food; climbing the lofty tree,
And, aded by the useful caudal member,
Swung from branch to branch to pluck the ripest fruit;
Or stretched their hairy limbs upon the earth,
Without the faintest dream that Plato e'er,
In academic groves, would teach his high
Philosophy, or Virgil sing beneath
The spreading beech his pastoral melodies.

Therefore, friend Moses! I am forced to think
That, in the quaint old story told by thee
Of a fair Eden, and the fall of man
From some high state of angel innocence,
There must be some mistake—'tis very pretty,
And well wove, but of too thin a texture
To stand the test of rigid criticism.
For, if man e'er lived that pure and simple life
Described by thee amid the bowers of Eden,
Some remnant of his early innocence
Would surely yet remain.

Q. E. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 16.

A Day's Shooting.

The brown hills bask in the morning sun.
The chaparral leaves with dew-drops gleam,
As up the cañon, with dog and gun,
I follow the birds by the half-dry stream.

Whither and yon in her eager quest,
Whipping her sides with her busy tail,
Ranging the cover with tireless zest,
Topsy is seeking the nut-brown quail.

See! By that sage-brush near the rock
Her nose has caught the delicate scent:
"Steady, my beauty, we'll find the flock
Hard by that scrub-oak gnarled and bent."

The swift feet pause in their fleet career—
Instantly motionless now each joint—
Like a carved statue sharp and clear,
Topsy has come to a "dead-sure point."

The whirling covey have taken wing;
Two of their number have flown to their last.
"Dead bird! Good Topsy; there—tobo—bring!"
Oh, where we've marked down those that passed.

Beneath the madroño's cooling shade
I lie at length for the noonday rest,
And watch the bright play of colors made
By changing lights on the bay's broad breast.

The evening shadow begins to fall;
The fog rolls in through the Golden Gate—
"Yes, my good Topsy, I hear them call,
But we must be off; it's getting late."

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1878.

G. CHISHORE.

The Unborn Soul.

Life! I have heard strange tales of you,
Of your weird winds, and starlit dew,
And temples wonderfully cold;
Your cities, full of loneliness;
Your twin souls, glad in one caress;
Your face's passion, worn and old.

I have known souls that came from you
With sad brows bound with weary rue,
And after them a weeping came;
But some without a sound go by
Crowned with unchallenged purity,
And eyes intense with sudden flame.

Blind cravings urge me in my dreams;
I am not yet, but still it seems
I shall be soon. The hidden source
Of being seems to slowly fill;
I wait with passive yearning still
For the great flood of human force.

The souls, as yet ungarmented,
Press round me without noise or head;
And there is one dear soul who saith
That she will clothe herself ere long,
And if I guide her through the throng
We shall have love through life and death.

NILES, December, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Christmas, 1878.

Vermicelli Soup.
Stewed Terrapin. Potatoes Roasted in their Skins.
Boiled Turkey, Oyster Dressing and Sauce.
Green Peas. Broiled Tomatoes.
Roman Punch.
Roast Pig and Apple Sauce.
French Artichoke Salad.
English Plum Pudding. Mince Pie.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Plums, Bananas, Oranges, and Grapes.
Walnuts, Almonds, Figs, Fruits, and Raisins.

TO MAKE ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—Take half a pound seeded raisins, half pound currants, half pound sugar, half pound bread crumbs, and a very little flour; two ounces lemon and orange peel, one ounce almonds blanched, all finely chopped, four eggs (no milk). Mix with brandy. Boil in a basin or mould five hours. Serve with a rich pudding sauce. It is not necessary to make this pudding the day it is to be eaten; it may be prepared a day or two in advance and steamed when needed, or the batter can be kept. This receipt may be relied upon, as it was obtained from a celebrated English housekeeper.

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CALIFORNIA SILK MFG CO.

We, the undersigned, hereby state that we have sold the CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK for a number of years, and have found it to give entire satisfaction.

We recommend it to the public as equal in quality to any silk in this market, of either Foreign or Eastern manufacture. [Signed.] DOANE & HENSELWOOD, No. 1

Montgomery Street.

FRATINER & NOLL, 10 to 14 Montgomery Street.

F. CHESTER & CO., 34 to 36 Montgomery.

KAINDLER & CO., Ville de Paris, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

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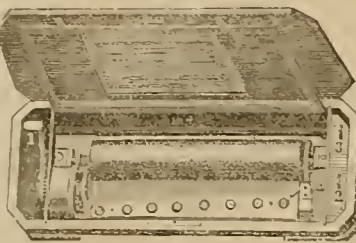
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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

S. MAGGIE WHEELER, plaintiff, vs. GIRAD E. H. WHEELER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to GIRAD E. H. WHEELER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of failure to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life, and extreme cruelty to said plaintiff, by the defendant, and that the said plaintiff be allowed to resume her maiden name, to wit: S. Maggie Saunders, as will more fully appear in the plaintiff's complaint herein, to which reference is hereunto expressly made.

You are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

TILDEN & WILSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 6) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifteenth (15th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the seventh day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.
Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 7, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 16 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Thursday, the 12th day of December, 1878. Transfer books closed on Monday, December 3, 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M. W. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

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ARIZONA SILVER MINING COM-

pany.—Location of works, Unionville, Humboldt County, State of Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the third (3d) day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth (16th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—203 Bush Street, Room 10, Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IZETTA GOODHUE, plaintiff vs. STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which special reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By J. H. PICHENS, Deputy Clerk.
WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital\$200,000
Assets exceed..... 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 209 SANSOME ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

THOS. FLINT, President.

FRED. K. RULESecretary.
I. G. GARDNER.....General Agent.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 60, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of December, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DUKEROW, Secretary.
Office—Room 60, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

APPLICATION TO BECOME SOLE

TRADER.—Notice is hereby given that I, EMMA S. HOWE, wife of Charles W. Howe of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, will apply to the County Court of said city and county and State aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 23d day of December, A. D. 1878, the same being a day of the November term, A. D. 1878, of said County Court, for the judgment and decree of said Court, authorizing and permitting me to act as a Sole Trader, and as such to carry on and conduct in my own name, in said city and county and State aforesaid, the business of buying and selling merchandise, buying and selling real and personal property and mining stocks, and to keep boarding and lodging-house, and to loan and borrow money on mortgage or otherwise, and to perform all acts connected with or incident to said different branches of business.

EMMA S. HOWE.
San Francisco, Cal., November 12th, A. D. 1878.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

FRANCES A. NELSON, plaintiff, vs. DAVID P. NELSON, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to David P. Nelson, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
GEO. L. WOODS and JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CANNEL COAL.

A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF GRATE COAL for sale by
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school having greater facilities, and enjoying a more extensive
patronage than any similar institution on the Pacific
coast, continues to base its claims for recognition and patronage
upon the good sense and enlightened judgment of public.

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EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A
specialty. None but the best brands of English
Portland Cement used.
FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

GEORGE BARSTOW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 309 Cali-
fornia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Fran-
cisco, Dec. 7th, 1878. At a meeting of the Board of Direct-
ors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend
(No. 29) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was declared, payable
on Monday, December 16, 1878.
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

ELITE DIRECTORY

For San Francisco, Oakland, and Vicinity.



A Private Address, Carriage and Club Directory
and Visiting Guide, containing the Names
and Residence Address of nearly Six
Thousand Society People.

THE BLUE BOOK OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

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San Francisco Society—An article descriptive and historical, going back to early
days and mentioning the prominent beaux and belles, and the fashionable resi-
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Reception Days—General information regarding the same.

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tion lists and special sources of information, and comprising over two thousand
families. Something of value to every member of polite society.

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Navy Calling and Address List.

Permanent Guests at Principal Hotels.

Bar Association—History and membership.

Art Association—History and membership.

Loring Club—History and membership.

Chit-Chat Club—History and membership.

Article on Social Club Life in San Francisco.

Pacific Club—History and Membership.

Union Club—History and membership.

Bohemian Club—History and membership.

Occidental Club, Oakland—History and membership.

San Francisco Verein, German Club—History and membership.

Concordia Club, Jewish—History and membership.

Spanish American Club—History and membership.

Theatre Diagrams—Giving official box office plans of all the principal theatres,
with numbers of boxes and chairs, so that a ready reference can be had at home to
the exact location of seats secured by tickets by comparing numbers. This feature
is alone worth the price of the volume.

Shopping Guide—Giving location of place of business and general information con-
cerning a few of our high class retail establishments.

The *ELITE DIRECTORY* will be a book of 288 pages, ele-
gantly bound in blue and gold, gilt edged, and handsome in typogra-
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READY ON OR ABOUT THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1878.

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F. M. SOMERS, Editor and Compiler.

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726 TO 734 MARKET ST.,

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In the city.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LAN-
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203 Montgomery St. and 103
Third Street, under the Russ
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Stamps taken. Catalogue of 2,000 new articles free. Address,
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REVELS Commencing
REVELS *Tuesday Evening.....Dec. 24.*
REVELS **LIMITED ENGAGEMENT**
—OF—
REVELS **RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY,**
REVELS Who will appear for the first time in the new
REVELS **GRAND COMIC EXTRAVAGANZA,**
REVELS With Spectacular Effects, entitled
REVELS **REVELS!**
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REVELS Which will be produced with
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REVELS **MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES,**
REVELS **NOVEL MECHANICAL EFFECTS,**
—AND—
REVELS **GREAT STAR CAST!**
REVELS In addition to which
REVELS **200 AUXILIARIES**
REVELS Will appear, clad in costumes of rare beauty.
REVELS Admission, \$1, 50 and 25 cents. Reserved
REVELS seats, 50 cents extra. Sale of seats will com-
REVELS mence at the box office Thursday, Dec. 19th.
REVELS **SOUVENIR TICKETS FOR THE OPEN-**
REVELS **ING NIGHT.**
REVELS **Grand Christmas Matinee**
REVELS **AT TWO O'CLOCK P. M.**
REVELS To all parts of the house, 50 cents. Reserved
REVELS seats, 25 cents extra.

FRAUDS IN THE PIANO TRADE.
Unscrupulous dealers in the piano trade have in many instances, in order to sell worthless instruments, copied the name as well as reputation of some leading manufacturer, and by that means flooded the market with disgraceful instruments, that are frauds in construction, material, and name. Among the many leading firms who have thus unjustly had their names used in order to sell this class of instruments are the Decker Bros. The great merit of their pianos was the direct cause of their being pirated. In order to protect themselves and the public the above-named firm commenced suit in New York against one of these fraudulent houses, and the result was a triumph in behalf of justice. The action thus taken reflects great credit on the above-named firm, and the public may feel perfectly safe in purchasing the Decker pianos, by dealing only with the authorized agents, Messrs. Kohler & Chase, of this city, who have one of the largest and finest establishments on this coast, on Post Street. The unrivaled beauty of finish and power and delicacy of tone of the Decker pianos has given them justly a national reputation.

For fine fitting custom clothing, go to J. M. Litchfield & Co., No. 415 Montgomery Street.

Those imported canes at J. M. Litchfield & Co.'s, No. 415 Montgomery Street, are very fine, and really worth one's inspection. What can be better for a holiday present?

For fine gilt Vienna bronzes, the most elegant ever imported to San Francisco; for marble and bronze statuary, of choice and artistic design; for Russia leather goods, genuine in material, unique in style, and of most exquisite patterns; for clocks, beautiful as ornaments and perfect as time-keepers; for exquisite vases, articles of vertu, and all sorts of beautiful Christmas gifts, go to the house of H. SIERING & CO., IMPORTERS, MONTGOMERY STREET, FRONT OF LICK HOUSE BLOCK.

HOLIDAY
ATTRACTIONS
.....AT.....
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Monday Evening, Dec. 23d, Every Evening, and Matinees on Christmas and Saturday.

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Words by W. J. Gilbert, music by Arthur Sullivan, now in its eighth month at the Opera Comique, London,
H. M. S. PINAFORE
Positively the final production of the
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Mr. Easy.....Miss Bessie Temple.....Hon. Heartbreaker.....Pauline Hall.
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Buttercup.....Miss Agnes Halleck.
Hebe, Sir Joseph's First Cousin.....Miss Alice Townsend.
Florence, Sir Joseph's Second Cousin.....Miss A. Hall.
Clementina, Sir Joseph's Aunt.....Miss Sexton.

H. M. S. PINAFORE---HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP PINAFORE.
Secured from the Opera Comique, London, especially for this Holiday production, introducing as it does many novelties strikingly original and unique, and scenic effects of a most realistic character by Graham. It is confidently expected that H. M. S. Pinafore, which will likewise by the last production by the Oates Organization in San Francisco, will prove to be their most enjoyable effort. H. M. S. Pinafore will positively conclude this most extraordinary engagement, the largest and most successful of its character ever played in this city, and it might almost be said, in America.
SEATS FOR EACH PERFORMANCE NOW AT THE BOX OFFICE.

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Beginning Monday Evening, December 23.
SEE THE
ELEGANT SILK DRESS PATTERNS
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Show Windows of the White House
To be given away Nightly and at the
CHRISTMAS AND SATURDAY MATINEES
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OTHER COSTLY PRESENTS
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PANORAMA OF THE WORLD.

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BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.
Monday, Dec. 23, last nights of
MR. F. S. CHANFRAU,
—AND—
MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION
—OF THE—
OCTOROON,
Mr. Chanfrau as "Salem Scudder."
FRIDAY EVENING, December 27th—
FAREWELL BENEFIT OF MR. CHANFRAU.
EXTRA CHRISTMAS MATINEE WEDNESDAY.
USUAL MATINEE SATURDAY.
MONDAY, December 30th—
MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE
—IN—
THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

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This (Saturday) evening, Dec. 21st, third week and continued success of
MR. JOSH HART
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The laughable burlesque,
WAS SHE LED OR DID SHE GO ASTRAY,
The new local sketch entitled
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Introducing the old-fashioned Nine Pin Dance. The company in a new olio.
MATINEE TO-DAY AT TWO O'CLOCK.
Next week entire change of bill.
GRAND CHRISTMAS MATINEE.

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Positively last appearance of
CLARA MORRIS
This Saturday (matinee), Dec. 21st,
ARTICLE 47,
CLARA MORRIS AS CORA.
NOTICE.
The theatre will be closed on Saturday evening for a dress rehearsal of the grand musical, military, dramatic, and spectacular Christmas piece,

NOT GUILTY.
Sunday evening, Dec. 22d, the novelty of the season,
MASTER RICHARD LOUIS LEVY,
The boy tragedian, as MACBETH.
MISS OLIVE WEST,
Her first appearance on any stage, as LADY MACBETH.
Monday, Dec. 23d, and every evening during the week, the production of
NOT GUILTY.
Grand Matinee Christmas Day, New Year's Day, and every Saturday at two o'clock.

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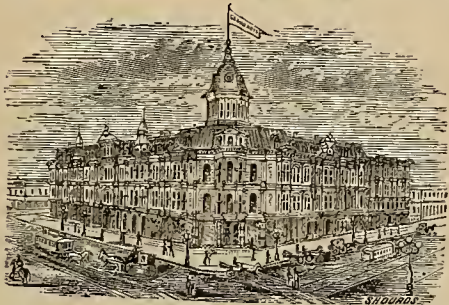
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THEIR PATTERNS ARE NOT ONLY prepared with the utmost precision, but have the advantage of being graded in all sizes by a method which fifteen years of constant trial have failed to prove incorrect, and which remains a secret with themselves.

The great object of their method of grading has been to secure the proper fit for every desired size, and at the same time to retain the style unchanged. This they have effected so thoroughly that any one can obtain a pattern requiring but little variation.

The ladies will find garments made from their patterns the best exponents of the fashionable world exhibits of elegance, style, utility, and economy.

We say, without hesitation, their patterns are the latest and most fashionable, and the most reliable in use. Every one using these patterns will save at least twenty-five per cent. which would be incurred by any other method. The label on each pattern shows the size, kind, and the amount of cloth and trimming needed, as well as a picture of the garment when finished. It also gives explicit directions, which, if carefully followed, preclude any possibility of mistakes in cutting and making.

Agencies for the sale of their patterns are located in every city and town on the continent.

Their branch house for this coast is 124 Post Street, DEMING & BARRETT.—From Morse & Wood's Fashion Journal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—INDIAN

Queen Mining and Milling Company, Room 69 Nevada Block, San Francisco, December 16, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company held this day, dividend No. 4 of Twenty-five (25) cents per share was declared, payable on Friday, December 17, 1878. ALFRED K. DUREBROW, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, December 16, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 38) of three dollars per share was declared, payable on Friday, December 20, 1878. Transfer books closed until December 21st. W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

stockholders of the Consolidated Virginia Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 26 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in this city, on THURSDAY, the ninth day of January, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will close Saturday, December 28, 1878, at twelve o'clock noon. A. W. HAVENS, Secretary. SAN FRANCISCO, December 15, 1878.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,

WILLIAM DOOLAN,

Office No. 12 Nevada Block.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 SHERMAN'S BUILDING,

Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco (P. O. Box 707.)

DIAMONDS.

The most attractive assortment of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC.,

And Novelties, for the selection of wedding and other presents, at

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.'S,

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.

NO. 136 SUTTER STREET.

IMMENSE REDUCTION
IN SILVERWARE.

SOLID STERLING SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS,

Of our own manufacture, at \$1.40 per oz.,

THIS BEING MUCH LOWER THAN THEY EVER HAVE BEEN SOLD.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AT LOWEST RATES.

DIAMONDS OF RARE PERFECTION

In single stones, and carefully matched pairs, set and unset.

EMERALDS, RUBIES, AND SAPPHIRES,

AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE

AT UNEXCEPTIONABLY LOW RATES.

BRAVERMAN & LEVY,

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

MADAME SKIDMORE

FINE MILLINERY.

THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES CONSTANTLY RECEIVED.

1114 Market St., between Mason and Taylor, under Graham House.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

JOHN E. QUINN,

1400 POLK STREET, CORNER OF PINE,

THE LEADING, ONE PRICE FANCY GOODS STORE OF WESTERN Addition. A full line of

First Class Fancy Goods, Dress Trimmings, Kid Gloves, Holiday Gifts, Notions, etc., etc.

I do not advertise to give my goods away as many do, but will, and do, sell them at the lowest market prices.

Open Evenings.

WAKELEE'S AUREOLINE

PRODUCES THE BEAUTIFUL
Golden Hair so much admired. Superior to the im-
ported article by reason of its freshness and the care used
in its production.
PRICE, LARGE BOTTLES, \$2.

Manufactured by
H. P. WAKELEE & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,

Corner Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSONE STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.

SHIPPING

—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents for the

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET
LINES.

204 AND 206 CALIFORNIA ST. San Francisco.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

RARE ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS,

CHRISTMAS, 1878.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE COL-
lection of fine Engravings specially purchased in
Italy for the Christmas trade. Nothing can be more appro-
priate for a holiday or wedding present than a fine Engraving,
which is suitable for home decoration and at the same
time rare. W. K. VICKERY would respectfully invite an
inspection of his Engravings and their prices.
Please note address—22 Montgomery Street, opposite the
Lick House.
OPEN IN THE EVENING.

REDINGTON'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS

ARE THE PERFECTLY PURE
and highly concentrated Extracts of

FRESH FRUITS

Prepared with great care. They are put up in superior
style, in a bottle holding twice as much as ordinary
brands of Extracts.
Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so
cheap.

Wherever tested on THEIR MERITS, they have been
adopted in preference to all others, and now are the

STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Of the Pacific coast. Dealers will find them to give better
satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are
respectfully requested to give them a trial.

REDINGTON & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RUPTURE.

BUY NO TRUSS

Until you see what has been accom-
plished by DR. PIERCE'S late in-
vention.

Call, or send for New Illustrated
Book. Prices reduced.
MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS

CO., 609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

MILLER & RICHARD,

SOLE MAKERS OF

EXTRA-HARD METAL SCOTCH TYPE.

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR

THE CAMPBELL, HOE, AND PEERLESS
PRESSES.

No. 523 COMMERCIAL STREET.

And 245 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.



WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger
Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as
follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister,
Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and All Way
Stations. 2nd At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects
with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the
M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey.
2nd Stage connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-
tions.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, and
Way Stations.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-
tions.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Sta-
tions.

2nd The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Sta-
tions is discontinued for the Winter season.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate
points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings.
Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

2nd Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of
the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad
via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry
Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making
close connection at GOSHEN for Summer, Mohave, LOS
ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado
River, and YUMA.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, November 11, 1878, and until further
notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco:
(Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays included,
Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington
Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at
Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Clover-
dale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lake-
ville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at
Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the
GEYSERS.

2nd Connections made at Fulton on the following morning
for Korb's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods (Sundays
excepted).

(Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.)

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except
Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.

ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai,

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

February 18 December 17 January 16

May 16 March 15 April 16

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at

No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to Geo. H. Rice, Freight Agent, at the

Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218

California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for

passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, via HONOLULU,

On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU,

November 25, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMER-

ICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN

PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST IN-

DIA PORTS, on the 5th and

20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS,

and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th,

20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents,

Corner First and Brannan Streets.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf

for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for

LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ,

SAN DIEGO, S. LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern

and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about

every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertise-

ment in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

CHAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG.

FOX & KELLOGG,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-

chant Street, Room 15. Probate divorce, bank-

ruptcy, and all other cases attended to.

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, DECEM-

ber 5, 1878, and until further notice,

TRAINS AND BOATS

WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE AT FERRY LANDING, MAR-

KET STREET.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO

Steamer (from Market Street Landing), con-

necting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Cal-

istoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis

(Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing,

and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

[Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-

senger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Liv-

ermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting

with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriv-

ing at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy

arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC

Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern

Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville,

Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Fall-

sade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with

train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.

[Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MAR-

TINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK-

land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Hay-

wards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE

Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and

Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at

5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.15 A. M.]

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN

Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry)

to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch.

[Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

4.00 P. M., DAILY, SOUTHERN

Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern

Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton),

Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall

(San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES,

"Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Col-

ton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steam-

ers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and

Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,

Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing),

connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Wood-

land, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramen-

to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee,

Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Val-

lejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,

Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street

Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

[Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH

Third Class and Accommodation Train, via

Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.),

connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on

second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-

senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards,

Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND

Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and

Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

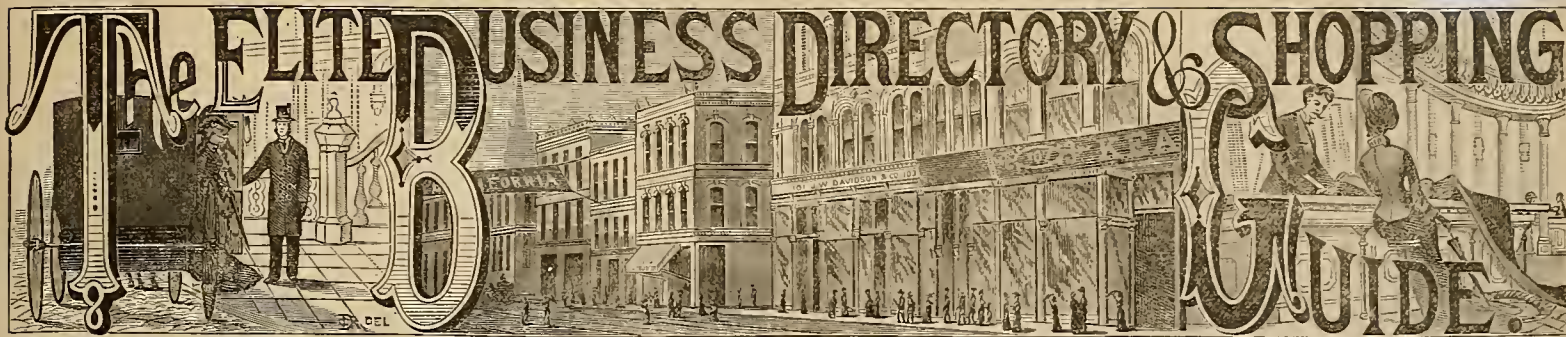
Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all

trains, Sundays excepted, at "Melrose."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

3.30	P. M.	San Jose.	11.45	11.03	9.50	4.45
4.30	1.00		12.00	12.00	9.50	4.45
5.30	3.00		12.45	P. M.	10.30	5.30
6.30	5.00		1.25	1.00	10.50	5.50
7.30	5.00		2.40	3.00	11.20	6.20
8.30	5.00		4.40	3.20	11.50	6.50
9.30	5.00		5.40	4.00		8.00
10.30	5.00		6.40	5.00		9.10
Change cars	A. M.	7.50		6.03		10.20
at West	7.10	9.00		B ⁷ 7.20		
Oakland.	P. M.	10.10		B ⁸ 7.30		



CHRISTMAS, 1878.

E. WOLF & CO.

DEALERS IN

FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Photogravures and Photographic Copies of Original Paintings of the most celebrated masters in Europe and America.

MIRRORS AND FINE PICTURE FRAMES

Of all sizes and designs.

625 Market St., under the Palace Hotel.

Elite

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,

838 MARKET STREET,

OPPOSITE FOURTH STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Sittings can be secured by Telegraph or Telephone from the Branch Offices of the American District Telegraph Co. and Hotels.

THOS. H. JONES & CO., PROPRIETORS.

GRAND HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., PROPRIETORS.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS

FOR FAMILIES.

Hinkle's Passenger and Baggage Elevator.

P. J. WHITE, President. JOHN FAY, Vice-President.
GEO. O. SMITH, JR., Secretary.

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FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO. OF CAL.

409 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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WM. WILLIS,
MICHAEL KANE,
J. MACDONOUGH,
JOHN F. BOYD,
JOHN FAY,
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NEW DESIGNS IN TOILET ARTICLES

We have just received from Paris a complete assortment of elegant

IVORY TOILET SETS,

Of new and beautiful designs; PERFUME CASES, and RARE PERFUMES, to which we invite attention.

H. P. WAKELEE & CO.

Druggists and Perfumers.

THE SINGER

MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S

NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

Now selling at a GREAT REDUCTION from former prices.

282,812 OF OUR MACHINES SOLD IN 1877.

The Best always wins



In the Long Run.

Buy only the Genuine. Beware of Counterfeits.

CAUTION.

No SINGER Machine genuine with our TRADE MARK (given above) stamped on the side, and our corporate name, "The Singer Manufacturing Company" in gold letters on the top of the arm of the machine.

Buy of our authorized agents only. Beware of BOGUS AGENTS and COUNTERFEIT MACHINES.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

118 Sutter Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

THOMAS DAY,

122 and 124 Sutter Street,

GAS FIXTURES, CLOCKS, BRONZES, AND HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES,

Including Fan Fire Screens, Brass Andirons and Candlesticks, and a choice selection of BISC WARE.

SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, & UNDERWEAR

In choicest selections at

SILVERSTEIN'S

950 and 952 Market St., Baldwin's.

MISS LIZZIE CARTER,

....THE....

LEADING MILLINERY STORE

906 Market St. and 5 Ellis St., near Stockton.

NEW BOOKS!

Fashionable Stationery,

COPPERPLATE PRINTING & ENGRAVING

Of all descriptions are specialties with

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS

Nos. 3 and 5 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

P. H. BURNETT, President. R. H. McDONALD, Vice-Pres.
S. G. MURPHY, Cashier.

PACIFIC BANK.

Capital.....\$1,000,000

Surplus.....509,908

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

FRED. H. LORING,

922 Market St., near the Baldwin, San Francisco,

DEALER IN FINE

TEAS, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, SPICES,

ALSO, A SELECT LINE OF

GROCERIES.

MANUFACTORY OF THE "PRESIDENT COFFEE."

Our line of teas embraces the largest and best variety to be found in one collection in San Francisco. The products of the entire tea producing countries are here represented, and can be tested in a moment. Being one of the oldest established Tea and Coffee houses, our goods have a well known and first class reputation, as our list of customers proves.

WEBER PIANOS ARE THE BEST.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.,

Corner Kearny and Sutter Sts.

Pianos on the easiest installments at cash prices. All instruments sold by us on the installment plan are at our regular cash prices. Our Pianos and Organs are from the best makers, our prices and terms are the easiest of any reliable house on the Pacific Coast. We fully guarantee every instrument we sell, and each Piano and Organ is also accompanied with a guarantee from the manufacturer. Old pianos taken in exchange and credited as first in it; balance in installments.



KNABE PIANOS

Grand, Square, and Upright.

BEST STOCK OF SHEET MUSIC.

BANCROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,
733 MARKET STREET.



P
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NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

PIANOS

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS.

IN ELEGANCE OF DESIGN, QUALITY of finish, and durability of polish, they are every way superior to slate or marble. In point of economy, also, they cost very much less, are stronger, and certainly far more durable than either.

ALL SIZES AND STYLES

ENAMELED GRATES.
FRENCH COOKING

RANGES

All sizes, suitable for Hotels, Restaurants, Families, and Boarding-Houses.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

NOS. 110, 112, 114, 118, & 120 BATTERY ST.

INDEPENDENT LINE

—FOR—

ASTORIA AND PORTLAND, OREGON.

The Splendid Low-pressure, Side Wheel American Steamship

GREAT REPUBLIC,
382 TONS,

JAMES CARROLL.....Commander
Will sail from Spear Street wharf, for the above ports,
On TUESDAY, Dec. 24, at 10 A. M.

Steerage Passage.....\$2 00
Cabin Passage.....7 00
In Bridal Rooms.....10 00
Freight.....at Lowest Rates

FREIGHT RECEIVED DAILY.

For freight or passage apply at the office on Spear Street wharf. Tickets also for sale at No. 3 New Montgomery Street, under Grand Hotel.

P. B. CORNWALL.

DR. JAS. M. HUTCHINS,
DENTIST, REMOVED TO 737 MARKET STREET, opposite Dupont.

DECKER BROS

DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

AWARD OF THE GOLD MEDAL.

FIVE DIPLOMAS OF MERIT!

THE PARIS EXPOSITION HAS AWARDED THE DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR to Mr. HENRY BREWSTER, senior member of the firm of

BREWSTER & CO.

(OF BROOME STREET.)

CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

Of the city of New York. Also, the Gold Medal, and five Diplomas of Merit to the several foremen of departments, for an exhibition of Thirteen Carriages, a Park Drag, Pleasure Vehicles, and a Racing Sulky, at the late Exposition, as a recognition of the superior excellence of the work of the firm.

W. J. DONLEY, the representative, is now in San Francisco, and may be found at O. F. Willey & Co.'s, or at the Baldwin.

Messrs. O. F. WILLEY & CO., 427 Montgomery St., are Sole Agents in California.

BREWSTER & CO. (OF BROOME STREET.)

Broadway, 47th and 48th Streets, New York City.

SIERING'S.

NOVELTIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Embracing the newest designs from

PARIS, VIENNA, AND BERLIN.

Among them will be found IVORY BRUSHES, both singly and in sets: FANS, with Feathers, Lace, and of Brocade Silk: CARD CASES, PURSES, CIGAR CASES, PORTFOLIOS, etc., in French Calfe, with raised figures in Silk, and in Russia Leather; IVORY, SHELL, and NICKEL JEWELRY.

FANCY GOODS.

SACHETS AND GLOVE BOXES, of Silk, with Flowers, etc., painted upon them; Fire Gilt, Nickel, and Bronze ORNAMENTS, STATUETTES, and CLOCKS; VASES, BISQUE AND MAJOLICA WARE, etc., etc.

H. SIERING & CO.

LICK HOUSE BLOCK.

STORE OPEN IN THE EVENING.

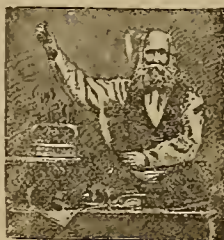
NICOLL, THE TAILOR

WOOLEN BROKER,

(BRANCH OF NEW YORK.)

127 Market, 505 Montgomery, 18 Kearny Streets, San Francisco,
And 853 Broadway, Oakland.

The quickest, best, and cheapest Tailor in the world. Pants to order in six hours, and Suits in one day, if required.



By Appointment to the Emperor

TO ORDER:

Pants.....from \$ 4 00
Suits.....from 15 00
Overcoats....from 15 00
Dress Coats..from 20 00

TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin Pants
from.....\$7 00
White Vests....from 3 00
Fancy Vests....from 6 00

Finest stock of woollens in the world. The only house in the city that receives fresh patterns and New York and Paris fashions weekly. Samples, with instructions for self-measurement, sent free. A small stock on hand, of our own make, to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with cloth and trimmings, at wholesale prices, by the yard; any length cut.

PIANOS ARE THE BEST

KOHLER & CHASE
SAN FRANCISCO
& OAKLAND.

HOLIDAY

ATTRACTIONS

.....AT.....

ROMAN'S

11 MONTGOMERY STREET.



SEWING MACHINE,

The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine in the market.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS

Elegant, stylish, and reliable.

J. W. EVANS, 20 Post Street, San Francisco.

STEINWAY

& SON'S

PIANOS

Two Highest Awards for the best Pianos and Piano Forte Material,

U. S. CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION,
Philadelphia, 1876.

The Steinway Pianos alone were accorded the "highest degree of excellence in all styles."

The First Grand Gold Medal of Honor, Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

Grand Honorary Testimonial Medal, Society of Fine Arts, Paris, 1867.

Grand National Gold Medal, from H. M. King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway, 1868.

Academical Honors of the Royal Academies, Berlin and Stockholm.

First Prize Medal, International Exhibition, London, 1862.

Twenty-five First Medals at American Exhibitions.

Testimonials and Certificates, From the Most Eminent Musicians, Composers, and Artists in the World, who all unite in the Unanimous Verdict of the Superiority of the Steinway Pianos over all others.

Every Steinway Piano is Fully Warranted for Five Years.

Illustrated Catalogues, with Price List, Mailed Free on Application.

STEINWAY HALL.

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MUSIC STORE

117 POST STREET.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,

320 POST STREET,
San Francisco.



SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 28, 1878.
VOL. III. NO. 25. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



HUALAPI.

By J. W. Gally, author of "Big Jack Small."

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER III.

Time rolled on, and Sam Crain rolled away with his loaded team slowly, surely, and dustily, across valleys, over mountains and around hills; and the day drew nigh for the Grand Jury. Would he return, or would he not? became the absorbing question in the saloons, restaurants, and on the street.

In the autumn time the one street of a mining town is the promenade, because as silver mines are seldom, if ever, situated at a less altitude than 5,000 feet, more often at 6,500 to 7,000, the air is void of moisture most of the year, and the evenings and nights of early autumn are just splendid. The middle of the street is the ground for friendly discussion or confidential confab. Here, when the moon in a cloudless sky swings roundly out from the endless depth of stars, all important affairs are discussed by men who promenade to and fro, or stand at ease with one hand either inserted in the behind pocket of their pantaloons or pushed to the thumb inside the waistband, and the other hand used to manipulate the pipe or cigar and for purposes of gesticulation, the imitative shadows falling away from each group in grotesque caricature.

"To-morrow the Grand Jury sits," remarked one promenade to the other.

"Yes, that's what I'm here for. I'm one of 'em."

"Sam Crain hasn't put in an appearance yet."

"No, not yet."

"Do you think he will?"

"Well, I hope so. I rather like Sam. He has freighted for us a good deal, one time or other, and we have always found him straight as a string."

"Speakin' o' strings, it 'pears to me if they could find that dead body agin, he'd have to straighten a string."

"Mebbe so—mebbe not—I'd rather not discuss the matter without the testimony."

"Hello! What's that?" There was a clatter of horses' feet, galloping rapidly up the street, then a halt at the door of the saloon, then a hurrah, and a general handshaking.

"Well, boys, I'm glad to see you all once more; let us go in and throw ourselves around some poison! If there's any man here that said Sam Crain wouldn't come to time on his word, I want him to come in and drink with me and get better acquainted, so he won't never say that about me agin."

"Here's Sam, sure enough," said the promenading Grand Juror to his companion, as they passed Sam's crowd.

"Well, I supposed he had more sense than to come back," and the promenaders wheeled about for another turn up the street.

"I say, Sam, who's them two fellers came in with you?" asked the saloon man, as he put up the glasses on the board.

"Oh, them! They're a couple of fellers I picked up on the trip. They didn't want anything to drink, one of 'em's sort o' sick; so I got 'em to take my horse along with them up to the feed stable. Boys, stand in!"

"Where's yer dog?"

"Gone to the stable along with the hoss."

"I say, Sam, is it a fact that that there dog o' yours'll go out an' bring in somethin' if you tell him to?"

"Yes," answered Sam. "You bet that's a fact. He'll do it any time, an' no one ever learnt it to him. There was a feller had a yeller dog trained to that trick, and a lot of us was in a store in Austin, an' this feller says to his yeller dog: 'Booze, you're in the way, go out and find somethin', and his dog did go out an' bring an old boot an' laid it down at that feller's feet. Everybody in the store thought that was mighty smart, an' some one hollers across the stove to me: 'Sam, that lays over anything ever your dog done.' My dog was laying down behind my chair, an' I says to him, 'Carlo, you aint nowhere for smart!' Carlo, he just rapped on the floor with his tail. 'Why don't you go out and find somethin',' says I to him. Well, damn if he didn't git right up an' go to the door, and wait till some one opened it an' went out, an' purty soon he came back with a lady's satchel, a bran' new one, full of women's truck. Yes, he did!" and Sam looked about in the eyes of his listeners. "You bet he did, an' I never in my life told him to do anything of the kind afore?"

"What did the yeller dog man say to that?"

"Oh! He just wilted in silence."

"Where did Carlo get that satchel? Did you ever find out?"

"Certainly I did; it belonged to a lady in that town an' she'd give it to her little gal to carry, an' the little gal dropped it."

Late into that night, and the next day, Sam was about town talking with the boys and at times with his lawyer; but after the next day he was either conveyed by the perhaps too indulgent Sheriff, or else he was locked up in the jail, because the Grand Jury had found against him a true bill, charging him with the highest crime known to the code; to which in open Court he pleaded not guilty.

Some dreary days elapsed, during which Sam waited for the Sheriff's deputies, to ride the rough country around, with one venire after another, hunting for that class of men who do not read and seldom pay attention to anything—men who have no opinions among their very few ideas, and are therefore first-class trial jurors.

Old man Damus was on the alert day after day examining and challenging persons as to their fitness to sit as jurors in this case, and although he had repeatedly said that no Grand Jury had a right to find such a bill in the case, and that he would clear Sam Crain before any jury, or never show his face in Court again—still he took every precaution and fought every move of the prosecution as though he were leading the forlornest hope, for Damus was a lawyer by birth as well as education.

The court-house, like all things else in a new country except nature and the people, was a very incomplete arrangement, being the one room of a store house built over a half cellar, set into the bank after the manner of a Pennsylvania side-hill barn. The cellar, partly quarried out of the solid rock and partly walled in, was used for a jail, with a trap-door opening into the court-room—to the left hand in

front of the Judge's stand. To the right hand of his Honor rose two platforms, one above the other like steps, on which were two benches calculated to hold six men per bench. Directly in front of the Judge sat the lawyers, the clerk of the court, sheriff, prisoner, witnesses, and a few invited guests, all upon the common level of the floor, accommodated with chairs however. Then there was a railing across the room fencing in all the parties herein named, but fencing out the nameless public.

Each day the judge took his seat, the sheriff bawled out into the street: "Hear ye! Hear ye! The honorable court of the —th district, etc., is now open."

Sam came up through the trap like a jack in the box, and the case went forward slowly, till at length a jury more or less satisfactory to all parties was corraled or sworn in. Mr. Crain, under the, to him, new title of "prisoner at the bar," was told to stand up. He stood up. They read to him and to the jury the opinion, entertained and fully expressed, of the Grand Jury in his case.

"What do you plead, prisoner? Guilty or not guilty?"

"We plead *not* guilty, your Honor," replied Damus.

"Prisoner, you may be seated," added the Court.

Sam sat down, and Carlo, slipping quietly among the legs of the crowd, came and sat by his master's side, and looked earnestly up into the face of the Court.

The prosecuting Attorney stated to the jury what the State proposed to prove.

"Call the witnesses," ordered the Court.

Then there was the usual coming forward and swearing to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," followed by the ordinary blundering, lying, cross-questioning, and self-contradiction in such cases made and provided.

At length the prosecution ordered the Sheriff to call:

"William Killwillin!"

Mr. Killwillin came forward and was sworn in perfect silence on the part of all save a low, continued growl from the dog. This growl diverted the gaze of the witness, so that he seemed to be receiving the form of his oath from the dog and not from the Clerk of the Court. As he bowed his head with a quick bob to kiss the book, the dog barked outright.

"Put out that dog," was the order from the Court, which the sheriff was about to execute, when the end man of the jury on the lower bench arose and said:

"I beg the mercy of the Court. Your Honor, faithful friends are few in this world; I pray that the dog may remain." The juror sat down while the Court rather testily said:

"Go on with the witness."

The dog walked softly over and sat down beside the juror, keeping his brown eyes steadily gazing into the face of the witness.

This witness was the king-pin of the prosecution. He knew more than anybody.

Did not distinctly see the fight between Sam Crain and Hualapi, because he was in bed at a short distance away in the sage-brush camping out, but could hear Crain's voice. Knew it was Crain's voice by a sort of hoarseness which he had often noticed on other occasions. Also heard a dog bark, but would not positively swear to the bark as that of Crain's dog—fully believed, however, that it was.

"Can you repeat any of the words," asked the prosecuting Attorney?

"Well, yes, some of them."

"What were the words you heard? Go on, and tell it in your own way."

"Well, you see, I don't suppose I woke up at the beginning of the fuss, but when I did wake up I heard the other man's voice calling somebody nearly all the bad names there is out. Then I heard Sam Crain's voice say, 'Dry up, you —, or I'll smash your — head.' Then I heard the other man go on again in the same way; and then it seemed as if there was a tussle, and blows struck; then I could distinctly hear Sam say: 'Carlo, git out!'"

Here the dog Carlo silently left the side of the juror and went out of the court-house, and, as was afterward related, down the street on a full run.

"And, as I sat up in my bed, I could dimly see one man stooping down over something, as it appeared to me, in the road."

"Well, after you saw this man stooping over the other, what then?"

"Everything became quiet then, and I could still see one man moving away in the direction of where I knew Crain's camp to be. Then I laid down and went to sleep, and thought no more about it till I heard next day about this murder."

"Tell the jury why you did not pay further attention to this matter—get up and see about it, or go call somebody else."

"Oh, well! I reckoned it was a drunken tussle, and that they wouldn't hurt each other bad."

"But you swear that you distinctly heard Sam Crain's voice?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Do you swear you saw Sam Crain struggling in the road with another man, and then saw him walk away toward his own camp?"

"No, sir; I don't swear to that, except on knowledge and belief."

"You're a d— particular, conscientious duck, you are!" snorted Sam, in an undertone burst of indignation.

The Judge immediately spread his arms, with his elbows turned up like a pair of grasshopper legs, and looked savagely over his desk at Sam.

Whereupon Damus promptly sprang to his feet and meekly begged the Judge's pardon on the prisoner's behalf, adding naively:

"My client has no right, your Honor, to compliment the witness on his conscientiousness. He is entirely wrong in this matter."

The end man of the jury smiled, threw back his head, looked up at the ceiling, and rubbed his chin.

The prosecuting Attorney looked over his notes, and then said:

"Take the witness."

Old man Damus is usually an eager, aggressive, rather vehement lawyer before a jury, but on this occasion he took a chair slowly and carelessly over in front of the witness, sat down in it, leaned far back on the two hinder legs of the chair, crossed one of his own legs over the other, laid his head on one shoulder, sharpened a Faber pencil in the most complete and highly mechanical manner, and began to cross-question the witness:

"Mr. Killwillin—that's your name, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that all the name you claim?"

"Yes, sir. William Killwillin."

"Well, now, William, is it true, or not true, that you have what we sometimes call an *alias*? You know what an *alias* is, don't you, William?"

"An *alias* is a name otherwise than the true name. I haven't any."

"Very well, William. Otherwise is good—otherwise is unusually good. But you have no *alias*?"

"No!"

"Sure about that? Think the thing over; perhaps, William, you have forgotten something."

"May it please your Honor, we object to this; there is nothing in the record here touching an *alias*," said the prosecutor.

"If your Honor please, this witness swore in his examination in chief that he would tell the whole truth, and then he said his name was what he says it is; we propose to show, if need be, before we get through, that his very first answer was a lie—that's object enough to bring us within the record."

"Go on with the witness," snapped the Judge, who had been rudely awakened from a pleasant exploit in mental arithmetic in which the proposition was like this: "If one hundred of my herd of cows have ninety-two calves, how many ought my branding-iron to have?"

"Were you ever called Corkey Magoozleum, William?"

"I don't know what I've been called."

"Ya-as! Were you called Corkey Magoozleum that you know of?"

"Not as I know of."

"Now Corkey—ah! excuse me; I mean William—don't you distinctly know that when you were in Cheyenne, and before you ran away from there between two beautiful days, that you were called by the name I speak of?"

The clean-shaven upper lip or the witness began to sweat, but he swallowed his saliva and replied:

"I was never in Shiann, and I've told you before I have no *alias*."

"William, can you cork a drunken man?"

"Cork a drunken man?"

"Yes, sir," with great emphasis, "can you cork a drunken man?"

"I don't understand the question."

"You don't? Well, sir," putting the now beautifully-sharpened pencil in his breast pocket, and his closed knife into another pocket, "can you hang around a gambling saloon, such as we have here in the mountains, skulling checks till late in the night, and then finding a respectable laborer who has the misfortune to be drunk and fall asleep in his chair at the stove, and being furnished with some burnt cork, can you decorate that unfortunate man's face in a highly humorous and grotesque manner?"

"Oh! if that's what you mean, I've seen it done."

"Did you ever do it?"

"I may have."

"You may have. Now, don't you know," asked Damus, in his softest tones; "don't you know that once in White Pine, Nevada, when you were trying to get up courage enough to be a check guerrilla, that you started in to cork an unfortunate gentleman known as 'Alleomagoozle,' and that he suddenly awoke, and smote you over the head with his heavy revolver-pistol, making that scar," pointing to it, "which now lends additional beauty to your otherwise handsome forehead?"

"I don't know anything of the kind—at least, I don't remember anything like that."

"Were you ever in White Pine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, you have been in White Pine! Were you ever on the gamble in White Pine?"

"I've played a little; yes, of course I have."

"Played with cards?"

"Yes, played with cards."

"Then you can remember being at White Pine, also remember gambling there; but you can not remember trying to cork 'Alleomagoozle'?"

"No, sir, I can't."

"Is your right name Theodore L. Dixon?" asked Damus quickly, but gently.

"Uh?"

"Is your right name Theodore L. Dixon?" repeated in a quick, snapping manner.

"No, it aint."

"That's all," said Damus, looking toward the prosecutor, and then added quickly: "No, no! one moment! I want to ask the witness one more question."

"You say," addressing the witness, "that you distinctly heard Sam Crain's voice at the time of the row to which you testified. Now, did you as distinctly hear the man's voice?"

"I did."

"Do you know whose voice the other was?"

"Do not."

"Would you know it again if you heard it?"

"Think I would."

"Pretty sure you would?"

"Yes, I'm pretty sure."

"Were you in town the day before the night of the murder?—I mean during the day."

"No, sir—was not."

"You were not at the saloon drinking with Sam Crain and Hualapi?"

"No."

"Where were you that day?"

"Down the Cañon, chopping cord wood."

"If your Honor please," said Damus, arising to his feet, "I wish to test the accuracy of this witness as an expert in voices. I therefore propose the trap door there to the left-hand of your Honor's front, leading down into the larger room of the jail, shall be left open, and that the sheriff shall cause several—say four or six—persons to enter the jail from the door below, which persons shall talk seriatim in a loud voice, while the witness sits at a little distance from the open trap, to detect, if he can, the different voices. I mean, of course, that they shall be persons whose voices are as familiar to him as is the voice of Sam Crain."

There was a great deal of discussion, pro and con, over this proposition; but the Court admitted the experiment. The Sheriff was ordered to go out and find the necessary

persons. He went out; but as he went the dog Carlo came in with something in his mouth, which he carefully conveyed inside the bar, and gave into the hands of his master, and then went over to his place beside the jurymen. Sam looked at the article, and handed it over to old man Damus.

The eyes of Damus twinkled with new light as he carefully examined the things. The upper lip of the witness began to sweat again; not only his lip, but his whole face and neck, and the backs of his hands.

"Your Honor," said Damus very dryly, and without the slightest emotion, as he passed the things over to the Court, "we will place this package in evidence."

"What's that?" said the prosecutor, jumping to his feet.

Damus repeated.

Prosecution objected.

Question argued.

Objection noted.

"Go on with the witness. If these things, which appear to be a pair of heavy buckskin gloves can not be connected with the case we can strike out the entire episode," and he passed the gloves back to Damus.

"Mr. Killwillin," said Sam's lawyer, "do you know what these things are?" And he pulled them apart with a crackling noise, as though they had been stuck together with starch.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what are they?"

"Buckskin gloves, I s'pose."

"You s'pose. Well, take them into your hands, look carefully at them, and tell us all you know about them."

The witness put out his hand and took the gloves.

"This is a pair of my gloves, that I lost three months ago."

"Where did you lose them?"

"I can't say; probably somewhere about town, or at the wood ranch, or between here and there."

"Do you see anything on those gloves which is not on all gloves?"

"I see my name on them."

"That is to say, you see the name of William Killwillin."

"Yes, that's my name."

"Did you write it there?"

"I did."

"Do you see anything else unusual about those gloves?"

"I see some nut-pine pitch on them, but that's not very unusual in this country."

"No, the pitch is not unusual on a woodchopper's gloves. Don't you see anything else?"

"No, sir," but the voice began to be thin and hollow.

"Now, don't you see the dried and blackened blood of the man Hualapi on those gloves?"

Here Carlo walked around to get a better view of the eyes of the witness.

The witness looked first at the dog and then at the lawyer, both of whom drew closer to him, with their eyes on his face. At last he gulped out:

"I ask this court to protect me. It's enough to have a lawyer after a man without doggin' him."

Sam Crain stepped over from his seat, took the dog gently by the back of the neck, and then, stepping back again, sat down with the dog in his grip.

"Oh, yes," said Damus, softly, almost soothingly, "we'll all protect you, nobody shall hurt you, and you shan't be dogged. Is that blood on those gloves?"

"I don't know what it is."

"Ah! you are not an expert in bloods—only in voices and dog's barks. Well, sir," continued Damus, after a pause, during which he slightly consulted his memoranda, "in your examination by your friend here, the prosecutor, you spoke of hearing a dog bark; now, when you were taking your oath here to-day you heard this dog, Carlo, bark. Didn't you?"

"I believe I did."

"You believe you did! Well, do you believe that this dog's bark, and the bark you heard on the night in question in this case are identical, and that the two barks belong to the same dog?"

"I can't say exactly. The echo in here is different from the echo out of doors."

"I didn't ask you anything exactly. What do you believe?"

"I believe they are the same, or would be the same in the same place."

"Well, sir, if you had dropped these gloves, or for some reason best known to you, had hidden them in a crevice of rocks, or stump, or tree, on that occasion, do you believe this dog would remember so as to go and find them for you, five or six weeks afterward, upon your ordering him out of the house with the words: 'Git out, Carlo!' or 'Carlo, git out!'"

"I don't know what he can remember."

"May it please your Honor," said the Prosecuting Attorney, "this whole business of dogs, and gloves, and trees, and stumps is irrelevant, and new matter based on nothing the witness has testified to in his examination."

"Your Honor will recollect, and I doubt not several, if not all, of the jury will remember, that the dog was introduced by the prosecution. I wish to say to the learned council on the other side that his witness introduced a dog, and the dog introduced these gloves on cross-examination—hence all these woes."

The Court smiled at the ingenious method of connecting the testimony. He would study the matter and give a decision thereafter.

Here the Sheriff reported that he was ready for the experiment of testing the witness' accuracy of ear.

Mr. Killwillin was seated a few feet distant from the trap-door; the persons down in the jail-room were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4. There was a peculiar smiling silence, so to speak, on the audience in the court-room as the voices from below, or after the other, came up through the trap, each saying the words: "Carlo, git out?" Every man in the house tried his ear in the attempt to distinguish and determine the owner of each voice—and Carlo was never so puzzled in his life with orders, none of which he could execute because Sam kept him quietly in hand. A comparison of notes setting forth Mr. K.'s answers showed that he was right regarding voice No. 1, wrong as to Nos. 2 and 3, while No. 4 was beyond him altogether, being, he said, no voice he ever heard before. "That's all for the present," said Damus, resuming his seat.

The prosecution asked a few unimportant questions in rebuttal and then said:

"That's all. We rest!"

Mr. Damus thereupon again arose and told the jury what he could and would prove; then, sitting down, he looked into his memoranda and called:

"Talbert Saxon!"

The audience, the jury, the bar, the witnesses, all looked toward the street door to note the entrance of the party just called. The last witness sat near the trap-door, but giving his attention mainly to the audience and the front entrance. Thus, without hardly anyone seeing his entrance, there arose up through the trap-door a man with a bandage about his head. Almost instantaneously there was a rustle in the audience, and a silent riveting of eyes on this apparition. The late witness also turned his head in the direction of the general gaze; but, as he did so, he arose from his chair like a machine-man, gazed upon the motionless face before him, and commenced backing, regardless of chairs or persons, while the apparition, still staring him in the face, advanced upon him.

"By h—, it's Hualapi!" shouted an excited auditor.

Then there was that sort of a wild cheer which, in the Anglo-Saxon part of America, for the moment, sweeps away, like a storm, all forms of law and order, while it announces that the great public heart is still in the right place.

Mr. Killwillin backed into the arms of the Sheriff, and that worthy officer deposited Mr. K. in a chair, gave him a drink of water, and told him to sit there.

Talbert Saxon, being duly sworn, said:

"Sam and me went to bed down at his camp; but 'long 'bout ten or eleven o'clock I woke up pretty sick; so I got up, thinkin' I'd shake myself and take a spin around camp. Well, the brush was in my way so I couldn't spin very well, and 'cordingly I took down a dry wash where there wasn't any brush. It wasn't so very dark; so I soon came to the place where the wash crossed the road, and there was a cedar stump; so I set down on the stump and thought I'd have a smoke. I filled my pipe, but I couldn't find any match to light it with; and while I was a goin' through all my pockets huntin' that match, I thought I saw a man a comin' down the road walking very fast; so, fearing he might turn out before he come to me, I got up off the stump and went to meet him. Well, when I met him, says I: 'Hullo, pard!' 'Hello!' says he, and stopped right in front of me. 'Gimme a match, pard!' says I, and he did give me a match. And right there, in front of his face, I put the lit match to my pipe, and commenced a smokin' and lookin' at him by the light of the match; and I noticed his face, and I see that he had a pair of buckskin gloves on his hands, an' a bran new axe on his shoulder; then the match went out, and then—well, I was struck by lightning; leas'tways that's what I thought, and that was all I did think for about two weeks."

"Next place I found myself was in an Injin wickiup, at night, on the side of a mountain, with a lot of Injin doctors singing, and barking, an' dancing, an' raising general h— around me to scare away the death-devils. After that I got better; then I got a doctor to come and fix my head; then I heard about this case, and came here to help Sam."

"Do you know who it was gave you the lucifer match?"

"I do."

"Would you recognize him if you saw him?"

"I would."

"Look about the court-room; if he is here point him out."

"This is the gentleman who so kindly accommodated me," answered Hualapi, placing his forefinger lightly upon Mr. Killwillin's shoulder.

"You say you were struck by lightning. What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that somebody belted me over the head with an axe, or something hard and heavy. I have always thought it was an axe, and my doctor says it was the flat side of an axe with sharp corners."

"Did Sam Crain, the man who sits there accused of murdering you—did he strike you?"

"Nary once! Sam ain't that kind!"

Here there was another tendency on the part of the house to come down cheering, but it was suppressed by the sternest order of the Court.

"It is a little out of the record," said Damus, smiling dryly at the prosecutor, "but, I ask you, who did strike you?"

"Well, Judge, it was—"

"Address yourself to the jury," said his Honor.

"Well, gentlemen, it was very dark after that match went out, and daylight was awful long a breakin' for my eyes, but I have always since labored under the impression that this is the gentleman who nearly cooked my goose," pointing to Mr. Killwillin.

"The Attorney for the State will enter a *nolle prosequi* in this case," said the Court, and then added: "Mr. Crain you are discharged. Mr. Sheriff take Mr. Killwillin into your custody, and adjourn court."

Ever since that day Carlo has been the most distinguished dog in the mountains; but I'm sorry to record that he still is compelled, at intervals more or less long, to turn tail upon his master's propensity to play with alcoholic amusements.

A man never really knows the exact "power of the press" till he sticks his fingers in the thing and leaves the ends of them there to remember him by.

Real distinction is to be obtained not by doing anything different from what your neighbor does, but by doing everything better than he does.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, December 29, 1878.

Crab Soup.
Veal Cutlets, Cream and Parsley Sauce.
Stewed Mushrooms. Baked Potatoes.
Boiled Buffalo Tongue.
Roast Canvas-back Ducks, Currant Jelly.
Kale Slau.
Omelette Souffle. Sliced Pineapple.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Bananas, Oranges, Pears, and Grapes.
To MAKE OMELETTE SOUFFLE.—Whip to a stiff froth the whites of eight eggs with four tablespoonsful of sugar. Have ready the yolks of the eggs, which must be beaten five minutes. Mix the whites and yolks together; add two tablespoonsful of flour rubbed smooth in cream. Bake fifteen minutes. Serve immediately. Some prefer making it without the cream and flour; either way is good.
FOR COOKING CANVAS-BACK DUCKS.—See Major Bender's article in last issue, which we endorse.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

These Three.

I.
I said of Love: "She hath no dwelling-place,
On earth or in the air;
Or near or far, no man hath seen her face,
That he should name it fair.
The lion hath its lair
Among the olive thickets, cool and green;
The glittering serpent hath its balmy screen;
And they who lightly bear
The weight of floods—those murderous creatures—sleep
Within the mossy forests of the deep:
But as for Love, she is not here nor there."

II.
I said of Life: "Too well I know that queen
Who bathes in blood her feet;
Hard by the pit of Hell her gate-ways lean;
Her hate is fiery-fleet,
Her love is like the sleet
That pierces to the heart with bitter cold;
The timbers of her palace burn with gold—
But she is all unsweet.
Haply she hath not been, she shall not be:
Full to her throne-room creeps the crafty sea,
And secret waters weave her winding-sheet."

III.
I said of Death: "She is not young nor old:
She treads the starry floor
As one whom times and countless times make bold,
Yet enters at my door,
Her lifted hands outpour
Vials of odors—precious oil that drips
Upon the eyes, till seals of soft eclipse
Their olden sleep restore.
I have not seen her face, if she be fair;
If she be sweet I do not know or care:
But what she is, she shall be evermore."

Death took me by the hand and kissed my lips:
Thereafter I was still.
"Is there no wine," she said, "in all my crypts,
That thou shouldst drink thy fill?"
Did ever voice so thrill?
I turned to see if that was Death who spake;
Sunlike she smiled: "Thou, who has slept, awake!
See thou my grapes distill
Their sweets from out the purple!" Then I knew
Life's blood-bathed feet, but named her Love, and drew
Within her banquet-house to feast at will.
AMANDA T. JONES, in *Scribner's* for January.

A Birthday.

Into this world, with April, you
Were ushered by the birds, the dew
On opening violets, and the blue
Of skies just washed from weary stain
With shower on shower of happy rain;
By earthly scent of furrows new,
By sudden rainbows on the wing,
And each dear thing of early spring.
Wild hyacinths are in the grass,
That grow more purple as you pass,
And pale above the answering glass
They find in many a shadowy brook;
The daffodils bend down and look;
See the chance cloud, a snowy mass,
And see the restless bluebird fly
Deep in the high and painted sky.
Oh, gay the day that April brings,
When all about the wide air rings
With melody of whistling wings,
With rustling waters, and the sigh
Of odorous branches far and oigh,
Where the bee murmurs as he clings,
While up and down the glad winds strow
The rosy snow of apple-blow.
Ah, if on some delicious day,
Dropped out of heaven and into May,
You first had wandered down this way,
When mellow sunbeams wove their snare
Through azure vapors everywhere,
And all the land in langour lay,
It had not seemed a day so meet,
So shy and fleet, so fresh and sweet.
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, in *Atlantic* for January.

The Doves.

Pretty doves, so blithely raoging
Up and down the street;
Glossy throats all bright hues changing,
Little scarlet feet.
Pretty doves! among the daisies
They should coo and flit!
All these toilsome, noisy places
Seem for them unfit.
Yet amidst our human plodding
They must love to be,
With their little heads a-nodding,
Busier than we.
Close to hoof and wheel they hover,
Glancing right and left,
Sure some treasure to discover;
Rapid, shy, and deft.
Friendliest of feathered creatures,
In their timid guise;
Wisdom's little, silent teachers,
Praying us be wise.
Fluttering at footsteps careless,
Danger swift to flee,
Lowly, trusting, faithful, fearless;
Oh, that such were we.
In the world and yet not of it,
Ready to take wing—
By this lesson could we profit
It were everything!
HARRIET McEWEEN KIMBALL, in *Wide-Awake* for December.

The Comrades.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UNILAND.)
I had a mate in the regiment,
A better man ne'er stepped.
The bugle blew to battle,
And 'mid the roar and rattle,
One step, one heart we kept.
"Art thou, or am I, the billet
Of that bullet whistling here?
Ah! poor old mate, 'tis thee it's found!"
He fell beside me on the ground—
'Twas a part of myself lay there.
"Dost stretch thy hand toward me?
I must load, and one more shout give,
I've ne'er a hand for thee, old chom,
Peace be with thee in kingdom come—
Good-bye, my mate, good-bye!"

ON THE MARSH.

Patiently waiting the early flight,
Through the cold gray morning's misty light,
I watch, while the Eastern sky grows red,
From a rushy blind in a tule bed.
My comrade's gun, with a sullen roar,
Booms from the reeds on the other shore;
As over the marsh its echo rings,
Hark, to the rush of the countless wings!
From leafy covert, with startled quack,
Mallard, and widgeon, and canvas-back,
Led by a flock of the green-winged teal,
They climb, they circle, they swoop, and wheel,
Not a moment now but brings a shot;
With rapid firing the gun grows hot;
Dance the decoys on the dark pool, stirred
By the heavy splash of a falling bird.
The sun shines warm on the red-tipt sedge
That stretches away from the marsh's edge:
A croaking heron flaps his way
To a sandy point in the outer bay;
A mud-hen scolds from the rushes nigh;
A curious sea-gull floats on high,
While we seek the dead birds, one by one—
The sport is over. The flight is done.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1878. GEORGE CHISHOLM.

A Song.

Night garnered a flower from orient bower
That rose by the southern billow,
And at midnight's hour, by magical power,
She laid it upon thy pillow.
The flower was orchis, its fragrance was love—
Sung lowly, sweet lute, to the stars above.

From heart of the bloom that mystic perfume
That guided thy sad, sweet dreaming,
Was in perfect tune as are buds in June,
When unfolding in sunshine streaming,
Love's fears and its sighs, Love's tears and its scars—
Of these sing softly, sweet lute, to the stars.

All hidden thine eyes, their dark beauty lies
Enveiled while thy sad soul slumbers;
The orchis breath flies, and on thy breast dies
Uncaught—like my feeble numbers.
Sing sad to the stars, sweet lute, in despair—
My lady is sleeping, she hears not thine air.

Oh, list ye, my sweet, to the soul at thy feet,
It dies with a passionate longing!
As the fragrance fleet of the bloom of sleep,
It can serve and love without wronging.
Sing high to the stars—sing high without fear!
O lute! sing high, that my lady may hear!

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1878. SIGNA.

Sentinel Rock, Yosemite Valley.

Old Sentinel and Watchman for the Long
Ago! Oh, would that I could bribe thee for
An hour!

I know 'tis much—too much, perhaps—
For one like me, so poor in mind and purse,
So small beside thy own majestic form,
So weak in fame and little known, to kneel
Upon the mosses at thy feet, and ask
One favor at thy mighty hand.
And yet my soul calls out to learn of thee
The mysteries of the past. This vale, so
Long and deep, whose walls on either side reach
Upward through the fleecy clouds, and seem to
Kiss the sky, has fired anew my love
For truth, and charmed me with another hope that
I perchance have found at last the door that
Opens to the unmeasured past.

All round this sacred spot rise mountains wild
And free with Nature's charms and beauties, while
Far below the crystal river rushing
Over giant rocks like foaming steeds to
Battle-fields away; then, calm and pure as
Sleeping babes, float gently through the pines and
Ferns, where slender willows droop their graceful
Heads, and mirrored there gaze on in silence
On beauty unadorned.

At midnight hours come moonbeams passing o'er.
Thy time-worn peaks send forth her silver rays
Through foliage green, which break amid the trees
And dance like fairies in the air.
Oh, would that I could know how long you've watched
This sacred spot; how long thy breast hath braved
The storms; how long thine eyes have looked upon
The grandeur at thy feet; and oh, how long
The winter snows and summer showers have beat
Upon thy brow,
And then how long the king of day has given
His first salute to thee; how long the queen
Of night has waved her hand and bowed to thee
Before she dare light up the enchanted
Halls below, where unseen forms and trailing
Garments float in silence on the perfumed
Air, keep time with foaming falls and rushing
Rills, while angels of the night weave sparkling
Dewdrops on each tiny leaf and flower.

Oh, would that he who placed thee there to watch
In silence all the countless ages passed
Would now stoop down and loose thy flinty tongue,
Unchain thy prisoned hands, unlock thy stony heart;
Then let me learn of thee the days when thou
Wert but a child, and, if thou never wert
A child, how did you come the giant that
You are? But if the gods deny to thee
The memories of thy childhood days, I'll
Be content to know when human forms first
Walked beneath thy shade—

When man first gazed upon thy majesty,
And woman first acknowledged him her lord.
How many nations have been born and died
Since you have watched their rise and fall?
And what the highest light and glory of
That helpless race now growing less and less
With each succeeding year?
How did the red man woo his dusky mate
Ten thousand years ago? Was he then forced
To woo and win each night, and she as free
To go each morn as untamed beasts are now?
What were the bravest deeds for heroes
Then to do? Were women then the idle
Toys of men, in costly robes and glittering
Gems to play the harlot or the queen as
Best might please their lords?

Did great men then wear crowns of gold wrenched from
The hardened hand of toil? Did thieves then hold
And guide the ship of State? Did vice and sin
Then wear the laurel wreath, while justice cried
Aloud for bread, and truth and honor dressed
In rags? Did gods then die that men might live,
And did they live to know and do the right?

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1878. LYDIA E. DRAKE.

BOOK-COVER REVIEWS.

We are reaping the full reward of our new mode of book reviewing. Having confined ourselves strictly to noticing covers, and to pointing out the mechanical and artistic excellence of all the books presented to us, observing the beauty of the type and the quality of paper, we are in receipt of all the highly ornamented, splendidly engraved, and well bound and printed books. All the severely intellectual works, works of erudition, of philosophy, of profound science; all the dry histories and prosy biographies; in fact, all the learned treatises upon ologies and all that sort of thing, are printed with poor type, upon cheap paper, and shockingly bound in paper or cloth. These books are all presented to the *Bulletin* to be reviewed by Samuel Williams, Esq., while all the handsome works adorn the book table of the ARGONAUT. Hence it is apparent that we have the best of the arrangement; in time the ARGONAUT library will be something elegant; its shelves glistening with bright colors—gold and bronze—and its books illuminated with the most exquisite engravings, while the *Bulletin* book-room will be as sombre and gloomy as all these musty disquisitions can possibly make it. There was a time in England when book reviewing was carried to perfection. Books are reviewed now in England. The *Nation*, also, occasionally gives a review worth reading. There was a time, when the *Edinburgh Review* was in its prime, when Macaulay and other men of distinguished literary character made criticism more valuable than the work criticised. We have the highest regard for the gentleman who does the book "notices"—for they are not reviews—for the *Bulletin*; but how can anyone do justice to a week's work of the intellectual, book-making world in two narrow columns of a commercial journal. Tyndall, or Herbert Spencer, or August Comte puts forth a book containing the work of years, the thought and study of half a life time, and Samuel Williams, Esq.—with all respect—reads it in a day and reviews it in an hour. Is this a review? Book reviewing is simply book noticing in consideration of getting the books. It is an advertisement. Bancroft & Co., Roman & Co., Billings, Harbourn & Co. send us a new work from The Riverside Press, from Appleton & Co., Harper & Bros., Carleton & Co., or any one of the half hundred publishers; we have no time to read these works, and give to our subscribers a well-digested synopsis of their contents, and our opinion upon the subject matter treated in them. No one man has the leisure and no hundred men the varied learning requisite for such a labor.

From Bancroft & Co.—*The Little Good for Nothing*, translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet by Mary Neal Sherwood, published by Estes & Lauriat of Boston. From Billings, Harbourn & Co.—*Madelaine*, a love story, by Jules Sandeau, a prize novel published by Peterson & Brothers of Philadelphia; paper cover, and cheap. From Lee & Shepard, New York, we get the last work of "Petroleum V. Nasby," entitled *A Paper City*, descriptive of one of those speculative town ventures in the West that did not succeed. The book is a success. Roman & Co. send us a work on etiquette; also, the *Diary of a Woman*, from the French of Octave Feuillet, published by D. Appleton & Co., the same interesting story heretofore published as a serial in the ARGONAUT, translated for us by Mr. James C. Ward of San Francisco. Billings, Harbourn & Co. send us, from D. Appleton & Co., the book of the season, *American Painters*, coming fully up to our idea of good binding, good print, and good paper, and containing one hundred and seventy-seven exquisite wood engravings of the best American artists. It is an elegant work creditable to the house of Appleton, and we hope profitable to Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The practice of newly-married couples going to a hotel immediately after the marriage ceremony has become so common as to almost supersede the old-time wedding tour. In New York, especially, a fashionable marriage is not considered complete, if legal, until the couple have been driven to the nearest fashionable hotel, and have passed at least a week within its walls. The bridal suites of the principal hotels are elegantly and tastefully furnished. The floors are covered with the richest of Turkey carpets; the ceilings are frescoed in the most elaborate style, presenting beautiful contrast of shade and color; the walls are literally covered with massive paintings and engravings, and the furniture, in blue and gold, is arranged with the taste of an artist. Marble mantelpieces are adorned with antique bronzes, alternated with elegant what-nots loaded with costly bric-à-brac. Polished mirrors reflect the golden tint of the walls, mingled with the richer sunlight, stealing through the partly closed windows. The subdued hum of traffic in the streets alone breaks the stillness. Concerning the habits of their newly-wedded guests, the hotel proprietors say very little. Bashful couples order their meals in their rooms; others boldly face the leveled stares of the full dining-room. When there are from half a dozen to a dozen couples in the house at the same time they become emboldened, and act as unconcernedly as the guests of maturer years. Where the couples are young and handsome they receive more or less attention, widows and widowers newly matched being left almost entirely to themselves. When an old gentleman appears, as is now frequently the case, with a blooming young wife forty-five or fifty years his junior, there is quiet amusement all around.

We desire to advise the health officers and the authorities at Lone Mountain Cemetery that the public receiving vault and several of the private vaults smell bad. In one a child was buried last March, and during all that time the pocket has been left open that flowers may be placed upon a coffin containing the unpleasant smelling remains. Sentimental relations should remember that other people have noses not blunted to the sense of smell. There are considerations of health, as well as propriety and good taste, involved in this question. The fact is, the dead should be burned—we mean, of course, their bodies.

The comptroller of the household of the Marquis of Lorne is Mr. R. C. Moreton. When a man marries and settles down in this country, he doesn't have to go abroad to find a comptroller of the household. His mother-in-law usually announces herself as a candidate for that office the first thing, and as he is never permitted to go behind the returns, fraud or no fraud, she is counted in every time.

A MAN OF FIXED PRINCIPLES.

In the winter of 1860—I think in the month of December—wearied of law, sick of dyspepsia, I determined to make a visit to Washoe. San Francisco was just then catching the silver fever. The Comstock had been discovered, and we were having the same fabulous tales of silver wealth as only a decade before had tempted me from a law office in the city of Detroit to hazard the danger of mules and Indians in a passage across the plains. No railroad then over the Nevada hills; no palace car by lightning express from San Francisco to Virginia City. It was in the early days of "Virginia town" when Herman Camp, and Bryant, and Uncle Billy Collier were the magnates and silver kings. It was when Bob Morrow, Head, and Jo Clark used to make frequent pilgrimages mule-back over the Sierra. It was before the time of Senator Stewart, or Jim Nye; when Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Bowers had great fortunes in Gold Hill. LeCount had not been made superintendent of Gould & Curry; Mr. Atchinson was a great man. Winn kept the leading restaurant, and Sam Brown did the principal killing, and was respectfully regarded as the leading murderer of the Territory. It was before Colonel Ormsby and Captain Meredith led out one hundred and twenty of us—to punish the Indians and revenge the massacre of a white family "down on the Carson"—into an ambush where sixty-three of our comrades were left scalped and dead on the battle-field, and the rest of us skedaddled; and, of course, before Colonel Jack Hays and Charley Fairfax came over with California troops to protect us from a threatened Indian war. Fairfax wore a pair of summer shoes, in exchange for which I gave him a pair of sixteen-dollar knee boots of untanned hide. When he met the Indians and came away hastily, he was ungenerous enough to declare that the boots brought him unwittingly away in spite of his valor, because of cowardly habits acquired from the former owner.

We made up a purse to purchase for Colonel Jack Hays a war charger—bridle with Spanish bit, saddle of Mexican adornment, spurs jingling with silver bells. We chose an orator to make the presentation speech. It was earnest and eloquent. I made it myself. I referred to his heroic deeds in Texas and his patriotic achievements in the Mexican war; we relied upon his valor to revenge the dead and to protect our settlement from the horrors of an Indian massacre; closed up with a little poetry and a peroration to the American flag, the starry emblem of liberty, and handed Colonel Jack the bridle. An audience of miners, prospectors, speculators, and gamblers stood around in eager expectancy of his reply. It came. I remember it as though it were yesterday. I can repeat it from memory, word for word. First he looked at the orator, then at the crowd, then at the battle charger, and taking the bridle, he said:

"He's a durned good hoss, and I'm much obliged."

I went by way of Sacramento—where I bought a saddle horse—Placerville, Strawberry, Hope Valley, Genoa, and Carson. At Yank's I fell in with a sinewy, handsome gentleman, mounted on the best mule I ever saw outside of the artillery mules in the Spanish army. It was an elegant animal; tall, lithe of limb, graceful, and black as night. On the narrow snow path it would fight a pack-train for the right of way, and was active as a cat.

His master—well-informed, courteous, disposed to be communicative—was an agreeable companion up through the pine wooded heights of the Sierra, down through the cold winds of the Carson, across the dreary valley till we reached the Devil's Gate. He was bound for Dayton; I to Virginia town. Everybody remembers the little road-side gin mill at the mouth of the cañon, there we dismounted for a parting nip of benzine to lighten our onward journey. Before mounting I said to the stranger:

"Beg your pardon, sir, but we have had a pleasant ride together, and I am interested in you enough to inquire your name and business?"

Readily he replied: "Certainly, only I am afraid that when you learn my occupation it will lessen the good impression I have evidently made."

"Oh, no," I said.

"Well, then, I am a professional gambler," he replied.

"Good," said I; "now one inquiry more and I am content. I am anxious to know how so highly educated and intelligent a person as yourself becomes reconciled to such a life. Every one has a chart of principles, a sort of code of rules to govern himself. What are yours?"

"Well," he answered, "I am governed by certain—rules I would call them—principles I suppose they are. I have three. First, I never ask any one to drink, lest I might tempt him to excessive indulgence; I never refuse a drink, lest I might seem to be discourteous, and offend; and lastly, I don't care a damn what happens to any body, so long as it don't happen to me."

ROCHESTER.

An anecdote in the last book about Bismarck illustrates the Russian way of doing things. One day, walking with the Czar at St. Petersburg, he discovered in the corner of the summer garden an apparently needless sentinel. He asked why the man was placed there. The Emperor did not know. The adjutant did not know. The sentinel did not know, except that he had been ordered there. The adjutant had been dispatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentinel's—"Ordered." Curiosity awakened, military records were searched without yielding any satisfactory solution. At last an old serving-man was routed out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II., one hundred years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot and given orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it by a sentinel. The order once issued was left in force for a century.

The civilization that does not hold women as first and foremost is not a civilization. The world to-day, the whole world, even the Christian world, is in barbarism. Look at Virginia! Ten lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails and six days' imprisonment in the common jail for a wife who "stole" from her husband!

Coal dealers prefer Newfoundland dogs to any other breed. They weigh more, and they sit quietly on the cart while the load is on the scales.

MUSIC AND ART.

"For Art may err but Nature can not miss."

The last Quartet Soiree, Friday evening, 20th inst., was particularly interesting—firstly, as being the final one of the best series of concerts we have ever had in this city; and, secondly, from the peculiar and attractive arrangement of the programme, which was, in a sense, historical, and consisted of an artistic grouping of compositions of various schools and eras. Italy was represented by the *Ciaccona* for violin solo, by Vitali (who flourished in the early part of the last century, and had been well nigh forgotten when the late Ferdinand David discovered this gem of violin literature among the manuscripts that have been for centuries accumulating in the Royal Library at Dresden), and the *Gavotte* of Bazzini. The latter, who about thirty years ago was ranked among the prominent *virtuosi* of his day, is still living (at Naples, I believe), and occupies—deservedly, too—a very high rank among modern composers of chamber music. From France we had the *Cavatine* from *Pré aux clercs*, delightfully sung by Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, who also gave a *Slumber Song* by Oscar Weil, which I thought rather a tame affair, evidently designed for the parlor rather than the concert-room, and not very creditable to the composer at that. Germany gave us of its best. Beginning with old Bach, whose lovely *Aria* for violin (beautifully played by Mr. Louis, Jr.) was heartily encored, the various schools were represented: by Mozart, *Clarinet Quintette*; Mendelssohn, *Capriccio brillante* in B minor; Schumann, *Piano-forte Quintette*; and Bargiel (who is still living and writing), whose deep and thoughtful *Adagio* for violoncello was very tenderly and artistically performed by Mr. Ernst, and formed one of the most enjoyable features of what may be called a thoroughly delightful musical evening. I have never seen a more appreciative or enthusiastic audience.

Signor Tojetti's *Ophelia*, which is attracting many visitors to Morris & Schwab's gallery, where it is on exhibition, is one of those pictures about which one might write a good sized book without having exhausted its defects. Its merits may be summed up in a short paragraph. Signor Tojetti paints well; as far as the mere *technique* of his art is concerned he is an able artist, whose drawing is mostly quite correct, his feeling for color excellent (in some cases—certain flesh tints, etc.—quite masterly), and his treatment of draperies, textures, etc., entirely those of a painter of considerable knowledge and routine. He has a nice perception of the picturesque, and perhaps a more than ordinary talent for composition. And yet, with all these qualities acknowledged, I can not but say that it seems to me that Signor Tojetti's pictures—as we have seen them in this city—are almost entirely without artistic value; nay, more, that in any higher sense of the term they are not *pictures* at all, but rather mere clever paintings with a certain superficial attractiveness that is sure to win for them a goodly amount of public and newspaper praise; but that is as far removed from true art as are the heroics of the stage from the qualities that underlie the heroism of real life. The fact is that Signor Tojetti, conscious of his *technique*, as he may well be, and delighting himself in that fatal facility of execution that is such a dangerous quality to all artists, seems to rely exclusively upon the characteristics that will bring applause in the open market; he makes an attractive painting, but—and especially in this *Ophelia*—one entirely lacking any higher intellectual quality. This fatal defect—for in this picture it is fatal—was less apparent in the former works exhibited by this artist; the *Elaine* (weak as it was) was carried by a certain picturesqueness of arrangement, and the *Venus* and *Night* were simply subjects that any painter is always at liberty to maltreat as he likes—a nude female figure, respectably drawn from any well formed model, answers the purpose sufficiently, and, for the rest, we are not likely to be over particular. But an *Ophelia* is a very different affair. Here we have to deal, firstly, with Shakspeare, and after that each with his own ideal; here we look for character, heart, intellect. And in attempting to portray these qualities—if, indeed, he may be said to have attempted it at all—Signor Tojetti must be said to have failed utterly. His *Ophelia* is the Ophelia of the footlights; she is studied from Thomas' Opera rather than from Shakspeare, to whom she bears about the same relation that does Verdi's *Louisa Miller* to Schiller's, Donizetti's *Lucia* to Walter Scott's, or Thomas' *Mignon* to Goethe's. She is the *Venus* over again with a somewhat lorn and saddened visage and a white satin gown; the *Night* partially draped; the *Elaine rediviva*. That she is studied from the modern stage is palpable at a glance; Shakspeare gives no hint of a kneeling Ophelia, but modern actresses introduce this effect and make it very telling; the loosening of the hair, the *decolleté* gown (which no respectable woman wore in Hamlet's day), the bare arms—all these points are of the theatre. It requires only the most superficial study of the Scandinavian race to convince one that the features of this Ophelia are not the result of even such superficial observation; they are pretty enough, I dare say, but have neither the intellect nor high-bred air of Shakspeare's heroine. They are those of a pretty *Americaine* who has been caught in a scrape and is "very, very sorry." The composition is attractive and pretty in itself; the flesh and hair are nicely painted, and so are the flowers (I don't find anything about roses and geraniums in Shakspeare, and think their use the less happy in that the roses are evidently studied from Californian flowers, whereas Ophelia could not have had any but wild ones, and could not possibly have had geraniums, which are of comparatively recent introduction into Europe); and designated simply as "a fair penitent" the picture would be very well in its way, with plenty of latitude left the beholder for surmises as to the possible cause of such pretty sorrow. But with its present title it is simply a gross blunder, for there is nothing of *Ophelia* about it.

This year's exhibition of the work done at the School of Design seems to me to excel in quality, as well as quantity, anything that has preceded it, and betokens a steady improvement that is very encouraging. There is, as usual, considerable that seems to have been done without any definiteness of purpose or aim on the part of the students; a sort of higher boarding-school work, so to say, that is to result in the attainment of an "accomplishment," and that leaves the

student, if possible, worse off than before undertaking it, since the only thing gained is a smattering of art (cheap enough it is in our day), and the certainty of being at some future time overtaken by the sickening consciousness of wasted opportunities. But, in the main, the work has been done honestly and with great thoroughness of intention, and in some instances with a recognizable striving in the best direction that is truly delightful. There is no exhibition at present in this city that will so well repay a visit; and perhaps no institution on the coast a hearty and liberal encouragement of which is apt to bring forth such desirable results—for us all—as this one. I think I can see among the drawings and color studies a great deal of promise for the future, and am strongly in the hope that before long the directors will become aware of the fact that the present system of giving prizes for proficiency, progress, etc., is in reality only an impediment to the true progress that is confidently looked for by every real friend of the school. Apart from the jealousies and heartburnings that are necessarily engendered by such a system, to me the public recognition of the fact that a student has been faithful to his or her work would seem to argue that such faithfulness was not looked for or anticipated, and that the giving of the prizes was needed as an incentive to the pupils to do their mere duty. Surely in a school devoted to the cultivation of high art this should not be the case. I can not imagine any art student ever doing less than his best, or doing more careful work because it is to be rewarded by a gold medal; indeed, to such students as some of those whose work is to be found in the present exhibition I can fancy such a distinction coming almost in the form of an insult. The true art student works for the love of his art; for him this is sufficient, and of a value inestimably above all prizes. That other kind of work, that which is done with one eye on nature—or the easel—and the other on a possible medal, or piece of parchment, is of accurately no value whatsoever, whether to the student or anybody else, and the less of it there is done the better off we all shall be. Despite the precedent of the German and French art schools, I think the system radically wrong, belittling the object of all study, dwarfing the dignity of art, and reducing it to the common level of an occupation to be pursued for what of public recognition is to be gained by it, and the amount of tangible gain that such notoriety will bring.

I think I know something of the difficulty under which a young artist labors in endeavoring to see through his own eyes rather than through those of some favorite painter whose work he very much admires, and of the almost impossibility of conquering the habit when it has once been acquired. It comes almost insensibly, and at times alongside of the utmost integrity of purpose; it steals its way into work of the purest intent; it is a trick, and is there almost before one is aware of it. But it is a dangerous, destroying habit; it is the most dangerous one that threatens the young artist, and should be guarded against with the most unflinching watchfulness; it should be resisted in every possible way until subdued, for otherwise it conquers, and its conquest is death. There is only one remedy for this insidious disease, only one hope for those who are afflicted: Go straight to nature! Go out of doors with pencil or brush, forget all the pictures you ever saw, and open your eyes! See what is there! Perhaps you will not be able to see it at first, and it will look like this painter or that—the Californian sky will appear Frenchy, the cattle like Holstein or Scotch, or any other that have been well painted—everything will compose itself into somebody else's lines. In that case don't work; shut up your sketching book and go home. But come back to it, and try again, and again, and again, until at last you learn to see through your own eyes. This is all, absolutely all, you have to do in order to become a good artist; the mere doing of the thing—the putting it down on paper or canvas—is easy enough after that. It is the *seeing* the thing that makes the artist; it is for what he sees in the world that the rest of us do not that he is precious. I say that the seeing through the eyes of others is a difficulty with young artists; I know plenty of older ones who do it as well, but it is not of them I am thinking. It is rather of some of those whose work I have lately seen at the School of Design; some of them with every evidence of talent of no mean order, and some with less talent, and a consequent greater need that they should be on the alert lest some unfortunate mannerism come between them and their ideal. Nature is always original, and in faithfully studying her work every artist may always be certain of preserving his originality. If he have none of his own at the outset, Nature will furnish him with all the material he needs, and in keeping true to himself no young artist can fail in time to stamp his work with the mark of his own individuality. But he must be true to himself, and see for himself. S. E.

The Stock Exchange in New York and London, the Bourse in Paris, Frankfurt, and Amsterdam, and the Stock Boards in all the prominent cities of the world, have so familiarized us with these institutions that we have come to regard them as a necessity. Why Dr. O'Donnell and his associates in the Convention should desire to suppress our Stock Exchange we do not understand.

Mr. Denis Kearney has been especially emphatic in denouncing caucuses, yet the caucus of a workingmen's club has endeavored to control the action of Messrs. Vacquerel and Dowling in the Constitutional Convention. Messrs. Vacquerel and Dowling have manfully stood up to their rights and asserted their personal dignity.

"It is a disgrace to civilization that men, women, and children are hungry in a land where grass and flowers grow in the open air on Christmas day as they do in San Francisco."—*Evening Post*. We say yes, a disgrace to the great hulking, idle tramps who would rather beg than toil.

Dr. Charles Carroll—of Carrollton—O'Donnell, *ci devant* horse-tamer, and present member of the Constitutional Convention by the grace of Kearney and the sand-lot, has come to grief: every pane in his glass house has been smashed by the hot cobble of the *Chronicle*, flung by Mr. A. A. Cohen. We are sorry to observe these race conflicts. Dr. O'Donnell contemplates retiring from the Convention and from practice.

AFTERMATH.

All the poetry that will be printed, and all the pictures that will be drawn, at the outgoing of the Old Year will represent 1878 as a poor, decrepit, frost-bitten, ragged, sour old man; tottering out from life bearing his burden; foot-sore, weary, disgusted, disappointed, yet looking back with jealous malignity to the blithe and happy New Year, that comes on after him with elastic step, confident of the good time coming. And it occurs to us that this is not the way to present the abdication of the monarch of a year. He is not the abject, pitiable old remnant of days going out into the shadow of time; and the New Year is not the radiant Prince of Promise that our poets and poetesses delight to represent him. The Old Year, clothed with the honors of accomplished events, crowned with achievements, his brow wreathed with the bays of victories gained—victories in arts and arms—proud and stalwart, wraps himself in a royal mantle of pure snows and sparkling ice, steps out upon the firm, frosted path, crosses the threshold of time, and standing upon the golden pavement, looks back upon a career accomplished, and forward to an immortality of rest. Happy old monarch! Happy that his work is done, his trouble ended, his reward earned. The New Year we would rather regard as a raw and awkward stripling, timorous, shame-faced, conscious of coming toil and trouble, of tasks to be accomplished, uncertain of results, and not knowing whether some grand convulsion might not undermine his empire, destroy his throne, and send himself headlong into the chaos of dissolving worlds. We would paint the New Year a sad-eyed boy, whose prophetic soul sees all the toil and sorrow, crime and misery, the disappointments and defeated hopes of a year; sees contagion and death reveling among his subjects; sees war and desolation making bloody havoc; sees all the vanity, weakness, and wickedness of humanity, stumbling and fretting along the year's short pathway. Still it is the picture of old age and youth. Hopeful, buoyant youth, and old age serene and happy, or full of discontent, as we have chosen to make it. The ARGONAUT, in the babyhood of its career, born of well-to-do but honest parents, looks out from its laces, and wraps, and long clothes, its comfortable crib, with its silver cup and pap spoon, opens its serene, calm eyes, confident of a promising youth, of a stout manhood, of a useful career, and of an immortality that makes us drop the smile of a single passing year, and wish our readers a Happy New Year, and many of them.

The making of social calls on New Year's Day is a splendid old-fashioned New York custom that has of late years extended itself throughout New England and the North, and been very generally accepted by the ladies of the South. It has, in fact, become one of our national customs, as New Year's Day has become a national holiday. The custom was for a time abused by the intrusion of unwelcome guests, but this abuse, like most others of its kind, cures itself in time, and the receiving of calls is again becoming very general. In the Eastern cities it has a new life and every hospitable mansion throws open its doors, and hangs out its card-basket to receive gentlemen callers. Business life is so exacting that the amenities of social life are—in our country—mostly left to the ladies. On New Year's Day the gentlemen are at leisure, and should be encouraged in presenting themselves to their lady acquaintance. So, if the first of January is a pleasant day we hope to see our streets thronged with New Year's callers, and that our lady friends will not put the inhospitable basket upon the door-knob unless for some good cause. We want smiles, cake, egg-nog, mince pies, apple jack, and a cordial welcome in exchange for our congratulations.

The *Bulletin*, *Call*, and *Chronicle* delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to; while all the respectable journals like the ARGONAUT have something else to do, their little minds and feeble pens are just now busily engaged in endeavoring to do each other mischief. The Sargent-Gorham-Page-Carr-Pinney-Burr-Spaulding-*Chronicle* libel complication that has ended in two fiascos at Placerville; the libel farce now being played in the Constitutional Convention; the O'Donnell libel case against "the live paper"; the Reed libel case against the twins—all this, accompanied with long columns of daily abuse of each other, is exceedingly nice and amusing literature for the three leading journals of California. But does this long-continued journalistic quarrel interest anybody else than Fitch, Pickering, and Charles and Michael de Young? Is there in all California or elsewhere anybody that cares a tinker's imprecation about the quarrel, who is right or who is wrong, who wins or who loses? This thing has now been going on for nine years: one long, continuous, unceasing scold between these viragoes of the press—these cats on the journalistic clothes line—these black-and-tan terriers of type. There is one consoling reflection: So long as they abuse each other they have less space to annoy honest people.

"The markets and stores throughout the city present the natural wealth of our State in a manner that must attract the attention of strangers. The costly gems and jewels, for Christmas gifts, on public exhibition must be worth millions. The dry goods, millinery, and furnishing stores display the most costly and latest of everything for men, women, and children to wear. The toy and fancy stores are filled with everything to please the child or adult. The book and picture dealers present all the newest works in literature and art in gorgeous bindings and frames."—*Evening Post*. Gems and jewels are not a part of the natural wealth of California. The dry goods and millinery are imported. The toys and fancy goods come from abroad. All the books and most of the pictures are sent to us from Europe and the East. The *Post* is indigenous; it is a home production, and we are not proud of it.

We knew three gentlemen, and they were very agreeable acquaintance. We became intimate and considered them friends. We indorsed their notes and lost them all. Friendship seldom survives a protest. Your friend thinks you a fool for indorsing his paper, and you regard him as a knave because he does not pay; both are right. Moral: Have no friends.

A SINGED CAT.

By E. H. Clough.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

V.—THE CAT ON THE WITNESS STAND.

"Put a little more life into your answers, Inch, old man; don't act as if you were going to sleep all the time. Remember what I have been telling you and keep your eyes peeled for the District Attorney's questions—you'll find some of them hard to dodge. He is like a shot gun—he scatters, and some of the shot may hit you. Lengthen out your answers in the right place, and forget to answer at others. Above all things, don't be positive about anything except—"

"Who's doin' this?" interrupted Inch.

"You are," replied Fogle, glancing toward the Court-house steps to see whether they were observed. "I am only reminding you of the minor points in your evidence. If you work this little game as well as you did those primaries, your fortune's made. Brower's got bushels of coin, and if we clear him we've got him in the door."

"I've bin thar afore," answered Inch, turning his fish-like eyes upon the somewhat anxious attorney.

"I know, but perhaps you've never had such a ticklish case to deal with before, and—"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! the Honorable District Court of the—th Judicial District is now open pursuant to adjournment."

The hoarse voice of the Deputy Sheriff rang out over the drowsy town, and the citizens began to stream toward the Court-house, anxious to listen to the details of the case of The People vs. Edward Brower, under indictment for murder. The spacious, barn-like Court-room was soon filled, and the Brower case being first on the calendar was duly called. The preliminaries of reading the indictment, calling the venire, and the impanneling of a portion of the jury, occupied the entire forenoon. During the afternoon the remainder of the jury was obtained.

It was not at all remarkable that a jury was so easily secured, for the murder had been committed ten years before, and many of those summoned to act as jurors in the case had arrived in the county long after and knew nothing of the facts whatever.

The District Attorney, in stating his case, told how a man named Joseph Taggart, a gambler, had, ten years previously, quarreled with a miner named Morris about the ownership of a mining claim on Douglass Flat, Taggart claiming that he owned it by right of purchase, and Morris, who was in possession at the time, claiming that he was the rightful owner by the right of discovery—admitting, however, that he had not worked it for some time, but urging that he had as much right to renew his labor there as anybody else, the claim having been idle during a sufficient length of time to allow the privilege of working it to anyone who chose. This dispute grew warmer and warmer every time the men met, until at last they came to blows, and Morris beat Taggart in a terrible manner—a beating that was approved by the community, as Taggart was the aggressor and struck the first blow. As soon as Taggart was able to arise from his bed he sought Morris, and, finding him in a saloon, walked deliberately up to him, drew a revolver, turned him face to face, and, without a word of warning, raised the pistol, pulled the trigger, and sent a bullet crashing through his brain. As soon as he had perpetrated this cold-blooded act Taggart mounted a fleet horse and fled. Years rolled by and nothing was heard of the fugitive murderer until a citizen of Mammoth City, who was cognizant of the whole transaction, and who was well acquainted with the murderer, met him in Marysville, a highly respected and wealthy citizen of that town, living there under the name of Edward Brower. Keeping his own counsel, this citizen, Mr. William Staghart, returned to Mammoth City and informed the authorities of the fact, and Edward Brower was immediately arrested and brought to the place where, it was alleged, he had committed the crime charged against him.

"We shall endeavor to prove," concluded the District Attorney, "that Edward Brower and Joseph Taggart are one and the same person. We have witnesses who can swear to his identity, and we intend to trace, as far as possible, his career since leaving the town, thereby obviating the difficulties that might arise from the fact that he has been absent ten years, and has, consequently, changed in his personal appearance considerably in that time."

Fogle, for the defense, in his statement, said that they did not intend to rebut the allegation that a murder had been committed—a cold-blooded, dastardly murder. But they should attempt to show, to the satisfaction of the intelligent and acute gentlemen composing the jury before him, that Edward Brower was not the murderer of Morris—that he was not Joseph Taggart, and that this was simply a very remarkable case of mistaken identity.

"May it please the Court," said the District Attorney, "I would ask that the witnesses on both sides be excluded from the Court-room."

"I was about to make the same request, your Honor. I feel that truth and justice will be subserved if this course is pursued; that a somewhat remarkable resemblance between two men will be more clearly demonstrated, and an innocent man acquitted of the terrible crime imputed to him. I—"

"Your Honor, I hope that my learned friend is not about to argue the case before hearing the evidence," said the District Attorney, interrupting Fogle.

"Witnesses for the prosecution and defense in this case will leave the Court-room, but remain within call," growled the Judge in a scarcely audible tone, thus cutting short the preliminary sparring of the opposing attorneys.

The trial lasted three days. During its progress the prosecution pursued a straight-forward and upright course, while the defense resorted to every trick and subterfuge which the prolific ingenuity of Fogle could suggest. He picked flaws in the evidence, he brow-beat some of the witnesses and coaxed others, he twisted unfavorable testimony into something like evidence favorable to the defense, he objected to questions by the District Attorney, and excepted to rulings of the Court; he cross-examined and re-cross-examined, until a doubtful witness was as limp as a rag; and in fact resorted to every species of artifice known to criminal practice. He attempted to force the case. When the prosecu-

tion had called all their witnesses, he made a stirring appeal to the jury, and then placed in evidence several depositions of parties living in Marysville, who swore that Brower came to that city five years before; that he had always acted as an honest, respectable citizen; that he was not a gambler, nor an associate of low characters while resident in that city. The next class of witnesses called were citizens who had known Taggart before he fled. Up to this point the case of the defendant was far from being a satisfactory one. The proof of good character during the past five years was a nullity as regards the identification of the murderer of Morris, and the Mammoth City witnesses were vague and vacillating in their evidence. Had the latter been more positive, the prisoner's line of defense might have compared favorably with that of the prosecution, for that was not altogether free from the doubts and suppositions of witnesses who had not seen the subject of their testimony for ten years. The preponderance of evidence was in favor of the people.

"Call Hiram Inch, Mr. Sheriff," said Fogle late in the afternoon of the third day. "Your Honor," he continued, "this is our last witness. I do not know what he will testify to, having only a short time since received information that he could be of any service to us."

"Hiram Inch! Hiram Inch! Hiram Inch! come into Court," yelled the Sheriff from the front balcony.

"No answer," yer Honor," the Sheriff added, after a short pause.

"I would ask for an attachment, your Honor," said Fogle, "this witness has been duly summoned, and should be here."

"Mr. Wright, make out an attachment for this witness. The Court's adjourned for half an hour," growled the Judge, addressing the clerk and the assemblage.

The announcement that Hiram Inch would appear as a witness in the Brower case spread like wild-fire, and various were the speculations in regard to the tenor of his evidence.

"Ef Judge Rollins don't keep his eye skinned the Singed Cat'll make short work of his case," remarked Pike Sadler, referring to the District Attorney.

"I don't know 'bout that," answered Clem Martin, "he don't 'pear to be over anxious to climb up on the stan'. I'll bet it's a dodge of ol' Staghart's to cinch Brower. It'd be just like him to play ol' Inch off on Fogle, to git even on Taggart or Brower, or whatever his name is, for some grudge thet's a'tween 'em."

This is a summary of the opinions generally expressed by the citizens, and the interest excited was sufficient to pack the Court-room when the Court reopened.

"Did you serve that attachment?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, your Honor; the witness is here."

The tall form of Inch was in plain view of the entire assemblage.

"Why did you disobey the summons of this Court?" inquired his Honor of Inch.

"Fergot all about it," muttered Hiram, turning his sleepy gaze lazily upon the Court.

"Are you not aware that in disobeying a summons from a Court you are liable to be fined for contempt, sir?"

"Ain't never heard tell of it," was the simple reply of the apparently embarrassed Hiram.

"Where did you find the witness?" asked the Judge, turning to the Sheriff.

"He was tradin' horses down at Martinez's corral."

"Trading horses! Mr. Inch, do you consider trading horses of superior importance to the mandates of this Court?" And the august Judge frowned indignantly upon the delinquent, who twirled his hat nervously in his hands.

"Hoss trades pays better," answered Inch.

"Mr. Wright, enter a fine of twenty-five dollars against this witness for contempt of court, and Mr. Sheriff, you will keep him in custody until the fine is paid. I think that will teach him that this Court is of more importance than horse trades—or mule trades either."

The Court was evidently fully aroused, and not in a mood to be trifled with.

"May it please the Court," said Fogle, rising, "I do not perceive that the defaulting witness has perpetrated a deliberate contempt of this tribunal. He is evidently a man little used to the ways of courts, and, by the way, I do not understand why a certain political convention should have placed him before the people for the responsible position of an officer of the courts, but that is not here nor there. I think that he shows upon his face that he is innocent of any intentional contempt for this Court, and would ask that the fine be remitted. I hope that the learned District Attorney will second my request."

"I have no objection, your Honor; the witness does not appear to be impenitent, at any rate," and the District Attorney smiled with the utmost good nature.

"The showing is sufficient. Mr. Clerk, the fine entered against Hiram Inch for contempt of court is remitted. Proceed with the case, gentlemen."

The Judge leaned back in his seat perfectly satisfied with his own "showing" of latent power and authority.

"Take the stand, Mr. Inch," said Fogle, waving his hand carelessly toward the raised platform and hitching around in his chair.

The District Attorney hoisted his heels upon a table and began to pare his finger nails.

"Y' so'mly swear th' ev'd'nce in—raise yer hand," said the clerk. "The other one," he commanded, in a distinct tone of voice. "Y' so'mly swear th' ev'd'nce in th' case 's—s—z—z—truth, hull truth, noth' but truth, s'elp'y' God wash yer name?"

As soon as the clerk perceived that the right hand of the witness was high in air he averted his gaze, and with his left hand toyed with the papers on his desk and in this attitude administered, parrot-like and indistinctly, the solemn legal oath. Having received a reply to his question he sat down and was immediately absorbed in a bright-colored sensational novel. There was evidently one man in that Court-room for whom Inch's testimony had no interest.

"Mr. Inch," said Fogle, deliberately, "what do you know in regard to this case? Speak slowly and distinctly so that the reporter can take down your evidence."

"Nothin'!"

"Nothing! That's strange. I thought you were an important witness. How is that, Mr. Cringe?" asked Fogle, in an audible whisper, leaning over to his associate. After a moment's consultation he raised his head with a smile of satisfaction. "Yes, I understand it now. As I said before

I did not know that Mr. Inch was to testify for us until this morning, and I have not had an opportunity to obtain any knowledge of what branch of the case his testimony may bear on. Ahem, Mr. Inch, do you recognize the defendant?"

Inch slowly drew a spectacle case from his pocket, and opened it. Adjusting the spectacles on his nose he peered at Brower, and then as deliberately replaced them in the case and held them in his hand ready for future similar emergencies.

"Well, do you recognize the defendant?" asked Fogle.

"I reckon I do."

"You reckon you do. Are you sure that you recognize him?"

"I ain't exactly sartin'."

"Have you ever seen him before?"

"I think I hev'."

"Where?"

"In the Southern kentry."

"In the Southern country. You mean the lower counties of the State?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now, if this is the same man whom you knew in Southern California what is his name?"

"Joe Taggart."

The answer was prompt and positive, and Fogle looked at the District Attorney in seeming blank surprise. Recovering himself, however, he continued:

"How long has it been since you last saw Joe Taggart?"

"Nigh onto nine year ago."

"Ah, then, he must have changed considerably in that time?"

"Mebbe."

"Maybe. 'Don't you know that he *must* have changed?"

"I reckon."

Another whispered consultation between Fogle and Cringe.

"I don't know about that," he muttered, in an audible tone. More muttering in which the words "prosecution," "witness," "looks bad," "we'll see," and "never mind" were plainly heard by those sitting near.

"Take the witness," said Fogle, as soon as he had concluded his consultation with Mr. Cringe.

The District Attorney smiled his sympathy for "the learned counsel on the other side," and proceeded to cap the catastrophe which the defense had brought down upon itself.

"Mr. Inch," he began, fluttering a bundle of legal documents and crossing one foot over the other on the table, "You were well acquainted with Joe Taggart, were you not?"

"Knew him by the back."

"Yes, ah—knew him in—what county?"

"Los Angeles."

"You would trust your memory, I suppose, for recognizing him again, wouldn't you?"

"How?"

"The lapse of eight or nine years would not change his appearance to such an extent that you would fail to recognize him if you were to meet him on the street or in this Court-room, would it?"

"Would I know him agin?"

"That is the substance of what I am endeavoring to render plain to you. Would—you—know—him—again?"

"I reckon I would."

"And this defendant is, to the best of your knowledge and belief, Joseph Taggart?"

"To the best of my knowledge and b'lief?"

"That is what I said. How stupid you appear, Mr. Inch. Is this man Brower, the defendant in this case, Joseph Taggart?"

"I b'lieve he is."

"Very well. Now, Mr. Inch, are there any distinctive marks, or peculiarities of feature, or person, or manner, by which you can identify the defendant as Joseph Taggart, beyond the peradventure of a doubt?"

"How?"

"Are you deaf? How do you know that this defendant is Taggart?"

"I don't know it yet."

"You don't know it yet! What do you mean?"

"I ain't zackly sartin till he strips."

"I submit, your Honor," wrathfully cried the District Attorney, "that this trifling is bordering upon genuine contempt. I wish that the Court would admonish the witness."

"Mr. Inch, you will be careful to avoid any undue levity while testifying in this case. I am not in the habit of remitting fines twice."

Inch looked at the Judge in his idiotic way and grunted.

"Now, Mr. Inch, you will please answer my question categorically. How do you know that Brower is Taggart?"

"Well, ye see," and Inch bent forward and placed the index finger of his right hand in the palm of his left, "Taggart was a keerd sharp. Played poker. Beat all nater puttin' up col' decks."

"We don't want to hear about Taggart's accomplishments as a poker player just now," interrupted the District Attorney; "come down to the identification."

"I'm a comin' ez fast ez I ken," answered the witness.

"Joe used ter git away 'ith the boys down to Los Angeles purty lively, an' they begun ter think thet perhaps he was puttin' up jobs on 'em, so one day Riley Blivens laid fur him, an' caught him at it. Riley wasn't no slouch, you bet, an' he didn't 'low no man to play him fur one nuther; so he jerks out eighteen inches, an' afore Joe c'ld git away he rips him from shoulder to elbow. Ef this yer man Brower hez the marks o' thet bowie on his right arm he's Joe Taggart sure's yer born; ef he hesn't, he aint. Thet's all I know 'bout it."

For a moment there was a profound silence in the court-room. Every man present was slowly comprehending what the witness had just said, and the effect that it would have upon the jury. It was the crisis of the case. Then there was a rushing sound of many voices, a buzzing of whispered conversation.

"Order in the Court," shouted the Sheriff.

"May it please the Court," said Fogle, rising, "this is an unexpected turn in the evidence, but it is testimony which admits of easy corroboration. If the defendant will bare his right arm I think that it will settle the whole matter."

Then, without waiting for the permission of the Court, he turned to Brower with the remark:

"Take off you coat, Mr. Brower, and roll up your sbirt sleeve."

The defendant complied, and displayed an arm as free from scar or blemish as any limb in that room.

"The left arm," muttered the chagrined District Attorney. Brower bared his left arm, and that was observed to be as faultless as the other.

"You are sure that it was his arm, and not his side, that was struck, Mr. Inch?" asked the District Attorney.

"I seen the cuttin', an' tended to Taggart arter. That aint Joe Taggart?"

"That is all."

"Step down, Mr. Inch," said Fogle; and Inch shuffled down from the stand, and out of the court-room, twirling his bat in his fingers, and gazing lackadaisically from side to side as he passed through the aisle.

The arguments were short, and the case was submitted to the jury at dark. In half an hour they returned with a verdict of "Not guilty."

Hiram Inch had saved a cold-blooded murderer from the gallows.

VI.—MAKING THE FUR FLY.

For a week after the acquittal of Brower, nothing else was talked of in Mammoth City, and the part Inch had played was freely commented upon. There were many who doubted the authenticity of his testimony, and openly declared it as their opinion that he had imagined the Los Angeles scene. They held that the whole affair was a plot concocted between Fogle and Inch to clear Brower, and expressed indignation that the legal tribunal of the country should so often be prostituted in such a manner. Inch was fully aware of the adverse criticism which he was receiving, but pursued the even tenor of his way apparently unconscious. He continued his mining operations, and drove shrewd bargains as nonchalantly as ever, attending to his own business, and thereby gaining the respect of the conservative portion of the community.

It was nearly two weeks after the trial that Inch had occasion to walk down the main street of the town, and meeting one or two friends stopped to converse with them. The last friend he met invited him into a saloon to "have a cigar." Inch was not "a drinking man." The saloon was crowded with young men, most of whom were members of the Cata-ract Engine Company, and among them, half intoxicated, swayed the form of Bob Ikes.

"There he comes, the old thief," ejaculated the young bruiser, as Inch and his friend entered.

It was too late to retreat even if Hiram had been disposed to leave; so he stepped up to the bar without taking any notice of the remark of Ikes. Inch's friend called for a mixed drink, and while the barkeeper was preparing it Hiram lighted his cigar.

"He looks like a monkey on stilts," said Ikes, evidently directing his remark at Inch. "The call him the 'sing-ed cat,' but I think 'sing-ed liar' would suit him better. Keep your hands in your pockets, boys, or you'll miss something."

Inch's friend observed that Ikes was bent upon a quarrel, and not wishing to be drawn into any dispute himself, hastily drank his liquor and signified his intention of leaving. As they were about to step through the door Ikes shouted after them:

"Say, old Singey, tell the old cat, and the long-legged, red-headed kitten out home, that I'll come out and laugh over your lies in the Brower case with them."

Inch turned like lightning, and in two long strides was beside his insulter. In another instant the heavy form of Ikes was raised in the powerful hands of Hiram, and dashed with tremendous force against the front door, where he fell an inert, helpless lump of insensible humanity. His companions stood a moment completely bewildered until one of their number shouted the yelping cry of the "Hounds," when the entire crowd rushed upon the man who had thus rudely disposed of their chief.

Cries of rage resounded through the saloon, almost drowning the confused trampling of many feet as the gang flung themselves in a mass upon the tall form of Inch, who towered over them like a pine among dwarf oaks, swaying to and fro as he extricated his arms from the pinioning embrace of assailants. Then his doubled fists fell like trip-hammers upon the upturned heads about him, threatening to crush the skulls at every blow. He shook those who had not fallen beneath his terrific strokes from him as a terrier would shake so many rats, and sprang for the stove. The roughs began to hurl the heavy chairs at him, and he replied with the stove-lids, grate, and doors of the stove, which he wrenched from their fastenings. A chair struck the stove and threw it down, thus depriving him of this source of ammunition. Dashing a chair full at the crowd and felling one of his assailants with his fist, he reached the end of the bar, and began to hurl the tumblers and glasses. Several of the "Hounds" had already begun to throw glasses from the other extremity of the bar, and bottles soon followed, the barkeeper having fled at the beginning of the fight. The noise of crashing glass-ware, the rattle of falling iron, and the clatter of falling chairs as they struck the walls, were terrific. Mirrors were smashed, windows were shattered, and above arose the shrill yells and hoarse cries of the combatants. It was a battle of pigmies against a giant, with the odds in favor of the latter; a fierce contest of numbers against agility and muscle. The air was thick with flying missiles, and the floor strewn with the debris of the conflict. Occasionally a glass would reach the object at which it was aimed and the stricken one would sink with a groan upon the floor. Such a contest could not long continue. Twice the crowd closed around the tall fighter and twice those flail-like arms dashed them back with sounding blows. The fragment of a bottle grazed his cheek and drew blood. A chair hurtled through the air and struck him upon the breast. The old man staggered. The gang yelled. Fortune had turned and the odds were telling against him. The end was not far off. He could not return the incessant fire of his howling enemies much longer. He must go down, to be trampled upon, kicked—beaten to death. Suddenly there was a roar, a reverberating crash, and the tall form of Inch staggered and fell, staining the floor around him with a crimson spot that spurted with every pulsation from his side. "Good shot," he exclaimed as he fell. "Brave man," he added as he struck the floor, and then the now horrified crowd observed for the first time the kneeling form of Ikes behind the prostrate man, holding a smoking revolver and glaring at the work of his murderous hand.

VII.—THE CAT AGAIN IN DANGER.

Towering above the pretty valley in which Mammoth City rested rose Bald Mountain—so called on account of its storm-washed, granite summit, which could be seen for miles down the great cañon, running parallel with Table Mountain and leading up from the foothills. Around the base of this peak, pine, cedar, and chaparral grew in wild luxuriance, while the sides were covered with chemical so thick that it was utterly impossible to reach the bare spot above except through the paths worn by animals, or cut by early explorers. On the edge of the granite cap, concealed in the high, thick brush, stood an old weather-beaten hut, which tradition said had once been the abode of a singular old recluse, who, tired of the world, had sought this lonely spot and erected this "shanty." Whether he had died or returned to civilization was never known, but the gossips of the locality inclined to the belief that his bones were bleaching in one of the dark ravines that ran down to the turbulent Stanislaus. It was said that the old cabin had afterward been used as a lookout station and lurking-place for Joaquin Murietta and his gang, and it was a downright heresy to doubt that in this solitary spot, where the moaning of the wind, the shrill shriek of the hawk, and the yelp of the coyote were the only sounds that broke the awful silence, met the little band of conspirators who acknowledged, during "war times," allegiance to that traitorous organization known as the "Knights of the Golden Circle." The Indians never visited the locality, deeming it the abode of evil spirits, and if you were to question them in regard to the "Great White-headed Mountain," they would shudder and exclaim: "Heap bad, moocho malo, Injun walla no like big white hill." It was seldom that the place was visited, although the prospect from the summit was grand, and the locality one to which all lovers of solitude might wish to retire for a few hours to commune with the gigantic works of nature here displayed.

That the place was occasionally visited, however, and at the most unseemly hours, was evidenced about two weeks after the shooting of Inch, by a gleaming light and the sound of human voices issuing from the old cabin late at night. Within the hut were three men closely wrapped in cloaks, sitting around a dark lantern, and talking in an undertone.

"It *would* have been close papers for some of us if Inch had passed in his checks," said one of the party.

"What do you mean by 'some of us'?" retorted a thick-set figure leaning against the remnants of the fireplace, "I believe you were the only one directly implicated, and if it wasn't for certain good friends of yours, you wouldn't be here to-night."

"What's the use of talking that way, Staghart?" replied the person addressed; "you know that if you hadn't put us up to it that fight 'd never have come off, and I wouldn't be trembling in my boots for fear the d—d Grand Jury would indict me for assault to murder."

"Yes, and the only thing that galls me is the fact that you didn't make a clean job of it."

Staghart's oaths were frightful during the delivery of this short speech.

"I tried hard enough to croak him, anyhow," answered the other.

"And I've paid you for it."

"What good 'd it do me if I'm jugged?"

"You can live like a prince after you come out," Staghart laughed.

"That's consoling."

"Yes, Ikes, old man, you can live like a fighting cock on what I have paid you already, and what I intend to give you if you succeed in finishing the job at the next trial," said Staghart.

"Vot noish vash dot!" quavered the third person, who had, during this conversation, sat perfectly motionless.

"You heard no noise, Marks," answered Staghart; "that imagination of yours would convert the snapping of a dry twig into the crash of a falling pine."

"Dot's vot's der matter—dose shnappin' twigs. Shpose der pe shpies on der outside oof der shanty?"

"Spies! Why, Marks, you must be crazy. What do you suppose I brought you to this place for, if I didn't know that no one would disturb us or hear what we were saying? There's no danger, Marks; I've seen forty men meet right under this brush at a time when it was death to congregate for the purpose that they did."

"Vash dot so!" exclaimed Marks, drawing his cloak closer about him, and casting a frightened glance toward the door.

"As I was saying," continued Staghart, addressing Ikes, "I want you to finish what you attempted the other day, and I will give you a thousand dollars for the work. I will take your written agreement and pay you in advance."

"Make it two thousand, Staghart, and I'll do it. Risking a man's neck is worth that much, ain't it?"

"There's no risk, Ikes, if you follow my directions. If you had acted as I told you to in that last row you would have been a free man to-day—the Justice of the Peace would not have held you before the Grand Jury."

"It's worth two thousand dollars to murder a man," replied Ikes.

"You needn't be so blunt about it, Bob. It ain't murder, it's—it's—"

"Well, what is it?" asked Ikes, impatiently.

"It's self defense," answered Staghart. "All you have to do is to draw the old man into a quarrel and let him strike the first blow. Have your witnesses ready to swear that he attempted to draw a weapon. He naturally feels revengeful against you for shooting him, and will probably resent it when you meet him. I'd advise you to use a knife next time—it's surer. If it wasn't for waiting so long I'd send him to the State Prison on perjury. I know that I can prove him guilty of perjury in the Brower case."

"I can't do it for less than two thousand, Staghart," answered Ikes; "two thousand in advance."

"Split the difference."

"Well, say fifteen hundred," said Ikes; "I know well enough that you would give two thousand if I stood out for it. You want Inch out of the way because you think he holds documents against you that might make it lively for you."

"If you don't want to undertake it, Ikes, say so; I can hire a Mexican for a hundred dollars to do the work."

"I know it; but you can't depend upon a Mexican; and you know that if you do deal with Greasers you are liable to

be short of breath yourself almost any time," retorted Ikes. "Is fifteen hundred a bargain?" impatiently demanded Staghart.

"Yes."

"Dere! Vash dot? You hears dot, Iksey?"

The Jew was pale with terror, and the others were not wholly free from apprehension, for they had all heard the snapping of a dry twig this time, and something that sounded like a soft footfall.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Staghart. "It's nothing—or only a rabbit, perhaps. I'll see."

He went to the door and looked out. His ear caught no sound, save the dismal dirge of the pine tops swaying in the rising wind. He drew a pistol, and, cocking it, walked around the hut. The two men inside could hear him as he crept softly from corner to corner, and could imagine him peering into the darkness in search of a moving form at which to fire. When he returned he threw a pine burr at the feet of Marks, saying:

"There, old cent-per-cent, that's what has frightened you, I expect."

"Shpose it don't vash der bine nuts—shpose it vash der Sheriffs, eh?"

"Dry up, Marksey; you'd turn white at the sight of your own shadow and then try to make it out that you'd seen a ghost," said Ikes.

"I don't like dish eer pizness—dish gillin' work and bayin' fur ber ploof oof der man."

"You don't have to do any killing, my Hebrew friend; your branch of the work is wholly financial," said Staghart. "I want you to gather in every piece of paper against the Inches that you can get hold of; commence suit, and, if possible, ruin them. At any rate you can annoy and harass them."

"But der ol' gat don't vly no baber," answered Marks.

"That's the trouble; if he did I wouldn't have to pay Ikes so much. The best way is to get the son in your clutches again. How much does he owe us now?" asked Staghart.

"Ofer dree hundred dollars."

"Three hundred dollars," mused Staghart. "This work of revenge is a d—d costly article; but I'll have satisfaction if I part with every cent I've got in the world, d—them!"

His red face and fat cheeks paled at the thought of his wrongs, and his eye lighted with a terrible purpose.

"I gits der poy into der trap, eh?" asked Marks.

"Yes; and after Ikes makes away with the old cat we'll swoop down on the rest of the breed. Let me know, Ikes, when you are ready to put him out of the way, and I'll send a party to old Inch who will propose a speculation that will swamp the women after Inch is attended to. I would advise you to use the knife, Ikes; it's sure death at close quarters."

"I think we all understand each other. Let's go," said Ikes, rising.

The others followed his example; and Staghart, taking the lantern from the ground, threw the light ahead so that they could thread the dark path down the mountain in safety. Arrived at the foot of the hill the trio separated, Staghart crossing a narrow creek on the right and reaching the road leading into town, Marks keeping the more direct path down the creek, and Ikes turning to the left and selecting a path around the base of the mountain. He kept this trail until he reached the road which passed in front of Inch's house. As he passed the place he shuddered, and, for the first time since his attempt upon Hiram's life, perhaps, he felt that gnawing at the heart which some men call the admonition of conscience, and others designate cowardice. The old, barn-like structure was dark and silent; and as Ikes looked up at it another shiver ran through his frame; and, as great drops of rain began to fall, he hurried his pace, and soon left the gloomy edifice far behind him.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and the light in Henry Fogle's office indicated to the solitary watchman of the town that the lawyer was hard at work upon an important case. Had the watchman waited long enough in the shadow of the wall he would have seen a dark form sneaking with rapid but noiseless strides from door to door until it stood motionless in front of the entrance to Fogle's office; he would have heard a low whistle, answered by the creaking of Fogle's door as it opened; he would have observed the shadow of the sneaking form as it slipped noiselessly into the office; and, if his curiosity was by this time sufficiently aroused to draw him to the key hole of the door, he would have seen Fogle tendering a glass of steaming whisky to an Indian. Had he listened he would have heard a strange story, told in broken English, of a dastardly conspiracy to assassinate a man named Hiram Inch.

It was about half-past two o'clock when a man dashed through the front gate of Inch's yard, dripping from the effects of the driving rain storm, and knocked at the door of the house. The sound echoed through the hallway, reverberating hollowly far into the interior of the old building. There was no answer to the first summons, and the blows fell upon the panel again louder than ever. This time a window was cautiously raised, and a female voice pierced the darkness:

"Who's that?"

A hoarse voice replied:

"A man from Fogle's."

"What do you want?—it's a purty time o' night to come a thumpin' at people's doors, breakin' the'r rest, an'—"

"It's important business—it's life or death," interrupted the man at the door. "I must see Hiram Inch at once."

The window fell with a crash, and in a few moments Mrs. Inch hastily attired in her unbecoming calico gown, opened the door and admitted a man whose face and form was thoroughly enveloped in a large black cloak and slouch hat, down the crease of which ran rivulets of water.

"Be keerful thar, an' don't stumble over the dogs," she said, as she led the way up a rickety pair of stairs.

The man followed her, and was ushered into a sleeping apartment, where, propped up between two pillows, sat the emaciated form of Hiram Inch, holding a revolver in his hand.

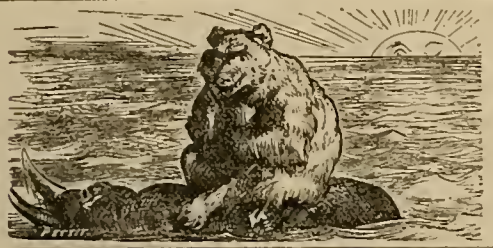
"You can shoot me if you want to, Inch; but you will gain nothing if you do."

The man threw his cloak on the floor, revealing to the astonished gaze of Inch the heavy form of Bob Ikes.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

Intelligent citizens throughout the nation are looking forward with great interest to the next Presidential election. There are not a few of our leading men who have been compelled to consider the question of the perpetuity of the Republic, and are confronted with a doubt of its permanence, and of the possibility of continuing our present elective system. To disfranchise any class of citizens clothed with political power is a matter difficult of accomplishment, yet no well-balanced mind questions the desirableness of depriving the vicious, the criminal, and the ignorant of the exercise of the elective privilege. The present political condition of the nation is an alarming one. We have as the natural result of the civil war a class conflict, producing a solid Democratic South, massing the intelligence, property-owning, and influential white population of fifteen Southern States in solid opposition to the Republican party. In all these States, with their thirty Senators, and all their representatives in Congress, their Governors, and all the municipal machinery of their States, their cities, and their county organizations, there is a united sentiment of political hostility to the present administration. Public sentiment and the public press, the pulpit, the bar, the business, commercial, and social circles, are all arrayed in antagonism to the party that for twenty years has controlled the nation. In opposition to this sentiment there are eight hundred thousand colored voters, without organization, lacking intelligence to combine, judgment to plan, and courage to execute. They have no leaders, and are powerless to resist the influences that surround them, so that the Democrats may calculate upon all the Southern electoral votes in the next Electoral College. Hence, it is apparent to the Republican party managers that they must secure an almost solid Republican North or allow the political power so long held by them to depart. This supremacy will not be yielded without a great struggle. It has already begun. Blaine has sounded the rallying cry for the Northern clans, varied somewhat from the old slogan that during and after the rebellion was so powerful to arouse party enthusiasm at the North. It is not now the oppressed and persecuted freedmen—for whose protection armies were stationed in Southern States—that Senator Blaine and his party friends are concerned for, but it is the North and its political supremacy in the nation that is threatened. By a Congressional investigation of fraud, violence, and intimidation at the Southern polls, he expects to accomplish nothing of practical value in that direction, but hopes again to fire the Northern heart with indignation and resentment that it may resist the encroachment of the Democratic party. In this view of the case the issue presented is a political one; it is certainly deprived of that feature of patriotism which in war times was wont to arouse the nation's fears lest the Union should be destroyed. The South professes to have abandoned its desire for an independent government, professes to have acquiesced in the freedom of its former slaves, professes to be desirous of maintaining the Union and of accepting the conditions resulting from the war.

The last Presidential election, a very close contest between the two great parties, would have been lost to the Republicans had not Florida and Louisiana been counted for Hayes. What issues can come into the next Presidential election favorable to the Republican party that were not in the last? The political, social, and material condition of the South is better now than then; the epidemic of political massacres, that did so much to rouse Northern resentment and incite to party action, has in a great measure passed away. The withdrawal of troops has brought order out of chaos; the withdrawal or banishment of Northern carpet-baggers and political adventurers has been attended with good results; the finances of the nation are in more prosper-

ous condition now than then; the fiery invectives of Southern brigadier generals in Congress have been toned down to more reasonable declamation; while moderate, cool-headed gentlemen and statesmen are gaining ascendancy over the hot heads that kept the fires of Northern prejudice burning by their absurd and passionate utterances. We see no very good reason why moderate Democrats should not in the next Presidential election vote their party ticket, provided the nominee shall be one in whose patriotism, integrity, and ability they have confidence. We see no very great assurance that Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, California, and Oregon may not give their electoral votes to the Democratic nominee, unless the Republican candidate shall commend himself to the people by his superior qualifications and fitness for the position. He is an unwise party leader who blinds himself to the fact that the nomination of some moderate, intelligent, wise, and prudent Democratic statesman has not a strong probability of success, and that the Republican party is handicapped with heavy weights in the coming race, and that it will be more difficult than in former times to arouse the Republican party to a great exertion. This will certainly be the case if Senator Blaine and his party friends shall determine to make a fight upon the old, worn-out issues of sympathy for the negro because he is deprived of his influence at the ballot-box due to his numbers. The rank and file of the Republican party are tired of this thing. It has lost its power to conjure up the party devil with. Senator Thurman said truly, that intelligence and property were justly entitled to rule, and would rule in a republican community. The whites of the South have the right of political control, and they will control; and it can never be made an issue at the North that they shall be deprived of that right, or that it should be turned over to, or divided with, the ignorant black race, that, by a serious party blunder, was given the elective privilege.

Let us suppose that Senator Thurman of Ohio, or Senator Bayard of Delaware, or Hendricks of Indiana, or any one of a score of moderate, conservative, respectable gentlemen whom we might name, should receive the Democratic Presidential nomination, with whom could the Republicans go into the fight with a reasonable assurance of victory? Would it be Senator Blaine, or Senator Conkling, or any one of the present prominent leaders at Washington? Is it possible that a second time the party can succeed by the policy of choosing some obscure person for his availability—available because obscure? The Democracy succeeds once with Polk, the Republicans once with Hayes. Such tactics seldom prosper the second time, and are, so far as we know, never a second time attempted. There is only one man in the nation who is likely to become the Republican candidate, and can he be elected? Of course we refer to General Grant. That General Grant will be the nominee of the party we entertain no doubt. We have not for a year past. That he desires the nomination we do not question; that he would regard his own election as certain we are convinced. General Grant is a political fatalist blindly confident in his own luck. If he had the counsels of the most shrewd and subtle party leaders—which we believe he has not—if he were acting under the advice of the most inspired party politicians, he could not do more to accomplish his nomination than by doing just what he is doing, and that is nothing. He did a wise thing by going to Europe—and he knew it when he went—and thus keeping aloof from all political complications. He has been honored abroad as no American was ever honored, and this pleases us. He will go to India and China, and next summer he will turn up in San Francisco. He will make a speech here about two minutes' long, one of which he will devote to the Chinese question, and he will be very likely to capture the sand-lot by it. General Grant is sound upon the Chinese question, as we personally know. We will give him a rousing welcome; we will send him booming across the continent in a blaze of party enthusiasm. He will be nominated by acclamation, and it is in the possibility of arousing the latent smoldering fires of the old pent-up patriotism that he may sweep the North. Old memories of battle fields and bloody scenes when the nation struggled for its life against the slaveholders' rebellion will be rekindled. It is possible that this new issue that labor presents to capital will so alarm the property-owners of the North as to drive all the wealth, intelligence, and industry of the twenty-three Northern States to cast their votes solid for General Grant. It would be just his luck. It is possible, and in fact probable, that the Democratic party will commit some fatal mistake, some unpardonable and inexcusable blunder in its nomination; it may renominate Tilden. This would make General Grant a third-time President of the United States. It is not improbable that in the other doubtful States, as in California, some defection from the Democracy like that of Kearney may give the Republicans a walk-over. It would be just Grant's luck.

Calculating the probabilities of the next Presidential election in the light of present conditions, and assuming that the Democratic party of the North is not going to pieces upon this labor question, the chances are very great that the next President will be a Democrat. It is possible that in other Northern States, as in California, the working element of the

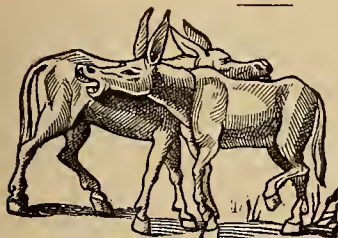
Democracy may run away with it. The party discipline of to-day is not what it was in the times of Jackson or Buchanan. This is illustrated in California. Kearney—who is not even a good Democrat; who voted for Hayes; who is of foreign birth; without money, influence, or party power; unaided, alone, and in opposition to his church; without eloquence or education—arrays himself against the Democratic leaders, destroys their influence, breaks up the party organization, laughs at all their traditions, defies their bullies, and is proof against both threats and blandishments; placing himself at the head of the Democratic mob, sends fifty-two delegates to a Constitutional Convention, while the Democratic party secures in the entire State but a dozen. It must be remembered, too, that the Democracy are in power in the State. Irwin is Governor of California, and Bryant is Mayor of San Francisco; so that in estimating this victory the fact must not be lost sight of that the drayman was victorious against fearful odds.

We think Kearney is making a great mistake in warring against the Democratic party. He should place himself at the head of it; he should usurp its leadership. A majority of the rank and file of the Democracy is with him, and the principle is recognized in the Democracy that the majority must control. County committees and State conventions are elected at primary elections. Kearney can carry every Democratic primary election in all the cities and in all the principal villages of the State; with anything like organization he can carry a majority of the country precincts. One blast upon his bugle-horn will send Irwin, Johnson, Bryant, Caserly, Hager, Wilson, Hoge, Terry, Howard, McCoppin, Gwin, and all the rest of the leaders—Yanks, chivs, and Irish—to their hiding places. Holding a County Convention in San Francisco for municipal officers, or a State Convention, Kearney can dictate nominations, and the gentlemen whom we have named dare not bolt the ticket, and bolters they would be if they did not come squarely up to the fight with their money, their eloquence, and their influence. There is a Presidential election approaching, and the prospects of a Democratic success would make a revolt impossible. If Kearney were nominated for Governor, Doctor Shorb, Colonel Stuart Taylor, Judge Hager, and all the eloquent and gifted ones of the Democracy would take the stump for him. This is what we mean by the tail wagging the dog. Our simile has a double meaning; for, in our judgment, the Democratic party is a cur-se-d organization, and Kearney is the very tip end of its meanest part.

Such a result as this would please us, and we trust that none of our readers will do us the injustice to think that we are not most serious and most profoundly in earnest in desiring to aid in bringing about such a condition of things. The Democratic party has shown itself such an abject coward and slave in its submission to this most blasphemous adventurer, and the gentlemen whom we have named have demonstrated that they are so utterly void of political courage, manliness, or principle, that we shall be glad to see them chained to the truck wheels of this victorious drayman, and dragged through the party mire, with all the mob of sand-lot adventurers howling after them. We have a desire to see the issue made in this State; as well here as elsewhere; as well now as later. If ignorance, idleness, and crime can rule San Francisco and California, why not let the fact be understood at once? If those who have nothing are to be allowed to plunder those who have something, the division may as well take place now as at some future time. If such Democrats as we have named, and hundreds more whom we might name, think more of the Democratic organization than they do of their self-respect, their property, and the good order of society, let us know it, and let chaos come. We are anxious to have decent, honest people, who have social and property interests to guard, come together in an association for protecting and preserving them. We are wearied of this political party division, that puts one-half the decent and honest people on one side, and the other half on the other, and allows rogues, adventurers, and plunderers to control both. We are tired of waging a political warfare that gives all the honors of the fight, and all the loot and plunder of the victory, to the leaders and the camp followers.

Our advice therefore to Kearney is, to kick overboard and out of his ranks all the timorous respectability of the Democracy; cut the leaders, and lawyers, and office-holders adrift, and let them paddle their own canoes; take charge of the primaries, elect delegates to nominating conventions, assume command, and clear the decks for action. If it is to be a fight of labor against capital, these men will only embarrass him. If it is honesty against political trickery and charlatanism, they will only be ammunition for the enemy, and if Kearney should win a victory, the men who will prove skeddaddlers in the fight will be foremost to claim the rewards of success. If Kearney has the courage to become a leader, and the firmness to hold a drum-head court-martial and shoot every politician that sneaks into his party, he will accomplish one of two things. He will either reform the Democratic party of California or murder it. Either result will please us.

PRATTLE.



Patriots who dream of "acquiring Canada" may congratulate one another that if matters are not in train for the accomplishment of that end there has at least been a sowing of the seeds of political discontent. The Chamberlain of the new vice-regal court has issued a ukase that all the Dominion ladies who wish to be received by her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, must attend in flow-neck dresses, unless they present a doctor's certificate of ill health. The ladies of the Dominion—who have the misfortune to be a trifle scraggy about the neck—have ventured to protest against this regulation, as unsuited to the climate and imperfectly respectful, their liege lords dutifully backing them, and saying things in the newspapers which, in deference to our republican reverence for royalty, can not be here repeated. In this grave emergency it is hoped that the attitude of our Government may be consistent with a decent and honorable observance of international obligations until the time comes for more decided action.

His morning journal Tom surveyed,
And read aloud these lines displayed:
"A Sacramento Man Repents—
Pleads Guilty to a Grave Offense."
"What!" Bob says, "only one confessed?
"Twill cost a pile to try the rest!"

The advertising "doctors" of this city kill annually more people than are killed by disease, and then if a respectable journal which will not accept their abominable advertisements says a word against them and their hideous trade, the insolent fellows have the effrontery to thrust their unwholesome carcasses into the office and ask a retraction. If I had my way in this matter (it is perhaps as well that I have not) there would be a break in the continuity of this custom. As it is, I propose to save a few human lives which the bloody-handed rascals would otherwise take, and thereby diminish their revenues. For it happens that I know these creatures and all their tenebrous ways; and I did not get my knowledge by experience either, for I am alive.

When one's watch gets out of order he has the sense to send it to a watchmaker; he does not stick his clumsy fingers and thumbs into its dainty machinery; nor does one unskilled in the trade endeavor to repair an ailing steam engine. Yet men and women of the highest intelligence in other directions do not hesitate to undertake repairs of those incomparably more intricate and delicate machines, their own bodies, without even the faintest knowledge of the nature of their disorders or the action of their "remedies," and with no conception of the disastrous consequences of a mistake. With a fatuity that deserves to rank as a continuous miracle, they will take medicine on the advice of a friend, the faith of an advertisement, or, worse still, at the maudlin dictation of their own undigested and misrecorded "experience." I am convinced that to one person cut off by the accident of disease, five die a natural death by poison.

If human testimony is good for anything there are ghosts, there are witches, there are were-wolves. There is no monstrous and preposterous superstition that does not rest upon as solid a basis of unimpeachable human testimony as does the most familiar and obvious circumstance of any man's experience. If then, with regard to matters within the immediate scope and purview of the physical senses, human testimony is so nearly worthless, what shall we say of it in cases requiring close and patient observation, the widest experience, the coldest analysis, and the most methodical classification, such as the action of a certain medicine down amongst the mysterious functions of the human system? Before the stupendous difficulties of such a problem as "What cured your cold?" I stand appalled; and I reverently uncover to the supernal audacity of the mind which tranquilly believes itself to have discerned the solution—which from amongst the countless other influences acting on the organism simultaneously with the medicine assumes that it can disentangle and determine that medicine's exact part in the cure, and which is dead-sure that recovery was because of treatment, and not despite of it. Next to my Maker I adore the person who without a medical education tells me what to take for the collywoddles.

This benefactor of his race, the prescribing friend or practicing stranger, compared with whom Prometheus was a shirk-duty and Howard a self-seeker, has at least two of the attributes of Deity—omniscience and omnipresence. You shall not disturb a chip but he will jump out from under it to inform you that bees'-wax is a regal remedy for chronic sore toe—which is not likely.

We all disparage the knowledge we do not possess, and the layman who knows absolutely nothing of the science of medicine commonly holds it in light esteem. I tell him he is wrong: the difference between a man without medical

knowledge and one with it is wider than that between the ignorant and the learned in any other department of human knowledge; compared with medicine the law is a science for babes and cloutlings. Much remains to be learned, but what has already been discovered and formulated is of amazing magnitude and value. And of this the physicians are sole custodians. The man who has a diploma from some great medical college may not be a good physician; he who has not can not be. Such a diploma does not certify its owner to be a man of brains; it merely proves that he has had the only possible opportunity to acquire his science—a science that can no more be self-taught than astronomy can be learned by study of gas lamps and brass door-knobs.

In selecting a physician one should of course know a diploma when he sees it, and should know which are the reputable medical colleges. In addition, he must be a judge of men—that is, he must be himself a man of brains. But any regularly educated physician is better than oneself and one's friends; and I earnestly counsel all my readers never, under any conceivable circumstances, to take even the "simplest" remedy except on prescription of a doctor. Who dares to do so is a bolder man than I, but he won't live as long—particularly if he confine himself to simple "household" remedies. It is these jokers that knock us coldest. It is these, especially, that make so lively a sale for tiny coffins. Half the babes that die are murdered by their mothers.

Educated and reputable physicians never advertise—except sometimes their names and addresses. This rule is inflexible; there are no exceptions. Moreover, most physicians on graduating take an oath that any valuable discoveries they may make they will immediately impart to the profession. Oath or no oath, it is one of the unwritten laws of the profession, observed by every honorable practitioner. It follows that the advertising doctor is a self-convicted impostor, and that if he affirm his knowledge of superior methods and specifics unknown to the profession, he is either a quack or a *renegade*.

As for the homœopaths, who if they hurt the physicians at least do not hurt us, they are the humorists of the profession, and no one regrets their decadence more than I do. I shall miss them from medicine just as I should miss Mark Twain from literature, the *Danbury News* Man from journalism, or Sunset Cox from politics. Even with them the world is none too bright and cheery.

The circumstance that Prince Bismarck is described by his biographer, Dr. Busch, as an enormous eater and supercopious drinker recalls the fact that he is a Pomeranian, and the Pomeranians are said to be the king-gluttons of the world. It was a Pomeranian who said: "The goose is a stupid bird," and being asked why, explained that "there is too much of it for one, and not enough for two."

The *Evening Post* says "it is a disgrace to civilization that men, women, and children are hungry in a land where the grass and flowers grow in the open air on Christmas day, as they do in San Francisco," and "one of ours," elsewhere in this paper, asserts that the disgrace appertains to the tramps who prefer beggary to toil. But is not Nature partly at fault in this matter, in not having made grass and flowers our appointed food? Nebuchadnezzar could have a merry Christmas in San Francisco all the year round, but the rest of us are not graminivorous; we must have our chops and steaks, no matter how good the grazing is.

Two friends dining at the Poodle Dog restaurant. FIRST FRIEND—"Garson! Garson! Hi! garson—donny moy cuffy noyer o suker!" SECOND FRIEND (*dreamily*)—"Things are differently ordered in France."

The most difficult thing for an American to understand is that in a war between a half-civilized European or Asian power and a civilized one the armies of the former are not commanded by an American. We would have it that Osman Pasha was an American; we will have it that the commander of the Ameer's forces is an American. Why we should always claim kinship with the under dog remains to be explained by some theory of canine sympathies not yet formulated.

What we want is prayer for rain—none of your lazy, drawling, snuffing, and perfunctory "petitions to the Throne of Grace," but a good, square, ringing statement of what we require for our next year's crops, when we require it, and why we conceive ourselves entitled to it. The priest or parson who fails us now in the hour of our need has no claim to our tolerance when it comes to the hour of his need. They must all be made to understand that our ability to pay their salaries and reduce the church debts depends upon the next year's harvest, and if we don't get any wheat we won't take any salvation—that we are not going to buy a thing because it is cheap unless we have the money. If the parsons won't pray for rain we must try to find somebody that will—somebody that has faith in prayer and a stake in the country—somebody whose interests are not all in the Better Land, but who has an intelligent eye to the secular well-being of the

San Joaquin Valley. If our clergy—the best in the world—will take hold of this matter in dead earnest, giving a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together at "the golden everlasting chain," I for one will sustain them with faith. I believe they can bring rain—a regular, pelting, swashing, old-fashioned down-pour, like those of the time of Starr King, heaven rest his soul!—and if they will make the attempt there are one thousand self-cocking bull-dog revolvers that will come out of hip pockets and boot-legs to keep a ring for them. And if any scoffing Ingersoll or sceptical Tyndall comes chinning about he will get something in his paunch that he never swallowed. If there is any water up there we want it, and are not ashamed to ask for it through the chap-pies that know the lingo.

The following lines, entitled "The Dyspeptic's Lament," were written in a lady's album the day after Christmas:

Internal turkey, pray thee cease
Thy struggles—I abhor
To glorify the Prince of Peace
With an intestine war!

In North Carolina is a family of children of whom every one becomes stone blind at sunset. It is safe to say that those children, when they grow up, either will be more moral than the majority of their fellow men and women, or do a great deal toward making daylight hideous. It is hard to say whether if we were all blind at night there would be less or more vice in the world. Our opportunities would be materially abridged, but then there would not be so much detection, which would encourage us to make the most of such opportunities as would remain. On the whole, the condition most favorable to the pursuit of wickedness is just enough light to enable one to pursue it, and not quite enough to enable it to escape.

The island of Tristan d'Acunha is represented as being overrun with cats, which are not only a crying nuisance themselves but add insult to injury by openly fraternizing with the rats and mice. The inhabitants have wearied heaven with prayers and themselves with forays to exterminate them, and are now broken in hope and fortune. But Signor Pizzola, the sausage builder, rubs the chin of him with his palm, draws a visible wisdom across his brow, and passing his free hand significantly athwart the seat of his trowsers, preserves an elaborate and exhaustive silence as to what he could do for the people of Tristan d'Acunha. Alas! Pizzola, we know what you have done for us.

It transpires that the jury in the case of Mr. J. C. Duncan divided on the following lines: Two were for conviction, two for acquittal, two for either, two for neither, and two for both. Of the remaining two, one favored all these findings, and the other would hear to none of them. It was this last fellow that hung the jury, and it is the existence of such intractable fellows as this that makes one regret the abolition of the ordeal of immersion. According to this ancient method of proceeding against a person suspected of crime, he was chucked into a horse-pond and held under water. If he died without a struggle he was declared innocent.

"Dr. Linderman's health," says an Eastern telegram, "is so far improved as to enable him to discharge his duties." Let us not trust appearances; they are proverbially deceitful. That he is up and about; that he eats with an evenly sustained appetite and conquers his toddy; that he can walk ten miles to meet a reporter, and talk for three hours without stopping on subjects that he knows nothing about—these are misleading symptoms. Observe the furtive, sidelong aversion of his eye, the nervous agitation of his pocket, his constant scratching of his palm! He may, indeed, manage to get through his duties in a dead-alive kind of way, but he will never again be able to discharge them honestly. He never did.

The expounders of "an American system of finance" are giving their so-called minds to the introduction of the gold dollar, which is to contain half as much gold as the gold dollar, and half as much silver as the silver dollar. The notion of these philosophers is that this will preserve the equilibrium between the two metals: the gold in the new coin can not rise without carrying up the silver, nor the silver fall without dragging down the gold. This is very much as if one should endeavor to equalize the price of sausages and the price of pickles by tying a bull-pup to a basket of cucumbers.

Joaquin Miller complains that he is snubbed in New York society. Well, they are too high-toned for anything at New York. When a guest at any of their "palatial mansions" pulls off his boots in the parlor they want him to put on his rubbers. If at dinner he takes a fancy to blow his nose on his napkin they give him another napkin—sometimes another nose. And they insist that the singing of a lady vocalist and the war-whooping of an Oregon poet shall be separately executed and enjoyed. Mr. Miller is careless in these particulars, and so New York society prefers his poetry to his company. The serenest social circles of Boston are less fastidious; they like the one as little as the other. B.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

Social Etiquette of New York is a small and clearly printed book issued from the house of D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and sent to the ARGONAUT office by each of the leading book houses of San Francisco. Now, we take it that this is a very good joke on the editors, that it should occur to each of the prominent book concerns that a treatise upon social etiquette might prove instructive to them; is suggestive of the fact that they are not quite up to the amenities of social life, and that they may be wanting in some of the elements of genteel deportment and good breeding. The editors read the book very carefully, and submitted it to "The Only Jones" for his critical examination. Jones having attentively perused it, and annotated it with remarks applicable to the best San Francisco society, it was again turned over to us in recognition of our superior intelligence in all matters of fashionable life, with a request that we would give it to our readers with the addition of appropriate reflections adapted to our higher circles. San Francisco possesses the best society in the world. It comes from the solid foundations of our gold and silver-bearing hills. In search of the qualities that adorn it, the Sierra has been explored to the depth of twenty-two hundred feet. Sutro has bored through four miles of solid rock to ventilate our aristocracy, give it airs, and enable it to work itself out upon new levels. The continent has been spanned, mountain heights overcome, great cañons leaped by the iron horse, great subsidies granted by the Government, and great exactions demanded from vulgar trade and commerce, that our aristocracy might plant itself firmly and intrench itself safely beyond the accidents of poverty. For it we have gained Alaska and the Aleutian Islands by purchase from Russia; seven millions of Government money to robe our aristocracy in furs of ermine, otter, and fox. To bring them servants from the Orient we have subsidized Government steamers. To maintain and entertain them, we authorize and legalize games of chance at the Stock Exchange, and thus encourage our toilers to bring them gifts. Our good society is cosmopolitan. It is composed of the lucky ones of all nationalities. It is governed by no false notions of birth, or that education and good breeding are essential to its maintenance. Good houses, good clothes, good carriages, and plenty of money are the requisites deemed most important. Then comes deportment, and a knowledge of those canons of good society deemed necessary in other and older civilizations, of whom we are as yet imitators. Etiquette is the machinery of society. It is a wall which rich and well-to-do people build up around themselves as a protection from disagreeable, under-bred poor people. It is the armor in which superior folks are protected from contact with the vulgar; a shield of defense against poor relations and the familiar acquaintance of old associates who have dropped behind in the pursuit of money. Etiquette is the white high road of a refined civilization, over which good society drives four in hand, and along which common pedestrians with club feet must look out that they are not run over or take the consequences.

There was a time when our English cousins called us "raw," and our Parisian friends styled us "drôle," but we are getting over all the gawkeries of newness, and now our girls are at a premium in the aristocratic circles of Europe. We have imported family crests, escutcheons, and coats of arms; we have patronized colleges of heraldry till our best society now rejoices in a long line of duly certified ancestors, and presents a lineage of which any wealthy family may be justly proud. As fast as our rich young girls attain the marriageable age we are making aristocratic alliances with the bluest blood of the titled families of the old world. California will not take a second rank in laying the foundations of this new aristocracy. The old pirates and cod-fishers of New England; the old Dutch market gardeners of New York; the descendants of Pocahontas, and those good old dames who were sold at auction in Virginia for tobacco; the Huguenots of Carolina, the creoles of Louisiana, the blue-grass people of Kentucky, must give way; they have had their day, and as their money gives out they must abate their pretensions to be considered good society, and give place to lucky ones. The ARGONAUT, as the organ of good society, assumes the responsibility of laying down rules for its government, and constitutes itself the ultimate tribunal of fashionable appeal in all matters touching its interests.

In making introductions great care should be taken, especially in San Francisco. It is a rule that introductions should not be made except by the consent of parties. Sometimes this may be assumed. A gentleman may not be presented to a lady except by her approval. The name of the less important personage should always be first called. To illustrate; if General Grant should visit San Francisco, and hold a public reception, Mayor Bryant, in presenting our distinguished citizens, would use this formula: "General Grant, this is Colonel William Henry Livingstone Barnes, who distinguished himself in the successful conduct of the Amador war, and is now the leading member of the Constitutional Convention;" or "This is General John Albenmarle McComb, Brigadier-General of the California Militia, with whose achievements you are too familiar to render it necessary for me to recount them;" or "This is Colonel Jonathan P. Jackson, of the *Evening Post*, the leading journal of the Pacific—the Workingmen's organ. Colonel Jackson distinguished himself in the War of the Rebellion." In the event of the arrival here of the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, on a visit of ceremony to Governor Kearney, his private secretary, Carl Browne, would thus introduce to her the poetess laureate of the Pacific: "I do myself the honor of presenting to your Royal Highness our most distinguished poetess, who has honored your royal mother by inditing a poem to her. I have the honor to present Mrs. Theresa Corlett, of the *Evening Post*." Among more private persons of equal rank less formality is observable. As, for instance, if Gambetta should visit San Francisco one might say: "Citizen Gambetta, allow me to present Colonel Head, whom you have doubtless frequently met in Paris;" or, under other circumstances, "Mr. Gladstone, this is Mr. Pickering, of the *Call*, whose able editorials have done so much toward moulding public opinion in Europe;" or "This, Mr. Disraeli, is Mr. Charles de Young, whose searching criticisms of the Berlin Congress and the Afghanistan war must have given you so much information." With

people of less distinction there should be less formality; as: "Mr. Boruck, Senator Conklin;" "Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Mr. Verdenal." In presenting gentlemen to ladies great care should be taken to avoid embarrassment. We undertook once to introduce a gentleman to a lady, with neither of whose antecedents we were familiar. In the most innocent way in the world we said: "Mrs. Brown, let me present you to Mr. Jones." "I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Brown before," said Jones; "once in church, at a wedding ceremony, if you recall the incident, madam?" "Oh, yes, I recollect; you married a Miss Smith; your features are familiar, although I had forgotten the circumstance." This pair had been divorced after living together two years and having twins. Loud talk is vulgar; too much shaking hands is inadmissible. Ladies should first recognize gentlemen in the street. The younger person should be introduced to the elder. Every person at an entertainment is upon a social equality with any other guest. Conversation may be addressed to any guest at a private reception, but this does not justify a further acquaintance. Any gentleman may ask any lady to dance at a private dancing party.

One of the first things that the truly "genteel" should do is to establish a carriage; or, we might perhaps more appropriately put it in this way: as soon as you have "struck it" in stocks, and it is not necessary to realize, purchase a lot and build a stable upon it; if you fail to realize and the market explodes on your hands, you sell to the next lucky man. He builds a "palatial mansion;" the wife sets up her carriage, and a reception day; a good house, good horses, good entertainments, with good wine, good music, good suppers, and good manners secure the *entrée* into the social circles of the highest Nob-Hillity. It is very desirable that you should have come from a good family; and this is easy of accomplishment by securing a pedigree from a college of heraldry; get the story of your ancestors pat, and by frequently mentioning your "family" you will soon begin to believe in it yourself. If you ever were servant in a hotel, or sold peanuts, or manufactured ginger pop, or peddled from a basket or cart, or kept a corner grocery or vegetable stand, or was groom in a livery stable, or a gentleman's coachman, or porter in a store, or a butcher, or married a servant girl, or ever at any time engaged in any honest pursuit by means of which you were started in business, keep the secret inviolable and never allow it to get out among envious or jealous acquaintances. If your wife's mother kept boarders, or took in washing, or kept a millinery store; or if your wife was ever a governess, or sewing girl, or child's nurse, or schoolma'am, or gave music lessons, lie down the ignoble fact by blazoning a coat of arms upon the panel of your carriage, by stamping a crest upon your visiting card, by purchasing and displaying old portraits and referring to them as the Judge, the General, the Admiral, or the Bishop. A female portrait or two is indispensable. Old silver of antique pattern is desirable, and can be purchased second-hand or made to order. Heir looms (say the wedding dress of the wife's mother or grandmother, of quaint pattern, ornamented with rich old brown lace; curious old jewelry of fantastic pattern with real stones) may be secured from *bric-à-brac* stores. The gentleman should wear an old-fashioned watch-seal that came to him as an inheritance. If the family poverty has been too well known to have the fact forgotten, it should be openly and often referred to, accompanied by the explanation that a large fortune was lost by the failure of the United States Bank, or loss of negroes and plantations during the civil war, the massacre of San Domingo, the great fire in Boston or Chicago—indeed all the great calamities where property has been destroyed may be used in this connection. If your name is in any degree similar to that of any noble or distinguished European family, of course you are a descendant of it; your father, or grandfather, or more remote ancestor, having been discarded for marrying a poor but lovely girl not of equal rank. Or your ancestor may have been a political refugee, his exile dating from some great political event. If you are of Vankee family, of course your ancestors came over in the *Mayflower* or fought at Bunker Hill. If you are chivalry, then play Pocahontas and John Smith for ancestors. If Irish, you are descended from the Irish kings. The Huguenot dodge is a good one; or if anybody of your name signed the Declaration of Independence, or fought in the Revolutionary war, you may use the fact. If anyone of the same name is in *Debrett's Peerage*, or *Landed Gentry of England*, it affords an excellent subsoil for planting a genealogical tree. Whenever the biographical fiend comes around to make a book, the opportunity should not be lost to get your portrait and life set forth; be careful to avoid the old time fable of being a self-made man, born of poor but honest parents; this sort of thing is vulgar and becoming obsolete. A tour in Europe is indispensable; if the gentleman can not leave his employments, the wife should not fail to make the trip and educate her children abroad. Knowledge of the French is also indispensable; German is desirable. A French maid is the thing—a French *bonne* with a lace cap is quite the go for a nursery of young children.

There are certain general rules to be observed in giving entertainments; the first requisite being to make a grand display and to spend more money than any one else can afford to do. The lady of the house should be more expensively and elegantly dressed than any of her guests, and she should wear more jewels. This places all the poor persons who may still be hanging by the eyelids upon the ragged edge of good society very ill at ease, and the chances are that they will decline the next invitation. It discourages accomplished, elegant, well bred, but poor girls, from continuing in society, and thus relieves the stupid, inelegant, and awkward rich young lady from a rivalry in which money appears to a disadvantage with culture, good breeding, and elegance of deportment. The event of a marriage in the family should always be seized upon as an opportunity for display and sensation. It should be announced as a marriage in high life. The ceremony should always be performed in a fashionable church after the notices have been duly distributed. Bridesmaids and groomsmen, dress and parade, glitter and sensation, wide spread notoriety, and a full description in some daily commercial paper, all indicate that the family belongs to the more exclusive and fashionable social circle. The after entertainment should be as showy as possible, and should be especially showy in the display of wedding gifts. Nothing is better calculated to im-

press the wedding guests with the social importance (wealth) of the family than spoons, pie-knives, fish-forks, card-receivers and silver sets. After marriage a wedding trip. The correct thing is the European tour, but if this is not convenient San José or Martinez will satisfy the rigid requirements of the most exacting social code. When the wife's family are unable to maintain a son-in-law, or for any cause it is inconvenient for the newly-married couple to live with either parent, they should go to one of our prominent hotels, and thence to a fashionable boarding-house. This breaks the fall down to a cheap hired house and drawing one's own baby-cart. We might extend these reflections into the more minute details, but to an intelligent and imitative class like that of our new and pretentious rich who are ambitious to distinguish themselves as leaders in the social world a hint will suffice; and if we find it does not, we will give the subject further attention.

The Voyage of the "Jettie."

Two hundred winters' snowing,
Two hundred summers' glowing,
Had passed on Bearcamp River;
And between its flood-torn shores,
Sped by sail or urged by oars,
No keel had vexed it ever.
Alone the dead trees yielding
To the dull axe Time is welding,
The shy mink and the otter,
And golden leaves and red,
By countless autumns shed,
Had floated down its water.
From the gray rocks of Cape Aon
Came a skilled sea-faring man,
With his dory, to the right place;
Over hill and plain he brought her,
Where the boatless Bearcamp water
Comes winding down from White-Face.
Quoth the skipper: "Ere she floats forth,
I'm sure my pretty boat's worth,
At least, a name as pretty."
On her painted side he wrote it,
And the flag that o'er her floated
Bore aloft the name of "Jettie."
On a radiant morn of summer,
Elder guest and latest comer
Saw her wed the Bearcamp water;
Heard the name the skipper gave her,
And the answer to the favor
From the Bay State's graceful daughter.
Then a singer, richly gifted,
Her charmed voice uplifted
And the wood-thrush and song-sparrow
Listened, dumb with envious pain,
To the clear and sweet refrain,
Whose notes they could not borrow.
Then the skipper plied his oar,
And from off the swiveling shore
Glided on the strange explorer;
Floating on, she knew not whither,
The tawny sands beneath her,
The blue sky bending o'er her.
Amid the tangling lumber
Aod pack of mountain lumber
That spring-floods downward force,
Over sunken snag, and bar
Where the grating shallows are,
The good boat held her course,
Under the pine-dark highlands,
Around the vine-hung islands,
She plowed her crooked furrow;
And the rippling and the paddling
Sent the river-perch skeddaddling,
And the muskrat to his burrow.
Every sober clam below her,
Every sage and grave pearl-grower,
Shut his rusty valves the tighter;
Crow called to crow, complaining,
And old tortoises sat craning
Their leathern necks to sight her.
On she glided, overladen
With merry man and maiden
Sending back their song and laughter,
While, perchance, a phantom crew,
In a ghostly birch canoe,
Paddled dumb and swiftly after!
And the bear on Ossipee
Climbed the topmost crag to see
The strange thing drifting under;
And, through the haze of August,
Passaconaway and Paugus
Looked down in sleepy wonder.
All the pines that o'er her hung
In mimic sea-toes sung
The song familiar to her;
And the maples leaned to screen her
And the meadow-grass grew greener,
And the breeze more soft to woo her.
The lone stream, mystery-haunted,
To her the freedom granted
To scan its every feature,
Till new and old were blended,
And round them both extended
The loving arms of Nature.
Of these hills the little vessel
Henceforth is part and parcel;
And on Bearcamp shall her log
Be kept, as if by George's
Or Grand Menan the surges
Tossed her skipper through the fog.
And I, who, half in sadness,
Recall the morning gladness
Of life, at evening time,
By chance, onlooking idly,
Apart from all so widely,
Have set her voyage to rhyme.
Dies now the gay persistence
Of song and laugh in distance;
Alone with me remaining
The stream, the quiet meadow,
The hills in shine and shadow,
The sombre pines complaining.
And musing here, I dream
Of voyagers on a stream
From whence is no returning,
Under sealed orders going,
Looking forward little knowing,
Looking back with idle yearning.
And I pray that every venture
The port of peace may enter,
That, safe from snag and shoal,
And sireo-haunted islet,
And rock, the Unseen Pilot
May guide them to their goal.
JOHN G. WHITTIER, in *January St. Nicholas*.



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We beg to offer the following testimonial from the largest dealers in the city.

CALIFORNIA SILK MFG CO.

We, the undersigned, hereby state that we have sold the CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK for a number of years, and have found it to give entire satisfaction.

We recommend it to the public as equal in quality to any silk in this market, of either Foreign or Eastern manufacture. [Signed.] DOANE & HENSHELWOOD, No. 1 Montgomery Street.

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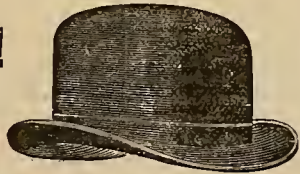


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For New Year's calling, be sure and get his latest styles.

336 KEARNY STREET, BETWEEN BUSH AND PINE,
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The Extra 100 Yards. Quarter Ounce. Ounce Spools. Embroidery Silks.

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Manufactured in San Francisco, supporting over 100 white women and girls. Sold by all first-class dealers.

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THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES CONSTANTLY RECEIVED.

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HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

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As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

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Send stamp for catalogue. AGENCY, 124 POST ST., San Francisco.

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CANDIES AND HOLIDAY GOODS supplied to Church Festivals and Parties at wholesale rates. Imported Cap Bonbons, extra fine, 50 cents a dozen.

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 27, 1878.

MY DEAR MADGE:—Christmas has come and gone, and its refulgent wave of carnival and contagion leaves us all stranded on the shore of our every day life, seedy, and sad, and sorry almost that anybody was ever born to the honor, and the necessity of so tremendous a birthday. How merry the present-giving, the eve, the day, the salutation, the dinner, the night with its shout, and song, and sequence of egg-nog, and "we won't go home till morning" atmosphere! How blue the light of the next day—when general depression reigned; when the infant was pale even unto death from the effect of the paint licked from the gaudy confection; when the plum pudding in the adult stomach—like our flag—"was still there;" when husband, and soo, and brother, put on their hats with the shoe horn, and strolled mournfully down town to business, full of reaction and repentance! How difficult under these circumstances, my dear girl, to write cheerfully and charmingly of the holiday spectacles on street and stage! For theatrically we were a bit stupid and stiff this year. Stupid, because we were afflicted with English stuff; stiff, because we sat in cloaks and overcoats, and sympathized with the unfortunates clad in nothing more than the mantle of one's own modesty. The "specialties" began at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday night with the production of *H. M. S. Pinafore*, announced on the bills as "the latest English musical absurdity." The bills were entirely right. It was English, it was musical, and it was absurd in every sense of the word except the very novel and realistic stage setting where the flies, and drops, and grooves, are entirely swept away to give scope for a painted ocean, and a stage representing the quarter-deck of an English ship. There are many good things in the burlesque. The movement of the sailors up the ratlines and along the yards, the furling of the sails, the watery perspective, and actual touch and smell of tar, all go to the making of a pretty picture. Then the music is bright and sparkling, and sweet for those sea-dogs to mouth. But the wit falls flat and the dialogue drags, and the plot drops through, and you can not make out what it is all about till some beef-eater tells you, "You know that it is an awfully clever joke on the first Lord of the Admiralty, you know"—which you didn't, "you know." As to the pinafore part of the business, Mrs. Oates, dressed as the sailor boy, "Ralph Rackstraw," needed one very badly. Yet she sang well—the best I have heard her lately—and her "Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye," was as feelingly and tearfully rendered as though she had just dismissed another husband. Lulu Stevens, as the Captain's daughter, made modest love and a mess of her acting as she always has—with one exception, in *Marjoline*—but she was in good voice, and looked but passably well in a dress so short that it took away all the romance of the age, and left her a little sup of a school-girl. Beverly, the cunning little tenor, received many a hand for the spirited rendering of "The Death of Nelson," and "The Bay of Biscay, O!" Taylor represented well the "Admiral; Meade had a good action and make-up as "Deadeye," the dissatisfied sea-dog, and Connell, as "Captain Corcoran," roared about to the full extent of his natural capacity—if you can comprehend the terrible possibilities of such an assertion. Take altogether *H. M. S. Pinafore* was not exactly a success, but was enjoyable for its novelty and its music, and disliked for the thoroughly English burlesque features which only those acquainted with the British navy could appreciate. Tuesday evening I was off to see *Revels*, or "Boo Ton George, Jr.," at the Grand Opera House, the comic burlesque extravaganza so extensively advertised in connection with the return of the Rice Surprise Party. There was a stretch of second-hand carpet from the street entrance through the marble-tiled passage to the inner doors, a brass band in the upper corridor making a superior but not very artistic noise, and a desolate and dreary-looking house within. There had been an attempt to counteract the chilling influence of the place by trimming the vestibule columns with alternate stripes of Turkey red and evergreens, and festooning the boxes, and dress circle, and balcony seats with the same material, but it looked cheap, and had no effect whatever on the imagination or the atmosphere when the curtain went up and the gale swept in from the great cavern of a stage. That first performance was anything but a revel. The audience was sparse and cold, and of that character that demanded satisfaction for anticipation, and was disgusted when it did not even get it by waiting till twelve o'clock; for *Revels* opened as a weakling and strung along the most ridiculous lot of rubbish

that was ever dignified with the high-sounding name of spectacle. Another English imposition without coherency of plot or movement, containing nothing new or novel, unless it be the diabolical attempts at punning that so invariably afflicts the text of anything that Rice & Co. have to do with, and which is a spectacle sufficient to make the Norse gods weep icicles a mile and a half long if they only had a blue upholstered seat in a strong draft at the Grand Opera House. It is absolutely impossible for me to tell you what it is all about; something relating to St. George and the Dragon, I believe, with the first scene or two cribbed from *Nemesis*, with a double action in England and India, and a following of situations intended to be ridiculous, but which are only saved from actual stupidity by the interpretation of the character of "Callapat," by Willie Edouin, who has carried the entire performance and given what little satisfaction has been had from it. None of the other people of the Surprise Party appear to half the advantage that they did on the small stage, and with the warm and cosy surroundings of the little Standard Theatre. Alice Atherton was hoarse to a painful degree, and though she attempted to make up for the loss of voice in sprightliness of action, the audience barked out their sympathy for her uncovered arms, and sneezed through the same breeze that swept about the well filled maroon tights. Some of the chorus were so thoroughly cornered by the cold that they could not sing at all, and the lithe and limbsome pages had to blanket themselves like so many Pious squaws every opportunity they had to get within the wings. Christmas afternoon and evening, however, *Revels* had tremendous audiences, not even a bit of standing-room left, and the piece was cut, to its visible improvement; but it can not be classed as a success, for it is not of that merit that will draw a person the second time to see it. There are but one or two good scenes, and the best of them—the transformation and corridor setting—is familiar to everybody that has seen the *Black Crook* at the California. From a musical point of view *Revels* is a *potpourri* of stolen music, and bad stealing at that. It has not even the humorous features of lost *Evangelina*, the magnificent spectacular failure of a year ago; and its whole moral effect is, or at least ought to be, to make the Surprise Party, or any combination or company that has to interpret the alleged Rice music and librettos, keep themselves on a small stage and close to their audiences, and then they will be appreciated. Distance lends no enchantment to a leg review. At Baldwin's things were conducted a little differently, and then was the added advantage of a comfortable place to sit, and warmth and color in the surroundings. *Not Guilty* is another English spectacle, but one that has at least the merit of a plot, and the possibility of being understood. It was announced on the programmes as "a grand musical, military, dramatic, and spectacular drama." Its musical feature was a failure, and might with profit be immediately discontinued. Its military were well dressed, well manoeuvred, and inspiring. The dramatic element possessed some considerable strength; its humor quiet, agreeable, and not so badly strained, and its spectacular impression and effects limited only by the cramped stage area. It is by far the most attractive and interesting bill of the holidays. It is put on the stage in a manner that is highly creditable to the taste of the stage manager and the talent of the scenic artist. Each scene is a picture, not overdrawn, nor incongruous, nor absurd, but as realistic as stage illustration and action will permit. It is rarely that one sees a piece of this description and extravagance of detail so artistically and satisfactorily managed. It is a pleasure to mention a performance so well presented. *Not Guilty* was as well cast as it was artistically mounted. Heroe, as "Joe Triggs," and Bishop, as "Jack Snipe," gave as neat bits of character sketching and quiet flashes of humor as one need to demand or expect. Morrison did the villain and the counterfeit presentment business creditable to his countenance. Rose Wood was a sweet little thing who had a first rate chance to starve to death but for the bread that got poor O'Neill, as "Robert Arnold," into the quarry with a really becoming striped suit on. As a matter of course *Not Guilty* had its ridiculous as well as its realistic situations. It was simply absurd to mix the modern hoodlum up with the soldiers, and residents, and architecture of an old English village. The procession of boys, with paper caps and toy drums, was out of place. The sputter of firecrackers in a barrel did not sound altogether like the rattle of musketry, nor the knocking in of the drum head like the boom of distant cannon. The charge of the Cameron Cadets was full of life and smoke, but strange in the fact that in the teeth of that murderous fire, face to face, not a Sepoy nor a Cameron Cadet fell, and that the battle raged fiercely till the time came for the curtain to fall, when the Sepoys piled up in a swath of destruction, dead to a man, and not a smiling Highlander the less, not a smirch of the pretty kilts, not a root in the plaid hose, covering the tights which Highland laddies do not wear, *vide* the muscular shins of the pipers. But the girls looked pretty in the march, and stepped as short as women generally do, and found their hips too wide for the manual of arms, and altogether made a very creditable and a pretty picture—enthusiasing the gallery to its highest applauding pitch. The piece has drawn well from the start, and the Christmas rush was something extraordinary. At the California we have had Chanfrau in the threadbare *Octoroon*, put in a "Moon-

light on the Canebrake" holiday dress by Voegtlin to fill out the present week, and then the Florences are to follow with *The Mighty Dollar* that we are all so loth to part with at the theatre door. These, with the Hart variety performance at the Standard, makes up our holiday budget, such as it is. It is nothing very gorgeous, hardly up to the attractiveness of other seasons, and of so doubtful a quality that few of the bills will survive the beginning of the new year. But when these spectacles, have faded away, and the leg brigade are nursing their consumption and catarrh and rheumatism, and managers are figuring up the account of profit and loss, there will come something else to attract the curious moth to the dramatic candle; and patiently and innocently awaiting it, I am just able to subscribe myself, yours, for "positively the last time" this year, BETSY B.

The following is told of one of the speakers the night before the recent election in New Hampshire: The orator, while in his speech, reached a point where he was depicting the results to the country if certain measures should become a part of the law of the land. Said the speaker: "If this should occur the country would—would—" Here the orator paused for the right word to come to the point. On the instant, a man in the rear, near the door of the hall, shouted out: "What, for heaven's sake, what?" to which the speaker instantly replied: "If my friend will come around to the hotel after the meeting is over, I will tell him confidentially," and then went on with his accustomed fluency.

"Do you think," writes a young student of human economy, "do you think the human race is decaying?" Not at all, not at all. Part of it isn't decaying because it is yet alive, and the portion of it that is dead doesn't decay because the medical student don't give it a chance. Oh, no, the human race was never, in all its history, so well protected against decay as at present. Be thankful that you live in an age when the grave has been so shorn of its power that it can't hold a man so long as a sieve would hold a spoonful of quicksilver.

A Norwich bank cashier has a valuable family dog, which he has been boarding in the country until a few days ago, when he introduced it to his city home. When the dog was last seen he was a close second behind the family cat, which was traveling through the lace curtains of his parlor windows—a lost planet looking for space. Result, five dollars' worth of damaged curtains, a demoralized cat, and a dog that is gone but not forgotten.

Biddy (to old gent)—Please help a poor woman with seven small children, all to— Good-natured old gent (who knows her)—Yes, but I say, don't you think our family increases rather too rapidly? Last week it was only five. (Biddy, not a bit abashed)—Sure and isn't it all the more reason why yer honor should help me again?

A Seymour (Indiana) man picked up a stick of cordwood the other night and chased a cat across the back yard. He didn't catch the cat, but he caught the clothes-line with his teeth, and now when he smiles the corners of his mouth pass each other at the back of his neck.

Last winter Dr. Sackett, of Chester, Connecticut, made a violin of thousand and fifty pieces of wood. We always thought there should be about two thousand and fifty pieces in most of the fiddles we ever listened to.

Connecticut boasts of a girl that sleeps standing up. She ought to marry that Rochester man who puts his umbrella to bed and stands himself behind the door—provided there is room for two behind the door.

Mercer—"Stockings, miss? Yes, miss. What number, miss, do you—" Matter-of-Fact Young Lady—"Why, two, of course. Do you think I've got a wooden leg?"

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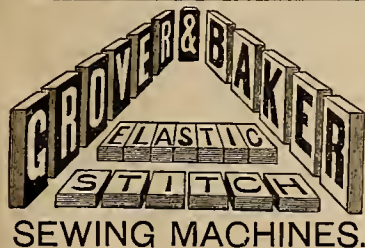
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OFFICE OF THE CALIFORNIA

Mining Company, San Francisco, Dec. 26, 1878.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the California Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 23 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, on Wednesday, January fifteenth, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 4th until January 17th.

C. F. GORDON, Secretary.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARTHA A. SHORE, plaintiff, vs. NELSON A. SHORE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Nelson A. Shore, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made—that the care, custody, and control of the minor children, issue of said marriage, be awarded to plaintiff—and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk,
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.
[SEAL] SAWYER & BALL, No. 502 Montgomery Street, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

THE DEL REY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Silver City, Lyon County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the 11th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 3) of two (2) cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary or Treasurer, at the office of the Company, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, Room 24, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-ninth day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

SAM'L A. CHAPIN, Secretary.
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LEE D. CRAIG,

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PHOENIX.

Translated from the Swedish.

In Paradise, under the Tree of Wisdom, grew a hedge of roses; here, in the first rose, a bird was born. His flight was like that of light; his color was beautiful, and his song glorious. But when Eve broke of the Tree of Wisdom—when she and Adam were driven from the garden of Paradise, a spark from the flaming sword of the Angel of Punishment fell into the nest and burnt it. The bird died in the flames; but from the red egg there grew a new bird, Phoenix.

It is an old tradition that Phoenix lives in Arabia, and every hundred years burns himself and his nest; while, from the red egg, flies a new bird, the only Phoenix in the world.

The bird hovers around us, swift as light, of beautiful color, and with a glorious voice. When the mother sits by her baby's cradle, he is near the pillow and beats with his wings a crown of glory around the child's head. He flies through the cottage where content reigns and brings sunshine with him. But the bird Phoenix is not alone Arabia's bird. He flutters in the northern light on Lapland's ice-plains; he flits about among the yellow flowers in Greenland's short summers. Under Fahlun's copper cliffs, in England's coal mines, he flies in the shape of a moth over the psalter in the hands of the pious workman. He sails on a lotus-leaf down the Ganges' holy waters, and the Hindoo-girl's eye glimmers when she sees him.

The bird I'm anxious! Do you not know him? The Bird of Paradise song's his swan! On the chariot of Thetis he sat as a cawing raven, and beat his black wings; over the Icelandic singer's harp glided the swan's red, ringing beak; like Odin's raven, he was perched on Snakspere's shoulder and whispered "Immortality!" during the concert, he flew through Wartburg's hall of knights. He sang for you the Marseillaise, and you kissed the feather that dropped from his wing.

Bird of Paradise! renewed every hundredth year, fed in flames, dying in flames, thy image made in gold hangs in the halls of the rich; whilst thou often roamest, lost and alone, one night only, the Phoenix of Arabia. In Paradise, when thou wert born in the first rose under the Tree of Wisdom, our Father kissed thee, and gave thee thy right name—POETRY.

Dead Lions.

What good looks are to women, reputation and influence are to men. The masculine equivalent is surrendered not less reluctantly than the feminine possession. There is the same rebellion against the inevitable decree of malignant Fate when the fatal hour strikes, and the finger of Destiny traces the legend Ichabod. The wicked Lord Lyttelton put back the hand of the clock, and thought he had "jockeyed the ghost." But there was no preventing the intrusion of the unwelcome presence. *Habent sua fata libelli*; the lot of the writers of books is harsher than that of the books themselves, for the book very often lives when the author is forgotten, and admiring readers frequently fail to identify the commonplace middle-aged gentleman, whom they meet occasionally at dinner, with the creator of the fancies which delight them and the sayer of the sage things whence they have derived wisdom. Men may thus gather some idea of what posthumous fame is like even in their own lifetime. Years ago they have given to the world a book which has cast its germinating seeds far and wide. It is a book that belongs to what De Quincy has called the literature of power. It has resulted in the establishment of what is in its way a school. But the disciples ignore their master, and a careless and oblivious generation have lost sight of master in the disciples. Fame and power are the most evanescent essences, and the recipe for permanently imprisoning them in the individual has still to be found. The plenipotentiary dictator of society, or science, or journalism has but to drop out of the running for ever so little, and the place which he once filled will know him no more. He will wander about, the shadow of his former self, the pale reflection of the authority that he used to wield. The great houses where he once was an almost daily guest are open to him at infrequent intervals. A marveling company no longer hangs upon his slightest utterances. He relapses into a melancholy silence, and his thoughts take on a sadly sombre hue. *Finitur*, he acknowledges, must be his motto. The new generation is pressing on. He recognizes, not, perhaps, without a muttered anathema, that he is being shelved. Such is humanity's heritage. Was there ever a nation in any period of pagan idolatry who worshiped the setting sun?

A gentleman who had patented a new religion deemed it necessary to quicken and confirm the faith of his proselytes by whooping them up a few miracles, and accordingly announced that he would fly over a deep and wide ravine. A vast multitude assembled on the appointed day, and he thus addressed them: "I dearly beloved brethren, in order that I should perform the miracle which will now be presented for your intelligent appreciation, it is absolutely necessary that I should be supported by your faith as well as my own. This is an occasion where I can not rely on my faith alone. Do you, therefore, believe that by marvellous agencies I can fly over this yawning abyss?"

"We do."

"Then, dearly beloved brethren, there is no need of my flying across and wasting a miracle."

His bootmaker brought him a number five and a quarter foot to go on a number six and a half foot, and the process of trying it on convinced him of the tortures he would have to undergo in what Shakespeare has called "the taming of the shoe."

"Too small," he says, "they hurt."

"Hurt?" replies the artist, bitterly, "hurt? They can't hurt. I made 'em myself from measurements I took myself, and they must be a rooney fit!"

"But they do hurt."

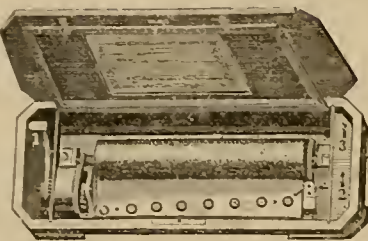
"How in Erebus do you know anything about it? Are you a shoemaker? What experience have you had, anyhow?"

There is a superstition which is religiously observed in Bohemia, that it is unlucky for a lover to visit his sweetheart except on Thursdays and Sundays. The young women are thus enabled to get five nights' sleep every week, which helps preserve their beauty for years.

Why should we look one common faith to find, Where one in every score is color-blind? If here on earth they know not red from green, Will they see better into things unseen.

—Holmes.

MUSIC BOXES



OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND OF Standard Reputation, playing from one to over one hundred airs. The largest and best assortment in this city. **MUSICAL BOXES WITH CHANGEABLE CYLINDERS** always on hand. New and interesting styles constantly received. Call and examine our stock. **REPAIRING OF MUSICAL BOXES** thoroughly done in all their particularities.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

S. MAGGIE WHEELER, plaintiff, vs. GIRAD B. H. WHEELER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to GIRAD B. H. WHEELER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—of judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint. This said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of failure to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life, and extreme cruelty to said plaintiff, by the defendant, and that the said plaintiff be allowed to resume her maiden name, to wit: S. Maggie Saunders, as will more fully appear in the plaintiff's complaint herein, to which reference is herewith expressly made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL) By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

TILDEN & WILSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 60) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 33, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifteenth (15th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

GEO. W. PRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

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(Founded 1843.) Post Office Box 2128.

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I. F. CLARK,

A former member of the Pacific Stock Exchange. Now ready. Read it.



DIVIDEND NOTICE.—INDIAN Queen Mining and Milling Company, Room 69 Nevada Block, San Francisco, December 16, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company held this day, dividend No. 4 of Twenty-five (25) cents per share was declared, payable on Friday, December 17, 1878. ALFRED K. DUREBROW, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF The Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, December 16, 1878.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 38) of three dollars per share was declared, payable on Friday, December 20, 1878. Transfer books closed until December 21st. W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

ARIZONA SILVER MINING COM-pany.—Location of works, Unionville, Humboldt County, State of Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth (9th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the third (3rd) day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IZETTA GOODHUE, plaintiff vs. STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—of judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which special reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein. Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By J. H. PICHES, Deputy Clerk.

WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

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Assets exceed..... 326,000

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THOS. FLINT, President.

FERO. K. RULESecretary.
I. G. GARDNER..... General Agent.

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FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

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—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

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Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

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RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevo

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203 Montgomery St. and 103 Third Street, under the Russ House, near Bush Street, has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods. Suits to order from\$20
Pants to order from 5
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The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is at

JOE POHEIM,

203 Montgomery St. and 103 Third St.
Samples and Rules for Self-Measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Francisco, Dec. 7th, 1878.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 29) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was declared, payable on Monday, December 16, 1878.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

stockholders of the Consolidated Virginia Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 26 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in this city, on THURSDAY, the ninth day of January, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will close Saturday, December 28, 1878, at twelve o'clock noon.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 15, 1878.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of November, 1878, an assessment (No. 34) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1 50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23rd day of December, 1878, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourteenth day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DUREBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth (16th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—203 Bush Street, Room 10, Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, California.

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411 BUSH STREET, ABOVE KEARNEY, SAN FRANCISCO.

G. MAHE, Director.

WAKELEE'S AUREOLINE

PRODUCES THE BEAUTIFUL Golden Hair so much admired. Superior to the imported article by reason of its freshness and the care used in its production.

PRICE, LARGE BOTTLES, \$2.
Manufactured by
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DRUGGISTS,
Corner Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco.

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

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Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

RARE ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS,

CHRISTMAS, 1878.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE COLLECTION of fine Engravings specially purchased in Italy for the Christmas trade. Nothing can be more appropriate for a holiday or wedding present than a fine Engraving, which is suitable for home decoration and at the same time rare. W. K. VICKERY would respectfully invite an inspection of his Engravings and their prices.

Please note address—22 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.

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FRESH FRUITS

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Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so cheap.

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STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

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And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.



WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1878.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and All Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Apio and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. STAGE connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, and Way Stations.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Stations is discontinued for the Winter season.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following MONDAY, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily, and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, and YUMA.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, November 11, 1878, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays included, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the GEYSERS.

Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korb's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods (Sundays excepted.)

(Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.)

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.

ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Supt.
P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

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Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai,

GALICIA, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

February 18 | March 15 | January 16

May 16 | April 16

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to Geo. H. Rice, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, November 23, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ, SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

CNAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG.

FOX & KELLOGG,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

Office, No. 530 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MERCHANT STREET, Room 16. Probate divorce, bankruptcy, and all other cases attended to.

C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1878, and until further notice,

TRAINS AND BOATS

WILL LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO:

OVERLAND TICKET OFFICE AT FERRY LANDING, MARKET STREET.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Ferry arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.

(Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.15 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.15 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, SOUTHERN Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Arizona Stages and Colorado River Steamers). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento to passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.), connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Melrose."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To
Oakland.	Alameda.	Farmers.	Oakland.	Niles.	Brickley.	Delaware.	Delaware.	Delaware.	Delaware.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	6.10	7.00	7.30	6.10	7.30	6.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00	9.30	10.00
8.00	2.00	9.00	9.00	8.30	11.00	9.30	9.00	10.30	11.00
9.00	3.00	10.00	10.00	9.30	12.00	10.30	10.00	11.30	12.00
10.00	4.00	11.00	11.00	10.30	1.00	11.30	11.00	12.30	1.00
11.00	5.00	12.00	12.00	11.30	2.00	12.30	12.00	1.30	2.00
12.00	6.00	1.00	1.00	12.30	3.00	1.30	1.00	2.30	3.00
1.00	7.00	2.00	2.00	1.30	4.00	2.30	2.00	3.30	4.00
2.00	8.00	3.00	3.00	2.30	5.00	3.30	3.00	4.30	5.00
3.00	9.00	4.00	4.00	3.30	6.00	4.30	4.00	5.30	6.00
4.00	10.00	5.00	5.00	4.30	7.00	5.30	5.00	6.30	7.00
5.00	11.00	6.00	6.00	5.30	8.00	6.30	6.00	7.30	8.00
6.00	12.00	7.00	7.00	6.30	9.00	7.30	7.00	8.30	9.00
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00	9.30	10.00
8.00	2.00	9.00	9.00	8.30	11.00	9.30	9.00	10.30	11.00
9.00	3.00	10.00	10.00	9.30	12.00	10.30	10.00	11.30	12.00
10.00	4.00	11.00	11.00	10.30	1.00	11.30	11.00	12.30	1.00
11.00	5.00	12.00	12.00	11.30	2.00	12.30	12.00	1.30	2.00
12.00	6.00	1.00	1.00	12.30	3.00	1.30	1.00	2.30	3.00
1.00	7.00	2.00	2.00	1.30	4.00	2.30	2.00	3.30	4.00
2.00	8.00	3.00	3.00	2.30	5.00	3.30	3.00	4.30	5.00
3.00	9.00	4.00	4.00	3.30	6.00	4.30	4.00	5.30	6.00
4.00	10.00	5.00	5.00	4.30	7.00	5.30	5.00	6.30	7.00
5.00	11.00	6.00	6.00	5.30	8.00	6.30	6.00	7.30	8.00
6.00	12.00	7.00	7.00	6.30	9.00	7.30	7.00	8.30	9.00
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00	9.30	10.00
8.00	2.00	9.00	9.00	8.30	11.00	9.30	9.00	10.30	11.00
9.00	3.00	10.00	10.00	9.30	12.00	10.30	10.00	11.30	12.00
10.00	4.00	11.00	11.00	10.30	1.00	11.30	11.00	12.30	1.00
11.00	5.00	12.00	12.00	11.30	2.00	12.30	12.00	1.30	2.00
12.00	6.00	1.00	1.00	12.30	3.00	1.30	1.00	2.30	3.00

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From
Oakland.	Alameda.	Farmers.	Oakland.	Niles.	Brickley.	Delaware.	Delaware.	Delaware.	Delaware.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	6.10	7.00	7.30	6.10	7.30	6.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00	9.30	10.00
8.00	2.00	9.00	9.00	8.30	11.00	9.30	9.00	10.30	11.00
9.00	3.00	10.00	10.00	9.30	12.00	10.30	10.00	11.30	12.00
10.00	4.00	11.00	11.00	10.30	1.00	11.30	11.00	12.30	1.00
11.00	5.00	12.00	12.00	11.30	2.00	12.30	12.00	1.30	2.00
12.00	6.00	1.00	1.00	12.30	3.00	1.30	1.00	2.30	3.00
1.00	7.00	2.00	2.00	1.30	4.00	2.30	2.00	3.30	4.00
2.00	8.00	3.00	3.00	2.30	5.00	3.30	3.00	4.30	5.00
3.00	9.00	4.00	4.00	3.30	6.00	4.30	4.00	5.30	6.00
4.00	10.00	5.00	5.00	4.30	7.00	5.30	5.00	6.30	7.00
5.00	11.00	6.00	6.00	5.30	8.00	6.30	6.00	7.30	8.00
6.00	12.00	7.00	7.00	6.30	9.00	7.30	7.00	8.30	9.00
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00	9.30	10.00
8.00	2.00	9.00	9.00	8.30	11.00	9.30	9.00	10.30	11.00

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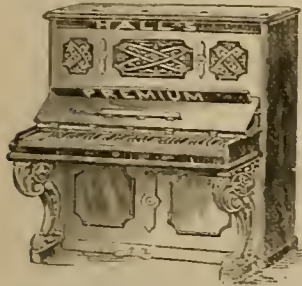


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THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
stockholders of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining
Company, for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve
for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other
business as may be properly brought before the meeting,
will be held at the office of the Company, Room 4, Nevada
Block, No. 303 Montgomery Street, San Francisco,
California, on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of January,
1879, at one o'clock p. m. Transfer Books will be closed on
Wednesday, January 8th, 1879, until after the meeting.
San Francisco, December 27th, 1878.
W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

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WILLIAM DOOLAN,

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DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR. AWARD OF THE GOLD MEDAL. FIVE DIPLOMAS OF MERIT

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